



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

5

AP

2

.S43



SCRIBNER'S

MAGAZINE

2113

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

~~CONTENTS OF VOLUME XX~~

VOLUME XX JULY - DECEMBER

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

TROW DIRECTORY
PRINTING AND BOOK BINDING COMPANY
NEW YORK

CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XX

JULY-DECEMBER, 1896

	PAGE
A'BECKET, JOHN J. <i>Love's Handicap</i> ,	363
ABOUT THE WORLD.	
American Ships, Laurels for, 655.	
Arbitration, A Permanent Treaty of, 524.	
Bicycle, Secret of the, 131.	
Birds, Bonnets, and the Audubon Society, 263.	
Corbin, Mr., as a Game Preserver, 262.	
Dynamite Opera Bouffe, A, 787.	
Earthquakes, Studying Our, 522.	
Eiffel Tower, The Successor to the, 654.	
Flying-machine that Flew, A, 261.	
Gladstone, Mr., and Armenia, 786.	
Highest North, The New, 653.	
International Amenities, 523.	
Japan's Great Catastrophe, 521.	
Kelvin's, Lord, Jubilee, 393.	
Lister, Sir Joseph, 787.	
Metric System, Are We to Have the, 391.	
Palace at Twenty Cents a Night, A, 129.	
Steamship on Wheels, A, 522.	
Summer Schools, Three Hundred, 392.	
Theatre Hat, Knell of the, 130.	
Visitors, Two Distinguished, 655.	
White Squadron in Action, The, 654.	
ALPS, A THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE ,	28
Illustrated by Edwin Lord Weeks.	
AMERICAN MOTHER, AN ,	597
Illustrated by Wm. H. Hyde.	
AMERICAN SHIPS, LAURELS FOR. About the World,	655
AMERICAN WILDERNESS, SPORT IN AN UN-TOUCHED ,	350
With illustrations from photographs by the author.	
ARBITRATION, A PERMANENT TREATY OF.	
About the World,	524
ARS ET VITA ,	54
Illustrated by Albert E. Sterner.	
ART ASSOCIATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.	
Field of Art,	649
ARTISTIC TASTE, THE EVOLUTION OF. Field of	
Art,	389
AS STRANGERS—A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT ,	189
Decorated and illustrated by Orson Lowell and printed in two colors.	
BABY'S FORTUNE, THE ,	613
With full-page illustration by Peter Newell.	
BARNES, JAMES. <i>A Practical Reformation</i> ,	708
BARRIE, J. M. <i>Sentimental Tommy.</i> Chapters XXV.—XXXVII.—Concluded,	45, 205, 335, 445, 561
BEARD, J. CARTER. <i>A New Art</i> ,	66
BEARD, WOLCOTT LE CLÉAR. <i>Specs</i> ,	586
BENTZON, TH. <i>A French Friend of Browning—Joseph Miland</i> ,	108
BICYCLE, SECRET OF THE. About the World,	131

	PAGE
BIRDS, BONNETS, AND THE AUDUBON SOCIETY. About the World,	263
BLACK, ALEXANDER. <i>The Camera and the Comedy</i> ,	605
BLANC, MME. See Bentzon, Th.	
BLASHFIELD, E. H. AND E. W. <i>Siena—The City of the Virgin</i> ,	397
BLASHFIELD'S, MR. COLOR REPRODUCTIONS OF DECORATIVE PANELS. Field of Art, See also Frontispieces for September and October, and facing page 544.	398, 517
BOYSEN, HJALMAR HJORTH. <i>In Collusion with Fate</i> ,	73
BRITISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, THE, COSMO MONKHOUSE, Illustrated with reproductions of famous portraits,	317
BROWNELL, W. C. <i>The Sculpture of Olin Warner</i> ,	420
BROWNING, A FRENCH FRIEND OF—JOSEPH MILSAND, TH. BENTZON, With a drawing by W. J. Baer from a photograph of (Mme. Blanc)	108
BRANDER MATTHEWS,	287
Wine Cellar,	475
of View,	124
BLISS PERRY,	244
Gregory's Island,	149
COMEDY, THE, ALEXANDER BLACK, on the author's photographs.	605
"CAVENDISH." <i>What America has Done for Whist</i> ,	540
CHARM HE NEVER SO WISELY, ELEANOR STUART, With an illustration (frontispiece) by Cecilia Beaux.	179
CHILKOOT PASS, OVER THE, TO THE YUKON, FREDERICK FUNSTON, With maps and illustrations drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs, and under the instruction and supervision of the author.	572
COLLEGE SPORTS. Point of View,	647
COLLUSION WITH FATE, IN, HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN,	73
CONEY ISLAND, JULIAN RALPH, Illustrated by Henry McCarter.	3
CONFESSION OF COLONEL SYLVESTER, THE, CLINTON ROSS, With a full-page illustration by C. S. Reinhart.	99
CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON, THE. Field of Art,	784
CONWAY, SIR W. MARTIN. <i>A Thousand Miles Through the Alps</i> ,	28
CORBIN, MR. AS A GAME PRESERVER. About the World,	262
COUNTRY ROADS, FRANK FRENCH, Illustrations drawn and engraved by the author.	375
CULTURE AND BYRON. Point of View,	385
CUNLIFFE, MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT,	307
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. <i>The Last Ride Together—A Sketch Containing Three Points of View</i> ,	705
DECORATED PIANO, A. Field of Art,	517
DECORATIVE ART IN AMERICA. Field of Art,	260
DECORATOR, THE TRUE. Field of Art,	128
DESIGNER ON WOOD, THE. Field of Art,	125
DOG DAYS, THE. Point of View,	386
DON QUIXOTE, ON THE TRAIL OF. I, II, III, AUGUST F. JACCACI, Illustrated by Vierge.	135, 205, 481

CONTENTS

v

	PAGE
DYNAMITE OPERA BOUFFE. About the World,	787
EARLE, ALICE MORSE. <i>Old Time Flower Gardens</i> ,	161
EARTHQUAKES, STUDYING OUR. About the World,	522
EAST AND WEST. Point of View,	122
EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM, THE OTHER END OF THE. Point of View,	121
EIFFEL TOWER, THE SUCCESSOR TO THE. About the World,	654
ELIOT, ANNIE. <i>As Strangers—A Comedietta in One Act</i> ,	189
FICTION, LITTLE PHARISEES IN, AGNES REPPLIER,	718
FIELD OF ART, THE.	
Art Associations in the United States, 649	
Artistic Taste, The Evolution of, 389.	
Blashfield's, Mr., Color Reproductions of Decorative Panels, 388.	
Congressional Library at Washington, The, 784.	
Decorated Piano, A, 517.	
Decorative Art in America, 260.	
Decorator, The True, 128.	
Designer on Wood, The, 125.	
Library of Congress, Decorations for the, 257.	
Painters' Motifs in New York City, 127.	
Portrait Painting, 258.	
Sherman Monument, The, 388.	
Social Art Gatherings in New York, 783.	
Style, 259.	
FLOWER GARDENS, OLD TIME, ALICE MORSE EARLE,	161
Illustrated by Maude A. and Genevieve A. Cowles.	
FLOWER O' THE WORLD, NATHANIEL STEPHENSON,	737
With a full-page illustration by Carlton T. Chapman.	
FLYING-MACHINE THAT FLEW, A. About the World,	261
FRENCH, FRANK. <i>Country Roads</i> ,	375
FROM THE ERROR OF HIS WAY, ROLLO OGDEN,	222
Illustrated by A. B. Frost.	
FUNSTON, FREDERICK. <i>Over the Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon</i> ,	572
GENERAL IDEAS. Point of View,	514
GLADSTONE, MR., AND ARMENIA. About the World,	786
GODKIN, E. L. <i>The Expenditure of Rich Men</i> ,	485
GOODE, ALSTON. <i>The Maid's Progress</i> ,	234
GRAHAME, KENNETH. <i>The Magic Ring</i> ,	693
GREATER NEW YORK, THE GOVERNMENT OF THE, FRANCIS V. GREENE,	418
GREENE, FRANCIS V. <i>The Government of the Greater New York</i> ,	418
GREGORY'S ISLAND, GEORGE W. CABLE,	149
With a full-page illustration by B. West Clinedinst.	
HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER. <i>The Baby's Fortune</i> ,	613
HIGHEST NORTH, THE NEW. About the World,	653
HUMPHREYS, MARY G. { <i>Women Bachelors in New York</i> ,	626
{ <i>The New York Working-Girl</i> ,	502
INDIAN PLUNDER, MY, JULIAN RALPH,	687
Illustrated by W. E. Spader.	
INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES. About the World,	523
IRLAND, FREDERIC. <i>Sport in an Untouched American Wilderness</i> ,	350
JACCACI, AUGUST F. <i>On the Trail of Don Quixote</i> ,	135, 295, 481
JAPAN'S GREAT CATASTROPHE. About the World,	521
KELVIN'S, LORD, JUBILEE. About the World,	393
LAST RIDE TOGETHER, THE—A SKETCH CONTAINING THREE POINTS OF VIEW, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,	706
LAW-LATIN LOVE STORY, A, F. J. STIMSON,	725
With illustrations by Maurice Croifenhagen.	

	PAGE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, DECORATIONS FOR	
THE Field of Art,	257
LIGHT TO LIGHT, FROM—A CRUISE OF THE	
ARMERIA, SUPPLY-SHIP,	460
With illustrations by Carlton T. Chapman and W. L. Metcalf.	
LISTER, SIR JOSEPH. About the World,	787
LITHOGRAPHY, THE RENAISSANCE OF,	545
With reproductions of lithographs by Lord Leighton, Alma-Tadema, Sainton, Willette, Orazi, Dillon, Steinen, Khnopff, Phil. May, Roedel, Lunois, Eugene Carrière, de Lemud, Grasset, and Fantin-Latour.	
LONELY MAN, THE,	746
LOVE'S HANDICAP,	363
MAGIC RING, THE,	603
With decorative illustrations by Oliver Herford. Printed in gold and colors.	
MAID'S PROGRESS, THE,	234
Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek.	
"MARY,"	776
MATTHEWS, BRANDER. { <i>H. C. Bunner,</i>	287
<i>On the Poetry of Place</i>	
<i>Names,</i>	22
MELLISS, CAPTAIN C. J. <i>Panther-Shooting in Central India,</i>	520
METRIC SYSTEM, ARE WE TO HAVE THE? About the World,	391
MILLAIS, SIR JOHN, BART., P.R.A.,	650
Illustrations, including frontispiece, from photographs directly from Millais's paintings, with a portrait of the artist, and four reproductions of engraved plates.	
MITCHELL, J. A. <i>Mrs. Loftor's Ride,</i>	217
MONKHOUSE, COSMO. { <i>The British National Portrait Gallery,</i>	317
<i>Sir John Millais, Bart.,</i>	
<i>P.R.A.,</i>	659
<i>Some Portraits of J. M. W. Turner,</i>	80
MRS. LOFTER'S RIDE,	217
With a full-page illustration by W. T. Smedley.	
MUNROE, KIRK. <i>From Light to Light,</i>	460
NEW ART, A,	66
With illustrations of the work of American Taxidermists from drawings by the author.	
NOMINATING CONVENTIONS. Point of View,	123
OGDEN, ROLLO. <i>From the Error of His Ways,</i>	222
OLYMPIAN GAMES, THE NEW,	246
With illustrations drawn in Athens for the Magazine by Corwin Knapp Linson.	
PAINTERS' MOTIFS IN NEW YORK CITY. Field of Art,	127
PALACE AT TWENTY CENTS A NIGHT, A. About the World,	120
PANTHER SHOOTING IN CENTRAL INDIA,	529
Illustrations by Evert Van Muyden.	
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL. Point of View,	781
PERRY, BLISS. <i>By the Committee,</i>	244
PERSONALITY, THE DECAY OF. Point of View,	387
PHANTOM GOVERNESS, THE,	680

	PAGE
PLACE NAMES, ON THE POETRY OF, BRANDER MATTHEWS,	23
POINT OF VIEW, THE	
Banner, H. C., 124.	
Culture and Byron, 385.	
College Sports, 647.	
Dog Days, The, 386.	
East and West, 122.	
Educational Problem, The other End of the, 121.	
General Ideas, 514.	
Nominating Conventions, 123.	
Peace and Good-Will, 781.	
Personality, The Decay of, 387.	
Primroses in Town, The, 254.	
Recollection, The Luxury of, 646.	
Serionanese, A New, 350.	
Social Lack, A Minor, 648.	
Threatened Type, A, 516.	
Under Dog, The, 253.	
Wisdom Justified of Her Children, 515.	
Field of Art,	258
PRACTICAL REFORMATION, A, JAMES BARNES,	708
Illustrated by Peter Newell.	
PRIMROSES IN TOWN. The Point of View,	254
RALPH, JULIAN. { <i>Coney Island,</i>	3
<i>My Indian Plunder,</i>	637
RECOLLECTION, THE LUXURY OF. Point of View,	646
REPLIER, AGNES. <i>Little Pharisees in Fiction,</i>	718
RICH MEN, THE EXPENDITURE OF, E. L. GODKIN,	495
RICHARDSON, RUFUS B. <i>The New Olympian Games,</i>	266
ROOSEVELT, J. WEST, M.D. <i>The Lonely Man,</i>	746
ROSS, CLINTON. { <i>The Confession of Colonel Sylvester,</i>	99
<i>The Square Diamond,</i>	753
SAN ANTON, THE DROUTH AT, WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON,	760
Illustrated by Gilbert Gaul.	
SENTIMENTAL TOMMY—THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD. Chapters XXV.—XXXVII.—Concluded,	
With illustrations by William Hatherell.	
J. M. BARRIE, 45, 205, 335, 445, 561	
Author of "The Little Minister."	
SERIOUSNESS, A NEW. Point of View,	250
SHELTON, WILLIAM HENRY. <i>The Drouth at San Anton,</i>	760
SHERMAN MONUMENT, THE. Field of Art,	388
SIENA—THE CITY OF THE VIRGIN, E. H. BLASHFIELD and	
Illustrated by E. H. Blashfield.	E. W. BLASHFIELD, 397
SOCIAL ART GATHERINGS IN NEW YORK. Field of Art,	783
SOCIAL LACK, A MINOR. Point of View,	648
SPECS, WOLCOTT LE CLÉAR BEARD,	586
SPIELMANN, M. H. <i>The Renaissance of Lithography,</i>	545
SQUARE DIAMOND, THE, CLINTON ROSS,	753
Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer.	
STEAMSHIP ON WHEELS, A. About the World,	522
STEPHENSON, NATHANIEL. <i>Flower o' the World,</i>	737
STIMSON, F. J. <i>A Law-Latin Love Story,</i>	725
STUART, ELEANOR. <i>Charm He Never So Wisely,</i>	179
STYLE. Field of Art,	259
SULLIVAN, T. R. { <i>Ars et Vita,</i>	54
<i>The Phantom Governess,</i>	680
SUMMER SCHOOLS, THREE HUNDRED. About the World,	392
THEATRE HAT, KNELL OF THE. About the World,	130
THREATENED TYPE, A. Point of View,	516
TURNER, J. M. W., SOME PORTRAITS OF, COSMO MONKHOUSE,	89
Illustrated from photographs of paintings and drawings.	
UNDER DOG, THE. Point of View,	253
UNDERWOOD, MARY LANMAN. <i>An American Mother,</i>	597
VAN RENSSELAER, MRS. SCHUYLER. "Mary,"	776

	PAGE
VISITORS, TWO DISTINGUISHED. About the World,	855
WARNER, OLIN, THE SCULPTURE OF, W. C. BROWNELL,	429
Illustrated from photographs of Mr. Warner's works.	
WHIST, WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR, . . . "CAVENDISH,"	540
WHITE SQUADRON IN ACTION, THE. About the World,	654
WINE-CELLAR, IN THE, H. C. BUNNER,	475
WISDOM JUSTIFIED OF HER CHILDREN. Point of View,	515
WOMEN BACHELORS IN NEW YORK, MARY GAY HUMPHREYS,	626
With illustrations drawn from the life by W. R. Leigh and Martin Borgood.	
WORKING-GIRL, THE NEW YORK, MARY GAY HUMPHREYS,	502
Illustrations from life by V. Pérard and Orson Lowell.	
WRIGHT, MARY TAPPAN. <i>Cunliffe</i> ,	307
YUKON, THE. See <i>Chilkoot Pass</i> .	

POETRY

AFTER	GEORGE CABOT LODGE,	178
AUTUMN,	HELEN HAY,	459
BRONZES OF EPIRUS, THE,	EDITH M. THOMAS,	428
DAWN, AT,	CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM,	362
DE PROFUNDIS,	ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON,	21
"DO THEY MEASURE TIME WHERE THOU ART?"	JULIA C. R. DORR,	43
GROLIERITE, THE LAY OF THE, With decorative border.	W. D. ELLWANGER,	106
HER OLD BLUE MUSLIN GOWN, With two full-page illustrations by Genevieve Cowles.	CHARLES PRESCOTT SHERMON,	442
HIDDEN VALLEY, THE,	CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM,	120
HIS STATEMENT OF THE CASE,	JAMES HERBERT MORSE,	316
IN AN ALCOVE,	CLINTON SCOLLARD,	215
INDIAN SUMMER,	E. A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE,	611
MAGIC GIFT, A, With a full-page illustration and border by Genevieve and Maude A. Cowles.	H. C. BUNNER,	735
MONT SAINT MICHEL, Illustrated by Henry McCarter.	JULIA LARNED,	773
PHILLIS AND DAPHNE—ELIZABETHAN SONGS, III. Drawn by	J. R. WEGUELIN,	625
PROVERBUM SAP,	CHARLES HENRY WEBB,	636
REGNUM SPIRITUS,	MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS,	188
RENUNCIATION,	LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS,	98
SANCTUARY LAMP, THE, With decoration and drawings by Will H. Low.	JULIA C. R. DORR,	749
SLEEP,	ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON,	746
SLIGO BAY, IN,	R. H. STODDARD,	160
SONG, YOUTH, AND SORROW,	WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON,	374
SONGS FOR TWO,	ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY,	759
STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY,	KATHERINE MILLER,	733
SUMMERTIDE, IN,	RUPERT HUGHES,	349
SYMBOL, A,	MELVILLE UPTON,	54
THERE IS SUCH LOVE,	MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON,	724
TWENTY YEARS HENCE,	ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON,	480
WATCHERS, THE,	HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT,	233

late
poet
ders. I
sign wo
he Ch
of t
de

FÉLIX GAILLARD, STATUAIRE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER GAY.

See *Ars et Vita*, page 55.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

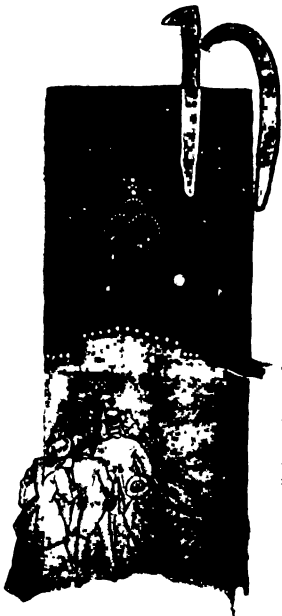
JULY 1896

No. 1

CONEY ISLAND

By Julian Ralph

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY McCARTER



NOW and then, upon the death of a great comedian, we are reminded of the thousands of lives he has cheered and hearts he has lightened. Suppose, when Coney Island was absorbed by the city of Brooklyn, a year or two ago, that its future as a pleasure resort had been threatened. What sermons the chroniclers of the press and of history might have preached upon the

good it had wrought—not to mere thousands, and not in the simple, unplanned ways in which other resorts have scattered their benefits, but in unique ways, by means better and more varied than the masses knew of or enjoyed anywhere else on the continent. For Coney Island was not only the pioneer with modern improvements for giving the crowds a good time; it still remains *sui generis*, enthroned, the king of all the popular resorts of America.

The drama which it daily provides for the delight of its patrons, is declared to freshen the souls of so many millions annually that in order to comprehend the bulk of the multitude we must fancy gathered together

all the inhabitants of London, all the people of New York, every soul in Chicago, and every man, woman, and child in Brooklyn. And even then, we would be assuming that the largest boasts of those cities were truths, for one year's crowd on Coney Island was composed of eight million souls!

No painter has perpetuated its bewildering scenes, and no poet has sought to immortalize its wonders. It is doubtful whether the foreign world—the “outer barbarians” as the Chinese call the others—has heard of the place; certainly the Atlantic Garden, in the Bowery, is tenfold farther and better known. And yet eight millions of fares were paid by travellers to it in a year—by travellers who journeyed only the time that a cigar lasts. It no more wants or depends upon better fame than grass needs painting, or fresh air needs a rhymers. It is New York's resort almost exclusively; our homoeopathic sanitarium, our sun-bath and ice-box combined, our extra lung, our private, gigantic fan. All our cities, except Chicago, have such places, and we are content that they should. Boston may keep little Nantasket; Philadelphia may continue to reach across New Jersey for her beaches; New Orleans is welcome to all of Lake Pontchartrain, and San Francisco may monopolize her opera-glass spectacle of the Seal Rocks, if she pleases. We do not want their resorts or need their patronage. In this we are as narrow and provincial as every stranger delights in

saying that New Yorkers are in all things. Certainly, New York and Coney Island are sufficient to each other—whether they are sufficient in themselves or not.

I had pointed out to me, the other day, a man who discovered Coney Island; some two decades later than most of us, to be sure, but none too late for his own satisfaction. Mr. Shelley of the Oriental Hotel was exhibiting him.

"I ah—saw the place from—ah the deck of the ah—steamer coming ovah," said he, "and I ah—thought I'd see what sort of a place it was, don't you know? And, upon me word, I find it most astonishing at the ah—cheaper end, you know, and doosid comfortable beah."

His formal and deliberate manner of putting his *pince-nez* glasses up to his eyes, after much bother with the chain to which they were attached, suggested a perpetual alertness for discovery. He never merely looked at anything. One cannot call the work of an astronomer "looking at things," and this Englishman brought the same effort and aid of glasses to his simplest visual action. When a newsboy rushed at him

with a paper, meaning to sell it like lightning, before it became old and worthless by the arrival of a later edition, the Englishman went through the same serious preliminaries with his glasses and ended by making the little arab feel that he, also, had been discovered; that no one had ever looked at him before. Indeed, the startled lad shot his own eyes all over himself as if he suspected that he had been seen all over and might find himself naked. Thus the Englishman looked at Coney Island, after it had grown ancient under Indian, Dutch, English, and American rule, and discovered it and brought to it a case of Apollinaris and a bathtub, so as to be sure to have those luxuries while he was there. And yet, in a sense, he was more right in his position than I am in making sport of it, for he was one of comparatively very few strangers who have been to Coney Island and who, if they were able to analyze their surroundings, would see that they were marked objects among such crowds of New Yorkers as to suggest the idea that they had unconsciously invaded a private park—or perhaps a better simile is a backyard—to the myriad houses of the city.

I have spoken of the age and changes of nationality of the little island. It is so new in its present character and so youthfully vigorous in its spirit that we are apt to forget how aged it is. The very earliest history of the place—after the Canarsie Indians ceased to own it—is slender, but it proves that it was known to the only hallowed New Yorker—Petrus Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor who was our sternest, bravest, and yet most picturesque magistrate. He is immortalized and enthroned as our patron saint under the title of Father Knickerbocker; at least, our minds conceive no other single personality than Stuyvesant's when, in penitence or triumph, we invoke the guardian-spirit of the city. Stuyvesant is declared to have held fast to the right to the fisheries off Coney Island on behalf of the government. As we think of what the island must have been in the middle of the seventeenth century it is likely to occur to us that the governor cannot have conceived the land to be of any value as compared with that which the waters around it possessed. But that is not so. Mere sand strip as it was, it was even then a bone of contention between ambitious settlers who carried their quarrel into the courts. The records of that litigation were principally written by a shrewd lawyer of that era named La Chair, who was retained by the schout and magistrates of Gravesend, now part of Brooklyn. His memorial is not only historically valuable and interesting, but it is written in a style so simple, vigorous, and clear, as to shine among the records of that time. It may be that some New York lawyers of to-day

Land's End

might profit by a study of it. He says that "in the year 1643, the first founders and inhabitants of the said town (Gravesend) came there with the Lady Deborah Moody, deceased, and their cattle, and with the express consent order, and approbation of the Right Honorable Director General, William Kieft, of laudable memory, and Council, of New Netherland, from the very first time down, enjoyed and made use of Coney Island as a pasturage for cattle, together with the valleys adjacent to mow their hay." He says that two years later, in 1645, the Governor and

Council granted letters patent to the Lady Deborah and her associates wherein they granted Coney Island and dependencies as a pasture and the lands on which Gravesend lay for planting.

And the Lady and her associates had possessed the same, freely and peaceably, "without molestation or gainsay of anyone — except some trouble with the Indians." (How perfectly modern and commonplace that contemptuous reference to the real owners—the red ones—sounds.)

"And," goes on the lawyer La Chair, "though no one in the world hath any right or title to the above mentioned Coney Island, . . . nevertheless so it is, that one Mr. Evert Pieters and Harman Vedder have, in the name of one De Wolfe, merchant at Amsterdam, caused to be erected, this summer, a salt kettle on said island." For peace' sake, though unwillingly, the petitioners permitted this, but when the trespassing salt boilers gave written notice afterward that the cattle of Gravesend must be driven off Coney Island at twenty-four hours' notice, then they thought it time to protest. The lawsuit that followed was decided by the Right Honorable Peter Stuyvesant and Council in favor of the settlers of

Gravesend, of which town Coney Island is a part to-day. This was in 1662. It is surprising to find that the little sand-bank was known then by the same name, spelled in the same way, as

to-day. There have been many ingenious definitions of the word "Coney;" but the simplest one—that it means "rabbit" and was conferred upon the island because rabbits abounded there—is the definition that seems always to have been popularly accepted.

Coney Island lies in the mouth of

New York Harbor. It is part of the broken reef that faces the ocean side of Long Island, and it is just around the corner from the Narrows. It is like a tooth in one jaw of the harbor mouth and opposes Sandy Hook, the single tooth in the other jaw. Those whose memory looks longest back upon it can remember it as a wind and water tossed collection of low sand-dunes bearing coarse grass, a few gnarled and twisted trees, and some little road taverns or excursion inns that, before, had been farm-houses. It is cut off from the bulk of Long end Bay and Sheepshead Bay and the Coney Island two. Sheepshead eastern end of the Manhattan Beach, and Island shore is the Sheepshead Bay, no longer ago than our Early settlers and seem never to get around them. We They begin the east by building on the natural course, it that mount the hill background and on the good drainage so it is with the cityful. It sometimes grows too much, has, that a place assumes great size before it has any resorts at all. In the case of New York, the early Dutch set-

HENRY J. WALKER



Brighton Beach.

tlers built country houses back upon Manhattan Island, and their successors followed them—to parks and picnic grounds upon the sites of the old farms and gardens. Only a very few, who were the richest and most leisurely burghers, sought the sea. They went by much tacking periaugers, to the Navesink Highlands, still undeveloped and still the very choicest site for a summer settlement within the same distance from the city.

But, by the time of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, we had begun to reach the sea, first at Sheepshead Bay and Long Branch and Deal, in New Jersey, and then in genuine crowds at Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Islip, and other places. Sheepshead Bay commended itself to our ancestors as the seat of a spring of such magical waters as those kings and princesses who were always wanting offspring, in the old fairy tales, would have been glad to have known about. Coney Island was ten strokes of an oar farther on, but the crowds stopped at Sheepshead Bay. They went there to fish and shoot ducks and snipe, and to put up their horses and eat fish dinners, at the turning point of a lovely drive from New York and, more generally, from Brooklyn. Judge Tappan's road-house at Sheepshead Bay is still there and just as it used to be. It is so Hollandishly immaculate, so picturesquely whitewashed and green-painted among the bowery trees around it, and so rich in the few and simple resources of its bar and kitchen that, when I think of

it, I do not see how I am going to be able, presently, to tell the reader how mean and clumsy and musty and primitive used to be the water-side resorts we patronized before Coney Island was transformed into the exemplar of what all such places should be. I must tell it, and therefore the reader will please do with the exceptional Judge Tappan's as the millions of New Yorkers behave toward the magical spring in the same village—rush by in a swift train and forget it. The fact is, though, that at times modern humanity in the cars does seem to remember that spring and then its locomotive engineers send it a high-pressure, ninety-ton shriek—one that amuses the villagers who know that there is no

cause for a panic since they bricked up the spring so many years ago that, now, they have forgotten where it was.

In the days of the glory of Sheepshead Bay there used to be other drives and road-houses and resorts on the way to Coney Island, and at last there sprang up one or two little taverns, transformed out of farm-houses, on the island itself. That of William Wheatley, a theatre manager, whose place was the resort of the leading actors and wits of the period of the Rebellion, was the best known. Early in the '70s Mike Norton took Wheatley's house and enlarged it, and several lesser places sprang up around it on the western end of the sand strip. Then it was that Coney Island began to be widely known, but in a way that brought it no credit. The eastern end, where immense capital has reared the great palaces and modern improvements of to-day, was still a waste of sand-dunes when the excursion boats began to take crowds to the western end, to drink and dine in the flimsy frame taverns, and to use the two-score ramshackle bath-houses that offered their wretched shelter to those who took surf baths. The crowds got drunk before the steamboats started back for town, and the steamers became travelling battle-fields upon which few orderly folk ventured more than once. But more and more carriage passengers went there for clam-bake dinners and fresh air, and among them went Mr. Austin Corbin with his invalid son, upon a visit that began in a search for health and led to the making of Manhattan Beach and Brighton Beach and the marvellous Coney Island of to-day. A little railway called "Gunther's" had been extended to the island from its earlier terminus at Bath, and still in the

early seventies Culver's railway and Cable's Hotel led in the transformation of the island. Thomas E. Cable's little hotel, with its spreading verandas, its glory of fresh paint, its showy white napery and attentive waiters, and its wide open restaurant, confronting the smooth white beach, seemed to us New Yorker's to typify the apex of excellence in a seaside hostelry, and with its foundation the rise of Coney Island really

had its beginning. But the resort still kept its raw side. It remained a place to drive to, a place for the pursuit of fiddler crabs by bare-legged boys, and a place for the enjoyment of clams and fish above all other forms of food. Disorderly crowds still gathered there. At the now magnificent eastern end men still hunted yellow-legged sand pipers, and at the western end, among the barracks on the sand, the burglars and ruffians, who were then permitted to maintain an aristocracy among the

criminals of the city, hid and spent their plunder in debauchery.

It was in July, 1877, that the great modern hotel at Manhattan Beach was opened; but as we look back upon the evolution of the eastern end of the island we know that it was not until two great corporations had spent more than a million and a half of dollars and erected the three great hotels that are now there that Coney Island became what I have called it, the pioneer in the provision of seaside pleasure with modern improvements. The development is part of the progress of our centennial era. The Manhattan Beach Hotel was opened in 1877, and Brighton Beach is one year younger. The palatial Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach was put up at about the same time, being built and completely furnished in ninety days.

When all three were opened and, in time, the original sand was covered with a garden of grass and broad walks of cool gray coquina, when the bath-houses gave place to "bathing establishments," and the best band-masters of the time led grand orchestras by the surf side, we began to enjoy that to which we now refer when we speak of Coney Island.

That was the first made-to-order resort in America; the first resort which, instead of developing its own capital, had capital brought to it and lavished upon it in the manner in which so many great nineteenth century enterprises, banking upon certain prosperity, have leaped from nothing into full-fledged perfection. Up to that time our summer resorts had begun with single roadside taverns and grown into villages, the first tavern growing, usually, a few feet wider, a few feet longer, and a few feet higher each year. A white frame house, a wide veranda, a sanded bar-room, and a long line of carriage-sheds were the outward, visible signs of such a place and the internal comforts were such as we might get from a negress in the kitchen, some country maidens in starched calico to serve the fried chicken, the cheese, and the pie, and in our bedrooms from musty ingrain carpet, startling wall paper, and painted pine furniture. This pattern of place has not yet been relegated to history. It dies hard. Long Island and New Jersey still know it in abundance.

If such a place was by the seaside, there was but one form of bathing apparatus at the beach—a row of tumble-down sentry boxes standing in drunken lines upon the sand, each as hot as a Mozambique shanty, each one fretted with rusty nails for clothes hooks, and each appointed with a pail which you

The Oriental Hotel from across the Meadows.

were lucky not to have to fill with fresh water for yourself. If a bather had not left his valuables at home he hid them in the toes of his shoes or in the dark crannies of the bath-house. All along the ocean side of Long Island to-day these collections of ramshackle boxes serve a few visitors, and deter the majority from bathing. They are in almost every resort the property of a bare-legged rustic, tanned the color of plug tobacco, who has preempted the beach, who charges more for his medieval accommodations than the best would be worth, and who even sets up disreputable arbors of tree poles and dried evergreen, precisely like the burial places of the wildest savages, and collects toll for the shade they cast upon the sand.

Until Manhattan and Brighton Beaches were established we knew no better than this. We knew no assurance of protection from thieves or rowdies, no way to dodge the drunkenness of excursionists, no hope of faring better than upon chowder, fish, or ham and eggs, and no possibility of bathing without coming away dirtier than we went in. Luxury and elegance—except in the forms of fresh air and foliage—we expected to leave behind us, intelligent service we supposed to be confined to the capitals of commerce, and we did not miss good plumbing and policemen because we had never given them a thought in connection with natural attractions.

We can scarcely carry to the distance of to-day the remembrance of the full shock of delight with which we enjoyed the new sensations at the new beaches. How wonderful the railways seemed, with their long and almost perilously swift trains of coaches that were built like our summer horse-cars, open on both sides to the view of the ancient Dutch villages and farms whose names we had been reading, ever since we were born, upon the quaint-covered wagons that bring our fresh vegetables to market in the height of each summer. We had seen the Dutch farm wives and daughters jolting into town on their canvas-covered loads, and now we saw them again picking the pease and the lettuce and cabbage in the fields, in a way that seemed, as it was, more European than home-like. And, presently, we rattled across Coney Island Creek

Old Raven Hall Road-house

and its adjacent marsh, and found ourselves at a brand new sort of seaside, platted with fine grass, set with aloes and palms in huge vases, crowded by orderly battalions of smartly dressed city folk and with only the blue, sounding sea unchanged and natural. All this we saw from the noble porch of an immense latter-day hotel, substantial, costly, and excellent in every way. One of these houses offered dining accommodations for thirty-eight hundred persons at once, and the other t as generously ordered. All vere people refreshing themselves in a vast room of which the veranda formed a part, for it, too, bore tables equipped with milk-white napery, and sparkling glass and heavy plate. We ventured to test the restaurant, and instead of receiving a visit from a bullet-headed country girl in calico were waited upon by a professional waiter from France or Germany, bearing a bill of fare that we presently characterized as "like Delmonico's." And so, from a wide variety of necessities and delicacies, we chose a delicious dinner and ate it under the spur

of good service, fresh, cool air, a merry crowd of neighbors, and that best of all sauces, agreeable novelty.

There, many of us first saw an abundance of electric lights, newly popularized at the Philadelphia Centennial and, as if to impress upon us the part which that world's fair played in enlarging all our comforts and elegances, there rose above our heads on Coney Island the tall skeleton tower which had been the highest object at the Centennial, and we were pulled to and fro, on the Marine Railway, by locomotives from the same exposition. Sooner or later we joined the crowd in bathing. Thousands used to stand in line awaiting their turns to enter the great bath-houses, so that it was evident to the dullest mind that for some reason surf-bathing, just then and there, was more popular than it had ever been anywhere else in America. We know now that, under the most favorable circumstances, sea-bathing is a great deal of a trial and a bore; that it is those who live farthest from old ocean who bathe most in her billows, and that, wherever there is a fixed sea-side community of cottages, there is very little surf-bathing indeed. Even at Coney Island, the surf-bathers form a very small minor-

ity of the visitors in these years, but at that time this was not the case. Long cues of hundreds of men and women and children tailed along the coquina walks that led to the impressive buildings enclosing the dressing-rooms. The reason for this new enthusiastic interest in the old sport was that here, also, there had been a great bound from savagery to modern convenience. The dressing-rooms were larger than those to which we had been used, and in each was a looking-glass, a seat, clothes hooks, a grated floor, and a faucet for the release of running water. But the approach to these compartments was what most pleased us. The roomy outer building was at least as fine an example of carpentry as we had seen in any country hotel, and the conveniences for the bath with which we were served went delightfully beyond our experience and expectations. Take the item of dry towels alone: We had been accustomed to ones that were damp if not actually wet, but now we got them dry and sometimes hot and sweet from the steam laundry. So it was with the bathing suits. We had fancied it essential that they should be clammy and certain to strike a chill to our spinal columns when we put them on, but these also were dry and clean and sweet; all woollen suits, in those days, if I remember right.

"A safe is provided, free, for your valuables," several signs announced; and what a safe it was! Even now, many of us have seen no larger treasure-box, than the enormous casket of steel that we saw through a barrier of coarse net-work, attended by nimble clerks. These used to climb upon the face of the great steel closet to reach the upper tiers of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of little drawers, into which were stored our watches and larger or smaller rolls of

o!
ht
ot
nd
ur
nt
er
es
ur
ce
a

g
a
a

in baglike envelopes and ornamented with our signatures. We had come to the safe with a bath-house key, which had a numbered brass disk attached to it, the key, in turn, being fastened to a long loop of rubber to be worn around our necks, in the water. And now the custodians of our valuables presented to us another key and disc and rubber necklace—astonishing novelties to us who had been accustomed to stowing our watches in our shoes, and then leaving our door-key with the beach-comber who seemed to own the ocean, until, when we emerged from the

Pawnee belle set out for a sun-dance. We were treated as persons of some distinction as well, for the bathing beach was walled in against the idle, the curious, and the unclean, and that was a grateful novelty after having bathed in the presence of all New Jersey or all Long Island wherever else we had been.

Those were delightful first sensations, and the fact that we know better ones now does not rob us of the pleasure of these recollections. We have since seen beautiful dressing-rooms, with a chair in each, and a brush and comb, and varnished walls and a rug, and a separate

Morning on the Bowery

tub and shower, beside a cool and airy assembly room set with madras chairs, with places in them for glasses full of cool drink—but that is so exceptional that we would still be satisfied if all the surf resorts were as well appointed as the eastern end of Coney Island was fifteen or seventeen years ago, and is to-day.

I went there at midsummer when this article was written, and found that the novelty had worn away like thin plating off a restaurant spoon. Only 3,030 persons had bathed in one of the best establishments on the Fourth of July, and on the preceding Sunday only 2,050, so that not above ten or twelve thousand can have sought

the surf on the entire island on the "biggest" day. What is that for a crowd where eight millions of persons gather during the ninety days of the season? The once triumphant rattle of the bath-house jewelry upon my neck sounded vulgar instead of *fin de siècle*, and whether it was that the water was chilly, or whether it was due to the unpleasantness of soaking one's apparel with brine and sand, it was a fact that few of us went into the billows for more than a ceremonious plunge. Instead, we lolled in the sun upon the hot, dry sand, and chatted with the girls and women and embanked their limbs in grave-like hillocks the while we anticipated in our chatter the de-

lights of the music and the dinner that were to come. I noticed, too, a very strange fact strongly indicative of a popular sharing of my own pessimistic opinion of surf-bathing, and that was the general habit of smoking in bath uniform on the part of the men. Nearly all of them had brought cigars or cigarettes out of their dressing-rooms to enjoy as they lounged in the sand. One very tall youth, I recall, carried a

I came away with the new idea that what brought my neighbors into that bath enclosure was the barbarous but natural desire to free themselves from the fetters of prim modern dress and revel, loose and free, in the sunshine and the sand.

After the bath there was a choice of concerts. One was by Seidl's orchestra straining to be popular, and the other was by Sousa's band straining to

be classical. Both sets of musicians were prettily housed in airy pavilions of great capacity and it was noticeable, that half as many persons as paid to sit in the pavilions lingered close by on the verandas and the stone walks drinking in the beautiful strains that escaped to the outer air. It is said, that persons whose blood is strongly European abound in the audiences at these concerts. To them these concerts seem in thorough keeping with the rest of the attractions of a great resort, for we borrowed this feature from Europe, but to us Americans of

A Sidewalk Café.

cigarette between his lips and two over each ear, where, I suspect, he was more used to putting pens and pencils. It needs not to be said that men who enjoy bathing do not court the sea-nymphs with fire in their mouths, and

the third to the tenth degree Coney Island introduced them as a novelty. We had heard Theodore Thomas in an uptown summer garden, but at the seaside resorts our only music came from the rheumatic instruments which a danc-

amusement annex of such a fair, at least; and on a scale so large as to make the hodge-podge seem a novelty. The principal avenue through it is well called "the Bowery," a title which is at once amply and minutely descriptive to the born New Yorker, who has all his life called that which is cheap and yet preten-

The Old Clam-boat.

ing master marshalled for his nightly dances in the hotel parlors. On Coney Island, at the outset, the great bands played to the crowds free for all who cared to listen, but the season is so short and the cost of the music (something like \$40,000 in a season) is so great that it became necessary to house the players and charge an admission fee, against which, I think, there never has been any protest. At night, the concerts compete with a grand fireworks exhibition—a London diversion, the like of which we never saw anywhere else than here, and still believe to be as splendid and dazzling a sight as the hand of man can create.

These were the novelties and triumphs for whose delights we owe gratitude to Coney Island. It will be noticed that they confine their territory to the newer or east end of the island, for it is a fact, that the house in the shape of an elephant and, possibly, the iron steamboats and the first iron pier into the ocean were the only innovations that the older or western half of the resort brought forward; and yet, it seems to me, that if we were to die to-day and take our memories to another planet, much of that recollection would carry us back to that transplanted Old World fair. For a transplanted Old World fair is what the older portion of Coney Island suggests—the

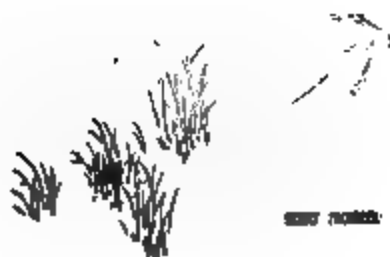
tious, that which is loud, that which is beer-sodden, and that which is "faked" or made-up or make-believe—all by the comprehensive term "Bowery." There is not a thing (except the fireworks), on the higher-priced end of the island that cannot be obtained or witnessed at the cheaper end, but there are scores of attractions at the hurly-burly end that the more exclusive region does not hold forth. The peculiar theory of some religionists that we shall have differing heavens, to conform to our mundane ideas and tastes, gets some confirmation from the fact that ten go to the Bowery where one frequents the better beaches. Most excursionists who set apart a day for Coney Island put aside a generous sum to spend there—to "throw away" as we say. The resolution is eloquently expressed in the manners of the men, whether they are rotund old fellows in fine cloth ordering "the best" for their exquisite wives at Manhattan Beach, or wide-eyed mechanics clutching the arms of pallid sweethearts and pushing them through the perspiring mob around the elephant. And some, near the elephant, have set aside money sufficient for a day within sound of Seidl's orchestra, yet they prefer the oom-pah bands of rusted brass. They would rather have a luncheon of Frankfurters and lager and a dinner of

Beach Hotel at West Brighton

roasted clams and melted butter, than the finicky food and precise surroundings away from the hurly-burly where nostalgia eats up appetite. And the queer thing is, that each sort of persons makes his cast-iron, habitual choice and calls it "seeing life;" whereas if the masses sent a deputation to

Brighton and Manhattan and a few of the few spent an occasional day in the Bowery, they would really see life and learn a great deal, and alas! be more or less unhappy.

Even now, that the political baron who sowed vice in western Coney Island, and fattened on it, has gone to jail and his bailiwick has become a part of Brooklyn, that end is the most bewildering, noisy approach to bedlam that we know of in America. The singers in the concert halls and the variety shows have lengthened their dresses and abbreviated their misbehavior, and the worst criminals who swindled the people or pandered to their weaknesses have been banished, so that the place does not reek with evil as it did; but it is still the seat of a delirium of raw pleasure. Physically, the place is a sort of Chinatown of little frame buildings set about, helter-skelter, like a cityful of houses in a panic. Aurally it is a riot of the noises of roller-coasters, from two to six stories high; of test-your-lungs and test-your-strength and test-your-grip machines; of shooting-galleries and "see-if-you-can-hit-the-nigger's head" contrivances; of those



McPherson's Hotel—from the Sand-dunes.

strange merry-go-rounds which seem to be manufactured exclusively in New Utrecht, L. I., of animals designed by a baker of ginger-bread; of razzle-dazzle rings that go all ways at once, like a ship's compass; of a band of howling Sioux; of the yells of the shouters in front of the freak museums; of rocking-boat devices that would make Neptune seasick if he rode in them; of "ring-the-cane and get-a-cigar" layouts; of hand-organs, of yelling seabathers; in short, of pandemonium.

I like to go there, once in a while, to see the iron steamboats and the steam and trolley cars fling their loads of the poorer city folk upon the sands, complacent and at ease, beside the nervous, uncertain country people who come, a thousand at a time, upon the irregular excursion boats. What Barney and Julia, from the tenements, go to "the Bowery" for I do not know, unless it is to enjoy the triumph of their own sagacity in not ever, by any chance, being victimized by the museum men and the fakirs who prey upon the unsophisticated. Barney looks on, from the outside, at all the clumsy traps for the unwary, and loves to guy the touts, who stand without, coaxing the people in.

"Say, cully," he says when he catches the eye of a roper-in, "is de fish bitin' good to-day?"

And Julia says of him proudly, to the other girls in the tenement at home: "Dere was a man tried to git Barney to take a chance on a watch, but Barney

don't buy gold bricks an' he never blows out de gas."

What Barney and Julia like at Coney Island is the bathing in the afternoon when Barney "berhaves terrible—" by endeavoring to duck his sweetheart; wherefore he chases her, screaming, all through the crowds—and at

night the dancing. There are what are called dancing pavilions at the western end, where the music scarcely pauses between seven o'clock and that hour which is invariably called "de las' boat." It is when we see Barney and Julia dancing that we realize the feelings of the Oriental potentate who said, "I never dance myself; I hire it done." The city boys and girls described their own fashion of dancing when they gave the name of "pivoters" to the thousands of girls who are seized with such a madness for dancing that they spend every night in the dance halls and the picnic parks. Julia stands erect, with her body as rigid as a poker and with her left arm straight out from her shoulder like an upraised pump-handle. Barney slouches up to her, and bends his back so that he can put his chin on one of Julia's shoulders and she can do the same by him. Then, instead of dancing with a free, lissome, graceful, gliding step, they pivot or spin, around and around, within the smallest circle that can be drawn around them. The expression of Barney's face is usually that of grim, determined effort, like that of one who is taking part in a trial of endurance; but Julia's eyes are uplifted, like those of a maid at her devotions, and a settled, almost sanctified calm is upon her features. On the last boat a great crowd of these honest young people is apt to gather on the upper deck, aft, where the young men practise that repartee which is quite as

sharp and vastly more kindly than the wit of the London street folk. And before the Narrows are reached Julia has taken off her hat and gone to sleep on Barney's breast, held there by the arm that he puts ostentatiously and defiantly about her waist; and he smokes in a silence that is only broken by the tuned breathing of one of the younger Barneys, who has brought his mouth-organ along and has glued it to his lips.

This glance at all parts of Coney Island shows us that while it has some of the main features of the great watering-places of Europe, it is yet different from all of them in being purely and wholly an excursion resort. It is true that the Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach is

tenants see the tip-ends of the fireworks and they hear the tooting of the railway locomotives, but these things are, to them, like seeing Saturn and hearing the distant guns of a man-of-war in New York Harbor. What is peculiar to Coney Island is that no one lives there. It embraces practically no cottage settlement—none at all, except a few homes of those who are in business there—and from one point of view, all its tenements, halls, hotels, and houses are temporary, like its delights, all being wooden, however costly some may be. Other resorts offer change and rest, but Coney Island offers only change. A reporter having to announce the formal opening of one of the beaches there, put the case of Coney Island in a verbal nutshell

, one day:
opened, and
a place by
may go for

Manhattan Beach Hotel

the summer home of hundreds, but the secret of that hotel's success and the charm of it is, that it is not at Coney Island at all, nor even at Manhattan Beach, as its proprietors say, but is, of and by itself, cut off from all the neighborhood, with its own beach and, I was going to say, its own ocean. Its

dinner, spend an evening enjoyably, and get home at a reasonable time."

That is true, and since that is all Coney Island is for, we understand why it is peculiar among the really crowded resorts in the absence of summer costumes among its votaries. What we call the typical "summer girl" is seen there,

is like a tatter
out of Broad-
and when, after
races, it bursts
n the verandas of
ghton and Man-
an Beaches, it
into the multi-
e there precisely
if it was of the
e web and woof.

Another bit of
evidence that
Coney Island's
crowds are
made up most
largely of those
who are town-
stayed all sum-
mer, lies in the
color of the
crowd's hands
and faces.
From the wax-
en whiteness of
the women and

now and then, in sailor hat and thin white gown, but her champion in white flannels, yachting cap, and tennis shoes never, perhaps, set foot on this glistening strand. In his place we see the costumes of Broadway and the Stock Exchange, of Tompkins Square and Central Park. On summer Saturdays the clerks and merchants and the professional men who are kept in town, take an early luncheon in the city and catch the Bay Ridge boat for the races at Sheepshead Bay, across the creek from the island. Such a crowd, dressed as this is, would look out of place in Saratoga or Narragansett Pier, but on the boat it

girls whose waking hours are spent amid gaslight, to the pinker hue of the men who have leisure to walk to and from luncheon—if not to business—every morning the color of all is the same and only the shades of it differ. How much more admirable, how almost blessed, Coney Island seems in the light of these facts! How grand an acquisition it is for us to possess a beach to which we can go in an hour at the cost of a quarter of a dollar, to get a new environment and have old ocean's pure tonic breath blow the cobwebs out of our brain—and then, as the chronicler saith, "get home at a reasonable time."

DE PROFUNDIS

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THROUGH the melancholy winter sunset
Pale with shores of pearl, and seas of amber,
High in air above the silent garden,
Floats a song of sweet, of strange denial,
Clear and mellow, insolent with triumph,
Though the snow-wind sighs about the branches
Of the bare trees
Stark in dank and dripping desolation,
In this graveyard that was once a garden
Rich with sun and redolent of plenty—
Once?—ah never—Nay, but look, but listen.

.
Joy of joys! a blackbird in the cedar,
Flings a golden gauntlet of defiance,
Gallant and gay.
Dares the winter to his worst endeavor—
And the boughs once more,
Rustle thick with leaves and jewelled fruitage;
Loose-leaved roses blossom by the fountain
In the perfumed dusk:
See, the skies are hung with summer purple,
Summer stars and dew.

.
Dear, with us, too,
So it shall be, though the gray years darken;
Though a wintry world lie waste around us
Thus it shall be, and the cold close find us
Neither old, nor sad. nor hope-forsaken;
Here the spring shall linger quick and fragrant,
Here the full heart still shall sing of summer.

ON THE POETRY OF PLACE NAMES

By Brander Matthews

LUTARCH tells us that
the tragedian Æsopus,
when he spoke the opening
lines of the "Atreus,"
a tragedy by Attius,

I'm Lord of Argos, heir of
Pelops' crown.

As far as Helle's sea, and Ion's main
Beat on the Isthmus,

entered so keenly into the spirit of this lofty passage that he struck dead at his feet a slave who approached too near to the person of royalty; and Professor Tyrrel notes how these verses affect us with "the weight of names great in myth-land and hero-land," and he suggests that they produce "a vague impression of majesty," like Milton's

Jousted in Aspromont or Montalhan,
Damasco or Morocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.

It is a question how far the beauty of the resonant lines of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, where the news of the fall of Troy is flashed along the chain of beacons from hill-top to promontory is due even more to the mere sounds of the proper names than it is to the memories these mighty names evoke. Far inferior to this, and yet deriving its effect also from the sonorous roll of the lordly proper names (which had perhaps lingered in the poet's memory ever since the travels of his childhood), is the passage in the "Hernani" of Victor Hugo, when the new emperor ordering all the conspirators to be set free who are not of noble blood, the hero steps forward hotly to declare his rank:

Puisqu'il faut être grand pour mourir, je
me lève.

Dieu qui donne le sceptre et qui te le donna
M'a fait duc de Segorbe et duc de Cardona,
Marquis de Mouroy, comte Albatera, vicomte

De Gor, seigneur de lieux dont j'ignore le
compte.

Je suis Jean d'Aragon, grand maître d'Avis, en
Dans l'exil, fils proscrit d'un père assassiné
Par sentence du tien, roi Carlos de Castille!

Lowell, after telling us that "precisely what makes the charm of poetry is what we cannot explain any more than we can describe a perfume," proceeds to point out that it is a prosaic passage of Drayton's "Poly-Olbion" which gave a hint to Wordsworth, thus finely utilized in one of the later bard's "Poems on the Naming of Places:—

Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again;
The ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn, far into the clear blue sky,
Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

Longfellow has recorded his feeling
that

The destined walls
Of Cambalu and of Cathain Can

(from the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost") is a "delicious line." Longfellow was always singularly sensitive to the magic power of words, and not long after that entry in his journal there is this other: "I always write the name October with especial pleasure. There is a secret charm about it, not to be defined. It is full of memories, it is full of dusky splendors, it is full of glorious poetry." And Poe was so taken with the melody of this same word that in "Ulalume" he invented a proper name merely that he might have a rhyme for it:

It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,

In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

The charm of these lines is due mainly to their modulated music, and to the contrast of the vowel sounds in Auber and Weir, just as a great part of the beauty of Landor's exquisite lyric, "Rose Aylmer," is contained in the name itself. Is there any other reason why Mesopotamia should be a "blessèd word," save that its vowels and its consonants are so combined as to fill the ear with sweetness? Yet Mr. Lecky records Garrick's assertion that Whitfield could pronounce Mesopotamia so as to make a congregation weep. And others have found delight in repeating a couplet of Campbell's:

And heard across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore—

a delight due, I think, chiefly to the unexpected combination of open vowels and sharp consonants in the single Eskimo word, the meaning of it being unknown and wholly unimportant, and the sound of it filling the ear with an unknown and yet awaited pleasure.

Just as Oonalaski strikes us at once as the fit title for a shore along which the lone wolf should howl, so Atchafalaya bears in its monotonous vowel a burden of melancholy, made more pitiful to us by our knowledge that it was the name of the dark water where Evangeline and Gabriel almost met in the night and then parted again for years. Charles Sumner wrote to Longfellow that Mrs. Norton considered "the scene on the Lake Atchafalaya, where the two lovers pass each other, so typical of life that she had a seal cut with that name upon it;" and shortly afterward Leopold, the king of the Belgians, speaking of "Evangeline," "asked her if she did not think the word Atchafalaya was suggestive of experience in life, and added that he was about to have it cut on a seal"—whereupon, to his astonishment, she showed him hers.

It would be difficult indeed to declare how much of the delight our ear may take in these words—Atchafalaya, Oonalaska, Mesopotamia—is due simply

to their own melody, and how much to the memories they may stir. Here we may see one reason why the past seems so much more romantic than the present. In tales of olden time even the proper names linger in our ears with an echo of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Here is, in fact, an unfair advantage which dead-and-gone heroes of foreign birth have over the men of our own day and our own country. "If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment," said Emerson in his essay on "Heroism," and he added that the first step of our worthiness was "to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times." And he asks, "Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves the names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and, if we hurry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. . . . The Jerseys were honest ground enough for Washington to tread."

Emerson penned these sentences in the first half of the nineteenth century, when we Americans were still fettered by the inherited shackles of colonialism. Fifty years after he wrote, it would have been hard to find an American who thought either Boston Bay or Massachusetts a paltry place. And Matthew Arnold has recorded that to him, when he was an undergraduate, Emerson was then "but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away; but so well he spoke that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar."

As for the Connecticut River, had not Thoreau done it the service Irving had rendered long before to the Hudson?—had he not given it a right to be set down in the geography of literature?

It is well that we should be reminded now and again that the map which the lover of letters has in his mind's eye is different by a whole world from the projection which the schoolboy smears with his searching finger, since the tiny little rivers on whose banks great men grew to maturity, the Tiber and the Po, the Seine and the Thames, flow across its pages with a fuller stream than any Congo or Amazon. And on this literary map the name of not a few American rivers and hills and towns are now inscribed.

It is fortunate that many of the American places most likely to be mentioned in the poetic gazetteer have kept the liquid titles the aborigines gave them. "I climbed one of my hills yesterday afternoon and took a sip of Wachusett, who was well content that Monadnock was out of the way," wrote Lowell in a letter. "How lucky our mountains (many of them) are in their names, though they must find it hard to live up to them sometimes! The Anglo-Saxon sponsor would Nicodemus 'em to nothing in no time." It will be pitiful if the Anglo-Saxons on the Pacific coast allow Mount Tacoma to be Nicodemused to Mount Rainier, as the Anglo-Saxons of the Atlantic coast allowed Lake Andiatarocte to be Nicodemused into Lake George. Fenimore Cooper strove in vain for the acceptance of Horicon as the name of this lovely sheet of water, which the French discoverer called the Lake of the Holy Sacrament.

Marquette spoke of a certain stream as the River of the Immaculate Conception, although the Spaniards were already familiar with it as the River of the Holy Spirit; and later Lasalle called it after Colbert; but an Algonquin word meaning "many waters" clung to it always; and so we know it now as the Mississippi. The Spaniard has been gone from its banks for more than a hundred years, and the Frenchman has followed the Indian, and the Anglo-Saxon now holds the mighty river from its source to its many mouths; but the broad stream bears to-day the name the red men gave it. And so also the Ohio keeps its native name though the French hesitated between "St. Louis "

and "La Belle Rivière" as proper titles for it. Cataragui is one old name for an American river, and Jacques Cartier accepted for this stream another Indian word, Hochelaga, but (as Professor Hinsdale reminds us), "St. Lawrence, the name that Cartier had given to the Gulf, unfortunately superseded it."

Much of the charm of these Indian words, Atchafalaya, Ohio, Andiatarocte, Tacoma, is due no doubt to their open vowels, but is not some of it to be ascribed to our ignorance of their meanings? We may chance to know that Mississippi signifies "many waters" and that Minnehaha can be interpreted as "laughing water," but that is the furthestmost border of our knowledge. If we were all familiar with the Algonquin dialects, I fancy that the fascination of many of these names would fade swiftly. And yet perhaps it would not, for we could never be on as friendly terms with the Indian language as we are with our own; and there is ever a suggestion of the mystic in the foreign tongue.

We engrave *Souvenir* on our sweetheart's bracelet or brooch; but the French for this purpose prefer *Remember*. "The difficulty of translation lies in the color of words," Longfellow declared. "Is the Italian *rusciletto gorgoglioso* fully rendered by *gurgling brooklet*? Or the Spanish *pajaros vocingleros* by *garrulous birds*? Something seems wanting. Perhaps it is only the fascination of foreign and unfamiliar sounds; and to the Italian and Spanish ear the English words may seem equally beautiful."

After the death of the Duke of Wellington, Longfellow wrote a poem on "The Warden of the Cinque Ports;" and to us Americans there was poetry in the very title. And yet it may be questioned whether the Five Ports are necessarily any more poetic than the Five Points or the Seven Dials. So also Sanguelac strikes us as far loftier than Bloody Pond, but is it really? I have wondered often whether to a Jew of the first century Aceldama, the field of blood, and Golgotha, the place of a skull, were not perfectly commonplace designations, quite as common in fact as Bone Gulch or Hangman's Hollow

would be to us, and conveying the same kind of suggestion.

We are always prone to accept the unknown as the magnificent—if I may translate the Latin phrase—to put a higher value on the things veiled from us by the folds of a foreign language. The Bosphorus is a more poetic place than Oxford, though the meaning of both names is the same. Montenegro fills our ears and raises our expectations higher than could any mere Black Mountain. "The Big River" is but a vulgar nickname, and yet we accept the equivalent Guadalquivir and Rio Grande; we even allow ourselves sometimes to speak of the Rio Grande River—which is as tautological as De Quincey declared the name of Mrs. Barbauld to be. Bridgeport is as prosaic as may be, while Alcantara has a remote and romantic aroma, and yet the latter word signifies only "the bridge." We can be neighborly, most of us, with the White Mountains; but we feel a deeper respect for Mont Blanc and the Weiss-horn and the Sierra Nevada.

Sometimes the hard facts are twisted arbitrarily to force them into an imported falsehood. Elberon, where Garfield died, was founded by one L. B. Brown, so they say, and the homely name of the owner was thus contorted to make a seemingly exotic appellation for the place. And they say also that the man who once dammed a brook amid the pines of New Jersey had three children, Carrie, Sally, and Joe, and that he bestowed their united names upon Lake Carasaljo, the artificial piece of water on the banks of which Lakewood now sits salubriously. In Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner," one of the characters explains, "You know an ancestor of his founded Suez. That's how it got its name. His name was Ezra and her's was Susan, don't you see?" And I have been told of a Californian town which the first-comers called Hell-to-Pay, and which has since experienced a change of heart and become Eltopia.

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century a thirst for self-improvement raged among the villages of the lower Hudson River, and many a modest settlement thought to better itself and to rise in the world by the assumption of a

more swelling style and title. When a proposition was made to give up the homely Dobb's Ferry for something less plebeian, the poet of "Nothing to Wear" rhymed a pungent protest:

They say "Dobbs" ain't melodious,
It's "horrid," "vulgar," "odious,"
In all their crops it sticks;
And then the worse addendum
Of "Ferry" does offend 'em
More than its vile prefix.
Well, it does seem distressing,
But, if I'm good at guessing,
Each one of these same nobbs
If there was money in it,
Would ferry in a minute,
And change his name to Dobbs!

That's it, they're not partic'lar,
Respecting the auric'lar,
At a stiff market rate;
But Dobbs's special vice is,
That he keeps down the prices
Of all their real estate!
A name so unattractive
Keeps villa-sites inactive,
And spoils the broker's jobs;
They think that speculation
Would rage at "Paulding's station,"
Which stagnates now at "Dobbs."

In the later stanzas Mr. Butler denounces changes nearer to New York:

Down there, on old Manhattan,
Where land-sharks breed and fatten,
They wiped out Tubby Hook.
That famous promontory,
Renowned in song and story,
Which time nor tempest shook,
Whose name for aye had been good,
Stands newly christened "Inwood,"
And branded with the shame
Of some old rogue who passes
By dint of aliases,
Afraid of his own name!

See how they quite outrival,
Plain barnyard Spuytenduyvil,
By peacock Riverdale,
Which thinks all else it conquers,
And over homespun Yonkers,
Spreads out its flaunting tail!

No loyal Manhattener but would regret to part with Spuytenduyvil and Yonkers and Harlem, and the other good old names that recall the good old Dutchmen who founded New Amsterdam. Few loyal Manhatteners, I think, but would be glad to see the Greater New York they hear so much about (when at last it shall be an accomplished fact) dignified by a name less absurd than New York. If Pesth and

Buda could come together and become Budapest, why may not the Greater New York resume the earlier name and be known to the world as Manhattan? Why should the people of this great city of ours let the Anglo-Saxons "Necodemus us to nothing," or less than nothing, with a name so pitiful as New York? "I hope and trust," wrote Washington Irving, "that we are to live to be an old nation, as well as our neighbors, and have no idea that our cities when they shall have attained to venerable antiquity shall still be dubbed New York and New London and new this and new that, like the Pont Neuf (the new bridge) at Paris which is the oldest bridge in that capital, or like the Vicar of Wakefield's horse, which continued to be called the colt until he died of old age."

Whenever any change shall be made we must hope that the new will be not only more euphonious than the old, but more appropriate and more stately. Perhaps Hangtown in California made a change for the better many years ago when it took the name of Marysville; but perhaps Marysville was not the best name it could have taken. "We will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the old world or in the new," wrote Matthew Arnold when he was declaring the beauty of Celtic literature, "and when our race has built Bold Street in Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville and Jacksonville and Mill-edgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner." In this sentence the criticism cuts both British habits and American. Later in life Matthew Arnold sharpened his knife again for use on the United States alone. "What people," he asked, "in whom the sense for beauty and fitness was quick could have invented or tolerated the hideous names ending in ville—the Briggsvilles, Higginsvilles, Jacksonvilles—rife from Maine to Florida?"

Now it must be confessed at once that we have no guard against a thrust like that. Such names do abound and they are of unsurpassed hideousness. But could not the same blow have got home as fatally had it been directed

against his own country? A glance at any gazetteer of the British Isles would show that the British are quite as vulnerable as the Americans. In fact this very question of Matthew Arnold's suggested to an anonymous American rhymster the perpetration of a copy of verses, the quality of which can be gauged by these first three stanzas:

Of Briggsville and Jacksonville
I care not now to sing,
They make me sad and very mad,
My inmost soul they wring.
I'll hie me back to England,
And straightway I will go
To Boxford and to Swaffham,
To Plunger and Loose Hoe.

At Scrooby and at Gonexby,
At Wigton and at Smeeth,
At Bottesford and Runcorn,
I need not grit my teeth.
At Swineshead and at Crummock,
At Sibsey and Spithead,
Stoke Pogis and Wolsoken
I will not wish me dead.

At Horbling and at Skidby,
At Chipping Ongar, too,
At Botterel Stotterdon and Swops,
At Skellington and Skew,
At Piddleton and Blumsdown,
At Shanklin and at Smart,
At Gosberton and Wrangle
I'll soothe this aching heart.

To discover a mote in our neighbor's eyes does not remove the mote in our own, however much immediate relief it may give us from the acuteness of our pain. When Matthew Arnold animadverted upon "the jumbles of unnatural and inappropriate names everywhere," he may have had in mind the most absurd medley existing anywhere in the world—the handful of Greek and Roman names of all sorts which was sown broadcast over the western part of New York State. Probably this region of misfortune it was that Irving was thinking about when he denounced the "shallow affectation of scholarship," and told how "the whole catalogue of ancient worthies is shaken out of the back of Lemprière's classical dictionary, and a wide region of wild country is sprinkled over with the names of heroes, poets, sages of antiquity, jumbled into the most whimsical juxtaposition."

Along the road from Dublin, going south to Bray, the traveller finds Dum-

drum and Stillorgan, as though—to quote the remarks of the Irish friend who gave me these facts—a band of wandering musicians had broken up and scattered their names along the highway. For sheer ugliness it would be hard to beat two other proper names near Dublin, where the Sallynoggin road runs into the Glenageary.

It may be that these words sound harsher in our strange ears than they do to a native wonted to their use. We take the unknown for the magnificent sometimes, no doubt; but sometimes also we take it for the ridiculous. To us New Yorkers, for instance, there is nothing absurd or ludicrous in the sturdy name of Schenectady; perhaps there is even a hint of stateliness in the syllables. But when Mr. Laurence Hutton was in the north of Scotland some years ago there happened to be in his party a young lady from that old Dutch town; and when a certain laird who lived in those parts chanced to be told that this young lady dwelt in Schenectady he was moved to inextinguishable laughter. He ejaculated the outlandish sounds again and again in the sparse intervals of his boisterous merriment. He announced to all his neighbors that among their visitors was a young lady from Schenectady, and all who called were presented to her, and at every repetition of the strange syllables his violent cachinnations broke forth afresh. Never had so comic a name fallen upon his ears; and yet he himself was the laird of Balduthro (pronounced Balduthy); his parish was Ironcross (pronounced Aron crouch); his railway-station was Kilconquhar (pronounced Kinöcher), and his post-office was Pittenweem!

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotchman who had changed his point of view more often than the laird of Balduthro; he had a broader vision and a more delicate ear and a more refined perception of humor. When he came to these United States as an amateur immigrant on his way across the plains, he asked the name of a river from a brakeman on the train; and when he heard that the stream "was called the Susquehanna, the beauty of the name seemed part and parcel of the beauty of the

land. As when Adam with divine fitness named the creatures, so this word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy. That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley."

And then Stevenson breaks from his narrative to sing the praises of our place-names. The passage is long for quotation in a paper where too much has been quoted already; and yet I should be derelict to my duty if I did not transcribe it here. Stevenson had lived among many peoples, and he was far more cosmopolitan than Matthew Arnold, and more willing therefore to dwell on beauties than on blemishes. "None can care for literature in itself," he begins, "who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names; and there is no part of the world where nomenclature is so rich, poetical, humorous, and picturesque, as the United States of America. All times, races, and languages have brought their contribution. Pekin is in the same State with Euclid, with Bellefontaine and with Sandusky. Chelsea, with its London associations of red brick, Sloane Square, and the King's Road, is own suburb to stately and primeval Memphis; there they have their seat, translated names of cities, where the Mississippi runs by Tennessee and Arkansas.

... Old, red Manhattan lies, like an Indian arrow-head under a steam-factory, below Anglified New York. The names of the States and Territories themselves form a chorus of sweet and most romantic vocables: Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota, and the Carolinas; there are few poems with a nobler music for the ear; a songful, tuneful land; and if the new Homer shall arise from the Western continent, his verse will be enriched, his pages sing spontaneously with the names of States and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular."

As Campbell had utilized the innate beauty of the word Wyoming, so Stevenson himself made a ballad on the dreaded name of Ticonderoga; and these are two of the proper names of modern America that sing themselves. But there is nothing canorous in

Anglified New York ; there is no sonority in its syllables ; there is neither dignity nor truth in its obvious meaning. It might serve well enough as the address of a steam factory in a business circular ; but it lacks absolutely all that the name of a metropolis demands. Stevenson thought that the new Homer would joy in working into his strong lines the beautiful nomenclature of America ; but Washington Irving had the same anticipation, and it forced him to declare that if New York "were to share the fate of Troy itself, to suffer a ten years' siege, and be sacked and plundered, no modern Homer would ever be able to elevate

the name to epic dignity." Irving went so far as to wish not only that New York City should be Manhattan again, but that New York State should be Ontario, the Hudson River the Mohegan, and the United States themselves Appalachia. Edgar Allan Poe, than whom none of our poets had a keener perception of the beauty of sounds and the fitness of words, approved of Appalachia as the name of the whole country.

Perhaps we must wait yet a little while for Appalachia and Ontario and the Mohegan ;—but has not the time come to dig up that old red arrow-head, Manhattan, and fit it to a new shaft ?

A THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE ALPS

By Sir W. Martin Conway

WHEN I began climbing mountains, almost a quarter of a century ago, mountaineering—at all events in the Alps—was a very different matter from what it is to-day. The age of Alpine conquest was even then approaching its close, but present conditions did not prevail and the sentiment of climbers was still that of pioneers.

The old-fashioned climber, the mountain hero of my boyhood, was a traveller and desired to be an explorer. When he went to the Alps he went to wander about and to rough it. Many peaks were still unclimbed and by most people conceived to be unclimbable. He probably thought he could reduce the number, and it was his chief ambition to do so. The desire to discover new routes, which still lingers among Alpine travellers, is a belated survival from the days when all the Alps were unclimbed. The rush of tourists that came with improved means of communication, and was accompanied by a development of railways, roads, and inns throughout the frequented and more accessible parts of Switzerland, could not be without effect upon mountaineering. The change showed itself chiefly in this

respect, that the habitual climber, the man for whom Alpine climbing takes the place of another's fishing or shooting, ceased to be a traveller and acquired the habit of settling down for the whole time of his holiday in a comfortably furnished centre, whence he makes a series of ascents of the high mountains within its reach.

Previously mountaineering was one of the best forms of training for a traveller, and indeed supplied, for busy persons whose annual holiday must be short, experience of all the charms, excitements, and delights which reward the explorer of distant and unknown regions of the earth. The object of the journey now to be described was to discover whether the time had not come when a return might be made, on a novel footing, to the habits of Alpine pioneers. Of course the mystery is gone from the Alps—none but climbers know how completely. Every mountain and point of view of even third-rate importance has been ascended, most by many routes. Almost every gap between two peaks has been traversed as a pass. The publications of some dozen mountaineering societies have recorded these countless expeditions in rows of volumes of ap-

single line of peaks, but a series of locally parallel ridges covering a region. There is no continuous Alpine ridge at all, that stretches from one end of the region to the other. It would be possible to devise an almost infinite variety of combinations of peaks and passes that would fulfil the conditions of my plan. Some of these would take years to carry out, for they would lead over peaks that can only be ascended under exceptionally good conditions of weather. The route selected had to be capable of execution within three months of average weather—a mixture of good and bad, with the bad predominating. It was also essential that it should lead continuously through snowy regions and that it should traverse as many of the more interesting and well-known groups as possible.

By beginning with the smaller ranges at the southern extremity of the Alpine region we were able to start early in the summer season with the maximum of time before us. The Colle di Tenda, over which goes the road from Turin to Ventimiglia, is regarded as the southern limit of the Alps and boundary between them and the Apennines. Thither, therefore, we transferred ourselves on June 1st. The first division of the

journey was thence to Mont Blanc, which, of course, had to be traversed; this line of route lay partly in France but chiefly in Italy, the Dauphiny mountains being of necessity omitted as lying apart in an isolated group. At Mont Blanc we had to decide between two main possible ways. We might go along the southern Pennine, Lepontine, and other ranges, or by the northern Oberland ridge and its eastward continuations. I chose the northern route as being the shorter and, to me, more novel. Arriving thus at the eastern extremity of Switzerland, the general line to be followed across the Tyrol was obvious, the final goal being the Ankogel, the last snowy peak in the direction of Vienna, about a hundred and eighty miles from that city.

The party assembled at the Colle di Tenda for this expedition was rather a large one as Alpine parties go. I was fortunate to secure as companion my friend Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, an experienced climber, who has since won distinction as an explorer in the snow-mountains of New Zealand. He brought with him two well-known guides—J. B. Aymonod and Louis Carrel, both of Valtournanche, a village near the south foot of the Matterhorn. Carrel is fa-

Morning—from a summit.

mous as one of the guides who accompanied Mr. Whympers to the Andes. For the first part of the journey I engaged my old Himalayan companion, the guide Mattias Zurbriggen, of Macugraga and I was further accompanied by two of the Gurkhas (natives of Nepal) who were with me in the Himalayas, to wit, Lance Naick Amar Sing Thapa and Lance Naick Karbir Bura Thoki, both of the first battalion of the Fifth Gurkha Rifles. The Gurkhas are admirable scramblers and good weight-carriers, but they were not experienced in the craft of climbing snow-mountains. They had begun to learn the use of the axe and rope in India, but it was felt that if they could spend a further period of three months, working under first-rate guides, their mountaineering education would be advanced and they would be better able on their return to India to assist in Himalayan exploration, up till now so neglected. It was in view of giving them experience of snow and glacier work that our route was devised to keep as far as possible to snow, and to avoid rather than seek rock-scrambling, in which they were already proficient.

Fortunate people who live on islands or without bellicose neighbors have no idea of the excitements of frontier travel in central Europe. As long as you merely want to cross from one

country into another there is only the custom-house nuisance to be fought through; but try to settle down near a frontier and enjoy yourself in a normal fashion, walking to pretty points of view and staring about as you please, all sorts of annoyances and impediments start in your way; while if you wish to travel along the frontier these become indefinitely multiplied. It is useless to dodge gendarmes and folks of that kidney on the Franco-Italian frontier. They are too numerous, active, and suspicious. We knew this, and made what we supposed were sufficient arrangements beforehand. Ministers and august personages were approached by one another on our behalf, friendly promises were given, and the way seemed smooth before us; but we started along it too soon, not bearing in mind that governmental machineries, though they may ultimately grind exceedingly small, do so with phenomenal slowness. When therefore we actually came upon frontier ground we were not expected, and the ways were often closed against us. It was not till just as we were leaving Italy for the unsuspecting and more travelled regions of Savoy and Switzerland that the spreading wave of orders and recommendations in our favor, washing outward from the official centre, broke against the moun-

tain-wall and produced a sudden profusion of kindnesses and attentions, which, if they had come a fortnight sooner, would have made our journey more pleasant.

As it was, however, we were treated in the Maritime and Cottian Alps as probable spies.

The peaks and passes we wanted to climb were closed against us, and we had continually to change our plans in order to avoid fortresses and the like futilities, sight of which in the far distance without permission is a crime. Nor were these political difficulties the only ones we had to contend against in the first part of our journey. Eager to be early on the ground, we arrived too early. None of the inns were open in the upper valleys, and the high pastures and huts were all deserted, so that we had to descend low for food and often to sleep in the open air. Moreover, to make matters worse, the season was backward. The mass of winter snow had waited till May to fall, and in June the mountains were draped with a vesture proper to the month of March. Ascents were thereby rendered dangerous from avalanches, or even impossible, which should have been little more than grass walks. It was, therefore, in every sense a misfortune that our start was not delayed at least a fortnight.

With every disadvantage, however, we saw enough of the Maritime Alps to gain a fair idea of their scenery, which is superb and differs in character from that of other Alpine regions. Their greatest charm is derived from their situation between the Mediterranean on the one side, and the Lombard plain on the other, broad level expanses toward which mountain buttresses gracefully descend. Ill luck in weather deprived us of the choicest views, yet there is a beauty in cloud-enframed glimpses perhaps no less great than the clearest pros-

pect can afford. The mountains do not rise to any great height, and though their summits and gullies hold snow all the year round, it is not in quantity sufficient to form glaciers. But the valleys are so deep that for a climber the altitudes to be ascended are as great as in the case of the high peaks of the central Alps. The scrambling is good, for the range is chiefly built of limestone, which presents difficult problems of a gymnastic character. The valleys possess a singular charm, for they are richly wooded, and the streams that enliven them are of clear water dancing down in crystal floods. Moreover, the color of the atmosphere is richer than in Switzerland and the Tyrol, so that hollows are filled with bluer shadows, distances are softer, and floating clouds receive an added tenderness.

Rather more than three weeks were spent in travelling from the sea to Mout Blanc. The principal peaks climbed on the way were Monte Viso and the Aiguille de la Grande-Sassière, the one in storm, the other on a perfect day. It is a mistake to imagine that mountain scenery is only beautiful in fine weather. It is often more impressive in fog or storm than at any other time. Clouds, which shut out the distance, force the eye to linger on the foreground of ice and rock which possess beauties of their own. It is not for mere summit panoramas that lovers of scenery are led to climb. Every stage of ascent and descent gives its own reward. Monte Viso, when we climbed it, was not the naked rock-peak known to summer travellers. It was buried deep in hard frozen snow, which the violent gale swept into the air and whirled about in twisted wreaths. Clouds too were dragged across it and, as it were, combed through the teeth of its serrated rock ridge. Few wilder or more impressive scenes have I witnessed than that we beheld from near the top of the peak when the gale was at its height. The air seemed to be writhing about us. We were all covered with frozen filaments; icicles hung from our hair. We had to cling to the rocks or be blown away. Such moments of excitement may at the time be physically disagreeable, but they are morally

stimulating in a high degree, and linger in the memory far more agreeably than do afternoons of slothful dalliance and luxurious repose.

As we travelled forward from day to day the peaks we were to climb first appeared in the remote distance, then coming nearer separated themselves from their fellows, till at last each in its turn blocked the way and had to be climbed over. Mont Blanc was long

for hours we saw nothing that was not near at hand. The Rutor snow-field is large and gently inclined. We had to steer our way down it by compass and map. Its white rippled surface spread around us, melting at the edges of vision into a sparkling mist which the sunlight illuminated but was long in driving away. At last there came a movement in the fog, a strange twinkling and flickering as of ghosts passing by. Uncertain forms appeared and vanished. Low, striking light-bands striped the white floor. Suddenly, to our bewildered delight, there stood, behind a faint veil which swiftly melted away, the whole Mont Blanc range, clear from end to end, superb in form, and glittering in sunshine. Entranced, we halted to gaze as the faëry vision hardened into reality.

A couple of days later we were on the mountain itself, approaching its snowy region by way of the Miage glacier, which lies in a deep and splendid valley. We spent the night in a hut on the great peak's flank, but started on again by one o'clock in the morning so as to traverse the steep snow-slopes to the ridge while frost held them firm. The progress from night to day in this remote snowy fastness went forward as we ascended, and the sun had risen when we stood on the frontier ridge which was to be followed to the top. Already Europe was at our feet. The ranges by which we had come stretched southward into blue vagueness; on the other side were the green hills of Savoy, the hollow of Geneva's lake, and I know not what far-stretching plains and undulations of France. Looking along the ridge, the Aiguille de Bionassay, a splendid pyra-

Cloud Effect on Glacier

a-coming. We saw it first from the Sassièrè, as a culminating dome above a lower wall of neighbors. Next we saw it while descending the Rutor glacier. That morning the clouds were low and

mid of snow, passing graceful, and edged with delicately sharpened ice-ridges, divided the two views from one another. We turned our backs on the pyramid and climbed ahead,

following a crest of snow, sometimes sharp as an axe-edge, often curled over like a breaking wave on one side or the other. As snow *arêtes* go, this one is not remarkable for narrowness, but the slopes on either hand are steep and have the usual appearance of precipitance. Hence it was that in August, 1890, Count Umberto di Villanova, with his famous guides Antonio Castagneri and J. J. Maquignaz, were blown to destruction by a violent gale. Their bodies were never found, but their footsteps were traced to this point. On which side of the ridge they fell we have no means of knowing.

By noon we stood on the culminating point of the Alps, the first visitors of the year. Since my former visit a hut had been set up in this desolate spot—a disfigurement, but a useful shelter—beneath which we took refuge from a chilly wind. Clouds decorated without obliterating the glorious panorama, beyond question the finest in the Alps, and surpassed only, if at all in Europe, by that from Caucasian Elbruz. Flocks of cloudlets grazed the green hills at our feet, and lines of small soft billows, as it were breaking on a wide and shallow shore, undulated in the remote distance. The sky for a quarter of its height had parted with its blue to the valley deeps, and was striped around with fine horizontal lines, each edging a new grade of tone like the lines in a solar spectrum. We ran down to Chamonix by the historic route. The sun blazed upon us and the heat was intolerable, but toward evening a copper-colored tower of cloud arose in the west and cast a solemn shadow on the glacier. It was night when we reached the valley and we entered Chamonix in the dark.

If we had now taken the southern route we should have had a fine series of glacier passes to cross from Chamonix to Zermatt, but all of them were well known to me and I preferred a new region. So we went through the limestone Savoy hills, over small peaks and passes, easy enough to traverse but delightful for the variety of scenery and its swift changes of character. It was not till we had crossed the Rhone valley and climbed the Diablerets that

large glaciers came much in our way. Each day we climbed a peak and descended to some cow-herd's hut to sleep. They were all dirty, so that we often chose rather to lie on the grass in the open air than to shelter within them. Valseret was the worst. We reached it as the cows came jangling home to be milked. The peasants gathered round a fire near the door to eat their evening meal of hard bread and *maigre* cheese, which they toasted on the embers. Swarms of flies came with them. The men crammed their mouths full of food, and then shouted at the cows, who were butting one another all around. The wind whisked ashes into their eyes, but nothing disturbed their stolid equanimity. The meal ended, each hid his loaf and cheese in a hole in the wall. The cows meanwhile looked in and snorted, eager to be milked. No one spoke and only the flies were gay. The surroundings of the hut were incredibly foul, and we had to go some distance to find a clean spot to sleep on.

The finest scenery in this part of our journey, at the west end of the famous Bernese Oberland, was that of the glacier of the great Dead Plain. We did not see it until we were on its edge and the white expanse spread before us. It fills a kind of elliptical hollow, some two miles long by a mile wide. Once on its smooth large surface the external world is shut out by a ring of low mountain wall. Not a trace of human activity can be seen in any direction. The largeness, simplicity, and seclusion of this strange snow-field made it unique. We traversed its longest diameter. The snow, fortunately, remained hard throughout the hour of our passage, thanks to a cool breeze and a veiled sun. The surface was beautifully rippled and perfectly clean.

A few days farther on we came to the chief mass of Oberland mountains, the Jungfrau and her fellows. Right through the heart of the range goes a splendid snow-valley, cut across at three places by low passes, but orographically continuous. Two days' marching took us from end to end of this longest snow traverse in the Alps. We halted for two nights in the midst of it at the Concor-



A Storm on Mount Viso—forced to cling to the rock or be blown away.

dia hut by the snow-field of the Great Aletsch glacier, and spent the intervening day in ascending the Jungfrau. Few European mountains are easier or more beautiful, for the starting-point is remote from the habitations of man, and all the climb is done in one of nature's purest and most enclosed solitudes. Rocks are not once touched between the Concordia hut, and the summit; the whole route lies over spotless snow and ice, up gently inclined plains of it, and then steeper slopes to a ridge of ice, and so to the top. The views are throughout of snowy regions, and not till the summit is gained does the sight plunge down to fertile valleys, blue lakes, and a far-off land of woods and fields. As we stood on the highest point and looked over the great snow basin to the towering Finsteraarhorn, with a bright roof of cirrus cloud spread above it on the blue sky, I thought I had seldom beheld a more impressive spectacle.

Thus far the weather, though by no

means perfect, and often bad, had not been systematically evil, but from this time forward our journey was made in a succession of storms separated from one another by thinnest fine-weather partitions. On one perfect day we climbed the Galenstock, a mountain known to all who have crossed the Furka. We left the Grimsel inn before midnight, and came in a dark hour to the pallid snow-field of the Rhône glacier. Crossing it, as in a featureless dream, we mounted a monotonous snowy valley to the mountain's ridge, where such a splendor of dawn burst upon us from the glowing East that it obliterates all other memories and remains the feature of the day. We looked abroad over low Italian and Ticino hills, bathed in soft air and transparent mist, and playing at hide-and-seek with floating lines and balls of changeful cloud; then on to the Engadin peaks, and farther yet to remote ranges under a newly risen sun, forming backgrounds to the various tinted atmosphere, through which each, remoter than the ridge before, seemed more soft and ethereal than its neighbor, till the last led fitly to the sky.

Looking back, however, upon this part of our journey—the traverse, that is to say, from the Oberland into the Tyrol—it stands out as a period of storm. We went forward without regard to weather and took what came. Sometimes we started in fog and steered by compass and map to the glacier, then felt our way up it to some narrow pass by which access was obtained to the next valley. These were exciting times. One day, for instance, we had to cross the Silvretta group of mountains in the neighborhood of the Lower Engadine. We had been unable to obtain the least glimpse of them, so dense were the clouds that enveloped them. Yet we started at our usual hour in the morning, trusting to luck and an indifferent map as guide. For hours the way was up a swampy valley that bent and branched with fitful vagrance. Avoiding wrong turns, we came to a glacier's foot which loomed forth out of the fog and

A Snow Cornice

rain. We advanced up it not without satisfaction, for physical features on a glacier are more orderly in sequence than they are in a mere upland valley, and the character of the snow under foot reveals the level attained, an element by which to reckon the way. The rain presently gave place to falling snow, which the wind drove against us. We could not see twenty yards in any direction. At the foot of the glacier we took the bearing of the pass, but the map we had was twenty years old, and in the interval the glacier had greatly changed, so that the bearing was not correct. Roping in a long line for convenience of guiding, the compass-bearer being last, we set forward at a late hour of the afternoon into the wild upper regions. The new snow under foot was soft and deep. For hours we waded, rather than walked upward. Only the dip of the slope we were on and the barometric altitude gave indication of the place we had reached. Higher and higher we went, hoping to run into

the gap, but only the slope rose featureless before us to vanish in fog a few yards away. Daylight waned and still the advance continued. The barometer showed that we were far above the level of the pass. We had missed it, therefore, and were climbing a peak beside it; but was the pass on our left hand or on our right? Probably the right, we said, so struck off that way and traversed horizontally, then up again and then another traverse. The gale raged wildly, the snow whirled in our faces, and buffeted us into a stupid condition. At last a tooth of rock came in view close at hand, and we knew we must be near the ridge. A few minutes later we were going down the other side like wild creatures, racing for the day. Half-an-hour brought us suddenly into clear air and showed us a green valley leading down, and mountains at the end of it on which the evening light was beginning to fade. We ran down the valley to the long slope at its mouth, and in the dark night we plunged and stumbled through a path-

We beat off the leaders but they could not retreat, for those behind pressed them forward. Finding that Carrel was the saltiest morsel the whole flock surged upon him. His feet, carried him to the ground, and . . . Fortunately the . . . When the shepherd . . . ppened he whistled . . . eupon the sheep dis- . . . eeing up the moun- . . . rections till no two

ntered the Tyrol, that . . . und of the German . . . pine Club, a body . . . and power may be . . . ct that it possesses . . . nd members, and its . . . hundred and odd . . . has built, the foot- . . . the inns it has sub-

Along the Snow Arête.

less wood to the Engadine high-road at its foot.

This was but one of many similar experiences. Sometimes the evening was fine, sometimes the morning, but the rest of the day was usually given over to storm. We became callous as time went on, and the habit of bad-weather travelling grew in us. There are certainly excitements and beautiful effects as well which are only to be had in mountains in bad weather, and these we enjoyed to the full. Wild places, such as the lofty secluded rock-bound lake of Mutt in Canton Glarus, never look so fine as when clouds are rolling over them.

On the way to the Mutt lake we had a strange adventure, of which I was fortunate enough to secure a photograph. We were approaching the highest sheep pasture as the day waned. The sheep, seventeen hundred in number, saw us from the surrounding slopes, and, urged by a longing for salt, rushed down upon us from all sides, with one united "Baa," in a wild converging avalanche.

sidized, the thousands of spots of paint it has splashed upon rocks, and finger-posts it has set up by waysides to indicate the wanderers' route. The contrast between Switzerland and the Tyrol, from a traveller's point of view, consists herein, that whereas travel in Switzerland is exploited by hotel-keepers and organized in their interests, the Tyrol is, through the agency of the powerful German and Austrian Alpine Club, organized by travellers themselves in their own interests. In Switzerland traps are laid for the tourist's francs; in the Tyrol every effort is made to spare his pocket. The Tyrol is thus the paradise of poor holiday-makers, who wander impartially over the whole country, nine out of ten of them carrying their own packs and enjoying themselves in a reasonable and decent fashion.

Every one who has climbed a Swiss mountain knows what a *cabane* is like. It is usually a rough stone hut, perhaps divided by wooden partitions into two or three chambers. In a corner of one is a small stove. On a shelf are a few pots, plates, cups, and a crooked set of

odd knives, forks, and spoons. In the other room are beds of hay ranged along the floor, and sometimes also on shelves. The stove smokes. The door has to be left open or the fire will not draw. Draughts find their way in through numerous chinks. Early in the season the floor is probably covered with ice. Ancient and fusty rugs form the sole bed-covering. The newer huts, built by the Italian Alpine Club, are an improvement on these horrid Swiss shelters. They are framed of well-fitted wood, and all their appointments are better, but they consist of the same elements.

In the case of Mont Blanc alone, on the rocks called the Grands-Mulets, there is

Halt at the Top of a Slope—Gurkhas and Swiss Guide.

a hut where a woman resides to act as attendant and cook. Even this cabane is a wretched hole, dirty, draughty, and uncomfortable in more ways than can be briefly catalogued. The climber on this route up Mont Blanc can, indeed, sleep in a bed, procure a hot meal, and purchase provisions, but his bill for indifferent accommodation and food will come to about a hundred francs, the bulk of which goes, not to the innkeeper, but, in the form of rent, to the Commune of Chamonix. Compare the Grands-Mulets with such a Tyrolese hut as the Warnsdorfer. The comparison is fair, for the height of both is about the same, as is also their distance from the nearest village. This hut is a wooden building of two stories on a massive base, to which it is bound with steel cables. On the ground floor are a kitchen and guides' room, a dining-room, and some bed-rooms. Upstairs are more bed-rooms and a hayloft for the guides. A clean little woman lives

in the place to do the cooking and service, at a warm welcome to the traveller, who can, at any hour, procure from her a hot meal of fresh meat well prepared. He can buy wine or liquors. He can write a letter and post it. He can amuse himself in the skittle alley outside the door, or play at chess, or other games. The bed-rooms are and well furnished. They are provided with fire-places. In the dining-room, which is warmed, are chairs and tables, with table-cloths, books, a clock, a bellows, a guitar, pe

ink, pictures, maps, and various other conveniences, besides a cupboard containing an elaborate medical and surgical apparatus. A member of any Alpine Club whatever pays twopence for the use of the hut by day, and about a shilling for his bed at night. Provisions are correspondingly cheap. Guides do not pay for lodgings, and are supplied with food at an economical rate.

Huts of the first order, like this one, are becoming numerous. Each is the property of one of the local sections of the German Club, and generally bears its name: the Magdeburg Hut, the Brunswick Hut, the Dresden Hut, and so on. Sections try to outdo one another in the excellence of the accommodation they provide, and every year sees some improvement. One day, when we were crossing through the midst of the Stubai Mountains in a dense fog (as usual), guiding ourselves merely by the compass, there suddenly came a cave in the clouds, and in the midst of it appeared a large stone house in course of

erection, planted on the top of a rocky eminence rising out of the snowfield. It is the last new thing in huts, and when finished will be really a hotel, capable of accommodating at least fifty guests. Such elaborate *cabanes* are not yet numerous, but in the next few years they will spread over the whole snowy area of the Tyrol. After them come huts of the second order, in which no attendant resides, but where supplies can be obtained. Each of these huts contains its store of firewood, frequently renewed, and a cupboard full of tinned meats, tea, sugar, compressed soups, wine, spirits, and even champagne. The prices of these things are posted up on the wall. There are mattresses and bedding.

Often there are books, maps, and games. The traveller supplies himself with what he pleases, makes out his own bill, writes it in a book, and deposits the money in a box, which is as often as not unlocked. Yet a third order of huts is to be found. They for the most part occupy the most elevated situations, close to the summits of peaks or on the saddles of passes, and are intended merely as refuges from storms. They resemble ordinary Swiss huts, to the average of which they are

usually superior; like them they contain no supplies. The present tendency is to rebuild these on a larger scale, and to provide them with stores.

The Tyrol is as much ahead of Switzerland in climber's food as it is in mountain huts. Who does not know the stringy meat and hard cheese that form the staple contents of a Swiss mountaineer's wallet? If he is a careful and foreseeing person, perhaps he provides himself with a tin or two of American beef or fruit.

But the average Tyrolese climber would regard his best hill-side *menu* with scorn. In the Tyrol it is seldom necessary to carry any provisions except bread. There are two or three huts on most mountains, and you call at them for your meals. In many, and a year or two hence probably in all, you will find baskets stocked according to what they call the "Pottsche Provian" system. From these you can supply yourself with a meal in several courses, and you have your choice of two or three wines. The various tins contain elaborate and excellent messes of food, some to be heated before served. It would be hard to cite a more elaborate and successful application of the co-operative principle to the supply of commodities.



Street of a Mountain Village.

The German and Austrian Alpine Club is in reality a co-operative association of over thirty thousand members, who kindly permit the members of other Alpine clubs to participate in their advantages.

When it is remembered that the guide-system of the Tyrol is under the governance of this club, that it makes paths, receives privileges from the railways, publishes and supplies gratis to its members useful annuals, maps superior to those provided by the government surveys, and hand-books of different sorts, the value and extent of its activity may be conceived. The whole country is in consequence wandered over, not by herds of tourists following personal conductors, but by an immense number of individuals going alone or in parties of two or three, taking a guide now and again from one hut to another, but for the most part carrying their own baggage and finding their own way. There are no great centres where people flock together and make one another miserable. Travellers keep moving about, and strew themselves fairly evenly over the mountain area. Each hut and village-inn forms a small focus where chance assemblages of wanderers meet for the night to sunder again next day. Community of mo-

mentary interests unites them into a society for the few hours of their common life. The wandering spirit pervades them and the whole country during the summer season. Twenty years ago this state of things did not exist. I remember the Stubai and Zillertal Mountains when there was not a hut among them, not a guide nor an ice-axe in their villages. During the three months I spent in the district scarcely a traveller came by. The change, which is due to German enterprise, is doubtless reacting upon the youth of Germany. The spirit cultivated by the mediæval *Wanderschaft*, which sent every young craftsman away from his home for three years, now grows out of the annual summer tramp. Youthful students from the German universities are infected by it. They range like mediæval roving scholars in their hundreds over the land, and penetrate the mountain regions. All the huts and most of the inns open their arms to receive them at reduced rates, so that a lad with a few florins in his pocket can wander unrestrained from place to place.

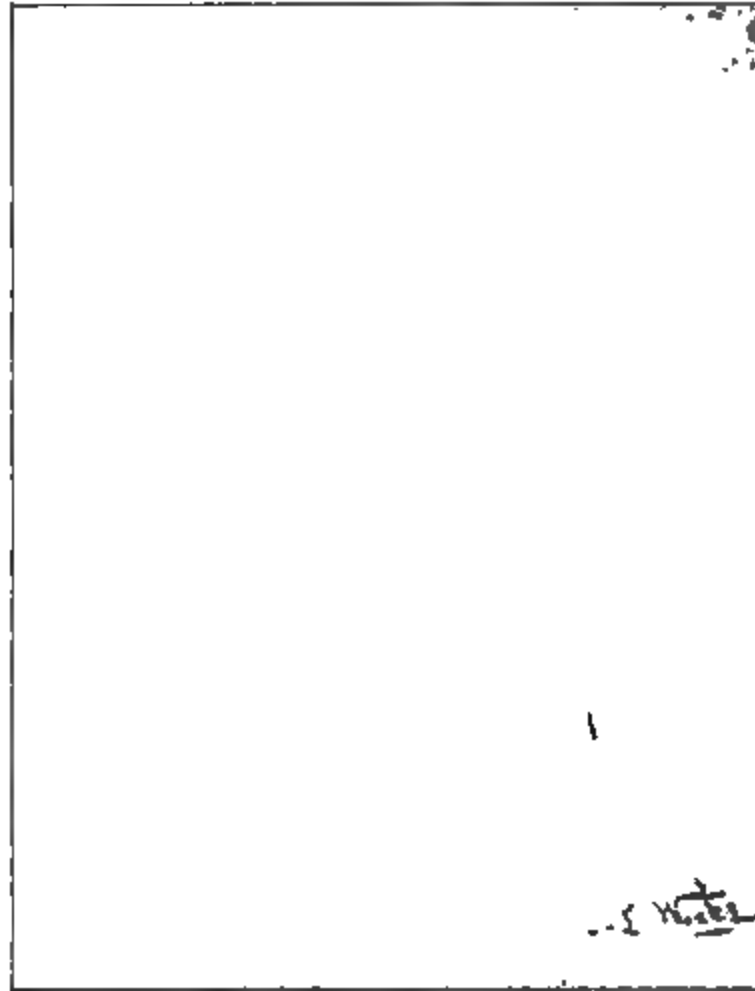
The picture which I have thus endeavored to draw will present little attraction no doubt to most of my readers. Comfortable hotels, in the

narrowest part of bridge

usual European sense, do not await their hire. There are few carriage-roads in the best parts of the country. The roads are not arranged for their convenience. They are designed for the fairly rapid transit of heavy loads. The way is not made for the pleasure of the traveler, but for the convenience of the pack-train. The traveler must be prepared to find the roads narrow and steep, and the bridges narrow and flimsy. The traveler must be prepared to find the roads narrow and steep, and the bridges narrow and flimsy. The traveler must be prepared to find the roads narrow and steep, and the bridges narrow and flimsy.

like-minded friend or two from north to south and from east to west, ascending snowy peaks and crossing glacier passes, without requiring the assistance of either guide or porter. In every group of mountains he will find huts placed in the best positions for scenery, not in the likeliest places for entrapping guests. Everywhere he will meet a free and intelligent, if somewhat a rather rough and boisterous company. He will seldom find himself either solitary or overcrowded. He will suffer more from well-meant kindness than

from rudeness or neglect. He will never be swindled. In fine, no part of the Alps now forms a better training-ground for the youthful would-be mountaineer, none a less vulgarized holiday resort for the man of moderate physical capabilities, simple tastes, or restricted means, than the region comprised in the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol.



In Wind and Snow.

"DO THEY MEASURE TIME WHERE THOU ART?"

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Do they measure time where thou art? Dost thou know
How the immutable, relentless years,
Delaying not for human hopes or fears,
In long processions still come and go?
When as of old thy summer roses blow
Art thou aware, thou who art done with tears?
O, blessed habitant of other spheres,
Takest thou heed of Earth's hoar-frost and snow?
We count the years, and tell them, one by one,
Since thy feet trod the path where silence is;
How oft the harvest moon has waned, we say.
Dost thou remember when thy rest was won?
Or art thou like to the high gods in this,
That unto thee a year is but a day?

Drawn by William Nathaniel.

Tommy crouched behind Haggart's stone, and h m did the doctor's famous crook staff catch in the neck and whiek across the dyke.—Page 50.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PENNY PASS-BOOK.

ELSPETH conveyed the gift to Tommy in a brown paper wrapping, and when it lay revealed as an aging volume of *Mamma's Boy*, a magazine for the Home, nothing could have looked more harmless. But, oh, you never know. Hungrily Tommy ran his eye through the bill of fare for something choice to begin with, and he found it. "The Boy Pirate" it was called. Never could have been fairer promise, and down he sat confidently.

It was a paper on the boys who have been undone by reading pernicious fiction. It gave their names, and the number of pistols they had bought, and what the judge said when he pronounced sentence. It counted the sensational tales found beneath the bed, and described the desolation of the mothers and sisters. It told the color of the father's hair before and afterward.

Tommy flung the thing from him, picked it up again, and read on uneasily, and when at last he rose he was shrinking from himself. In hopes that he might sleep it off he went early to bed, but his contrition was still with him in the morning. Then Elspeth was shown the article which had saved him, and she, too, shuddered at what she had been, though her remorse was but a poor display beside his, he was so much better at everything than Elspeth. Tommy's distress of mind was so genuine and so keen that it had several hours' start of his admiration of it; and it was still sincere, though he himself had become gloomy, when he told his

followers that they were no more. Grizel heard his tale with disdain, and said she hated Miss Ailie for giving him the silly book, but these unchristian sentiments he reproved, while admitting that Miss Ailie had played on him a scurvy trick.

"But you're glad you've repented, Tommy," Elspeth reminded him, anxiously.

"Ay, I'm glad," he answered, without heartiness.

"Weel, gin you repent I'll repent too," said Corp, always ready to accept Tommy without question.

"You'll be happier," replied Tommy, sourly.

"Ay, to be good's the great thing," Corp growled; "but, Tommy, could we no hae just one mighty blatter, me-thinks, to end up wi'?"

This, of course, could not be, and Saturday forenoon found Tommy wandering the streets listlessly, very happy, you know, but inclined to kick at any one who came near, such, for instance, as the stranger who asked him in the square if he could point out the abode of Miss Ailie Cray.

Tommy led the way, casting some converted looks at the gentleman, and judging him to be the mysterious unknown in whom the late Captain Stroke had taken such a reprehensible interest. He was a stout, red-faced man, stepping firmly into the fifties, with a beard that even the most converted must envy, and a frown sat on his brows all the way, proving him possibly ill-tempered, but also one of the notable few who can think hard about one thing for at least five consecutive minutes. Many took a glint at him as he passed, but missed the frown, they were wondering so much why the fur of his heavy top-coat was

on the inside, where it made little show, save at blasty corners.

Miss Ailie was in her parlor, trying to give her mind to a blue and white note-book, but when she saw who was coming up the garden she dropped the little volume and tottered to her bedroom. She was there when Gavinia came up to announce that she had shown a gentleman into the Blue and White room, who gave the name of Ivie McLean. "Tell him—I shall come down—presently," gasped Miss Ailie, and then Gavinia was sure this was the man who was making her mistress so unhappy.

"She's so easy flichtered now," Gavinia told Tommy in the kitchen, "that for fear o' starting her I never whistle at my work without telling her I'm to do't, and if I fall on the stair, my first thocht is to jump up and cry, 'It was just me tum'ling.' And now I believe this brute'll be the death o' her."

"But what can he do to her?"

"I dinna ken, but she's greeting sair, and you can hear how he's rampaging up and down the Blue and White room. Listen to his thrawn feet! He's raging because she's so lang in coming down, and come she daurna. Oh, the poor crittur!"

Now, Tommy was very fond of his old school-mistress, and he began to be unhappy with Gavinia.

"She hasna a man-body in the world to take care o' her," sobbed the girl.

"Has she no?" cried Tommy, fiercely, and under one of the impulses that so easily mastered him he marched into the Blue and White room.

"Well, my young friend, and what may you want?" asked Mr. McLean, impatiently.

Tommy sat down and folded his arms. "I'm gaun to sit here and see what you do to Miss Ailie," he said, determinedly.

Mr. McLean said "oh!" and then seemed favorably impressed, for he added, quietly: "She is a friend of yours, is she? Well, I have no intention of hurting her."

"You had better no," replied Tommy, stoutly.

"Did she send you here?"

"No; I came mysel'."

"To protect her?"

There was the irony in it that so puts up a boy's dander. "Dinna think," said Tommy, hotly, "that I'm fheid at you, though I have no beard—at least, I hinna it wi' me."

At this unexpected conclusion a smile crossed Mr. McLean's face, but was gone in an instant. "I wish you had laughed," said Tommy, on the watch; "aince a body laughs he canna be angry nae mair," which was pretty good even for Tommy. It made Mr. McLean ask him why he was so fond of Miss Ailie.

"I'm the only man-body she has," he answered.

"Oh? But why are you her man-body?"

The boy could think of no better reason than this: "Because—because she's so sair in need o' ane." (There were moments when one liked Tommy.)

Mr. McLean turned to the window, and perhaps forgot that he was not alone. "Well, what are you thinking about so deeply?" he asked by and by.

"I was trying to think o' something that would gar you laugh," answered Tommy, very earnestly, and was surprised to see that he had nearly done it.

The blue and white note-book was lying on the floor where Miss Ailie had dropped it. Often in Tommy's presence she had consulted this work, and certainly its effect on her was the reverse of laughter; but once he had seen Dr. McQueen pick it up and roar over every page. With an inspiration Tommy handed the book to Mr. McLean. "It made the doctor laugh," he said, persuasively.

"Go away," said Ivie, impatiently; "I am in no mood for laughing."

"I tell you what," answered Tommy, "I'll go, if you promise to look at it," and to be rid of him the man agreed. For the next quarter of an hour Tommy and Gavinia were very near the door of the Blue and White room, Tommy whispering, dejectedly, "I hear no laughing," and Gavinia replying, "But he has quieted down."

Mr. McLean had a right to be very angry, but only God can say whether he had a right to be as angry as he was. The book had been handed to him open, and he was laying it down un-

read when a word underlined caught his eye. It was his own name. Nothing in all literature arrests our attention quite so much as that. He sat down to the book. It was just about this time that Miss Ailie went on her knees to pray.

It was only a penny pass-book. On its blue cover had been pasted a slip of white paper, and on the paper was written, in blue ink, "Alison Cray," with a date nearly nine years old. The contents were in Miss Ailie's prim handwriting; jottings for her own use begun about the time when the sisters, trembling at their audacity, had opened school, and consulted and added to fitfully ever since. Hours must have been spent in erasing the blots and other blemishes so carefully. The tiny volume was not yet full, and between its two last written pages lay a piece of blue blotting-paper neatly cut to the size of the leaf.

Some of these notes were transcripts from books, some contained the advice of friends, others were doubtless the result of talks with Miss Kitty (from whom there were signs that the work had been kept a secret), many were Miss Ailie's own. An entry of this kind was frequent: "If you are uncertain of the answer to a question in arithmetic, it is advisable to leave the room on some pretext and work out the sum swiftly in the passage." Various pretexts were suggested, and this one (which had an insufficient line through it) had been inserted by Dr. McQueen on that day when Tommy saw him chuckling, "You pretend that your nose is bleeding, and putting your handkerchief to it, retire hastily, the supposition being that you have gone to put the key of the Blue and White room down your back." Evidently these small deceptions troubled Miss Ailie, for she had written, "Such subterfuge is, I hope, pardonable, the object being the maintenance of scholastic dignity." On another page, where the arithmetic was again troubling her, this appeared: "If Kitty were aware that the squealing of the slate-pencils gave me such headaches, she would insist on again taking the arithmetic class, though it always makes her ill. Surely, then, I

am justified in saying that the sound does not distress me." To this the doctor had added, "You are a brick."

There were two pages headed NEVER, which mentioned ten things that Miss Ailie must never do; among them, "Never let the big boys know you are afraid of them. To awe them stamp with the foot, speak in a loud ferocious voice, and look them unflinchingly in the face."

"Punishments" was another heading, but she had written it small, as if to prevent herself seeing it each time she opened the book. Obviously her hope had been to dispose of Punishment in a few lines, but it would have none of that, and Mr. McLean found it stalking from page to page. Miss Ailie favored the cane in preference to tawse, which, "often flap round your neck as you are about to bring them down." Except in desperate cases "it will probably be found sufficient to order the offender to bring the cane to you." Then followed a note about rubbing the culprit's hand "with sweet butter or dripping" should you have struck too hard.

Dispiriting item, that on resuming his seat the chastised one is a hero to his fellows for the rest of the day. Item, that Master John James Ratray knows she hurts her own hand more than his. Item, that John James promised to be good throughout the session if she would let him thrash the bad ones. Item, that Master T. Sandys, himself under correction, explained to her (the artistic instinct again) how to give the cane a waggle when descending, which would double its nip. Item, that Elsie Dundas offered to receive Francie Crabb's punishment for two snaps. Item, that Master Gavin Dishart, for what he considered the honor of his school, though aware he was imperiling his soul, fought Hendry Dickie of Cathro's for saying Miss Ailie could not draw blood with one stroke.

The effect on Miss Ailie of these mortifying discoveries could be read in the paragraph headed A MOTHER'S METHOD, which was copied from a newspaper. Mrs. E——, it seems, was the mother of four boys (residing at D——), and she subjected them frequently to

corporal chastisement without permanent spiritual result. Mrs. E——, by the advice of another lady, Mrs. K—— (mother of six), then had recourse to the following interesting experiment: Instead of punishing her children physically when they misbehaved, she now in their presence wounded herself by striking her left hand severely with a ruler held in the right. Soon their better natures were touched, and the four implored her to desist, promising with tears never to offend again. From that hour Mrs. E—— had little trouble with her boys.

It was recorded in the blue and white book how Miss Ailie gave this plan a fair trial, but her boys must have been darker characters than Mrs. E——'s, for it merely set them to watching each other, so that they might cry out, "Pandy yourself quick, Miss Ailie; Gavin Dishart's drawing the devil on his slate." Nevertheless when Miss Ailie announced a return to more conventional methods, Francie was put up (with threats) to say that he suffered agonies of remorse every time she pandied herself for him, but the thing had been organized in a hurry and Francie was insufficiently primed, and on cross-examination he let out that he thought remorse was a swelling of the hands.

Miss Ailie was very humble-minded, and her entries under *THE TEACHER TAUGHT* were all admonitions for herself. Thus she chided herself for cowardice because "Delicate private reasons have made me avoid all mention of India in the geography classes. Kitty says quite calmly that this is fair neither to our pupils nor to I—— M——. The courage of Kitty in this matter is a constant rebuke to me." Except on a few occasions Mr. McLean found that he was always referred to as I—— M——.

Quite early in the volume Miss Ailie knew that her sister's hold on life was loosening. "How bright the world suddenly seems," Mr. McLean read, "when there is the tiniest improvement in the health of an invalid one loves." Is it laughable that such a note as this is appended to a recipe for beef-tea? "It is surely not very wicked to

pretend to Kitty that I keep some of it for myself; she would not take it all if she knew I dined on the beef it was made from." Other entries showed too plainly that Miss Ailie stinted herself of food to provide delicacies for Miss Kitty. No doubt her expenses were alarming her when she wrote this: "An interesting article in the *Mentor* says that nearly all of us eat and drink too much. Were we to mortify our stomachs we should be healthier animals and more capable of sustained thought. The word animal in this connection is coarse, but the article is most impressive, and a crushing reply to Dr. McQueen's assertion that the editor drinks. In the school-room I have frequently found my thoughts of late wandering from classwork, and I hastily ascribed it to sitting up during the night with Kitty or to my habit of listening lest she should be calling for me. Probably I had over-eaten, and I must mortify the stomach. A glass of hot water with half a spoonful of sugar in it is highly recommended as a light supper."

"How long ago it may seem since yesterday!" Do you need to be told on what dark day Miss Ailie discovered that? "I used to pray that I should be taken first, but I was both impious and selfish, for how could fragile Kitty have fought on alone?"

In time happiness again returned to Miss Ailie; of all our friends it is the one most reluctant to leave us on this side of the grave. It came at first disguised, in the form of duties, old and new; and stealthily, when Miss Ailie was not looking, it mixed with the small worries and joys that had been events while Miss Kitty lived, and these it converted once more into events, where Miss Ailie found it lurking, and at first she would not take it back to her heart, but it crept in without her knowing. And still there were I—— M——'s letters. "They are all I have to look forward to," she wrote in self-defence. "I shall never write to I—— M—— again," was another entry, but Mr. McLean found on the same page, "I have written to I—— M——, but do not intend posting it," and beneath that was, "God forgive me, I have posted it."

The troubles with arithmetic were becoming more terrible. "I am never *really* sure about the decimals," she wrote.

A Professor of Memory had appeared at the Muckley, and Miss Ailie admits having given him half-a-crown to explain his system to her. But when he was gone she could not remember whether you multiplied everything by ten before dividing by five and subtracting a hundred, or began by dividing and doing something underhand with the cube root. Then Mr. Dishart, who had a microscope, wanted his boy to be taught science, and several experiments were described at length in the book, one of them dealing with a penny, *H*, and a piston, *X Y*, and you do things to the piston "and then the penny comes to the surface." "But it never does," Miss Ailie wrote, sorrowfully; perhaps she was glad when Master Dishart was sent to another school.

"Though I teach the girls the piano-forte I find that I cannot stretch my fingers as I used to do. Kitty used to take the music, and I often remember this suddenly when superintending a lesson. It is a pain to me that so many wish to acquire 'The Land of the Leal,' which Kitty sang so often to I—— M—— at Magenta Cottage.

Even the French, of which Miss Ailie had once been very proud, was slipping from her. "Kitty and I kept up our French by translating I—— M——'s letters and comparing our versions, but now that this stimulus is taken away I find that I am forgetting my French. Or is it only that I am growing old? too old to keep school?" This dread was beginning to haunt Miss Ailie, and the pages between which the blotting-paper lay revealed that she had written to the editor of the *Mentor* asking up to what age he thought a needy gentlewoman had a right to teach. The answer was not given, but her comment on it told everything. "I asked him to be severely truthful, so that I cannot resent his reply. But if I take his advice, how am I to live? And if I do not take it, I fear I am but a stumbling-block in the way of true education."


That is a summary of what Mr. McLean read in the blue and white book;

remember, you were warned not to expect much. And Tommy and Gavinia listened, and Tommy said, "I hear no laughing," and Gavinia answered, "But he has quieted down," and upstairs Miss Ailie was on her knees. A time came when Mr. McLean could find something to laugh at in that little pass-book, but it was not then, not even when he reached the end. He left something on the last page instead. At least I think it must have been he: Miss Ailie's tears could not have been so long a-drying.

You may rise now, Miss Ailie; your prayer is granted.

CHAPTER XXVI

TOMMY REPENTS, AND IS NONE THE WORSE FOR IT

 R. McLEAN wrote a few reassuring words to Miss Ailie, and having told Gavinia to give the note to her walked quietly out of the house; he was coming back after he had been to Miss Kitty's grave. Gavinia, however, did not know this, and having delivered the note she returned dolefully to the kitchen to say to Tommy, "His letter maun have been as thraun as himsel', for as soon as she read it, down she plumped on her knees again."

But Tommy was not in the kitchen; he was on the garden-wall watching Miss Ailie's persecutor.

"Would it no be easier to watch him frae the gate?" suggested Gavinia, who had not the true detective instinct.

Tommy disregarded her womanlike question; a great change had come over him since she went upstairs; his head now wobbled on his shoulders like a little balloon that wanted to cut its connection with earth and soar.

"What makes you look so queer?" cried the startled maid. "I thought you was converted."

"So I am," he shouted, "I'm more converted than ever, and yet I can do it just the same! Gavinia, I've found a wy!"

He was hurrying off on Mr. McLean's trail, but turned to say, "Gavinia, do you ken wha that man is?"

"Ower weel I ken," she answered, "it's Mr. McLean."

"McLean!" he echoed, scornfully, "ay, I've heard that's one of the names he goes by, but hearken, and I'll tell you wha he really is. That's the scoundrel Stroke!"

No wonder Gavinia was flabbergasted. "Wha are you then?" she cried.

"I'm the Champion of Dames," he replied, loftily, and before she had recovered from this he was stalking Mr. McLean in the cemetery.

Miss Kitty sleeps in a beautiful hollow called the Basin, but the stone put up to her memory hardly marks the spot now, for with a score of others it was blown on its face by the wind that uprooted so many trees in the Den, and as it fell it lies. From the Basin to the rough road that clings like a belt to the round cemetery dyke is little more than a jump, and shortly after Miss Kitty's grave had been pointed out to him, Mr. McLean was seen standing there hat in hand by a man on the road. This man was Dr. McQueen hobbling home from the Forest Muir; he did not hobble as a rule, but hobble everyone must on that misshapen brae, except Murdoch Gelatley, who being short in one leg elsewhere, is here the only straight man. McQueen's sharp eyes, however, picked out not only the stranger but Tommy crouching behind Haggart's stone, and him did the doctor's famous crook staff catch in the neck and whisk across the dyke.

"What man is that you're watching, you mysterious loon?" McQueen demanded, curiously; but of course Tommy would not divulge so big a secret. Now the one weakness of this large-hearted old bachelor (perhaps it is a professional virtue) was a devouring inquisitiveness, and he would be troubled until he discovered who was the stranger standing in such obvious emotion by the side of an old grave. "Well, you must come back with me to the surgery, for I want you to run an errand for me," he said, testily, hoping to pump the boy by the way, but Tommy dived beneath his stick and escaped. This rased the doctors' temper, which was unfortunate for Grizel, whom he caught presently peeping in at his surgery window. A dozen

times of late she had wondered whether she should ask him to visit her mamma, and though the Painted Lady had screamed in terror at the proposal, being afraid of doctors, Grizel would have ventured ere now, had it not been for her mistaken conviction that he was a hard man, who would only flout her. It had once come to her ears that he had said a woman like her mamma could demoralize a whole town, with other harsh remarks, doubtless exaggerated in the repetition, and so he was the last man she dared think of going to for help, when he should have been the first. Nevertheless she had come now, and a soft word from him, such as he gave most readily to all who were in distress, would have drawn her pitiful tale from her, but he was in a grumpy mood, and had heard none of the rumors about her mother's being ill, which indeed were only common among the Monypenny children, and his first words checked her confidences. "What are you hanging about my open window for?" he cried, sharply.

"Did you think I wanted to steal anything?" replied the indignant child.

"I won't say but what I had some such thait."

She turned to leave him, but he hooked her with his staff. "As you're here," he said, "will you go an errand for me?"

"No," she told him, promptly; "I don't like you."

"There's no love lost between us," he replied, "for I think you're the dourest lassie I ever clapped eyes on, but there's no other litlin handy, so you must do as you are bid, and take this bottle to Ballingall's."

"Is it a medicine bottle?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Yes, it's medicine. Do you know Ballingall's house in the West town end?"

"Ballingall who has the little school?"

"The same, but I doubt he'll keep school no longer."

"Is he dying?"

"I'm afraid there's no doubt of it. Will you go?"

"I should love to go," she cried.

"Love!" he echoed, looking at her with displeasure. "You can't love to go, so talk no more nonsense, but go, and I'll give you a bawbee."

"I don't want a bawbee," she said. "Do you think they will let me go in to see Ballingall?"

The doctor frowned. "What makes you want to see a dying man?" he demanded.

"I should just love to see him!" she exclaimed, and she added, determinedly, "I won't give up the bottle until they let me in."

He thought her an unpleasant, morbid girl, but "that is no affair of mine," he said shrugging his shoulders, and he gave her the bottle to deliver. Before taking it to Ballingall's, however, she committed a little crime. She bought an empty bottle at the 'Sosh, and poured into it some of the contents of the medicine bottle, which she then filled up with water. She dared try no other way now of getting medicine for her mother, and was too ignorant to know that there are different drugs for different ailments.

Grizel not only contrived to get in to see Ballingall, but stayed by his side for several hours, and when she came out it was night-time. On her way home she saw a light moving in the Den, where she had expected to play no more, and she could not prevent her legs running joyously toward it. So when Corp, rising out of the darkness, deftly cut her throat, she was not so angry as she should have been.

"I'm so glad we are to play again, after all, Corp," she said; but he replied, grandly, "Thou little kennest wha you're speaking to, my gentle jade."

He gave a curious hitch to his breeches, but it only puzzled her. "I wear gallowses no more," he explained, lifting his waistcoat to show that his braces now encircled him as a belt, but even then she did not understand. "Know, then," said Corp, sternly, "I am Ben the Boatswain."

"And am I not the Lady Griselda any more?" she asked.

"I'm no sure," he confessed; "but if you are, there's a price on your head."

"What is Tommy?"

"I dinna ken yet, but Gavinia says he telled her he's Champion of Damns. I kenna what Elspeth'll say to that."

Grizel was starting for the Lair, but he caught her by the skirt.

"Is he not at the Lair?" she inquired.

"We knowest it not," he answered, gravely. "We're looking for't," he added with some awe; "we've been looking for't this three year." Then, in a louder voice, "If you can guide us to it, my pretty trifle, you'll be richly rewarded."

"But where is he? Don't you know?"

"Fine I knowest, but it wouldna be mous to tell you, for I kenna whether you be friend or foe. What's that you're carrying?"

"It is a—a medicine bottle."

"Gie me a sook!"

"No."

"Just ane," begged Corp, "and I'll tell you whaur he is."

He got his way, and smacked his lips unctuously.

"Now, where is Tommy?"

"Put your face close to mine," said Corp, and then he whispered, hoarsely, "He's in a spleet new Lair writing out bills wi' a' his micht, offering five hundred crowns reward for Stroke's head, dead or alive!"

The new haunt was a deserted house, that stood, very damp, near a little waterfall to the east of the Den. Bits of it well planted in the marsh adhere doggedly together to this day, but even then the roof was off and the chimney lay in a heap on the ground, like blankets that have slipped off a bed.

This was the good ship Ailie lying at anchor, man-of-war, thirty guns, a cart-wheel to steer it by, T. Sandys, commander.

On the following Saturday Ben the Boatswain piped all hands, and Mr. Sandys delivered a speech of the bluff, straightforward kind that sailors love. Here, unfortunately, it must be condensed. He reminded them that three years had passed since their gracious queen (cheers) sent them into these seas to hunt down the Pretender (hisses). Their ship had been christened the Ailie, because its object was to avenge the insults offered by the Pretender to a lady of that name for whom everyone of them would willingly die. Like all his race the Pretender, or Stroke, as he called himself, was a torment to single women; he had not only stolen all this lady's wealth, but now he wanted to make

her walk the plank, a way of getting rid of enemies the mere mention of which set the blood of all honest men boiling (cheers). As yet they had not succeeded in finding Stroke's Lair, though they knew it to be in one of the adjoining islands, but they had suffered many privations, twice their gallant vessel had been burned to the water's edge, once she had been sunk, once blown into the air, but had that dismayed them?

Here the Boatswain sent round a whisper, and they all cried, loyally, "Ay, ay, sir."

He had now news for them that would warm their hearts like grog. He had not discovered the Lair, but he had seen Stroke, he had spoken to him! Disguised as a boy he had tracked the Jacobite and found him skulking in the house of the unhappy Ailie. After blustering for a little Stroke had gone on his knees and offered not only to cease persecuting this lady but to return to France. Mr. Sandys had kicked him into a standing posture and then left him. But this clemency had been ill repaid. Stroke had not returned to France. He was staying at the Quhar-ity Arms, a Thrums inn, where he called himself McLean. It had gone through the town like wildfire that he had written to someone in Redlintie to send him on another suit of clothes and four dickies. No one suspected his real character, but all noted that he went to the unhappy Ailie's house daily, and there was a town about it. Ailie was but a woman, and women could not defend themselves ("Boatswain, put Grizel in chains if she opens her mouth)," and so the poor thing had been forced to speak to him, and even to go walks with him. Her life was in danger, and before now Mr. Sandys would have taken him prisoner, but the queen had said these words, "Noble Sandys, destroy the Lair," and the best way to discover this horrid spot was to follow Stroke night and day until he went to it. Then they would burn it to the ground, put him on board the Ailie, up with the jib-boom sail, and away to the Tower of London.

At the words "Tower of London," Ben cried "Tumble up there!" which was the signal for three such ringing

cheers as only British tars are capable of. Three? To be exact only two and a half, for the third stopped in the middle, as if the lid had suddenly been put on.

What so startled them was the unexpected appearance in their midst of the very man Tommy had been talking of. Taking a stroll through the Den Mr. McLean had been drawn toward the ruin by the first cheers, and had arrived in time to learn who and what he really was.

"Stroke!" gasped one small voice.

The presumptuous man folded his arms. "So, Sandys," he said, in hollow tones, "we meet again!"

Even Grizel got behind Tommy, and perhaps it was this that gave him spunk to say, tremulously, "Wh-what are you doing here?"

"I have come," replied the ruddy Pretender, "to defy you, ay, proud Sandys, to challenge thee to the deed thou pratest of. I go from here to my Lair. Follow me, if thou darest!"

He brought his hand down with a bang upon the barrel, laughed disdainfully, and springing over the vessel's side was at once lost in the darkness. Instead of following, all stood transfixed, gazing at the barrel, on which lay five shillings.

"He put them there when he slammed it!"

"Losh behears! there's a shilling to ilka ane o' us."

"I winna touch the siller," said Sandys, moodily.

"What?" cried Gavinia.

"I tell you it's a bribe."

"Do you hear him?" screamed Gavinia. "He says we're no to lay hands on't! Corp, whaur's your tongue?"

But even in that trying moment Corp's trust in Tommy shone out beautiful and strong. "Dinna be feared, Gavinia," he whispered, "he'll find a wy."

"Lights out and follow Stroke!" was the order, and the crew at once scattered in pursuit, Mr. Sandys remaining behind a moment to — to put something in his pocket.

Mr. McLean gave them a long chase, walking demurely when lovers were in sight, but at other times doubling,

jumping, even standing on eminences and crowing insultingly like a cock, and not until he had only breath left to chuckle did the stout man vanish from the Den. Elspeth, now a cabin-boy, was so shaken by the realism of the night's adventures that Gavinia (able seaman) took her home, and when Mr. Sandys and his Boatswain met at the Cuttle well neither could tell where Grizel was.

"She had no business to munt without my leave," Tommy said, sulkily.

"No, she hadna. Is she the Lady Griselda yet?"

"Not her, she's the Commander's wife."

Ben shook his head, for this, he felt, was the one thing Tommy could not do. "Well, then," growled Tommy, "if she winna be that, she'll hae to serve before the mast, for I tell you plain I'll have no single women on board."

"And what am I, forby Ben the Boatswain?"

"Naething. Honest men has just one name."

"What! I'm just one single man?" Corp was a little crestfallen. "It's a come down," he said, with a sigh, "mind, I dinna grumble, but it's a come down."

"And you dinna hae 'Methinks' now either," Tommy announced, pitilessly.

Corp had dreaded this. "I'll be gey an' lonely without it," he said, with some dignity, "and it was the usefulest swear I kent o'. 'Methinks!' I used to roar at Mason Malcolm's collie, and the crittur came in ahint in a swite o' fear. Losh, Tommy, is that you blood-ing?"

There was indeed an ugly gash on Tommy's hand. "You've been hacking at yoursel' again," said the distressed Corp, who knew that in his enthusiasm Tommy had more than once drawn blood from himself. "When you take it a' so real as that," he said, uncomfortably, "I near think we should gie it up."

Tommy stamped his foot. "Take tent o' yoursel!" he cried, threateningly. "When I was tracking Stroke I fell in with one of his men, and we had a tussle. He pinked me in the hand, but 'tis only a scratch, bah! He was carrying treasure, and I took it from him."

Ben whistled. "Five shillings?" he asked, slapping his knee.

"How did you know?" demanded Tommy, frowning, and then they tried to stare each other down.

"I thought I saw you pouching it," Corp ventured to say.

"Boatswain!"

"I mean," explained Corp, hurriedly, "I mean that I kent you would find a wy. Didest thou kill the Jacobite rebel?"

"He lies but a few paces off," replied Tommy, "and already the vultures are picking his bones."

"So perish all Victoria's enemies," said Ben the Boatswain, loyally, but a sudden fear made him add, with a complete change of voice, "You dinna chance to ken his name?"

"Ay, I had marked him before," answered Tommy, "he was called Corp of Corp."

Ben the Boatswain rose, sat down, rose again. "Tommy," he said, wiping his brow with his sleeve, "come awa' hame!"

(To be continued.)

A SYMBOL

By Melville Upton

OUTSIDE, in the night,
On the stretch of the railless roadbed,
Through the clamor of steel
And the beat of the heavy wheels' pounding,
Moving hither and yon
At the car-window's ceaseless swaying,
Drives another train through the limitless night.

Resistless and still,
With its phantom glimmer of brass-work,
With the dim lamps flaring
On faces cut out of the shadow—
On the hair's young gold,
On the weary and waiting . . .
While here, in the tumult around me,
Grows the sense of a silent presence,
A still, reassuring presence . . .

Through the quick-opened door
Crowds the clamor of wheels
And the sudden clang of the engine—
But still, forging on through the darkness,
Swings the shadowy train
And the lamps and the faces—
The hair's young gold—the weary and waiting.

ARS ET VITA

By T. R. Sullivan

It was when Burton Murray was still under thirty—in fact, just after the Salon Jury had given his "Stirrup Cup" an honorable mention, that he made Gaillard's acquaintance. He had conceived the first idea for his more important picture of the "Farandole," and decided that he must move into a larger and better studio before beginning work upon it. Someone told him that Gaillard, the sculptor, over in the Quartier des Ternes, had a vacant place to let adjoining his own; and the very next morning Murray turned up at Number 15 of the Rue d'Armaillé.

It is a short, side street, gray and uninteresting, between the Avenue Carnot and the main artery of the quarter, that other avenue, wide, dismal, and *bourgeoise*, fitly named des Ternes. You need only turn a corner to see the Arc de Triomphe looming up, hardly ten steps off. But fashion having declared that these steps lead the wrong way, cheap trade and small industries flourish

throughout the neighborhood, which stretches on toward the barrier with a look more suburban than Parisian. From these surface indications the painter argued that rents would come within his means, and one glance at the precincts of number 15 convinced him that here was exactly the place he wanted. The house stood in an irregular patch of open ground, separated from the street by an iron grate, and ending in a vaulted passage that led through to the Avenue des Ternes. The studios overlooking this unencumbered space, which had once been a garden, were additions made by Gaillard himself, upon his recent purchase of the property. The approach to them was up a kind of postern staircase at the back of the building; there, on the first landing, Murray saw the sculptor's card, and knocked.

FÉLIX GAILLARD, STATUAIRE! He had figured in every Salon catalogue for thirty years, yet Murray knew him neither by sight nor by name, and could not recall a single example of his work. This had gained no honors, though it sold reasonably well and was by no means bad in its way—an academic and old-fashioned one. Gaillard, well over fifty, thought himself too old to learn new tricks. He had money enough for the comfort of his wife and children, and therein, perhaps, lay the secret of his semi-obscurity; "for sitting upon down, or under quilt, one cometh not to fame." So Gaillard, with bread and butter in plenty, went on, year after year, turning out salable things that lacked distinction, and therefore gave him none. At times, he reproached himself with failure and tried to make frantic amends for it, his true artistic spirit getting the upper hand and possessing him like a demon. But he was too apt to consider himself complacently, even in his working hours; while out of these he became a reckless, irresponsible creature, wildly convivial in his tastes, with no more moral sense than a faun, keeping his wife in a continual ferment of jealousy. He was of the ruddy Norman type, short and robust, with a fine, straight nose and prominent black eyes under brows well arched. He wore a clipped grizzled

beard; and his long mustaches, curling up almost to his eyelashes, accentuated the frolicsome expression of his face. He seemed to struggle inwardly with an access of perpetual mirth, the signs of which never could be quite suppressed; but the fact was that mirth had been the life-long opposing force to which he had yielded, time and time again, with no struggle whatever. Such was the man who now rose from his work, with all its stains upon him, to admit Burton Murray, and whose first answer to the inquiry about the studio was a look of suspicion. For although Murray's income, in those days, was by no means large, he always contrived to be well dressed, and his trim figure suggested an idle man of the world rather than a painter of promise.

But Murray's card appeared to furnish the proprietor with a satisfactory explanation. "English!" he said, after wrestling with the strange name for a few seconds silently. "American!" was the answer. Then Gaillard nodded and smiled, and pushed his thick Breton cap back from his forehead; and, taking down a key, led the way to the vacant studio, which, instead of adjoining his, occupied with its dependencies the entire floor above. There was a small apartment, including a chamber, a tiny kitchen, and a dark room off it, which might serve by night as a *salle-à-manger* or a *salon*. The studio itself was of fine proportions, superbly lighted. Murray's favorable impressions were all confirmed, and he at once inquired the price. But his face fell, when this proved to be much more than he cared to give. He said so frankly.

"It is not dear," returned Gaillard.

"No, and it is admirable. I see myself already painting in it. But—it is impossible." And he turned toward the door.

"How much, then, would Monsieur be willing to pay?"

Murray, after a moment's thought, indicated terms which, as he explained, were a considerable advance upon those paid by him for inferior quarters; but they were less by several hundred francs than those of Monsieur Gaillard, who shook his head.

"I am very sorry," said he. Then he followed Murray, down past his own door to the street level, in silence. There he made a little speech about the weather and, looking at the card which was still in his hand, added, abruptly:

"It was you who received honorable mention for 'Le Coup de l'Étrier,'—Monsieur Bureton Murré!"

"Yes," admitted Murray, laughing. "But how the devil did you happen to remember that?"

"It is very serious work," replied Gaillard, without a smile. "I am happy to congratulate you."

Murray thanked him cordially, hoped for the pleasure of seeing him in the future, and went his way. With the same unwonted gravity Gaillard stood watching him, and, for at least five minutes after the painter had disappeared, he remained motionless against the doorpost, lost in thought. Then, suddenly awakened from his reverie, he shook himself like an animal, and muttering, "*Il est sérieux — très sérieux pour son âge,*" he turned to his wet clay again.

The next morning Burton Murray was aroused from a sound sleep by a knock at his door, and, scrambling up, found to his amazement Monsieur Gaillard upon the threshold. The visitor explained that, on the way to his work, he had stopped for a moment only—about the studio.

"But that is out of the question," said Murray. "Why tempt me? I cannot pay so much."

"You like my place, do you not?"

"Naturally I like it—it is perfection, but——"

"Then, say no more, it is yours. I accept your terms."

"Merci—but I am not sure that it is right; you can undoubtedly obtain your own price from someone else."

"There is no one else to be considered. The right man is more to me than the money. I like you; I like your work, it is serious. Will you come?"

He reasoned so amiably, with such heartiness, that the bargain was sealed then and there. Within a week Murray had installed himself in the Rue d'Armaillé, and, the morning after his

arrival, Gaillard came up to bid him a formal welcome. The painter had risen at daybreak to make order out of chaos, and the studio already looked in working trim. Even at that stage of his career Murray, who is now a collectionneur of note, studied choice things, and, buying them when he could, showed exceptional skill in their selection. Gaillard inspected his tenant's treasures one by one, standing speechless at last before an old Spanish cabinet, the value of which he comprehended perfectly. His spare money had never brought him a return of this sort, which made his own studio seem a barrack in comparison; and he was suddenly filled with new respect for the man capable of a definite sacrifice to acquire such possessions. Murray, understanding only his appreciation of the object itself, told what he knew of its history, and then, opening the drawers, displayed a collection of casts from Renaissance medals, some extremely rare, and all of great beauty. From that moment Gaillard saw nothing else in the room, and it was a full hour before he prepared to take leave.

"Can I do nothing to help you?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you; I have a model coming after breakfast."

"Ah!" said Gaillard; "you should have a fire then." And at the suggestion of this need he shivered a little, for these were the first days of autumn, and the outer morning air had a chill in it.

"Yes," replied Murray. "I tried the stove last night, and it smoked badly. I must get a man in, to look at that pipe."

Gaillard dashed behind the screen, and saw the whole difficulty in an instant. "Why spend money so?" asked he. "Since we can arrange this affair ourselves." Then, calling for steps, in five minutes he had pulled the pipe into sections which it took a long time to replace properly. In spite of many protests he insisted upon doing this alone, descending only when it had been proved by practical demonstration that the draught was perfect. So, covered with soot, but triumphantly vaunting his own skill, this excel-

lent proprietor and friendly neighbor brought his first visit to a close.

Ere long the working days began in earnest for them both. Gaillard had picked up a small commission—a child's bust—that in his opinion counted for nothing. Yet it was infinitely better than the ambitious conventional group of a Wounded Standard-Bearer sinking into his comrade's arms, which the sculptor hoped some day to find in a conspicuous central place under the glass roof of the Palais de l'Industrie. As usual, however, he worked intermittently. Having armed his supporting soldier with a revolver, he bought one to serve both as model and plaything; for, setting up a small target on the end wall of his studio, he pegged away at it with his new weapon in frequent intervals of relaxation. After his noon breakfast at the café he sat long over the *Figaro*; at four o'clock he wrapped his clay up for the night, and turned his face toward his apartment, which was only a mile away. But other pleasant cafés lay in his path; there were glasses of beer, games of matador, and various other erratic pursuits that often made him late for dinner, and for supper too.

Very differently the work went on overhead, where Murray was completely absorbed in his great "*Farandole*." While daylight lasted he could not bear to leave it; grudging even the time wasted upon breakfast at the café, he pressed his small kitchen into service, and engaged Jeanne, the *bonne* who cared for the rooms, to cook his noon meal there. She was an active little woman of forty, very neat and intelligent, and she provided so well, that he soon fell into the way of ordering her to prepare dinner likewise. He fitted up the dark recess with some of his moth-eaten tapestries, and, here, under the dim light of a Venetian lamp, he took his *croute-au-pot* and two succeeding dishes, sometimes in the company of a fellow-painter, but oftener alone. Then, lighting his pipe, he would go back into the dusky studio, to contemplate for an hour the huge, unfinished picture which was at once his hope and his despair. By ten o'clock he was ready to drop with

fatigue. Yet he slept well, and woke, not merely refreshed, but eager for the next day's battle.

The "*Coup de l'Étrier*" had come back, and stood in a corner under the window with its honorable mention still upon it—unsold, alas! for Murray, having no commissions, needed money. "What are the imbeciles about, that they don't buy it?" Gaillard often wondered. And Murray would answer, laughing, that the picture, where it stood, was very decorative, or that he preferred not to sell it to an imbecile. One morning, in the midst of work, came a knock at the door, which Murray answered impatiently, without stopping to lay down his palette, or to lift the green shade from his eyes. There stood Gaillard, and behind him two strange women, richly dressed. They had stopped below to inquire their way of the sculptor, who withdrew with a quiet smile on hearing English spoken. It seemed to him a long time before he heard their silken garments rustle by his door again, but in another moment Murray burst in upon him, all aglow.

"They have come, the imbeciles!" he cried.

"Imbéciles? Pourquoi, imbéciles? Des marquises de soie, comme ça?"

"Marquises de coton! They are compatriots of mine, Americans, do you hear? And I have sold them the '*Stirrup Cup*' at my own price!"

"What are you saying?"

"The truth. It was a committee of two, appointed to procure a native work of art—with the money. Well, I am the native, and my work of art will be shipped to-morrow to an American museum."

"Ah! It goes là-bas, then!"

The unaffected sadness in his tone made Murray laugh merrily. To Gaillard the entire continent of North America had always been a barbarian land—the great alkaline desert of the arts; "*là-bas*," no more; and no less, surely, was conceivable. When they breakfasted together upstairs, over a bottle of Beaune, he reluctantly agreed that the transaction must be regarded as financially successful. At Murray's statements about New York, tending

to show that it was in some respects a civilized community, his clouded brain appeared to clear a little. But the impression thus made was merely momentary. For upon taking leave, he studied the "Stirrup Cup" once more with mournful earnestness. Evidently, he still considered that this admirable picture was soon to be withdrawn forever from the world.

The sale relieved Murray of much anxiety, and, as a natural consequence, the new work soon made rapid strides. It was clearly an advance upon all that he had done before. Murray would have felt this, even without the reiterated assurances of one or two painters who had been permitted to see it. He did not feel equally sure of its effect upon the jury, until his old master, Vernou, had paid him the compliment of a visit. This, in itself, was an event of much significance, showing that the man must have heard something which he desired to verify. Vernou, a member of the jury, had won all the honors; undemonstrative by nature, and habitually cautious, he said little; but, after a long study of the picture, he laid his hand affectionately upon his pupil's shoulder in mute approval that brought tears to Murray's eyes. Then, strolling about the room, Vernou came upon a photograph of the "Stirrup Cup," and asked what had become of it. "Good!" was his comment upon the news of its sale. "But that deserved a medal. Were you a Frenchman, you would have had one long ago." He turned immediately back to the "Farandole," as if to emphasize this speech; and Murray trembled, lest some flaw should now be detected there. But the master took pains to show that this was not the case. All signs were favorable.

And when the Salon opened, behold! the "Farandole" hung upon the line, in the centre of a panel, with an admiring crowd before it. One after another, Murray's friends congratulated him, Gaillard among the rest. Poor Gaillard! whose "Standard-Bearer" Murray had difficulty in finding, below stairs, in its obscure corner. "You will get a medal!" declared the sculptor as they walked back together up

the Avenue des Ternes. Murray, even while he recalled his master's hint, dared not hope for this. Yet, in due course, came the official notice that a medal had been awarded him. "Well, I told you so!" said Gaillard, smiling as though the honor were his own. "A la bonne heure, camarade!" he cried, a day or two later, still without a shade of jealousy, when the State demanded the "Farandole" for the Luxembourg, where it hangs to-day. The medal, in its leather case, arrived at last, and Gaillard asked leave to look at it. He took the golden disc up tenderly, scrutinizing details with an interest which showed that even its design was unfamiliar to him. The obverse bears the Genius of Art with an attendant sprite, who, on an altar *Ad Gloriam*, carves the first words of the time-worn legend, *Ars Longa, Vita*—; as Gaillard read them, he betrayed, for the first time in all these days of his young comrade's triumph, the feeling which must have oppressed him persistently.

"It should be *Vita Longa*!" he sighed. "To think that I have toiled a generation, vainly, for this thing!"

Murray, who had never ceased to admire Gaillard's generosity of spirit, now murmured some consoling words, aware that his own possession of the coveted prize made the old fellow's case doubly hard. And Gaillard, regretting the weakness, hastened to remove any possible tinge of envy from it.

"It is not this one I want, you may be sure," said he, laying the medal down. "God knows that you deserved it, and that I am proud of you. But look here! What is the matter with these old claws of mine?" and twisting the fingers all awry, he eyed them in comic perplexity.

At this appeal Murray plucked up courage to express freely certain criticisms of his friend's work that had been long in mind. Gaillard writhed under them, but he heard them out. "It may be so—we shall see!" was all he answered. Then he lured Murray below to toast the "Farandole," the medal, the jury, and the state, in a bottle of Vouvray-Mousseux which some one had sent him. When this was done, producing his revolver he proposed a little target

practice. And before Murray could stop him, he had made a mark of his first sketch for the "Standard-Bearer," shattering one of the heads into fragments. He compelled Murray, also, to have a hand in its destruction, which was no sooner complete than he began operations upon the long line of similar sketches on his upper shelf. "Why not?" he urged. "We have changed all that. It is a new era which dawns." He yielded to remonstrance and put away the instrument of slaughter, only upon the painter's promise to dine with him at his apartment and bring the medal for Madame Gaillard's inspection—since it was the only one she was ever likely to see.

Murray went up to dismiss Jeanne, who otherwise would prepare a dinner, and found that she was not alone in the kitchen. Warming himself at the *fourneau* sat a man in a blouse, a grim fellow, hard-featured, with coarse hair closely cropped, who stood up and made his servile obeisance civilly enough. Yet the ugly look in his face impressed Murray so unfavorably that he remembered it later, asking Gaillard, as they walked on together, who and what the man might be.

The answer was introduced by a string of oaths.

"That blackguard! I have forbidden him the house. It is Jeanne's husband, who beats and abuses her and steals her money. He is half-crazed by absinthe, and will end his days in a prison, the brigand!"

The cheerful glow of a *crémèrie*, where Gaillard had purchases to make, changed the current of his thoughts, and the subject was not sufficiently important to be resumed. Indeed months elapsed before Murray thought of it again, for in a few days he went down into Brittany to pass the summer, and autumn was well advanced when his studio life began once more in the Rue d'Armaillé.

There, oddly enough, his first duty was to act as peacemaker in Gaillard's household. The sculptor, out of commissions, had steeped himself in the mischief which the arch-enemy is said always to keep in readiness for idle hands. Madame Gaillard, much to

Murray's distress, tearfully insisted upon telling him a long tale of her husband's misdeeds. He had neglected her shamefully; she had found in his pockets such and such compromising letters; and in response to her overwhelming reproaches he had only laughed, asserting that the little affair was ancient history. The letters bore no dates, to be sure, but she knew that he was lying. She would endure it no longer, she would leave him—yes, forever! Murray implored her not to do this, declaring that such a course would ruin Gaillard at the critical moment of his career. Did not she know that it was in his power to produce a great work? The time had come, and Murray was determined that he should set about it at once. The effort would absorb him, bind him over, as it were, to good behavior. Meanwhile she must have patience—believe, or at least feign to believe. The man had his faults, yet, notwithstanding these, she loved him. What would she gain, then, by a rash proceeding, sure in the end to make her miserable?

Madame Gaillard hearkened to this worldly wisdom, and, drying her tears, promised to maintain a show of cheerfulness. Thereupon Murray lost no time in fulfilling his share of the compact. He urged the sculptor to throw aside conventionality, and to undertake a nude figure of heroic size, in some original pose that should command attention.

"But I can never sell a thing like that!" said Gaillard.

"Of course you can't!" Murray rejoined, impatiently. "But, for this time only, let the market go. Do as I say, and count on me to help you! Otherwise, to the devil with you and all your works!"

Thus threatened and cajoled, Gaillard groped for ideas, very doubtfully at first; but, as Murray had hoped, warming to his work until it stirred him fiercely. He had found the man, he declared, and would go in for a great thing. But it was Murray who found the pose, after many experiments with the chosen model, a young Italian, whose well-developed muscles and natural grace justified Gaillard's high pitch

of enthusiasm. To sustain this through the trying weeks that ensued now became Murray's main interest in life. Stealing time from his own labors he allowed no day to pass over the sculptor's head without the stimulus of his encouragement. More than once, to Gaillard's glee, he caught up the modelling tools, and worked at the figure as a pupil under the master's direction; supplementing this trivial service with many suggestions, and, above all, with sympathy that proved invaluable. In every such task, as Murray well knew, there comes a despairing point, without which, perhaps, no great work of art was ever accomplished. This desperate haunting fear is really an earnest of success, though the sufferer never recognizes it. But when it has once been conquered all goes smoothly to the end.

Not until the dreadful moment had come and passed did Murray relax his friendly zeal. And it was on one of those gray February afternoons when companionship is grateful to us all, that, descending, as usual, to the sculptor's studio, he met Jeanne, their faithful servant, coming from it in tears. He did not question her, but passed on and inquired of Gaillard, whom he found perched upon a step-ladder, hard at work, what was the matter.

"With whom? Oh, the woman there! It is just as I predicted. Her pig of a husband has fallen out with the police, and has been sent to prison. I tell her to be thankful for a few months' peace. But she will not listen—she weeps, *voyez-vous*? Oh, *les femmes*, il n'y a que ça! How does this shoulder go? Let us consider that, and forget the women. There is no half-way with them. They are either fools or devils—all!"

There had been a day, and that no very distant one, when Murray would have echoed these atrocious sentiments. But he had lately met for the first time the woman who, by consenting to be his wife, became in the following year his guardian angel. Even then, perhaps, dim possibilities of this happiness crept into his mind; for the speech jarred upon him horribly, and, looking up at Gaillard with flashing eyes, he was moved to ask in which of

the two categories the man classed his long-suffering wife. But he never put the injudicious question, perceiving instantly that the sculptor had spoken out of the clouds, as it were, with no thought beyond his work; perceiving also that the work had undergone a change, within the last few hours, which seemed to glorify it. His high hopes were suddenly all surpassed. This thing was really great; for the moment he could think of nothing else; and from that moment he felt Gaillard's success to be assured.

The assurance was well grounded. "Hylas, the Argonaut," as between them they had named the figure, drew its crowd of admirers on the opening day of the salon; and in a week Gaillard's name had become known. His work was favorably noticed, reproduced, caricatured, until the poor statuair, unused to such rewards of merit, nearly lost his head. "You will get a medal!" Murray declared in his turn. The painter was now "*hors concours*," and his picture of the year had received its due share of praise. In later life his honors multiplied. But never, through them all, did he feel a glow comparable to that of the moment when Gaillard announced that the "Argonaut" had really gained its medal. "And you did it!" added the sculptor, gratefully. But Murray would not rob him of a single laurel-leaf. "I was but the spur, pricking the sides of your intent," he said. "The triumph is your own."

When the medal came, Madame Gaillard went down on her knees before it. The past was cancelled, and the future would adjust itself; for the present, she was the proudest and happiest of women. She gave a feast in her husband's honor, and toasted Murray at it, as the good genius of the household. In return, Murray invited the whole family to dine under his Venetian lamp. They came accordingly, and Madame Gaillard, in a radiant mood, admired all the quaint appointments of the place—the worn hangings, the odd bits of china upon the table, the carved chair of state, but, most of all, her husband whom Murray forced into this post of honor. Had the chair been a throne of barbaric pearl and gold, it would have seemed to

her only his due. After dinner, while she and her children explored the studio minutely, the two men remained smoking at the table. Jeanne served their coffee, and, as she went out, Gaillard said, abruptly:

"I think we must send away that woman."

"Send her away!" repeated Murray. "Why?"

"Her husband is loose again, and I fear he will make trouble for us. He has sworn to do you a mischief."

"On what grounds, pray? I have seen the man only once, and have had no words with him." "You have been good to her," explained Gaillard. "Too good! And he has taken a fancy to resent it. He is jealous of you, and swears that he will pay you off. Who

knows what the crazy brute may do, with such a maggot in his head? We must get rid of her to get rid of him."

"Absurd!" said Murray, with a laugh. "I am not afraid of the man. Jeanne is a good servant, absolutely faithful. If we turn her into the streets to starve, he will surely resent that. What shall I have gained then?"

They discussed the question for some time, Murray holding the view that there was nothing to be dreaded in the mere drunken threat, made without reason, which the man would forget in his first sober moment. To discharge Jeanne on account of it, he argued, would be weak, cowardly, and cruel. In the end, his reasoning prevailed, and it was agreed that she should remain in their service. But Gaillard gave his consent to this reluctantly. "Be on your guard!" he urged.

Murray, after a promise of caution, still considering the matter very lightly, dismissed it from his thoughts. He

was soon to leave town again for the summer, and, in his preparation for departure kept very early hours. His observance of Gaillard's warning consisted in a keener attention to slight sounds at night, and to the bolting of his doors. Once, when he stayed out late, he took the precaution to look behind him upon turning into the archway from the Avenue des Ternes; afterward, also, he struck a light at the foot of the postern stair. But he saw nothing alarming, heard nothing more terrible than the echo of his own footsteps; and laughed at himself for giving way to needless anxieties.

In all this time, he little suspected the great change which had occurred in Gaillard's daily habits, solely upon his account. The sculptor's anxiety, though unrevealed, was by no means dispelled. He stood on the alert always, but especially toward nightfall, giving up his café-life altogether, never leaving his studio, in fact, until he

Jeanne's Husband

heard the door close overhead. Then, noiseless as a spy, Gaillard would shadow his tenant down, watch him cross the court, and, following at a distance, make sure that he had reached in safety one of the crowded thoroughfares. His friendly visits, paid later in the evening upon one pretext or another, were quite unusual, as Murray could not help reflecting; but Gaillard had never ceased to be grateful for service rendered in the matter of the *Argonaut*, and he contrived that these new attentions should pass merely as additional proofs of gratitude.

The last week of Murray's stay in town was nearly over. All that day he had been desperately busy, distracted,

too, by many interruptions. In the late afternoon, he set himself seriously to the work of packing for his summer vacation. He worked on through the slowly deepening twilight; and it was not until the first street-lamps flared up, that, tired and hungry, he broke away from the hopeless confusion of the place for a hurried dinner. The sculptor's door stood ajar, when he passed, but he did not notice that. Upon the quiet court, still unlighted, darkness had settled down. There he stopped for a moment to consider which restaurant was nearest, and, deciding this, went on briskly toward the Avenue des Ternes. At the arch, although conscious of a step behind him, he gave

it no thought, until there came another step, followed by a muttered oath and the noise of a scuffle. Thus impelled to look back, he saw, dimly defined within the court, the figures of two men struggling. But before Murray could reach the spot, one of the men lowered his head, and, plunging it full into the other's chest like a battering-ram, butted him against the wall with fearful force; then, freeing himself, he disappeared in the darkness. His victim, speechless, breathless even, struck feebly at the air, reeled and would have fallen to the pavement, if Murray had not caught him in his arms. It was Gaillard.

Murray's call brought help at once, and the injured man was soon stretched out in the *loge* of the concierge. "Oh, le voyou! le voyou!" he gasped; then, white with pain, lost consciousness completely.

"Are you hurt?" he asked Murray in an anxious whisper, the moment he revived again. Murray answered reassuringly, and begged him not to speak, since even the slightest effort was evidently painful. The doctor, who came, made light of the injury—a broken rib, no more; then, calling an ambulance, carried him home and settled him comfortably in his own bed; there he fell asleep, while Murray watched beside him.

It was not until the next day, after a sandbag had been discovered in the court, and when Gaillard had been permitted to make an explanation, that Murray fully understood his own narrow escape. The ruffian had actually raised his hand to strike, at the moment of interference. By what fortunate accident had such interference become possible? In response to that demand, Gaillard smiled, and said nothing. Then, Murray, putting his own interpretation upon this, was persuaded that his faithful friend must have played the part of watch-dog. But he never dreamed how often and with what devotion the part had been performed.

Though assured of Gaillard's convalescence, Murray postponed his jour-

ney, making constant attendance in the sick-room his only care. At first, all went so well that recovery seemed no more than a question of hours. But a fever set in, from which the patient rallied only to sink again; and doubtful days followed when, alternately gaining and losing, he was left in the end visibly weaker. The doctors shook their heads, convinced that some internal injury had induced this change for the worse. They would not give up hope; yet hope dwindled, until Gaillard, himself, had none left. He lay passive under their hands, listening with closed eyes to words intended for his encouragement. But there was something terrible in his persistent silence which foreshadowed plainly the result they feared.

Late one afternoon, he had been quiet for more than two hours, apparently asleep, and it chanced that Murray was alone with him. Suddenly, opening his eyes, he called for his medal; and when this was brought he looked at it for awhile in silence, turning it in his thin hands tenderly, as he had turned its counterpart of the preceding year.

"And you did it!" he said, at last. "You gave it to me!"

"No," replied Murray. "I will not hear of that. You must not say so—you must not even think so. It is all yours."

Gaillard did not insist upon the point, but read the inscriptions slowly, word for word, in an undertone. "*Vita—brevis est!*" he concluded. "That is right, after all."

The door opened, and Madame Gaillard came into the room. Alarmed by a strange light in her husband's eyes, she knelt at the bedside, taking his hand gently; the sick man carried hers to his lips, and kissed it.

"I was not good for much," said he. "But this——" and, smiling, he held up the medal.

Murray went softly out, leaving them alone together. He never saw his devoted proprietor again. That night, the studios of the Rue d'Armaillé passed into other hands.

In return, Murray invited the whole family to dine.—Page 60.

A Group of Coyotes (by William T. Hornaday).

A NEW ART

By J. Carter Beard

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes.

—SHAKESPEARE.

TAXIDERMY, a name heretofore suggesting nothing more æsthetic than dusty collections of hides of beasts roughly upholstered and stuck in stereotyped attitudes upon varnished platforms, or incongruous pyramids of birds under bell glasses, now lays claim to designate really artistic work; once used, principally

said, "to stuff a skin is to ruin it," and in view of the methods and results of taxidermy, even so late as ten or fifteen years ago, the justice of his verdict, at the time it was delivered, cannot be impugned. The majority of the older taxidermists neither knew nor cared enough for either nature or art to preserve a correct contour of an animal in their completed work. It seems to have been taken for granted that a pelt from which the body of the creature it covered had been taken, needed only to be filled out again, like an empty glove, to reproduce the form it before fitted. The looseness of the cuticle upon the form it clothes, and its almost unlimited capacity for stretching and shrinking, was apparently forgotten or disregarded, and the only object of the operator in many cases appears to have been to give his subject every possible right and title to the popular appellative "stuffed." The skin, in examples still unhappily too often present in our museums and collections, stretched to its utmost tension, as it is in drowned and bloated things left on

Head of Musk-ox (by Professor Jasper, Brown University)

pally to impress superstition and excite vulgar curiosity, the property of quacks and alchemists, it is now employed in the interests of both art and science. Few crafts have been as completely revolutionized and perfected in as short a time as this.

Agassiz, speaking of mounted specimens of mammals, is reported to have

the sands by retreating tides, produces a most unpleasant impression which no particular in the ramshackle make-up fails to confirm and strengthen; the ill-fitting and, sometimes, mismated glass eyes protrude from painfully distended sockets, the feet rest with the ball of the after part upon the support, while the claws, "if claws there be," are up-reared hap-hazard fashion in every direction, and the whole crazy structure, emphasizing by its impossible position, as well as by its misshapen framework, its complete contrariety to life and nature, leans stiffly out of balance.

The reform in taxidermy, so apparent in our collections, particularly in that of the National Museum at Washington, began about fifteen years ago. A young man, returning from a collecting tour in the East Indies, upon which he had been sent by a large taxidermist's establishment, conceived the bold idea of using his craft as a means of embodying an essentially artistic idea. Nothing like it had ever before been attempted. It is true two or three groups of beasts had been stuffed and mounted with more or less success, but their proper place can certainly not be found in any collection in which the work here described may be suitably placed. In London Edwin Ward had designed a combat between a lion and a tiger, and Rowland Ward a combat of red deer. A Frenchman, Jules Vernaux, had constructed a sensational and gory piece of work, an Arab courier attacked by lions; it is, or was, a short time ago, on exhibition at the New York Museum of Natural History; but should, without doubt, be relegated to a chamber of horrors in a dime museum.

The young artist mentioned, Mr. William T. Hornaday, afterward, for eight years, chief taxidermist of the United States Museum at Washington, D. C., and author of confessedly the best manual of taxidermy

ever published, proposed a very graphic and realistic composition which he calls "A Fight in the Tree-tops," illustrating a characteristic episode in the lives of certain great apes, orang-utans, whose habits he had studied in their native forests, and whose skins and skeletons he had himself collected. Every minutest detail of the locality where they were found had been carefully studied, and such portions as might be of use in the work preserved. A sketch was prepared and submitted to his employer, with an eloquent plea for its adoption. With the exception of the groups mentioned, all mammals had, up to this time, been mounted singly in certain prescribed attitudes upon varnished platforms, and the project offered for consideration by Mr. Hornaday was not only a hazardous experiment from a taxidermist's point of view, transcending all limits heretofore assigned to the craft, but one involving months of labor and the expenditure of a large amount of money. It is not surprising that considerable hesitation attended such a proposal. At last, however, the coveted consent was given and the work prepared according to the design. Innumerable difficulties remained to be overcome, but these difficulties, appertaining to the work itself, only enhanced its interest and the delight of the craftsman in overcoming them. New mechanical devices for supporting different parts of

GROUP OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS.

Engraved by C. A. Powell.

(By Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche, of the State University of Kansas.)

the group were elaborated, the forest-trees and their foliage, where the subjects are placed, were carefully reproduced, together with adherent vegetation—vines, orchids, and moss—and the external anatomy of the apes perfected from the naked bodies of fellow-workmen. The work as completed exhibits a characteristic mode of attack of orang-utans which it shares with most, if not all species of the larger apes. One of the animals—both are enormous and hideously ugly orang-utans—has seized the hand of the other and forced the ends of the fingers into his mouth; while the latter screams with pain and anger as he feels the teeth of his assailant. The attack is made to obtain possession of a female, that, with a young infant

at her breast, is hastily quitting such a nest as it is the custom of these apes to construct in the tops of the trees they inhabit, to seek refuge elsewhere. Aroused by the noise of the battle another member of the family, "the production of the year before, is gazing down from another nest," in open-eyed wonder, upon the scene below. The nests are literal and accurate reconstructions of individual nests built by orang-utans.

It is perhaps not too much to say that the group is so artistically composed, the figures so correct in drawing, and so animated in gesture and expression, and the whole idea of the work so original that no less skill, knowledge, and talent are exhibited in the group than in many

a prominent piece of painting or statuary.

This production, the completion of which marks a new development in taxidermy, was purchased by the National Museum, at Washington, where it is now on exhibition. "Its price, two thousand dollars," says Mr. Hornaday, "prevented its immediate sale, but in a short time another group of orang-utans, of a very different design, was ordered for the American Museum of Natural History by Mr. Robert Colgate, of New York. This group represents the orang-utan at home, a peaceful scene in the top of a Bornean forest. It includes five orang-utans of various sizes and ages, feeding upon a curious native fruit called durion, sleeping in a nest, climbing, sitting, and swinging." The price received for this group was \$1,500. The public interest aroused by such efforts led to the formation of a society of taxidermists, which was organized at Rochester, N. Y. The first exhibition of the work of its members took place at that city. Among other valuable groups, including Hornaday's battle in the tree-tops, was shown an extremely meritorious piece of work by another taxidermist—a group of flamingoes. This artist, whose work is unsurpassed in delicacy and finish, while he exhibits great skill in all branches of his profession, seems to have made something of a specialty of birds, whose dainty plumage and graceful forms he loves to

reproduce in all the crisp, clean comeliness they ever possessed when instinct with life and action. I remember as a peculiar instance of what can be done by modern taxidermy, and of his skill in particular, that he falsified the old saying, "You cannot have your bird and eat it." He made a savory stew of the flesh of a bird, of what species I have forgotten, and ate it. He then articulated and set up its skeleton, and afterward constructed an artificial skeleton on framework, upon which he shaped and modelled its skin, so that from one he practically obtained three birds. At another time, having a tiger rug to make up, and also a tiger's head to furnish for a trade-mark, he ingeniously supplied both from a single pelt. Cutting off the head he constructed another from the white hair upon the under parts of the animal, which in such a rug as he designed would otherwise go to waste. Spots from which the hair had been worn away he re-haired by fastening individual hairs, hair after hair, in due order, with some adhesive preparation, to the bare hide. After he had shaped the second head and dyed it, and colored in the black markings, he fastened it to the remaining skin, and the rug was complete, and in every way a fine-looking piece of work. I have only to add that there was no deception in the matter, as the purchaser of the rug knew how it was made. An exhibition of the American Society of Taxidermists, held in Boston two years af-

ter the one mentioned, showed a marked improvement in the work of its members, and a subsequent one at New York was better than the two preceding exhibitions. Contrary to expectation, Boston, from whom we are taught to expect countenance and reward for every meritorious effort toward improvement in art or science, gave little recognition to the society; and while the New York exhibition witnessed the sale of almost every piece of any importance, that at Boston proved a pecuniary failure. Since the exhibition at New York the association has had no meetings, the great expense, the uncertainty of remuneration for the work involved, and the insufficient recognition of the results and possibilities of taxidermy as a new art on the part of the public in general, have acted adversely to the further progress of the society as constituted; but, as R. D. Shufeldt, in his admirable monograph on taxidermy in the report of the United States National Museum, 1892, suggests: "It is very much to be desired that this society

should be reorganized, and that upon a basis of organization of some of our best societies in the arts and sciences. The need of such a society is great."

In the methods now used in taxidermy the word "stuffing" is a misnomer; the method employed is called dermo-plastic, and consists in enveloping a skeleton or framework with tow wrapped and sewed into a rough approximation of the shape required with pack-thread or cord, and coating the whole with clay, afterward to be modelled into the forms required; in very large specimens the framework is made hollow, a process almost exactly the equivalent to that sometimes used by sculptors in constructing large originals. Upon this the skin is stretched and made to conform in every particular. There is, therefore, no difference in the requirements of the best work in sculpture and taxidermy, except that one is principally employed in treating the human figure, and the other exclusively the forms of animals. The rapidity with which many forms of life, especially

Bengal Tiger (by William T. Hornaday.)

upon our own continent, are disappearing, gives the subject a value and importance scarcely to be overestimated, not only from a strictly scientific standpoint but one of general and public interest. Judging by the estimation in which sundry imperfect mounted specimens of animals that have recently become extinct are held, subjects of the taxidermist's skill, reproducing living forms, soon inevitably to become extinct, will prove of enormous and inestimable value. One of the most important and perfect of such works is the magnificent group of bison at our National Museum at Washington, and also a somewhat similar one at the New York Museum of Natural History. The accessories in these works are perfect; the plants all came from the buffalo ranges, and the very soil upon which they stand has been brought all the way from Montana. A family of coyotes, well grouped and finely mounted, furnishes another triumph of the craft, that will certainly not grow less valuable although the coyote himself will fight final extinction a long time.

An important group is that of the Rocky Mountain goat, by Professor Dyche, important because of its scope, its general excellence, the difficulty of collecting the rare animals that compose it, and that it comprises the only group of such animals yet furnished us. Other family parties of mammals, either fur-

nished or in course of construction, exist, the mere enumeration of which without notice of their many excellences is impossible in the space allowed the present article, which, in dealing with taxidermy as an art must perforce treat of its general principles with but a few examples to illustrate them. There are, too, branches of the craft, as, for instance, mounted heads of mammals, well worth considering, that are a specialty in themselves. These have shared the general improvement in the art, and we see fewer "goose-necks" and goitres in the necks, or high-shouldered-looking heads with but little neck at all, than formerly. A fine specimen of a musk-ox, from the hands of Professor Jasper, is given as an initial; the head is well modelled, a matter worthy of remark, as it is the general practice to neglect modelling in long-haired specimens. A very promising line of work is now in course of production by a young artist of the New York Museum of Natural History. A young camel is especially worthy of remark as showing the superficial anatomy of the animal beneath the soft woolly covering that completely envelops it. It remains, however, to say that even now, though undeniably great advances have been made in both, the improvements in taxidermy are, perhaps, after all, rather more in the direction of better mechanical appliances and processes than in really artistic results. The best work

"Chico."

(By Mr Rowley of the New York Museum of Natural History).

still lacks the look that nature has, of infinite plasticity and form. Enough attention is not yet paid to eliminating stiffness and a certain wooden formality from the posture and to reproducing that distinct connection and articulation of parts which, constituting the external anatomy of animals, indicates, in its entirety, the suggestion and possibility of every muscular motion of which the living animal is capable. Look at any mammal, your dog, for example, see how full of form or variation of surface is every fraction of a square inch upon his body—creases, wrinkles, projections, recesses, hollows, protuberances—all the natural symbols and expression of his natural movements and condition, and as indispensable a part of himself as his teeth or eyes. This is modelling, and this is what taxidermists have yet to add to the other excellences of their handiwork. In the best mounted mammals are to be found smooth, even, impossible spaces that give a hard, tight, stiff effect to the general make-up, and for which no attention to correct proportion of parts or mechanical finish can compensate. It makes no difference whether the specimen be represented as emaciated or in good condition, the modelling is as necessary in one case as the other. It is the lack of this that makes it possible for any competent artist to infallibly

distinguish between a photograph of a living animal and that of a stuffed specimen. Rather in their necessarily fixed and unalterable postures should all indications of possible motion be insisted upon, as they are by the best artists in sculpture and painting, to the verge of exaggeration, than reduced in extent or degree; for it is to such treatment more than to any other appurtenance of manipulation the taxidermist must rely to make his work look as if it lived and breathed. The taxidermist, unlike the sculptor or painter, can claim no allowance on account of the necessary limitations of his means of expression, or the material

with which he works; explicit statement rather than suggestion, reconstruction and not idealization is the aim and purpose of his work, and in its perfection it cannot stop short in anything but actual life and motion, of an absolute counterfeit of nature. There can be no impressionism in taxidermy. The mechanical difficulties in the way of such perfection are, I am assured, very great. The sculptor has but to give his plastic wax or clay the slightest touch, it yields and retains the impress of contact, but the fresh pelt, pulled, hammered, and moulded into shape by main force, shrinks in drying, and shrinking bridges over depressions and distorts delicate and careful modelling, especially about the mouth, eyes, and ears. No rapid or easy method has been invented to overcome this difficulty, and the taxidermist who produces the first specimen involving the subtle and perfect representation of external anatomy of a subject can scarcely expect to receive an adequate remuneration for his labor. Such a specimen, studied from life and exhibiting this last perfection of the craft, has been prepared at the New York Museum of Natural History. The subject is a rehabilitation in all his native ugliness of Chico, the largest ape ever brought alive into this country.

IN COLLUSION WITH FATE

By Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen

E. PERRY PEMBERTON, artist, connoisseur, and prosperous vagabond, was perusing the following letter, which he had just received from his sister, Mrs. Arlington, resident in New York :

“TUESDAY MORNING.

“DEAR BROTHER: Circumstances of a peculiarly detestable kind have conspired to deprive me of the European trip to which I looked forward with so much pleasure. And now I am worried to death at the thought of poor Valeria, who, as you know, is at school in Fontainebleau, and whom I cannot now bring home, as I had intended. Then it came to me as an inspiration, dear Perry, that you might take my place and spread your protecting masculine wing over the dear child, and convey her in safety across the Atlantic. As you are her own uncle, and her senior by no end of years, there could, of course, be no objection on the score of the proprieties. But the question is: Are you willing to ruffle the glossy plumage of your bachelor comfort ever so little for your sister's sake? I should dislike very much to give my daughter in charge of some German or English steamboat captain (the French, of course, are out of the question), and have her shipped across the great pond with her name and address on a label, sewed on the collar of her dress. I have known that to be done, and no harm resulting. But then there was no brother or other relative to appeal to, who might justly regard it as a reflection upon his own reputation for trustworthiness, if a stranger were preferred.”

There was a great deal more, the bearing of which upon the question at issue was a matter of feeling rather than of argument. Pemberton read and reread it with frowning attention. It annoyed and perplexed him. Was it a service which his sister asked of him, or was it a favor which she con-

ferred? As far as he could infer from her letter it was both. She had apparently started with the former assumption and ended with the latter. But from whatever point of view he chose to regard it, there was no denying that it was a serious affair. A handsome bachelor of thirty-one, self-absorbed, fastidious, and precise, with a taste for bric-à-brac—to whom his own peculiarities were matters of scientific interest—how could he undertake to chaperone a young lady across the Atlantic? He remembered his niece vaguely as a noisy and alarmingly enterprising child of twelve, who prided herself on various unfeminine accomplishments, such as taking headers, swimming on her back, treading water, riding bareback, etc.; and his general impression of her resolved itself into a fatigued resignation alternating with an uneasy apprehension as to what she was going to do next. He remembered that she had professed no great liking for him; and that he had cordially reciprocated her sentiments. That was six years ago, and of course six years are a long time in the life of a girl. Fontainebleau had, no doubt, polished her off and acquainted her with some of the arts of civilization. She was probably polyglot, odiously “smart,” and bent upon having a good time, regardless of European proprieties.

Pemberton, having viewed the subject from all possible sides, was strongly inclined to cable his sister some polite fiction, explaining his inability to comply with her request. He was in Ostend at the time, and though it was in the height of the season, he found the place mortally dull. The doll-like little villas on the *digue*, where ladies might be seen making their toilet in the full light of publicity, had ceased to interest him, and the eternally repeated promenade concert at the Cursaal, had become a positive affliction.

In an artistic way he had accomplished nothing of any consequence

since he left Rome, four months ago. He seemed to be suffering from fatigue of spirit; all the world wore a thick coating of dust, which dimmed its color and blurred its outline. That fresh distinctness of vision which he had brought with him from home, ten years ago, had become blunted, and the absence of any vigorous stimulus to effort had made effort increasingly difficult. He had undoubted talent; nay, he had been told by his Parisian master (who was a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of art) that he lacked but one qualification for becoming a great painter, viz., poverty. His father, who had never taken Perry's art seriously, had intended him to become a banker; and finding him after a brief trial to be of the stuff that bankers are not made of, transferred his paternal hopes and ambitions to his second son, and permitted the elder to drift as he pleased.

It was in deference to an inferred parental wish that he had gone to Harvard, and managed to leave behind him a not discreditable record at that famous seat of learning. He was the sort of man that without the least effort becomes extremely popular. Nay, his very indifference to the arts, which are supposed to be conducive to college popularity, testified to a superior kind of self-esteem, and made him seem a very desirable acquaintance. He was so well-dressed, so gentlemanly, and altogether the ideal friend to take home with you for the Easter vacation. His superb imperturbability might, at first glance, be mistaken for hauteur; but on closer acquaintance you soon discovered that he was neither conceited nor proud, but simply reserved. He liked to confer favors, and hated to accept them. He held himself, no doubt, to be a superior article, as men go; but that opinion implied no disdain of his neighbor who might be less happily circumstanced. There is always a danger in being too gently reared, in having life bolstered and cushioned for you from the very cradle; and I shall not maintain that Perry Pemberton, with all his fastidious refinements, was as robust a personality as he would have been if he had known the discipline of hardship.

It was in no agreeable frame of mind

that Perry walked up and down the *digue* at Ostend, considering the various aspects of the problem which his sister's letter had thrust upon him. It was all very well that the young lady was his niece; in whatever way he chose to regard her, she presented herself in the light of an embarrassment. What under the sun should he do with her during the two weeks that would elapse until the date for which he had engaged his passage? But, on the other hand, having engaged his passage for July, and having communicated this fact to his family, how could he, without the most brazen mendacity, wriggle out of an obligation which was so obvious, so rational, so inexorable? He might let the girl do as she liked, and merely exercise over her the lightest sort of avuncular supervision. He might kiss her good-morning and good-night, if she was so inclined, in token of the relationship; but it must be a strictly perfunctory avuncular kiss, destitute of all tender significance. He must treat her a trifle *de haut en bas*, so as to exclude undue familiarity, or perhaps with that humorous tolerance which he had extended to her in her pinafore period. At any rate, it began to dawn upon him that a *modus vivendi* might be established. The tangled skein began to unravel. And at the end of an hour he had composed a cablegram to Mrs. Arlington placing himself at her disposal, asking for instructions. To this a reply arrived the next day, requesting him to meet Valeria at Brussels, July 3d, at the Gare du Midi. He would have time enough, then, to arrange all details, and adjust himself to his novel situation. Truth to tell, the next week was considerably pervaded by the thought of Valeria; and there were moments when he regretted his rash generosity. However, there was no help for it now. The die was cast. He had crossed the Rubicon.

II

At 5 P.M. Pemberton found himself in the midst of an elbowing crowd at the Gare du Midi in the Belgian capital. It was the train from Paris

which was expected; and there were evidently a considerable number of Belgians, who on that day were returning from a jaunt across the border. There were scores of people who looked like parents expecting sons or daughters; and he had an impression that not a few resembled uncles sent to welcome embarrassing nieces. However, that may have been a mere delusion, conjured up by a bad conscience. For, to be frank, he wished his own niece at this moment in Jericho. The train came rolling in—not with the terrific clangor, snorting, and uproar of an American train, but with an unobtrusive and half-muffled rumble, so that Pemberton scarcely noticed that it was there, before he saw a multitude of passengers descending from the closed coupés which the guards were unloading. He pressed forward to intercept the young woman he was in search of; but for fully two minutes he stood staring helplessly, having scarcely the remotest idea of the style of lady he ought to look for. He remembered that Valeria Arlington was a dark-eyed brunette; and that she had two heavy braids hanging down her back. But might she not have discarded those braids, with her pinafores and short skirts, in which case he would have to trust to luck for her identification? He wished he had thought of asking for a recent photograph, or at least a description of her travelling costume.

There was a great commotion round about him. All sorts of tender demonstrations were in progress, and there was a perpetual running hither and thither of excited people, which was highly confusing. Then all of a sudden he saw a tall and beautiful young damsel rush toward him with extended arms, whereupon he found himself embraced and kissed with delightful girlish vehemence. "Oh, you dear uncle," she cried, with a sort of joyous tearfulness, "how glad I am to see you!"

Pemberton was about to assure her, as politeness required, that he heartily reciprocated her sentiments, when, as he disentangled himself from her embrace, a sudden chill stole over him. What did it mean? Could he be mistaken? The young lady was blond!

The idea shot through his brain that women possess the art of changing the color of their hair, and that his niece was scarcely to be condemned for disguising herself in accordance with the present fashion. But then—there were her eyes—the color of which he had always supposed to be fast. A horrible doubt seized him. Drawing back a step, he lifted his hat with extreme politeness to his charming assailant, who was now blushing furiously, and said:

"My dear young lady—pardon me—but I fear you have kissed the wrong uncle."

He spoke playfully, half wishing and even expecting to be refuted; but, to his unutterable dismay, the girl darted away from him as if she had been burned, and with lovely confusion faltered: "Are you—are you not—Mr. Carleton Humphrey, of Baltimore?"

"No; I wish on your account that I were, but unhappily I am Mr. Perry Pemberton, of New York."

The situation was getting simply unendurable. The less said of it the better. He had an insane impulse, which he promptly dismissed, to treat the matter lightly, and offer to return the kiss with which he had been wrongfully favored. But he saw in an instant that that would make the matter worse.

"If there is any reparation I can offer you," he began; but that, too, was obviously wrong; for she drew herself erect with chilling hauteur, and an angry tear trembled on her eyelashes. Presently he discovered a man of about his own age and size, and wearing a peaked blond beard, staring about him in a vaguely inquiring way, until he caught sight of the young lady, whereupon he walked rapidly up to her and said:

"Well, I suppose you are my niece Polly. Shouldn't have known you, by Jove; you've grown stunningly handsome."

"Yes, Uncle Will," she answered demurely and without the least demonstration of pleasure, "I am Polly. But you, too, have changed. I never should have recognized you."

"Well, *tempus fugit*. No help for that, my dear. But your aunt is wait-

ing for you at the hotel. Give me the receipt for your luggage."

They walked along the platform as they talked, and were soon out of hearing. Never once did Polly look about to give Pemberton a parting greeting or in any way relieve the weight of embarrassment which oppressed him. It was evident that she had not chosen to relate her adventure to her relative, or to explain to him how he came to be defrauded of the kiss of welcome, to which he was evidently entitled, and which it had been in her heart to give him.

Pemberton waited at the railway station until the last passenger had departed; and seeing no one who by any stretch of imagination could be presumed to be his niece, he returned in a much perturbed frame of mind to his hotel. There he found, on inquiry, that a telegram had arrived for him at noon, which by some one's negligence had failed to be delivered. It read as follows:

"Shall arrive by nine o'clock train. Do not fail to meet me."

"VALERIA."

Pemberton repeated to himself this odd message half a dozen times, as he strolled up and down the tessellated esplanade in front of the Hôtel de Flandre, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it. A certain disrespect seemed to be implied in the emphatic injunction to do what as a gentleman he could not very well omit doing. At nine o'clock he was in a less amiable frame of mind than he had been at five; but resolved to disguise the fact as far as possible. The train arrived on time; and as there were but a few scores of first- and second-class passengers, he had no difficulty in recognizing a tall bustling girl, with a flaring big hat, as the one addressed to him. She was accompanied by a little, dumpy, and vivacious Frenchwoman, who was spying anxiously about her, talking all the while with bewildering Gallic fluency. Pemberton lost no time in introducing himself to the two ladies and informing them that he had a carriage waiting for them. His niece, who was su-

perbly stylish and handsome, gave him her cheek to kiss, in the cool and perfunctory way adapted toward elderly relatives; and he had an impression that she was subjecting him to a rather critical inspection, and concluding with a sense of relief that he would pass muster. "This is my uncle, Mr. Pemberton, madame," she said in French to her companion; "Mr. Pemberton—Madame Bournouville."

Pemberton lifted his hat once more and executed an elaborate bow to the lady, who, he observed, was viewing him with marked approval. But as he had had no announcement of her coming he was at a loss to know what position to assign her. Was she a chance traveling acquaintance, or was she a teacher whom Mrs. Arlington, on second thought, had engaged to accompany her daughter and release him from his responsibility? If the latter hypothesis was correct he had, indeed, been most shabbily treated. But putting this grievance aside for future consideration, he promptly relieved the ladies of their shawl-straps and handbags and led the way to the carriage. A vague embarrassment possessed him, and apparently also Valeria; while Madame Bournouville was perfectly at her ease and poured out a stream of light talk about everything under the sun. "*Il est bien distingué, votre oncle,*" he heard the lady remark, *sotto voce*, to Valeria, as they mounted the stairs of the Hôtel de Flandre; "*il est tout-à-fait gentil-homme.*"

He was falling behind for fear of overhearing more complimentary comments, and had just reached the *entresol* (where he had engaged rooms for his charges) when he heard a girlish shriek of delight, and he saw Valeria rush into the arms of some one who responded with a shriek in the same key and a shower of enthusiastic kisses, "Why Polly Stanton—you dear old thing! How did you get here? How awfully, awfully glad I am to see you."

Then more embraces, more kisses, more shrill staccato ejaculations! There seemed to be just a suspicion of theatricals in the scene to Pemberton; and he fell discreetly still farther in the rear, with an acute sense of being *de*

troop amid all this noisy femininity. He could not suppress a vague annoyance and irritation. It seemed eminently proper that he should excuse himself, at least temporarily; he was stepping forward with this intention, when, behold! he found himself face to face with the lady whom, since five o'clock, he had vainly endeavored to dismiss from his memory. There was something of alarm—almost of hostility in her startled glance of recognition, while Valeria, with the blandness of ignorance, presented each to the other.

"Why, Polly, you must know my uncle, Mr. Pemberton," she cried with *empressment*; then turning to Pemberton, she proceeded in the same tone of exaggerated animation, "and you, Uncle Perry, you must know my dearest bosom friend, Miss Polly Stanton."

The young man stiffly raised his hat and stared at Miss Stanton in hard perplexity. He wished to leave to her the option of accepting or repudiating his acquaintance. There was a troubled intensity in the gaze she fixed upon him in return, as she made a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head, in response to his greeting. Then, with a creepy disappointment, he saw her draw back a couple of steps, struggling with an unconquerable embarrassment, and give Valeria her hand as if she were about to retreat. But when the latter with eyes full of puzzled reproach seemed at a loss to comprehend such a precipitate withdrawal, she paused and made a visible effort to master herself. With an air of recovered lucidity and composure she stepped forward again, and, with a charming little laugh, said:

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Pemberton; Valeria and I are, as you may perhaps have heard, chums at school; and you may imagine that we have discussed all our relatives, both near and remote."

"Then I may, perhaps, be so bold as to hope that you are not wholly unacquainted with me," he remarked, smiling down upon her flushed face.

It was far from his purpose to allude to the scene at the railway station; but she was in a sensitive frame of mind and seemed to ponder for an instant whether she ought not to take offence.

She was like a wary bird, ready to take flight at the least suspicious movement. His most vivid impression was that she was adorably young; yet she was neither awkward, self-conscious, fidgety, nor angularly youthful. There was a certain fine salubrity about her, a beautiful maidenly vigor, and barring her momentary perturbation, a great fund of warm and sweet womanliness. Her eyes, which were dark blue, with flame-like lines radiating from the pupils, seemed to have a quiet depth in them which gave hints of a charming personality. He had heard more than once, and as frequently endorsed, the remark that girls of eighteen are not individuals but merely specimens of the feminine gender. But he observed, while looking at Polly Stanton, how utterly crude and untenable such generalization was.

It is always a difficult thing for a man of thirty-one to talk naturally and without patronage or condescension to a young lady under twenty. The years somehow interpose invisible obstacles which he has perpetually to be climbing, or to run his head against, if he does not suspect them. And in the case of Pemberton and Miss Stanton, there was the ghost of that embarrassing incident which rose up between them and refused to be laid. He had kissed that lovely mouth. He could not get over that fact. The kiss yet burned upon his lips. And she—no matter how much she strove to get away from it—felt with a sense of outraged modesty that this stranger had held her in his arms, and she had bestowed upon him vehement caresses which only close blood-relationship warranted. She had not seen one of her own kin for so many years, that her joy had carried her away; and she had probably made a goose of herself. After her mother's death, six years ago, her father had sent her to the school at Fontainebleau, and as he had married again and had children by his second wife, she could well understand why he had not betrayed any anxiety to get her home. But now, as she had not only completed the course in the seminary, but (in order to perfect herself in a variety of accomplishments) had stayed

one year beyond, in the capacity of a "parlor boarder," her stepmother's ingenuity was no longer equal to inventing excuses for delaying her return. Her uncle Humphrey, her mother's brother, who had been spending the winter at Cannes, on account of his wife's health, had finally settled the matter by volunteering to pilot her across the Atlantic; and being himself childless, had declared his willingness to adopt her, if her father would relinquish all claim upon her. This her father had, however, hesitated to do, in spite of his wife's persuasions; and the matter was left in abeyance until some good reason could be found for deciding it one way or the other.

Valeria, who had a dim perception that something was wrong, put her arm about Miss Stanton's waist, and nodding to her uncle, dragged her toward the door of her room, which a bell-boy had opened; Pemberton, with a sense of ill-usage, and somewhat ruffled in spirit, remained behind, looking inquiringly at his hat, which he was holding in his hand.

III

PEMBERTON had abundant opportunity for becoming acquainted with his niece during a prolonged *tête-à-tête* in the railway coupé which conveyed them from Brussels to Ostend; and he had a further surfeit of her company on the steamboat which carried them to Dover, and the train which deposited them late in the afternoon in Southampton. It was perfectly irrational, of course, on his part, to hold Valeria responsible for Miss Stanton's disappearance, and yet he could not help thinking that there was some sort of collusion between them, and that they were privately having a little fun at his expense.

Madame Bournouville, whom they had left behind at Brussels, he learned, incidentally, was a faded gentlewoman who had once had a great salon, but was now teaching in the school at Fontainebleau. Mrs. Arlington had engaged her services for Valeria's chaperon to Brussels, paying her something over and above her expenses. And this led to a conversation on school-life in

general, during which Pemberton asked the sort of questions that one asks little girls, to all of which his niece responded with cheerful amplitude, while he lost himself in abstraction, starting up every now and then with a spasmodic effort to be agreeable. The fact was, he was in a fever to elicit some information regarding Miss Stanton; but he was quite ashamed of his interest in her, and lacked the courage to avow it. How lovely was her confusion when she discovered her mistake; how she quivered with a sense of outraged modesty; how adorably feminine was her ignoring of him afterward, and her flushed precipitancy to escape when chance again brought them together! He caught himself again and again in mentally reviewing the incident. It was imbecile, it was silly; it was unworthy of a grown-up man with a serious pursuit. But then, on the other hand, it had its artistic phase, too, which he might be capable of utilizing. He had never in his life received such a beautiful vivid impression of womanhood.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, on the day after their arrival in Southampton that Pemberton and his niece boarded the tug which took them alongside the great German steamer, the *Transylvania*, anchored in the outer harbor. Fully two hours were required to transfer the passengers, the mail-bags, and a mountain of baggage from the smaller to the larger vessel, and Pemberton, after having taken possession of his state-room, and installed Valeria in hers, seated himself on the upper deck, lighted a cigar and began to make desultory sketches of sailors and fellow-travellers. Presently the screw began to make some spasmodic, experimental revolutions, a slender steam escape began to hum with a strained, throbbing intensity; the gangway was hauled aboard, and the great, beautiful monster of a ship glided out to sea with majestic calm. It was a most impressive spectacle, and to Pemberton seemed every time to signalize afresh the last and highest triumph of man. There always seemed to him to be a more complex and imposing combination of the subtlest brain labor of generations in these marvellous marine structures than in

any other contrivance of human ingenuity or skill. He could never contemplate a ship like the *Majestic* or *Fürst Bismarck* without tacitly congratulating himself on being a man.

There was a great commotion on board. Among the hundred and fifty odd passengers who had embarked at Southampton a goodly number were engaged in finding their steamer-chairs, securing the best seats at the table, and experimentally asserting all sorts of rights with a ruthlessness which made their more civilized countrymen ashamed of them. Amid all this confusion and occasional uncaging of beasts, which on shore are rarely seen at large, Pemberton saw his niece making her way toward him with tear-stained face and a much perturbed manner.

"Why, Uncle Perry, I have hunted for you everywhere," she began in a key of high excitement, "and I could not find you."

"I have been sitting here sketching for at least half an hour."

"But, Uncle Perry, you surely engaged my state-room for me alone, didn't you?"

"I certainly did."

"Only think of it, there is a dreadful German woman there, who says she has engaged half of it—that is one berth—and she refuses to budge."

"There must be some mistake surely. I remember distinctly telegraphing for a whole state-room."

He rose with vague annoyance, shut up his sketch-book with a snap, and reflected within himself that nieces were not an unqualified blessing.

"Come, my dear," he said aloud, "we'll go to the chief steward and have this tangle straightened out."

She took his arm with girlish confidence and clung to it, while they gently pushed through the crowd. She was glad that she had a male protector of her own kin, and she was conscious of a vindictive gratification at the prospect of his energetic intercession in her behalf. But alas, he was destined again to disappoint her. His statement of the affair to the chief steward was exceedingly mild—so mild, in fact, that she had to interrupt it repeatedly with indignant exclamations. So far from

desiring to oust the intruder by summary process, he proposed to negotiate with her with a view to persuading her that she was a trespasser, as if she did not know that already! Valeria was ready to choke with wrath at such pusillanimous behavior, and she made the distance between Uncle Perry and herself as wide as possible when they returned to the deck pending the steward's decision. Truth to tell, Pemberton was acutely conscious of having fallen short of her expectations. He did not feel in the least heroic. But surely he could not invade a lady's state-room and forcibly eject her, even though she were a trespasser. With a somewhat troubled conscience he seated himself on a camp-chair outside one of the deck cabins and again hauled out his sketch-book, while Valeria, with startling suddenness, burst into tears.

"I suppose you—expect me to sleep—sleep—on deck—" she ejaculated between her sobs. "I ought to have known—that an old bachelor—like you—wouldn't care what—what became of me. What do you think—mamma will say, when she hears that you allowed—a horrid German woman—to take my state-room—state-room—away—from me—under your very nose?"

IV

PEMBERTON heaved a sigh, and swore inwardly a long, voluminous and satisfying oath; when there slowly defined itself to his vision a luminous figure which eclipsed the officer upon the bridge, the snorting engine, the shouting sailors—nay, sea and sky and the very daylight. For a moment he seemed to be having his head up in the rigging, and looking down upon her; but in the next instant he was standing up, with his eyes slightly above the level of hers, confronting Polly Stanton at his full height, with a sort of imperious inexorableness. He was not exactly surprised to meet her; it seemed so completely, so delightfully reasonable that she should be there, that he could only rejoice rather than wonder. Was it the intensity of his desire which had conquered the inertia of matter and forced her to follow him. "Miss Stanton,"

he said, lifting his hat, and ignoring her blushes, "you see it is useless to repudiate me. For five or six days, at least, you are my prisoner."

"Why, Mr. Pemberton," she responded, with a strained little smile, "I surely have no wish to repudiate you. And there is dear Valeria, too," she added, rushing forward, and embracing her friend, "how perfectly lovely to see you again, and how did it happen that you didn't tell me you had taken passage by the *Transylvania*?"

"I didn't know it myself," Valeria replied, pressing a handkerchief, done up into a ball, against her moist eyes.

"Nor did I know it," for that matter, Polly observed, "that is, not until I met Uncle Will in Brussels."

"I know you will think me horrid for saying so," Valeria remarked, pouting, "but I wish I had never seen the *Transylvania*."

"Why? Are you not comfortably fixed?"

"No, I am most detestably fixed."

Valeria hastened to relate the tale of her woes, with dramatic touches and decorations, and a fresh burst of tears seemed imminent, when Pemberton, being consumed with a desire to talk with Polly Stanton, made an effort to stop her. But she would take no hints, and relentlessly persevered. Then it was that Polly was suddenly seized with a luminous idea.

"Why, Valeria," she cried in glee, "how perfectly lovely! I have a whole state-room to myself—and it is a deck cabin too. You are welcome to half of it."

"Polly," exclaimed her friend in ecstatic accents, "you are simply an angel! You are perfectly grand."

Then followed a little interlude of protestations, asseverations, and affectionate gabble, which ended (as was foreseen by both from the beginning) with Valeria's acceptance of Polly's offer. The German lady was left in undisputed possession of her usurpations, and two passing waiters were pressed into service to transfer Valeria's movable property to her new and highly desirable abode.

Pemberton would have liked to retard the speed of the *Transylvania* as

she ploughed her way at the preposterous rate of sixteen knots an hour through the shining waters of the British Channel. He wished he had taken the slowest Dutch steamer at Rotterdam—if Miss Stanton were but his fellow-passenger—or even a sailing ship, where they might have had six spacious weeks at their disposal. He had no very great confidence in his powers as a charmer. He was a fairly good-looking man, and fairly well placed in the world, but as a compensating disadvantage he accounted his lack of dexterity, lack of feminine experience, and his comparative inconspicuousness as an artist. He had never painted with his heart's blood; his works had never sprung warm and throbbing out of his own experience. They had been more or less clever, superficial observations which he had caught on the wing and transferred with a good deal of point and dash to his canvasses. Could a young girl of eighteen, presumably ambitious and romantic, be expected to take an interest in a man who had crawled so noiselessly, so listlessly, across his thirtieth meridian, and now was sauntering at the same leisurely pace toward his thirty-fifth?

He had not yet found any probable response to this query, when, at the end of an hour, Miss Stanton reappeared on deck, in a new and exceedingly becoming costume. She wore a blue sailor cap, with the German imperial crown above the visor, a blue cloth dress, very high in the neck, a silver dog-collar, and dark russet leather shoes which were neat and delightfully sophisticated. There was something marvellously fresh and alluring in the free and graceful way her head was set upon her shoulders, and simply ravishing was the effect of her neck and chin above the dim lustre of the silver collar. The light ulster, which was cut to the figure, had two very mannish pockets, and flapped in the breeze when Polly began her brisk walk up and down the deck, turning the corners of the smoking cabin with an abruptness and despatch which were distinctly nautical. She was presently joined by her uncle, Mr. Humphrey, who was attired from head to foot in coarse, grayish-brown tweed,

of the most perfect fit. His cap matched his clothes, and his mustache very nearly matched his cap. He was artistically complete, single eye-glass, slight stoop, British drawl, and the rest. No one but an Englishman could possibly have mistaken him for an American. When Valeria presently came on deck, in equally stunning toggery, Pemberton was moved in pure self-defence to get up and promenade with her in the opposite direction. The two girls nodded gayly to each other when they met, and the two gentlemen, after having passed and repassed each other half a dozen times, could scarcely escape being confronted and subjected to an introduction. Both submitted with good grace, shook hands with glacial formality, and grunted some polite assurances, which sounded like vague subterranean rumbles, indicating that all was not peaceful within. The fact was, the two gentlemen took a violent dislike to each other at first sight. But Pemberton feasted his vision upon Polly's loveliness, as she stood there so bright, clear-eyed, and touchingly inexperienced, with her fair bloom and her sweet, alert look, listening to their interchange of courteous platitudes. He would cheerfully have endured the Humphreys, for the sake of the impression he received, newly aroused, whenever he saw her, of such pure, unspoiled girlishness, such rosy suffusion of hope and health, such placid equipoise of mind and body. There is a jealousy in the masculine creature which resents even the suspicion of a predecessor in the affection of the beloved one, and there was to Pemberton something deeply comforting in the thought that Polly had spent six years within the cloistered walls of a French seminary.

It seemed an enviable lot, indeed, to be the first to arouse this slumbering soul, to awaken all the beautiful sentiments that now lay curled up like pale petals in the bud, unconscious of their wealth and warmth of color.

V

I do not believe that any Ariel could frame more favorable conditions for courtship than those of a great ocean

steamer. You are reduced to a sort of paradisaical isolation with the girl who attracts you. You are detached from your environment; the great world has receded out of sight and out of hearing, and the vast blank of sea and sky has, somehow, the effect of projecting you and her against the background of eternity. Though she be as shy as a wren and as retiring as an oyster, she becomes, with every day that passes, a more absorbing phenomenon from whom there is no escape. You have no choice but to meet her twenty times a day, and fate takes a cruel pleasure in thwarting your half-hearted designs to eschew the desired rendezvous. The rest of the ship's company fade into insignificance; you do not see them, or you see them through the small end of a telescope. They have no sort of reality to you, and their uncharitable comments on your behavior, which you suspect, are to you matters of sublime indifference. You begin to realize why Adam could not in that gloriously empty world have escaped falling in love with Eve, and what serious consequences would have resulted if he had resisted her attractions.

Perry Pemberton passed through all these moods, and a dozen more, during the first day of his sojourn on the Transylvania. He had fallen completely under the spell of Polly Stanton's eyes. He knew that he was furnishing a spectacle, and an amusing one, to his fellow-passengers, and he swore to himself that he would play whist in the smoking cabin all the afternoon, and take no moonlight walks on deck in the evening; but when he caught glimpses of various odious young men hovering about Polly, he would suddenly forget what was trumps and make his partner tear his hair. While Valeria made indiscriminate acquaintances, and was no less interested in the young man who was travelling for a Massachusetts shoe house doing a business of two million and a half a year, by George! than in the Honorable Algernon Clavering, the brother of Lord Bullerton, Polly strictly confined the area within which her sweetness shone, and was gratifyingly arctic outside of that delightfully tropical zone. But to Pemberton, though

he was himself a dweller in the sunny clime of her favor, her tropical zone was much too populous to suit his taste. There was first the Honorable Algernon, not to speak of two Yale youths, who were so young that they did not even suspect how young they were. They could talk nonsense with a joyous grace which made Pemberton wither with envy, and when Polly laughed at their sophomoric wit, as she was constantly doing, he could have strangled them with enthusiasm. For her laugh had never that gay and hearty ring when he told her his studio jokes, or related the last brilliant saying of Gérôme or Bouguereau or Detaille. He did have some enchanting moonlight promenades with her, during one of which she permitted him the discreetest little peep behind the curtain of her private relations. Her father's second marriage; her stepmother's youth and beauty; her small, unknown brother and sister, etc., were lightly touched upon, as if they were the most natural things in the world, and not the remotest chance did she afford him to expend any sympathy upon her. For all that, he more than suspected the tumult of feeling which her placid exterior concealed. Though no word of hers would have justified the inference, he fancied that she looked forward with more dread than pleasure to the meeting with the new Mrs. Stanton, and he disliked that lady quite cordially, and felt her intrusion into the family to be unwarranted. He was by no means superstitious; but there was yet a sort of fascination to him in the thought that the kiss which she had given him had established an airy bond between them; that it had a prophetic significance and gave him a claim upon her confidence. Wherever she went, however long she lived, she could never wholly destroy the subtle tie which bound them together. Again and again he caught a swift, strange glimpse in her eye of a similar consciousness on her part. Though she appeared to have utterly forgotten it, he had a conviction that she was no less intensely conscious of this kiss than he was, and by a half fantastic reasoning he persuaded himself that she also recognized the ethereal

claim which he lacked the courage to assert.

During the first three days of the voyage the weather had been delightful. Late in the afternoon of the fourth day a sudden damp chill pervaded the atmosphere, and a gray wall of fog, which for a full hour seemed to be stationary on the northern horizon rolled its fleecy sheet out over the ocean. The ship went at half speed; the distressing fog-whistle began to blow, and blue and red lanterns were swung from the spars and the mastheads. In the saloon the passengers were amused by an exhibition of living pictures, in the arrangement of which Pemberton easily outstripped the Honorable Algernon and the Yale youths, while Polly, variously draped in plain and gorgeous garments, represented a Spanish Infanta by Velasquez, the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, and a Dutch market-woman by Van Ostade. She looked ravishing behind the gauze in whatever guise he chose to exhibit her, and as his draping was exceedingly effective, his partiality was humorously and not maliciously commented upon. Valeria and half a dozen other ladies were likewise pressed into service as Madonnas, Judiths, Dianas, and what not, and an equal number of men posed as Mars, Moses, St. Peter, St. John, and other pagan and Christian dignitaries. The success of the entertainment was most pronounced, and everybody went to bed a little after midnight in an animated frame of mind and with Pemberton's praises on their lips. Perry himself retired in the most preposterously light-hearted mood to his state-room, and repeatedly surprised himself, while undressing, by bursting into unmelodious song. He had kissed Valeria good-night, simply because he had to kiss somebody, and Valeria had asked him, half reproachfully (though not *à propos* of the kiss), why, if he could be so enchanting, he did not choose to let his amiability shine before men a little oftener. That query gave him a good deal to think of, and he resolved in future to be less chary of his favor, less haughtily aloof, less condescending and more matured, as it were, with the milk of human kindness. With this laud-

able resolve he turned off the electric light, stretched himself out in his narrow bunk, and was soon peacefully slumbering, in spite of the hoarse screams of the fog-whistle.

VI

HE did not know how long he had slept when he was awakened by a heavy thud, followed by a tremulous shock, as if something was scraping along the sides of the ship. Then came a moment, that deadly alarming silence produced by the stopping of the machinery. Then a wild piercing shriek of terror. Pemberton leaped out of bed, stepped into his slippers and flung his big ulster about him. In the hall he ran against a young woman in the lightest of negligés who clutched him desperately, and with a white face asked him if they had struck an iceberg, and implored him to assure her that there was no danger, and then, before he could give any sort of reply, hurried up the stairs to the saloon. Pemberton, remembering that Valeria and Polly occupied a deck cabin, rushed after her, encountering on the way scores of white wraiths of the elegant people from whom he had parted in the best of spirits an hour ago. Some of the ladies were crying, but most of them seemed half-stupefied with dread, and ran aimlessly to and fro, wringing their hands in agony, stopping this one and that one to ask senseless questions. He heard the word "iceberg" again and again, and there is no denying that it sent a shiver down his spine. But he had, nevertheless, perfect command of himself, and was, barring an inward numbness, much calmer than would have been expected.

On deck there was an ominous stillness, except for the sound of axes and the same aimless running to and fro, as if everybody had lost his head, and were merely moving because of the impossibility to stand still. Orders had been given to lower the life-boats; but as the painted ropes were too stiff to slide through the pulleys they were being cut, and two officers were shouting the names of the crew of each boat, summoning them for service. Through the

dense darkness Pemberton groped his way to deck cabin No. 8, and to his astonishment found it locked. He thumped on the door with all his might, and presently heard a frightened voice asking what he wanted. "There has been an accident," he replied in his coolest accents; "dress as quickly as you can, and come out."

He had scarcely uttered the words when Valeria tore open the door, and both girls, wrapped in long, fur-lined cloaks, came rushing out. They clutched him one by each arm, and shivering with cold and with terror stood staring helplessly into his countenance.

"Are we—are we—going to the bottom, Uncle Perry?" asked Valeria, with chattering teeth.

"I don't know," he answered; "I wish I did."

Through the dense fog there came a strange, wild yell, which seemed to cleave the fog like a knife and float away over the ship.

"Why, that came from the sea," cried Pemberton; "it's not an iceberg we have struck, but a ship."

"O God—O God," moaned Valeria, wringing her hands, "*what shall we do?*"

"Let us find out," began Polly bravely; but the rest of her sentence stuck in her throat, and it was with a piteous break in her voice that she finished, "what it is best to do."

"I am not sure that anything we could do would be of the least use," Perry responded, drearily, "unless," he added, more cheerfully, "we try to find out what our chances are of looking at to-morrow's sun."

"Yes, let us do that," said Polly, in a strained whisper. It seemed suddenly to him as if she were crying to him out of a deep and dark abyss, and for the first time he realized with an icy shudder what the next minutes might bring. With a horrible benumbing force the sense of his own helplessness overwhelmed him. Though the wind was not high, the wild gusts that swept with a fierce hum through the rigging gave him an impression of a mighty, uncontrollable fury, that filled the vast vault of the sky, and might in the next

instant engulf the ship, and all that it contained. There was something awful in the thought of the cold chasm which he felt with little rippling shudders yawning beneath his feet.

Fully five minutes had now passed, two of the life-boats were launched, but he could not observe that the ship lay deeper in the water, nor did it careen, but kept tossing with a terrible, listless monotony on the heavy ground-swell. The cries in the water sounded like feeble child voices that were blown skyward and were lost; and they seemed more and more distant.

"Let us go forward and find out something definite," said Perry, suddenly rousing himself as from a hideous trance. He drew his breath vehemently, and strove to dispel a vague, aching contraction in the region of his heart. Putting his arm about Valeria's waist, and then, without further ado, also about Polly's, he pushed his way through the crowd in the steerage. The deck seemed to rise before his feet and he had no sensation of touching it, except by a benumbed shock, which the contact caused. People ran against them, and would have knocked them down, if he had not with the same ruthlessness knocked against them. The captain's great voice rang through the fog; but it was not reassuring. A score of frightened women in night-dresses, with shawls and plaids flung over their shoulders, were pressing in a shivering group about the purser, who shook his head dismally but could give no information. After many collisions, entailing bumps and bruises, Pemberton reached the forward hatch, where there was a clear space, with a dim lantern swinging from the foreyard. "Here is where we struck," he said, with forced calm; "if we can open this hatch we can look into the forward compartment. If it is not full of water there is no danger."

He released the two girls, and stooping down was about to pull up the hatch, when a strange pulsating sound struck his ear, and again that fierce gusty resonance swept through the air above him. His knees shook, and he felt wilted in his very marrow. Savagely he braced himself to overcome a dis-

position to shiver. He scarcely dared to lift the hatch. That dull pulsation could only mean that the water was pouring in. But through the cold whirlwind that threatened to sweep him off his feet, he seemed to feel the warm, trustful gaze of the young girl, to whom his show of energy was so deeply comforting. With a mighty pull he tossed the hatch aside—when, lo, two ship carpenters, each carrying a lantern and an axe, appeared on the ladder below, and thrust their heads out of the opening.

"Are we going down?" asked Pemberton, clenching his teeth quickly, lest they should chatter.

"No; we cut her clean in two," replied one of the men in German; "luckily she was a rotten old hull; scarcely a scratch did she give us."

"No water in the compartment?"

"Look for yourself."

The two carpenters stepped down a couple of rungs and held their lanterns at arms' length. Pemberton descended behind them, and observed with an intense relief that the compartment was dry though in the wildest confusion. The trunks which had been piled high along the walls had been knocked helter-skelter, by the force of the collision, and the contents of many were strewn over the floor. The reaction from the intense strain was so sudden that it almost unnerved him. His head was in a whirl, and the ladder swayed under his feet, as he rushed up on deck and seizing both Polly's hands cried out:

"There's not a drop of water there. There is no danger!"

Scarcely had he uttered the joyous words when the girl fell forward, fainting, and he had just time to catch her in his arms or she would have plunged down the hatchway. Valeria, who had sunk down upon a coil of rope, wept silently, while the wind blew her hat across her face.

"Why, Uncle Perry," she cried, suddenly, as the carpenters with their lanterns passed in front of her, "Polly's foot is bleeding."

Pemberton begged the men for the loan of one of the lanterns, and discovered with amazement that the girl, who yet lay unconscious in his arms, was

barefooted. She had lost her slippers in the crowd, and in her excitement scarcely felt the wound which some iron-heeled boot or sharp tool had inflicted. She lay pale and limp as he carried her back through the surging crowd to her own state-room. There he placed her upon the lounge, and left her to Valeria's care, while he hastened out to assure the passengers of their safety.

"There is no danger," he cried at the top of his voice; "I have just been in the forward compartment and there is not a drop of water coming in!"

He became instantly the centre of an eager group of ladies, some of whom in their delight could scarcely be restrained from embracing him. Again and again he repeated the welcome message, and dishevelled women, young and old, in all stages of disarray, with an utter disregard of the proprieties, clung about him and wept on his shoulders, in the mere need to give utterance to their overcharged emotions. Among the envious spectators he observed Humphrey, who was sitting in a state of semi-collapse on a sofa, glowering at him with a morose scowl, and Sir Algeron, who, with tumbled hair and arrayed in a gorgeous dressing-gown, was pacing up and down crying, derisively: "By Jove—ah! by George—ah!"

There could be no thought of sleep after such an excitement. Pemberton, disentangling himself from his tender persecutors, hurried to his state-room, where he completed his toilet, and betook himself thence to deck cabin No. 8, which was now brightly illuminated. In response to his knock he was told that Polly was all right, and that both ladies would join him as soon as they were dressed. In less than ten minutes they appeared, clothed and in their right minds, though a trifle pallid, tremulous, and distraught. The second officer met them with the assurance that there was no cause for alarm, and they thanked him as cordially as if they had had no previous information. The life-boats were now returning, having picked up all the survivors from the wrecked vessel, and the passengers leaned out over the bulwarks in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the

rescued men. It took a good while before the boats could heave alongside, and then fully fifteen minutes of shouting and swearing before anyone mounted the gangway-ladder. Then seven men, all except two in their night-clothes, came crawling up the steps, dripping wet and shivering with cold. Presently the machinery of the Transylvania began to rumble experimentally; the screw resumed its grateful throbbing, and the big ship ploughed its westward way under a full head of steam.

Never had Pemberton been more exuberantly happy than he was that night, groping his way through the populous dusk with Polly clinging so trustfully to his arm; Valeria, with rare intelligence, had excused herself, and was promenading with one of the Yale youths, who talked sport and boasted of his noble score from the foot-ball field. Polly and Pemberton viewed them with benevolent superiority. There was a sort of glorious, snug privacy in their own relation, and they were so blissfully indifferent to all the cackling crowd that surged to and fro, noisily discussing the catastrophe. They seemed so close to each other; and so complete was their mutual understanding that speech seemed superfluous. He knew, of course, that unless she chose to regard it in the same light, this community of intimate experiences gave him no claim upon her which he could confidently assert, but he felt in the very pressure of her hand upon his arm a vague assurance that she did so regard it, that she saw in the hints of destiny the same happy augury that shed its glamour over his future.

They were in the midst of a murmured monosyllabic conversation, and Pemberton was proclaiming himself thrice blessed in having so sweet a face to gaze upon, though only intermittently, as they passed a chance lantern or illuminated doorway. He had to combat all sorts of affectionate impulses which rose imperiously within him, and, truth to tell, Polly, possessed by the same uncontrollable mood, did not seem to be at pains to second his laudable endeavors. For there was a cooing softness in her speech, which was

simply distracting, and a warm radiance in her glances which neither fog nor darkness could obscure. They were just hovering on the verge of tender avowals when they were abruptly confronted by the second officer, who seized Pemberton by the lapel of his coat and asked him if he understood Italian.

"The fact is, he said," the skipper of the bark we ran down—it was the Vittorio Emanuele of Palermo—is in the captain's cabin, and he is going on like mad, cursing and howling, and none of us can understand a word of what he is saying. The captain demands a sworn declaration of him as to exactly what happened, and how the accident occurred, before he has time to concoct a story and confer with his mate. It is therefore of the utmost importance to find two passengers who understand Italian, who can act as witnesses and interpreters."

Pemberton, being thus ruthlessly buttonholed, was in the plight of the Wedding Guest in "The Ancient Mariner," "who could not choose but hear." He gave himself up to reluctant meditation. He could not deny that he understood Italian and he therefore had to admit it.

"But where are you going to get your second witness?" he asked, dimly hoping that a second witness might not be found.

"Perhaps—perhaps—the lady there is competent," cautiously suggested the officer.

And to Pemberton's amazement Polly chirruped, with the greatest promptitude:

"Yes; I am at your service."

"You speak Italian?"

"Yes. I've spent two winters in Rome; I speak it quite fluently."

VII

THE captain's cabin was magnificently upholstered and decorated with marine charts, telescopes in leather cases, compasses, and other instruments. Upon his desk stood framed photographs of his wife and children. It was but fitting that the commander of so large a ship should be a large man. His blond,

slightly puffed, and weather-beaten face had something of the heaviness of that of a St. Bernard dog; while the swarthy, wild-eyed Italian, who stood opposite to him, was lean, wiry, and savagely alert like a tiger-cat. The captain rose with cumbrous marine gallantry as Polly entered, offered his chair to her, and gave Pemberton a seat at his side on the sofa. The Italian skipper, who had thrown a borrowed military cloak over his wet underclothes, stood gnashing his teeth and glaring suspiciously at everyone who entered. The second officer seated himself at Polly's side at the desk, apologized for incommoding her, and seizing a pen nodded to the captain.

"What is your name?" asked the latter, addressing the skipper.

Pemberton repeated the question in Italian, and received in reply a torrent of angry expostulations, which he did not translate. After a conciliatory colloquy of five minutes he was able to report that his name was Eltore Cherubino.

A number of questions were asked, each of which seemed to arouse the wrath of the excitable Italian, and Pemberton had need of all his diplomacy to pacify him and elicit intelligible replies. He ventured to suggest to the German captain that he permit the unfortunate man to put on dry clothes before proceeding with the investigation, and he offered to lend him what he needed from his wardrobe. But he received a curt refusal.

"If he will answer my questions plainly, I will be done with him in five minutes," the Teuton declared; "and I will myself supply clothes both to him and his men. I have a great responsibility to bear; there will be a trial in New York, and I will not give him time to invent a false but plausible story."

The interrogation was accordingly continued. It turned largely upon the question whether the sunken vessel had complied with the marine regulations with regard to lanterns and other precautions against accident. The Sicilian stoutly maintained that he had; but on cross-examination, he was tripped up, contradicted himself, and grew terribly excited.

"You ran me down," he cried, shaking a threatening forefinger in the direction of his antagonist. "I saw your big ship loom out of the fog and bear right down upon me. I commanded hard a-port, and I would have slipped by under your stern, when you turned hard a starboard and cut my ship in two."

"I had no choice," the German captain replied, sternly. "You would not have slipped by under our stern, but you would have struck us squarely a little below midships; and I could not take the risk of that. I have fifteen hundred human lives on board; you had seventeen. I did run you down; because if I had not, you would have run me down."

Pemberton found it very hard work to translate this ferocious candor into the soft vowels and liquid consonants of Boccaccio's speech. The perspiration burst out upon his brow, and he halted repeatedly as he watched the effect of each word upon the fiery southerner. To his surprise, when he came to the comparison between the seventeen and the fifteen hundred lives, the Italian flung himself across a chair and burst into passionate weeping.

"Ah, *Gioconda mia*," he cried, with piteous sobs; "*carissima! Emorta, nel onda frigida. Oime oimè! Poverella mia!*"

Pemberton, while he tried to comfort the poor man, could not but feel a trifle awkward. *Gioconda* was his wife, it appeared, and she was making her first voyage with him from Messina to New York, when the disaster occurred.

Polly was so moved by the wildly melodious lamentations that she was unable to restrain her tears, and let them course freely down her cheeks. To Pemberton this ready sympathy was so beautiful and shed such a lovely light upon Polly's character, that he became half unnerved and was not indisposed to drop a few tears of his own upon the memory of the dead *Gioconda*. The captain sat square and explosive, with a little spark of irritation smouldering in his eye, waiting for this emotional interlude to come to an end. Cherubino who, in spite of the violence of his grief, perceived that the situation had changed in his favor, half rose from

the chair upon which he had been lying, and appealing with an eloquent gesture to Pemberton, burst forth:

"You have a heart, signore! I see by your face that you have a heart. How would you feel, if your own beautiful wife there were drifting about, dead, among the horrible sharks, that will devour her lovely body?"

Pemberton made a prompt effort to stop him; but, heeding no interruption, he continued, vehemently:

"You love your beautiful wife! So did I love mine. She was only twenty-two years old. I see your sweet lady shedding tears for my sake——"

"Stop," cried Pemberton, putting his hand upon his arm; "no more of that! If you have finished the examination," he continued, addressing the captain, "will your secretary kindly read the declaration, and Miss Stanton and I will both affix our signatures?"

He glanced at Polly while he spoke, and saw the blood mount to her cheeks, until her face and neck were suffused with the deepest scarlet. Her eyes, in their effort to avoid his, were roaming about the room, and at last were fixed in painful confusion upon the floor. He was troubled and grieved, yet he could do nothing to relieve her embarrassment. It was a shock to him, to observe how she writhed under the imputation of being his wife. He had fancied that there was an understanding between them—that she had met his advances, not unkindly. But perhaps he was mistaken, she might have regarded him in the light of a passing acquaintance, and indulged in a little steamboat flirtation for her own amusement.

Cherubino, dumfounded by the peremptoriness of Pemberton's tone, lapsed into a moody silence, and stood glowering at the captain as if he would like to spring at his throat. The minutes were read and found to be correct, and the signatures were attached, testifying to the accuracy of the translation.

When the two witnesses, after having been thanked for their services, stepped out into the passageway, the sky was clear and the stars shimmered brightly upon the vast nocturnal vault. Except the officer on the bridge and the look-

out in the mast, not a soul was to be seen. The passengers had flocked to the saloon, where an improvised meal was being served, and the promenade deck was deserted. There was something festal and solemn in the stillness. The pulsation of the machinery was like the beating of a great heart, that was felt rather than heard. It pervaded but did not break the silence. Grand, inexpressibly grand, seemed the huge ship, as it glided through the night, with its strong and steady motion, a little world by itself, carrying so precious a cargo of human lives with their hates and loves, indolence and ambition, aspiration and despair.

It was long before Pemberton could find speech for the emotions which throbbed within him. He had resolved to postpone his proposal until he had made the acquaintance of Polly's family, and could in due form apply to her father for her hand. But now the feeling was forced upon him that he should, in that case, lose her altogether. He must speak now, or the chance would never be his again. He was quivering in every nerve with the sense of what the Italian skipper had been saying. Polly, strange to say, was no less agitated than he, but the blush upon her cheek, which the clear dusk could not hide, was not yet free from embarrassment. The strong and bracing air and the vastness of the sky above calmed and soothed her. She was walking at his side with downcast eyes all aglow with the delicious sense of loving and being loved. She was in no haste to precipitate the declaration. There was something in the unspoken assurance which was so delightful that she would have liked to hold it fast, linger over it—extort its last drop of sweetness.

The watch on the forecastle rang four bells, and a voice somewhere above them chanted: "All is well."

Lovers will catch at a straw. That melodious voice out of the night seemed to Pemberton a good omen.

"Miss Stanton," he said, placing himself squarely in front of her, "it is no use denying it. I am in collusion with Fate. You cannot escape me."

I do not know what Polly answered; nor am I sure that she answered at all.

"That kiss which I—I mean—which you but placed sealed my fate—and I hope yours. Polly, from that moment until this, I have only had one wish and that is that you loved me as much as I love you."

"How much is that?" Polly was tempted to ask; but the spirit of mischief was swept away by a stronger emotion. Her face, as it was turned up to him, with its parted lips and the gentle glow in the dilated eyes, looked ineffably sweet. He seized it between his hands and kissed her. A little shiver shook her frame. Her breath seemed to come and go tremulously between her lips.

"I knew it had to come," she murmured, as he drew her softly into his arms. "I knew it from the first moment! It was all on account of that mistake," she added, with comical perplexity, as they sauntered toward the entrance to the saloon. "I knew it would be no use trying to correct it."

"It is vain to kick against Fate," Pemberton responded, with a happy laugh. "I verily believe that the collision, the fainting fit, and the Italian skipper's blunder were all incidents of the same conspiracy which has given me the loveliest girl in the world to have and to hold forevermore."

"I beg your pardon," Polly interposed, with a menacing light in her eyes.

"Why?"

"The fainting fit——"

"Oh! I beg yours a thousand times. I meant—the wounded foot."

SOME PORTRAITS OF J. M. W. TURNER

By Cosmo Monkhouse

For a man who had the greatest objection to have his portrait taken, and who, notwithstanding the interest he took in photography during the last years of his life, was never photographed, Turner has left a good many portraits behind him. Fortunately his dislike to be taken came upon him, or came upon him more strongly, in his later years. The very early portraits which belong to Mr. Ruskin and myself, and that in the National Gallery, at about the age of twenty-seven, show that up to this date he had no great objection to the perpetuation of his features. An unfinished sea-piece in the possession of Sir J. C. Robinson, of about the same date, contains an unmistakable likeness of himself, very like the oil portrait in the National Gallery. Belonging to the same period, that is before he was over thirty, possibly before he was over twenty-five, are two pencil sketches in the British Museum, said to be by Charles Turner, the celebrated engraver, and also the portrait by George Dance. But in addition to these portraits of the period 1790-1802, there is another which would exceed all the rest in interest if it could only make good all its pretensions. This is a life-size oil-picture of a young man, belonging to Mr. C.

Wentworth Wass, the well-known engraver and connoisseur, who presides over the Fine Art Section of the Crystal Palace. He himself has been a life-long student of art, and has engraved a portrait of Turner (that by John Linnell, to which we shall come presently), so that his opinion in the

matter is not lightly to be set aside; but this opinion has been fortified, and that in the most formal and unmistakable manner, by Professor Ruskin, who, after having seen it more than once, and examined it with great care, gave voluntarily to Mr. Wass the accompanying written statement of his opinion:

"The portrait shown me to-day by Mr. Wass is, I have no doubt, a painting of Turner when young by himself, and is of extreme interest to me, though slighter in work than the one in the National Gallery; for that very reason seeming to give, in all probability, the truest image extant of the man at that time of his life.

(Signed) "JOHN RUSKIN."

Unfortunately this portrait differs considerably from the portrait by himself in the National Gallery, and that by Dance, both of which represent a man of about the same age. Mr. Wass assigns to it the date of 1797, or when Turner was twenty-two; that by Dance is three years later than this, and according to the catalogue of the National Gallery the portrait there was painted about 1802. Mr. Wass's portrait is of a handsome young man, with fresh complexion and fine, large, blue eyes; the hair is light and wavy,

trained over the forehead, a characteristic of nearly all Turner portraits; the mouth is full but well-shaped, the jaw square, and the nose straight without a trace of a high bridge. The portrait has the air of a man of breeding and fashion, confident but unaffected, and not at all like the slatternly and unstylish individ-

Turner at the Age of Sixteen (1791).

From a water-color miniature by himself in the possession of Cosmo Monkhouse.

lover's arguments were employed in vain; and Turner left her in bitter grief, declaring that he would never marry, and that his life henceforth was hopeless and blighted."

Now, if all this be true, and this be the very portrait which he left the unknown Miss —— as a pledge of his affection and constant image of his absent self, its interest would be extreme. Here we should have the young genius with his best clothes (nay his very best face) on, using all his art (and it must be remembered that he worked for a little while in the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds) to please his mistress, intensifying the depths of his blue eyes, concealing the too obtrusive bridge of his nose, making himself look as tall and gallant as possible. It is to be regretted that Mr. Wass failed to extract from its last possessor, a Devonshire clergyman, anything very precise as to its history, and we fear that there is no link of positive evidence to connect this picture with the girl that Turner "left behind him" at Margate. It was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888,

Turner as a Young Man
From a pencil sketch in the British Museum.

ual we see in the National Gallery portrait. The painting, if slight, is extremely dexterous; the elaborate costume, with its voluminous and carefully-tied neck-cloth, the many-buttoned shirt front and many-buttoned waistcoat, are touched in a masterly manner. I can find nothing in it which clearly identifies it as Turner's handiwork, but on such a point Professor Ruskin's opinion will be considered decisive by many persons. It would go far to meet the difficulties of accepting the portrait as a self-likeness of Turner, if we also accepted the theory that it is the very portrait mentioned by Thornbury, in the fourth chapter of his "Life" of the artist, as having been painted for Turner's first love. Unfortunately the history of this first love is very shadowy, but Thornbury states that he heard it from one who heard it from relatives of the lady to whom she told it. All that can be gathered from Thornbury's account is, that Turner fell in love with the sister of one of his school-fellows at Margate, and that at some time not stated, but probably about 1796 or 1797, vows having been exchanged, the artist went off on a tour. His letters were intercepted, and when two years afterward he came to claim her, he found her on the eve of her marriage with another. We are assured by Thornbury that "Entreaties and oburgations were unavailing; all a

'A Sweet Temper'
From a pencil sketch in the British Museum

and at the New Gallery (Victorian Exhibition) in 1891-92. In spite of all doubts the dream is too pleasant to be dismissed without a struggle, and if it lacks confirmation Mr. Wass has still a beautiful picture, and Mr. Ruskin's authority for asserting that it is a genuine portrait of Turner by himself, at about the age when the artist's affections are said to have been blighted for the first time.

No doubt a change came over the man in his early manhood. The pencil sketches ascribed to Charles Turner and the portrait by Dance all testify that there was a time when Turner was a good-looking youth, and not a little of a dandy, careful of his costume and the dressing of his hair. He might well have been proud of himself, for he was generally regarded as the first landscape painter of his day, even before his election as associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four. He was not only an associate, but a full academician, in the year when the National Gallery portrait is supposed to have been painted, but there is none of the gayety of the British Museum sketch, and none of the spruceness of Dance's study. The face is melancholy, the costume and the manner of painting slovenly, as though he did not care for his subject and had painted it only as an exercise, without any desire to please himself or anyone else. He never painted himself again, and

tried to prevent anyone else from painting him for the rest of his life. Yet he was not twenty-seven, and had just reached the summit of honor in his profession—a position which most artists only attain when they are nearly twice his age. He had all the more reason to be proud because he had won it as a landscape painter.

Constable had to wait till he was fifty-three for a like honor, and was then told by the president that he was very lucky, as there were some figure-painters waiting election. And yet if we judge from this portrait he was not happy, though, if we judge from other portraits, he had been happy enough only a few years before.

Of my own little portrait I hesitate to say much, because it is mine, but it has the interest which attaches to the first of anything, and it is the earliest portrait of Turner by

At the Age of Twenty two (1797).

From an oil painting in the possession of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass.

himself that is known. It was (according to the inscription on its back) executed in 1791 or 1792, when he was staying with his father's friend, Mr. Narraway, a fellmonger, who lived in Broadmead, Bristol. His drawings of Bristol are well marked by their curious scheme of color, in which strong yellows and orange-reds contrast with deep greens and blues. Even in my little portrait there is much the same scheme of color, for the background is of sky-blue (or the blue he used for his skies), his jacket is of striped green with large yellow

buttons, and his waistcoat of striped orange, while the dusky hair is not unlike the tint he then used for the boughs of his trees. It is carefully but timidly drawn with a light hand, all apparently with the point of the brush, the face cross-hatched in gray in the shadows, in red on the cheeks. It has many of the characteristics of his latest portraits, the hair falling over the forehead; the large, striking blue eyes; the arched eyebrows, with a great distance between them and the eyes; the long nose with a high bridge and tendency to proboscis; the face narrowing from the cheek-bones rather suddenly, like a pear, and ending in a round, prominent chin with a dimple; the mouth with an upper lip like a Cupid's bow and rather overhanging the under one; the frilled shirt and buttoned-up coat. If it had not been for the inscription on the back, I should have thought the portrait to be earlier than even 1791. Though only sixteen in this year, he had attained a little celebrity as a "prodigy." In that small barber's shop in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, his drawings, beginning with col-

ored copies of engravings, and by this time, no doubt, including sketches from nature at Margate and on the banks of the Thames, had attracted the attention of his father's customers, among whom were Stothard and probably several other artists. These drawings added a little to the scant grist of his father's mill. Sold at first for a few shillings, their price rose to a pound or two, and they were sought by Dr. Thomas Munro, the famous mad doctor and connoisseur of Bedford Square and Fetcham, and afterward of Adelphi Terrace and Bushey. At his house Turner and his friend Girtin were re-

ceived in the evening, taught, and employed at the same time by the good doctor, who gave them outlines to fill in with black and white and colors, and drawings to copy out of his collection of Sandbys, Cozenses, and Gainsboroughs. It is generally stated that the scene of these evenings was the doctor's house in Adelphi Terrace, and that the doctor gave his pupils a good supper and half-a-crown a piece in return for their evening's work. It now, however, appears that Dr. Munro did not leave Bedford Square for the Adelphi till 1793, when both these artists

were too far advanced to need the training, and too well employed to need the half-crown. Turner became a student of the Royal Academy in 1789, and he exhibited his first drawing, "View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth, in 1790." It was not till 1793 that he exhibited any views of Bristol, but in this year he sent two—a "View on the River Avon, near St. Vincent Rocks, Bristol," and "The Rising Squall, Hot Wells, from St. Vincent Rocks, Bristol"—both, no doubt, sketched when staying with Mr. Narraway. About this time he set up a studio

for himself in Hand Court, Maiden Lane, close to his father's shop, and what is more interesting in connection with this early portrait, he received his first commission for a series of drawings to be engraved. This came from Mr. J. Walker, the proprietor of *The Copper Plate Magazine*, who afterward employed Girtin in the same way. This set him on his first sketching tour, for which he departed on a pony lent to him by Mr. Narraway.

The portrait, with some other relics of Turner, passed from a connection of the Narraways into the possession of Mr. Ruskin, from his into that of Mrs.

At the Age of Twenty-five (1800).
From a drawing by George Dance, R.A.

Booth, in whose house at Chelsea Turner was living for some years before his death, and I acquired it from her son, Mr. Pound. And here I am glad of the opportunity of stating my entire disbelief in most of the stories and all the scandal regarding the relationship between Mrs. Booth and Turner. Mrs. Booth was no new acquaintance of Turner when he took up his residence in her little house on the banks of the Thames. Mr. Pound (Mrs. Booth's son by a former marriage) had been educated at Turner's expense. They were very old friends, and both very old

people. The only indiscretion of which they were guilty was in passing under the same name, and the only motive of the indiscretion was Turner's desire to conceal his retreat.

Next in order of date is Mr. Ruskin's portrait of Turner by himself, when about the age of seventeen, which was exhibited with Mr. Ruskin's drawings at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, in New Bond Street, in March, 1878. This is in oil, and is the portrait referred to in Mr. Hamerton's "Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.," p. 26. "Turner," he writes, "began by painting soundly in oil; his unsound work belongs to his full maturity. We know on excellent authority—the authority of the owner—that the portrait which Turner painted of himself, at the age of seventeen, is still in a perfect state of preservation. The pigments used in that portrait, and the manner of applying them, were alike in accordance with the Academic tradition of the time." Of this portrait Mr. Ruskin tells, in the catalogue of the Exhibition just referred to, that "it was given by Turner to his housekeeper [in Queen Anne Street], and by her [Mrs. Danby] bequeathed to me. It, in the first place, shows the broad and some-

what clumsy manner of his painting in the 'school-days;' in the second, it is to me, who knew him in his age, entirely the germ and virtually capable contents of the man I knew."

It would be somewhat difficult to fix the date of the two very lively and able pencil studies of Turner which are in the British Museum, if it were not for the profile by George Dance. The plate of the latter was not published till 1829, but it bears the information that the drawing was made in March, 1800, or the year after Turner was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. This is the only portrait for which he

is known to have sat. He has evidently got himself up very carefully for the purpose, with voluminous and carefully tied white "choker," and coat with high velvet stand-up collar and broad lap-peta. His long hair is carefully trained

About the Age of Twenty-seven.

From the oil painting by W. Hall in the National Gallery.

Turner Examining a Print in the Museum (1816).

From a drawing by J. T. Smith in the British Museum.

over his forehead, and gathered behind into a *queue* tied with a ribband. The characteristics of the face—the high, arched eyebrow; the large, staring eye; the long, high-bridged nose; the full, curved mouth, with tilted upper lip and drooping lower one, are well marked. If we compare it with the three-quarter face ascribed to Charles Turner, we shall find the strongest resemblance in all respects. They might almost have been drawn from the same person on the same day, though I am inclined to think that the British Museum sketch is earlier by a year or so, possibly belonging to 1798, after the great success which Turner achieved at the Royal Academy in that year with the "Norham Castle" and other fruits of his first journey to the north of England, in 1797.

It is less melancholy than the "Dance," and is indeed the most animated of all his portraits, representing him in the prime of his early manhood, full of spirit and confidence, and conscious not only of his talent and success, but also of a personal appearance which could not have been without considerable attraction. The other portrait of Turner, by the same hand and about the same time, though it may be a few years later, shows us that the young artist was not always in a pleas-

ant mood even at this age. It is ironically described "A Sweet Temper," and is an admirable picture of a young man in the sulks. Dr. Whitaker, who about this time employed Turner to illustrate his "Parish of Whalley," speaks of him (in 1800) as having "all the irritability of youthful genius." (See "Turner," in "Great Artists" series, p. 45.) Thornbury speaks of a sketch by Mulready, the description of which would suit that we are now considering. "Mulready also," he says, "once showed me an inimitable little sketch of Turner *furens*, taken by stealth at a sitting of the Academy Council whereat the artist was thwarted. He looks ready for a spring. Achilles chafing in his tent could not have appeared more grandly furious. Mulready has caught the true though momentary expression."

No one who compares the "Sweet Temper" sketch with Turner's portrait of himself in the National Gallery, can have any doubt that the two represent the same person; but Turner's image of himself is the least attractive, notwithstanding the "temper" of the other. It is a dull face with tow-like hair, and a heavy shadow under the nose. It is almost without expression, except a stupid stare. It was well engraved by W. Holl for the *Art Journal*.

After this portrait of about 1802, Turner, as I have already said, drew no portraits of himself, nor would he allow others to make them, and during the period of his middle age, though many were taken by stealth, none can be regarded as entirely successful. The most assiduous attempts to produce more than a sketch were made by both Charles Turner and John Linnell. The picture of the latter, which has been engraved by Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, was the result of a commission, and arrangements were made to place Linnell opposite to Turner at several dinner-parties. The date assigned by Linnell himself to this picture is 1837, or when Turner was sixty-two. It was entirely painted from memory, and gives the head and shoulders of the artist about three-quarter face, rather smaller than life. Turner wears a coat with a fur collar and large lappets, a red velvet waistcoat,

Turner (inscribed "Dream, 1841").

From a drawing by Charles Turner in the British Museum

and a stiff stock with long ends secured by a coral pin. The features are coarse and the eyes have a strong stare. Opinions among those who knew Turner were very much divided as to the accuracy of the likeness, and there can be no doubt that it is far from a pleasant one. It is now in the possession of the Linnell family.

Charles Turner's portrait represents him at about the same age, seated in a landscape with a sketch-book in his hand, on the open page of which is, not a sketch, but an elaborate composition, a regular "Turner." The reproduction on p. 93 is from a colored drawing in the British Museum which may have been a study for this picture. It is very carefully worked up, and the face

is almost identical with that in his engraving; the only distinct difference between the two figures is the frilled shirt-front, which is replaced by a scarf in the engraving. The drawing in the British Museum is inscribed "Dream," and dated 1841. It is evidently drawn from memory of what Turner was like in former days, when their relations as artist and engraver were intimate. Having quarrelled with F. C. Lewis, who aquatinted the first plate of the "Liber Studiorum" (the only aquatint in the series), Turner applied to his namesake Charles, who agreed to mezzotint fifty plates at eight guineas a plate, but the two Turners quarrelled before they got half-way through. This was about 1809, when J. M. W. was thirty-four years old. Charles Turner's "Dream" looks older than this, but the hair is still thick and without a touch of gray. Turner is no longer the slim, long-faced youth, but sturdy, robust, and round, with features set and determined. It is evidently drawn by a man who has no ill-feelings toward his subject despite old misunderstandings, but it yet reminds one a little of a description of Turner by one who was not

Turner Putting the Finishing Touches to a Picture on 'Varnishing Day.'
From the oil painting by W. Parrott in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.

well disposed toward him, the artist Rippingille, who, as reported by Thornbury, said, "There was a vulgar, half-suppressed giggle, that seemed imprisoned in features too rigid or obstinate to let it escape; while in the twinkle of his eye there was a kind of triumph and self-satisfaction, as much as to say, you might look but you could not make him out."

Turner at his Easel (about 1841).
From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

I am inclined to regard this drawing by Charles Turner, and his large mezzotint with the landscape, as the most characteristic of all Turner's portraits between early manhood and old age. Of the others, the most amusing is the drawing by J. T. Smith, the engraver, the author of "The Antiquities of London" and other works of the same kind, but now better known as the writer of "Nollekens and his Times," and "A Book for a Rainy Day." He was appointed keeper of the prints in the British Museum in 1816, and it was in the print-room there that he saw and drew Turner examining a print. He has no doubt caught something of his comical expression of scrutiny, and the eyebrow will be recognized as authentic. On the other hand, it is clear that the head is too square and the perpendicularity of the forehead as seen in profile grossly exaggerated; for Turner's forehead, if high, was very sloping. There is much the same fault in Sir John Gilbert's portrait of him standing by an easel, palette and brushes in hand, and a handkerchief drooping out of his tail coat pocket. This is the portrait by which he is best known, as it has been frequently reproduced on wood for books and periodicals. According to Thornbury, Sir John took his sketch in 1841.

On the whole, the portraits of Turner in after-life cannot be said to be satisfactory or convincing. Turner's was doubtless a baffling face, full of character, which was difficult to seize without

caricature, showing little of the fine spirit and poetical feeling which were displayed in his works, and becoming coarser and redder as he advanced in life—a face that rejected all attempts at idealization, at least in the hands of those who tried. None of the written descriptions of him are very attractive. "A red Jewish face with staring bluish-gray eyes, the smallest and dirtiest hands on record. His complexion was

very coarse and weather-beaten; his cuticle that of a stage coachman, or an old man-of-war's boatswain;" this, according to Thornbury, was the impression he made on "less enthusiastic friends." "Turner had fine intelligent eyes, dark blue or mazarine," said Mr. Trimmer, his old friend; "but, as it is said of Swift's, they were heavy rather than animated." Leslie writes: "There was in fact nothing elegant in his appearance, full of elegance as he was in art. He might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer at first sight, but a second would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind." Un-

fortunately no artist has recorded that "second" sight. Mr. Watts, if he had tried, might have done so, but who else?

If, however, we have no picture which seems to reveal to us the finer qualities of Turner's genius, we have two portraits of him in his old age, which seem in comparison successful.

In these the artists have not sought to idealize, have not even been afraid of caricature. They have only attempted

Turner at a Reception. (Probably a few months before his death in 1851)

From a drawing by Count D'Orsay.

to give a faithful impression of the queer little old man, the "character," with his comical figure and curious costume, which was to be seen at picture galleries, and occasionally at dinners and evening parties; the greatest landscape painter that the world had seen; the stingy old curmudgeon, as he was reported to be; the author of the "Follies of Hope," who illustrated that incoherent manuscript with even more incoherent splashes of chrome and vermillion, the mighty genius run to seed. One of these is an oil-picture signed "W. Parrott, from life," but unfortunately not dated, which has recently been acquired by the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. By the kindness of the trustees we are enabled to give a print of it here. It represents him putting the finishing touches to a picture on "varnishing day." Perhaps the scene is the Gallery of the British Institution, perhaps the picture is the "Mercury and Argus," which was exhibited there in 1840, when Turner was sixty-five years old.

I have tried, but failed, to identify, up to the present, the other artists who are introduced.

The other portrait is later still, and was drawn by Count D'Orsay, with, it is said, the assistance of Sir Edwin Landseer. There seems to be no reason to regard this as a caricature, except, perhaps, in the figure and the stubble on the chin, but even these were probably true to the life; while the features, taken one by one, are little altered from those in Dance's profile drawn about half a century before, and there is still the wisp of hair over the forehead as in the portrait of and by himself, as a boy, which he drew for Mr. Narraway, at Bristol. It is quite as pathetic as it is humorous, this portrait of the old man stirring his tea in some brilliant salon, perhaps that of Lady Blessington, the mark of attention for his great genius and also for his ridiculous appearance, shortly about to leave the centre of one of the gayest scenes of society, for a mean lodging at Chelsea, to change from the "great Turner" into "Puggy Booth." Soon, within a few months, perhaps a few weeks, to undergo a greater transformation still.

For it could not have been long after this that his friends discovered his retreat, on December 17, 1851, the day before his death; and there his last portrait was taken by his friend, the late sculptor Woolner — taken in plaster from his face. The cast is now in the possession of Mr. William Ward, of Richmond, well known for his exquisite fac-similes of Turner's water-colors. By his kindness I have now before me photographs taken from the cast, but they are too ghastly for reproduction here.

Finally, I must warn my readers that my paper does not pretend to be an exhaustive account of the Turner portraits. I have confined myself almost entirely to portraits which are undoubtedly genuine, and were taken from Turner in his lifetime, and of these I have selected those only which appeared to me to be useful in showing the changes in his physiognomy which took place from his youth to his age. But it may be useful to future workers in the same field to give my notes of other portraits, always excluding those which are based upon pre-existing ones, like the frontispiece to Turner and Girtin's "Picturesque Views," which is based, like many others, on the D'Orsay portrait, and those which were made after his death, like the Turner medal, and the statues by Bailey and MacDowell. I must give them very shortly. 1. *Bailey's Magazine*, 1857, engraved by J. B. Hunt from an original sketch. 2. Bust as an old man, wood-cut, colored (I have a copy but its origin is unknown to me). 3. A drawing by Edward Bird, R.A., in British Museum. 4. Silhouette in black paper in National Gallery. 5. Lithograph profile to right, in large hat. 6. Oil-portrait by Sir W. Allan, P.R.S.A. (was in Victorian Exhibition, 1892). 7. Wood-cut, full length, with sketch-book (see *Illustrated London News*, May 10, 1845). There is also a small etching of this. 8. Head when young by Daniell (see *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, vi., 159). 9. Rude wood-cut in Willis's *Current Notes* for January, 1852. I have not seen this, and it may be identical with No. 2. 10. Oil portrait by himself, exhibited by Mr. W.

Llewellyn in the National Portrait Exhibition, at South Kensington, in 1868. (Very doubtful.) 11. Mr. Fawkes's Caricature (see article on Farnley Hall, in "Old Yorkshire," N. S., 1889, p. 190). 12. Doubtful sketch by D. Maclise, R.A., in South Kensington Museum (has been etched and published as authentic, with "The Fighting Téméraire" introduced below it on the plate). 13. A rough pen-drawing in British Museum. 14. A portrait recently sold at Christie's and said to be by Hoppner, of Turner when eight years of age. (Very doubtful.) 15. A full face in later life, probably genuine. The picture, I am informed by Mr. G. Scharf, was once offered to the National Portrait Gallery.

RENUNCIATION

By Louise Betts Edwards

YEA, bind the sacrifice with cords,
Lest underneath the knife—
 No more! I give Thee, Lord of Lords,—
 Ere Thou hast asked—this life.

No tear shall soil its plumage bright;
 Altar and gift are Thine;
 The yoke is sweet, the burden light.
What heaviness is mine!

I bear me as befits Thy priest;
 Incense of prayer I lift,
 And songs as suits a solemn feast;
 Thou lov'st a cheerful gift.

*Yet—oh, it struggles in my hand,
 It holds me with its eyes!
 I would recall the breath that fanned
 The fires of sacrifice!*

Lord, dost Thou smile, or sigh, to see
 How vain my piteous art?
 Whom shall I show, if not to Thee,
 The sadness in my heart?

THE CONFESSION OF COLONEL SYLVESTER

By Clinton Ross

HE stood against the doorway of the manor house as I rode up, and she was handing her bridle-rein to a fat Dutch boy. If her faded green habit told of sun and rain, it told no more than the thin, flushed face and the eyes that questioned my approach. I fidgetted, thinking of woman's tears, dismounted as clumsily as a boy who is learning the saddle; bowed as awkwardly as any lout. Yet I might not have been so troubled, I'll confess it, had she been old and ugly.

Not that she was reckoned, by standard of feature, attractive; but there was something piquant in the turn of her nose, and in the moulding of her lips which seemed to hold either laughter or severity.

"I wish to see Colonel Van Brule, if I may?"

I thought she paled.

"He is not at home, sir. Who shall I say?"

"John Sylvester. May I not wait for him?"

"He will not be back to-day. What do you want?"

The question was direct, and, I dare say, I should have used subterfuge, but something in her eyes forbade. I did not like my mission at all, under their scrutiny.

"I came to take him to General Washington."

"Mr. Washington wishes my father?"

"General Wash——"

"Ah, I forgot, sir. You are a rebel officer. But we can't address a person who has not the king's permit by a title, other than the common one."

"It doesn't matter about titles, Miss Van Brule, but facts, you know. I believe Lord Howe had a little dispute about them, and ended by calling the General, General Washington." I was piqued by her contemptuousness.

"His Lordship has need to be politic. Yet, although we are on different sides of the question, Mr. Sylvester, I'll try

to be hospitable, remembering you have had twenty miles in the saddle. If you'll come in I shall be glad to offer you tea."

"I shall be glad, but——"

"I had forgotten a rebel would sooner drink poison," and she laughed softly in my face.

"You see," said I, fidgeting, "I really came here to arrest Colonel Van Brule, and your invitation is such a coal of fire——"

"Oh, is it? I only thought it simple good manners, but if you want——"

"Oh, I will—gladly—if you will excuse my embarrassment. Really this mission was not to my mind. I am sure General Washington intends only to detain Colonel Van Brule for a few hours, and——"

But she did not appear interested.

"And now, sir, if you'll do us the honor."

She went before, turning around with a curious expression that I could not explain. Was she trying to give Colonel Van Brule chance to escape. I had seen no one except her and the boy. The hall, extending the length of the house, the square room into which I was ushered, both were deserted; and here, with a smile, a little bow, she left me.

I stepped to a deep-set window, the thick shutters fixed with heavy iron bars, looking out over the green slopes, to the Sound. Some men were harvesting—a strange sight when all about was war, and rumor of war. An opening door led me to turn about, when I saw a curtsying serving-woman, who laid out a service of tea and cakes. The silver bore the Dutch arms; the china was some rare sort; and just then the door opened on the mistress of the manor, who had changed her gown to one that might not have been misplaced in town. She said something to the woman, who went out.

"Will you have tea? The fact is my father and I are the only members of

our family, and, now, the times being so disturbed we do little visiting. Let me see—I have been nowhere for a week, when I was a day at the Philipases."

"Really this is the most delightful hospitality."

"Particularly because unexpected," she said, with a curious expression in that well-toned voice. "Oh, I'm a poor player. This is false hospitality—for—I have you here, as prisoner."

"A prisoner," said I, looking at this undeniably handsome lady of the manor, and wondering if she might be mad.

"Yes, prisoner. I really am sorry to say it, but it's necessary——"

"And why?" And then recovering myself, with a weak attempt at gallantry, "I'm not an unwilling one, I'm sure."

"You don't care to be in the battle which will be on Long Island to-morrow?"

"A battle?"

"Oh, yes, a battle; and it was necessary for me to detain you here, because my father has gone to Long Island, and I didn't want you to know it, as you would if you left here."

"But I can go, can't I?" said I, as if she were jesting.

"A man with a musket is behind each door.

"And my men?"

"Are disarmed, and guarded in our stable. You would better sit down," said my hostess, demurely. And then I noticed by her plate a little pistol. Seeing my glance, she said, flushing:

"And I know how to use a pistol. I do not rely entirely on my men."

"Yes, frankly," said I, collecting my wit. "I have my sword and pistol. You have your pistol, your charming self, and some Tory servants——"

"About twenty, Mr. Sylvester," she said, looking me over.

"But why would my knowledge of Colonel Van Brule having gone to Long Island be dangerous?"

She hesitated; and I saw that although she knew it was more discreet not to tell, a common feminine weakness—a wish to flaunt her triumph—led her to the fact.

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell.

My father is this moment showing Sir Henry Clinton an unguarded pass among the Bedford Hills. By occupying it the king's troops will be able to turn the rebel flank—is that the right term?"

I did not apologize for what I said.

"Please to sit down. We will dine directly. Don't go to that door. I'm in earnest in saying I have a man stationed there with orders to shoot you down if you try to go."

"But why should I be detained? How could I have had the information—which you give me yourself?"

"I was afraid you might find out from some spy, and stop my father before he could reach Long Island."

"But why do you tell me about what he intends?" I still questioned.

"I suppose to justify my false hospitality. I really don't like what I'm doing."

"It's very extraordinary of—a woman."

"Oh, is it? But all's fair in war."

"Love and war," said I, reflecting; and at twenty-five one doesn't like to show too much chagrin before a pretty woman.

"The poets are silly. There's a lot that's unfair in both."

"Yes; I think this is unfair," said I, trying to appeal to her sympathies.

I must outwit this little intriguer. I must get word to New York. If there were to be a fight, I too, must be in it. And it was certain that we stood every chance of being surrounded, should Sir Henry get behind General Putnam; should the ships of line beat up the bay.

My hostess had been noting me, and, I think, reading my thoughts.

"I'll speak to Gretchen about bringing the dinner in here—instead of the dining-room."

"Why here?"

"I can guard this room more conveniently. Will you excuse me."

I noticed she held the little pistol close. As the door shut I heard a key turn on the outside. Quickly I walked to the window out of which I had looked; and then I heard her voice.

"Really, Mr. Sylvester, it is only fair to warn you that if you get out that window you'll be shot down."

'Twas a shot from her eyes I had, debating the chances of running, and warning my chief of the plot I had found in this Westchester manor. But I did not see very clearly how I should; for I had not doubted she spoke truly, and that I was too well guarded to have any chance left. She stood in the room now, looking me over with triumph, her hands crossed behind her.

"I confess, Miss Van Brule, I am your prisoner," after waiting for her to break the silence.

"Apparently," said she, with a suspicion of a smile.

"If all the Tories are like you, I suppose we may as well give up now as any other time."

"Oh, your case is hopeless. Frankly, I'm sorry for you. But how can a man of your position take up with the wrong side?"

"My personal opinion—that is all. My brother is as decided for the King as you."

"I suppose if you once had taken my father to New York, he would have been thrown into prison like Major Matthews."

"I think he was called to New York simply that he might be questioned."

"And by what right would they question him, who is responsible only to the King's Government?"

But how could I answer a question of opinion on which the whole dispute hung.

"Your mission was contemptible. If I may have played you a trick, I'm not ashamed of it. I am only sorry I thought proper to apologize."

She said this spiritedly, eyes flashing, face reddening.

"Oh, I don't blame you, Miss Van Brule."

"Do you think I care whether you may or not?"

"That's the trouble," said I, "you don't. I wish you did."

"And then you might have a chance to get out of this fix," said she, smiling.

The same old woman, as the afternoon paled, came in, removing the tea-table, and making ready the dinner. I did not see the evidence of any one at all in the hall when I peered into its recesses.

"Oh, you need not look, Mr. Sylvester. Your guard is not far away."

"But if I took the chance."

"I should hate to have you shot." I fancied the serving-woman smiled.

"I don't exactly fancy it myself, being rather fond of life, you know."

"You should not be too serious. You forget it's unbecoming at dinner," said she lightly, passing the bread.

"You must pardon my poor manners—under the circumstances."

"They must be put to rather a test," looking at the little pistol beside her plate.

"Now suppose I should snatch that?" I began.

She snatched it herself, trembling, and reddening as she had a way of doing, I had found.

"But you wouldn't, Mr. Sylvester."

"And why not? Because it would be ungallant? I easily could take it, and frighten you into letting me go."

"Yes, you might; but I have been warned."

"Oh, I will not. Put your pistol away, Miss Van Brule."

"Really; on your word of honor?"

"I have said I wouldn't?"

"Well, then, I will put it there by the plate."

"Thank you. I have to thank you for much—first an invitation to tea—and then dinner."

"And imprisonment."

"A delightful one—on account of the gaoler."

"Oh, you are very gallant. I dare say you have had practice enough."

"Now I have provocation."

"If you don't mind, I have small taste for pretty speeches."

"I can't help them."

"Possibly not. But, to change the subject, I am bound to amuse you in some way. What do you say to chess?"

I played an indifferent game, I told her, when she took out the board, and the servant began to clear the table. Candles were brought, and we sat down, she having the first move. Watching her, I easily was checkmated, and of course asked for revenge, saying it was only fair, seeing she had checkmated me, not alone in chess. And so we sat there in the old house,

I the prisoner, and she the gaoler, moving our pieces, while down in the city, and on Long Island, the game of war was playing. Suddenly she grew distraught, making some mismoves, out of keeping with her skill.

"You have lost your queen."

"Oh, I can't play," she cried, bursting into tears. "I hate it."

A woman in tears, I don't know what to say, and do; and now I made the most clumsy attempts, apologizing for what I knew not, and asking what I could do, and she laughed; but said, gravely:

"I was thinking of my father over there on Long Island. He may be in danger—he is."

"But the game. I shall checkmate you this time."

"No you won't, because I won't play."

"Now that's truly feminine."

"Yes, it is—to give in because I know I'm beaten."

"I suppose that is the case."

"Oh, I see you know women."

"Well I'm not so sure."

"Oh, I thought you were."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. The young lady who takes a prisoner of war certainly perplexes one a bit."

"Does she? Ah, does she?"

And she changed the subject.

The clock, somewhere in the hall, sent out a sepulchral ten.

"Jacob will show you your room."

"My dungeon, I suppose."

"Oh, well, our houses may not be so comfortable as those in Maryland. Jacob!"

"Yes, 'um." The boy seemed to have been in hearing, and now was in the doorway, round, fat, curious.

"I believe your parole doesn't extend to trying to get away?"

"Only to seizing your pistol, and turning into an escaped prisoner."

"There's one window in your room, but a man will watch under it."

"Oh, I dare say."

"It's a pity you're on the wrong side."

"It's a pity you are, if you will allow me."

"You are incorrigible. Good-night."

"Good-night," said I, extending my hand. "I have had a delightful evening."

"It's quite as if you were only my guest."

"Quite." I could not resist pressing the hand, when she withdrew it angrily.

"By the way, I hope my men are comfortable."

"They have every attention under the circumstances."

"So it appears, have I?"

She did not answer this sally, and I followed Jacob into the hall, and upstairs.

"When would you like to have me bring your shaving-water?" said Jacob.

"But I haven't razors."

"I'll fetch Colonel Van Brule's, sir."

He took the shilling with a grin, showing his teeth like a Maryland dorky. But I could not prevail on him to tell me about the force of the manor. He locked the door behind him, and I saw it was heavy oak, and could not be broken in easily. It was very dark, but I thought I could see a figure under my window on the lawn.

And, then, I sat down to think over the extraordinary adventure.

Here I was caged by a girl, as many a man before, and since, has been; and I knew—because I could not deceive myself—that I doubtless had not tried to get away as I might have if this young lady had been, say, Colonel Van Brule. I could not make out why she should detain me unless indeed it had been all as she had said, and the Colonel really was showing the pass in the Bedford Hills. Would she let me go in the morning when the mischief was all done; or turn me over to the British? She really was quite capable of it. At any rate she was an extraordinary young woman. I fancied she was opposite me at the chess-board. We were playing a most exciting game for some stake that I held dear, and I always was checkmated; and always was that smile from the enigmatical gray eyes. And in my bad temper I overturned the board, when the low boom of guns broke in on the stillness—probably the men of the manor, carrying out their mistress's orders.

I was rubbing my eyes. The August dawn was contending with burnt and sputtering candles. But if I had been dreaming all night there in the chair, the rumble was distant, yet unmistak-

ably that of heavy guns. The wind was in the right direction; and I knew that the fighting at last had begun on Long Island. But how was it going? Was the position indeed surrounded? Was the fleet shelling the town?

Asking these questions I was now looking out of the window where the darkish dawn was scattering the shadows from the hollows of the hills. If I had fancied I had seen a figure guarding there was no one now in view. Opening the window, I measured the distance, some thirty feet, debating whether I should try it. Should I, it doubtless would be with the consequence of a broken arm or leg, and that only would hinder my chance of escaping. If I could not help the situation by giving the warning, I, at least, wanted to be in this fight. I had been in none yet, and at twenty-five I longed for it, wondering whether, like Frederick of Prussia, I should run. All the drilling we had done with Smallwood's, all our talk over what we should do, returned with an insistence for action on my part. I tried the door and saw again I was not equal to breaking it in. And again looking out of the window, I threw myself on the bed, while a plan began to formulate which was connected with Jacob and the shaving.

And while I considered, and the hours passed, the far-away guns kept up a dull chorus.

But finally as I had expected, came the knock, and Jacob's voice, and when I answered the creaking key, and Jacob with the shaving-water, and a civil "good-morning, sir," I asked him to put the pitcher on the table, and then, as his back was turned, I was on him, holding his arms, with a hand over his mouth, and bearing him to the floor. Strong as he was, I was wiry and had the advantage. We must have made a fearful noise in the house, overturning chairs and the table. Every moment I expected interruption; but kept on, choking the poor Dutch boy just enough so that he gasped, giving me chance to tear the sheets from the bed, and to bind and gag him. He stared in a pathetic way; felt keenly, I knew, his duty to his mistress. But I had no time, and taking my sword went hastily into the hall, and

there half way on the stairs she met me. No one else was in sight, and, suddenly, something occurred that made my position ridiculous. What, if from the first she had been tricking me? What, if there were only she, the woman, and the boy, in the house? And I had submitted as easily as you could wish.

"Where are the others?" said I, pausing at the head of the stairs, sword in hand against this girl.

"I—I don't—" she began in confusion, and I saw she was haggard in the morning light.

"You fooled me, Miss Van Brule. There were none."

"Two men in the stable, while I certainly should have shot you myself if you had tried to get away."

"You're cleverer at this game than at chess. And I believed you—"

"Yes, you did."

"And you, doubtless, intended delivering me to the British."

"Frankly, I did."

"Oh, I've been prettily deceived——"

And I pushed past her.

"What did you do with Jacob?"

"I killed him," said I, wickedly.

"You wretch! You dared."

There were tears in the gray eyes, and in an instant I had added,

"Oh, I didn't at all. That firing made me desperate——"

"And me. My father may be in it."

"And I will be."

At this moment I heard heavy steps, and suspecting I might be caught after all, I dashed down the stairs, almost knocking down a fellow with a musket. And then I heard her voice.

"For Heaven's sake don't fire. Let him go."

That was odd, wasn't it. But I did not pause to think about it, but ran out through the door, and down the slope to the road, and over the fence. I must have made a strange appearance in the scarlet and buff of Smallwood's, with a drawn sword in my hand, running there in the Westchester fields. (When I had joined the General's staff I still kept my Maryland uniform.)

And then I paused, and fell to laughing over the joke. What a silly fool! This girl had turned me about her fin-

ger. An adroit tactician, indeed, I! But folly usually is culpable. By my blindness I had failed to give the warning that might now be turning the day against us over there on the Island. My pretty Tory had tricked me neatly.

I had forgotten my men; and I turned back. The trickery shouldn't extend that far.

I walked boldly now to the stable door, no one hindering. A big fellow was currying a horse.

"My men, rascal!"

He stood in open-mouthed wonder and fear, for I must have appeared vicious.

A pounding on an inner door here began, and the cries of my two fellows, one of them declaring that the door wouldn't break. He had been trying it all night, with his strength.

"Open," said I, threatening the groom with my sword. He decided to open, growling his remonstrance. My two would have killed him then and there, until I had to swear at them—a thing I'm loth to do at one's inferiors; but sometimes it is necessary. They were hungry and sad-looking crows; for although they had been driven into the little dark harness-room at the butt of the musket, their captors had not dared to go near them. I told them to get the horses; and then better satisfied with myself, I sauntered up to the house.

She stood before the door, looking at me defiantly.

"Good-day to you, Miss Van Brule."

She tossed her head disdainfully.

"The game is my way."

"Why shouldn't it be. You're a man."

"I regret I must exact reparation."

"What do you mean?"

"I must take you to New York as a dangerous Tory."

Her eyes flashed, and she stamped her foot.

"It's like you rebels—to make war on women."

"You started it."

"Ah, I did keep you here," she cried; "and Sir Henry has them surrendered, I know."

I called to my men to bring up my horse. They were still murmuring over their treatment, and eyed the mistress of the manor malevolently. But I stared at them, and told them to ride on before, which they did grumblingly.

"Good-by," said I to her.

And she looked me full in the face.

"But I'm sorry—to have tricked you—really——"

Have I not said my pulse was easily made riotous.

"Don't be," said I.

"You're silly," said she. "And——"

"And what?"

"We don't know each other—and you're rebel."

"That means you always will hate me."

"Oh, I didn't say that. Why don't you go on after the men?"

"I will—when you tell me to call again."

"Oh, do, if you only go."

There was that in her eyes telling more.

"How dare you," said she.

As I rode away, I looked back at the little trickster of the manor, who stood blushing as I had left her, and I doffed my hat, and called back, "We shall meet again;" and we did, as you know. But that morning, with the dull boom of the guns from the battle at Brooklyn in my ears, I whipped up after my men on my tardy way to the war.

"Will you have tea?"
See *The Confession of Colonel Sybister*, page 99

A FRENCH FRIEND OF BROWNING
— JOSEPH MILSAND —

• *By Tb. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc)*

A VERY remarkable book appeared in Paris in 1893, six years after the author's death.* It is a book consecrated in great part to English literature and philosophy, and was written by Joseph Milsand, the friend of Robert Browning. By a mere chance this French friend of the great poet was not counted

* "Littérature Anglaise et Philosophie," par Joseph Milsand. Librairie Fischbacher. Paris, 1893.

as an American, for one of his ancestors came from the United States to France in 1718, at the time of the great excitement caused by the famous Mississippi schemes of the financier Law. This M. Milsand established himself at Dijon, in a beautiful old house, called the House of the English Ambassadors, where his family still lives. It is a jewel of the architecture of the Renaissance, and here was born, of the vigorous Burgundian line, a thinker and writer in whom we are forced to recognize many Anglo-Saxon qualities. In this same way France herself lost through emigration the poet Chamisso, whom Germany claims: it would be most interesting to discover what share may be given to inheritance, in the works of a transplanted genius, to the conflict between inherited traits and a man's education and surroundings.

The intellectual and moral endowment which Joseph Milsand had from his Puritan ancestors rather injured his popularity in the country for which he had a deep filial love, even while England was in many respects the country of his choice. Born a Catholic, he became a Protestant in middle life, and in him one found an inflexibility of belief and principles, a certain tendency to work systematically, with a horror of any conventionality or vanity which seemed to be borrowed, without his wishing or even suspecting it, from the Quakers, upon whose characteristics he has often written. His style itself, a very personal style, had, so to speak, a foreign accent. A critic said of him, after his death, that he had "a way of his own of expressing admirable things in a language which defied superficial attention."

That language, original and strong like the thought which it clothes, sometimes lacked *clarté*, according to the sense which the countrymen of Voltaire give to that word. Browning did not agree with this; of a paper printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he once wrote from Florence: "In what is it obscure?—Strong, condensed, and direct

it is, and no doubt the common readers of easy writing feel oppressed by twenty pages of such masculine stuff, as the habitual sippers of *eau sucrée* would at the proffer of a real *consommé*; and as vanity suffers less in saying 'This is bad of its kind,' than 'It is more than I can digest with comfort,' you hear more, I doubt not, of the former than of the latter plea for passing you by. You must bear it, because you can."

Mr. Milsand bore it indeed with the greatest philosophy, leaning as he did upon such high approval, and upon some other appreciations of great value to him. François Buloz, the eminent founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who so well understood men, always showed for him an esteem and confidence which he granted to few. The best of the philosophical and literary periodicals were eager for his work, to which he did not care to give the definitive form of books. It was an excessive modesty in him. While so many authors publish in a hurry, he never gave but two volumes to the press, but these will last when much literary work of his time is forgotten. "English *Æsthetics*," the first, was inspired by the work of Ruskin, and the second was about classical instruction.

This distinguished scholar came very near taking another road in life than that of literature. Having early gained a prize for painting in his native town of Dijon, he went to Italy, intending to finish his education as an artist; but the spiritual evolution which made him pass from the beliefs of the pious Catholic family in which he was brought up to those of the Reformed Church, began soon after. He found an opportunity in Italy of becoming acquainted with the works of Ruskin; from the study of art in itself he quickly passed to a study of the conditions of art, and wrote even at this time to explain the influence of Protestant education and belief upon the conceptions of beauty and æsthetic development. His son-in-law, Pasteur Blanc, has noted this very strikingly, showing by what path his mind passed from art to philosophy, and from philos-

*. The illustration prefixed to this article is from a photograph made of Browning and Milsand as they stood looking at a painting by the younger (Robert Barrett) Browning. The photograph was used in a privately printed memoir, whence it is reproduced by permission.

ophy to the examination of religious questions. "After that," says M. Blanc, "he stopped no more, and until the end he was engrossed with the problems of the soul and its relations to a Creator. Gradually and unawares, he invented for himself Protestantism."

The well-known disdain of M. Milsand for everything that belonged to worldly glory and ostentation explains his forgetfulness of so much important material. This he gathered and published in reviews, meaning always to work at it again and to return to it later. The preparatory notes with which these papers are overlaid, and which were meant to complete them, show this most plainly. Only last year his widow and daughter allowed the writer of this sketch to select, from among a mass of papers, the essays for the volume already spoken of, which will probably be followed by another. The warm welcome with which those studies upon the poets and novelists of Great Britain have been received, is an encouragement to the publication of other essays, among which will be found some that Robert Browning thought the best of all. He wrote about a forgotten article upon Proudhon: "I have been reading Proudhon lately, the 'Confessions d'un Révolutionnaire,' and think I remarked many of the inherent faults of his original views of human nature; you bring them out fully, admirably, nor do I know that there is, so far as this article goes, one point where we break company. All I could even wish of you would be that ultimately, after I accept, as I do entirely, your representation of human nature, with its inevitable inequalities of all sorts, you should agree to try and suit as well as we can the outer symbols and expressions of those inequalities to the real state of the case, and facilitate to the individuals composing your physician's natural régime of graduated capacities, the disposal of each in his proper rank. That is all I want or hope for. It is ignorance to say there is not a *born* general, colonel, captain, corporal, rank and file, down to the sutler and camp-follower; and even an arbitrary and conventional bestowment of these grades, as a reminder that they exist in nature,

is better than the ignoring them altogether, which is ruinous. But it is unjust and detrimental to double and yet neutralize this natural inequality by pertinaciously putting the social badge of distinction on the wrong man. A humpback with a strong arm is terribly misfitted by his tailor if his coat comes to him with a sleeve in the back and a protuberance under the shoulder. This seems very tame liberalism nowadays, does it not? I cannot understand going a hair's-breadth beyond, however. Do you know Proudhon? He could not be in the least offended at your criticism. There, now, is a man absolutely *free*, as far as the intellect is concerned; he gives it full wing and free course; then, according to his own doctrine, it never errs; yet it is not infrequently that he tells you: 'I was *bête* enough to think this, *lâche* enough to believe the other;' how had it been, then, with a freedom of power commensurate to that of intelligence and will? What but *bêtise* and *lâcheté* in action, and vehement action enough! And with a nation of emancipated Proudhons, whether combining or opposing each other's *bêtise* and *lâcheté*, were the result so desirable? But I won't begin on this here, needing to close the letter already with so little said!"

This letter of four pages of close writing is dated February 24, 1853.

The Proudhon and Carlyle essays must appear later, with some superb pages about Montesquieu, but the material which has been already published is sufficient to show with what conscientiousness and perseverance M. Milsand pursued his international work, and fulfilled the task of a pioneer, opening for his French readers new regions of English literature, philosophy, and art. He drew attention to Constable and Turner when they were still unknown on the Continent; he undertook to show the beauties of English poetry from the time of Byron; and it was then that he wrote upon Browning those judgments which, however incomplete and related only to the earlier poems, go to the depths of a genius by no means easy to sound. This extraordinary penetration was duly acknowledged by the poet

himself, for during many years he sent his manuscripts to this modest friend in France, asking him to look over and correct them. Several letters which I have before me prove this; the following and some others have been quoted from by Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) in her charming paper upon the Brownings; but it will be necessary to give them here at length in order to represent fully this intimate friendship.

"May 13, 1872.

"DEAREST FRIEND: The two proofs about which you inquire, the 'doubles' corrected, were sent inadvertently, I think: whenever you get the whole series, corrected, you will see for yourself—what I fail to make you understand—how *inestimable* your assistance has been. There is not one point to which you called attention which I was not thereby enabled to improve—in some cases essentially benefit. The punctuation was nearly as useful as the other more apparently important assistance. It is true, there is some misunderstanding of mine, or else divergence of English practice, with regard to the colon and semicolon, we, or at least I—employing one where you employ the other: but I like your corrections, even to the substitution of one sign for another; and shall one day punctuate all my past work on that principle. But the other changes and elucidations are of vital importance: you cannot think me so ignorant of what your purpose is in making a correction, that, if I found it, in my opinion, no improvement, I would adopt it all the same. The fact is, in the case of a writer with my peculiarities and habits, somebody quite ignorant of what I may have meant to write, and only occupied with what is really written—ought to supervise the thing produced. And I never hoped or dreamed I should find such an intelligence as yours at my service. I won't attempt to thank you, dearest friend; but, simply in my own interest, do not undervalue your service to me—because in logical consequence the next step ought to be that you abate it, or withdraw it.

"For the poem, I got rather tired at the end; it is just sent to press, and

you will receive perhaps three proofs more and so conclude; without those sheets, however, you will not have understood the design of the thing. Be as good to the last as you were to the first of it! The poem will reach you in about a fortnight. I look forward with all confidence, and such delight, to finding us all together again in the autumn. All love to your wife and daughter.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"R. B."

II

It would be well, perhaps, to say a few words just here of the circumstances which brought together two minds so well fitted to understand each other. In 1852 M. Milsand revealed to France, as he alone was then capable of doing, the author of "Men and Women," and "Paracelsus." He was also ready to make known the woman whom, although not yet the author of "Aurora Leigh," he pronounced to be an honor to her sex and to her country. He admired in Mrs. Browning the fire and charm of feminine imagination united to "that passion for justice and truth" which leads to the noblest poetry. In order to give more life and interest to the studies which he had already begun, M. Milsand wished to know more of the personality of the poetess whose work he appreciated with so much sympathy. Friends of hers, of whom he inquired, advised him to mention the tragic episode which had so much influence upon her character, and even her genius. The death of a brother drowned in boating left, as she has said, a nightmare in her life. So M. Milsand in his paper showed the source of the sincere melancholy and the deep religious feeling which pervade her work, however great may be at times the rush of imagination. When he had ended he was afraid of wounding her in speaking of this incurable sorrow, and to relieve his conscience he went directly to Browning, who was then in Paris, and declared that he was ready to cut out the page which he so much valued.

Browning, with the expansiveness peculiar to him, grasped both his hands, saying, "Only a Frenchman would have

done this!" And so began a friendship which lasted as long as life itself. Mrs. Browning acknowledged the review in the following letter:

"AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, 138,
January 16, 1853.

"DEAR MR. MILSAND: Will you let me thank you gratefully both for the honor you have done me in your admirable review, and for the pleasure which, in so honoring me, you have given to my husband? I desire to justify your good opinion by producing better works hereafter. It will be the worthiest apology for the faults of these.

"I am full of gratitude to you in another way. I mean for the sympathy and sensibility which saved me much pain, as my husband explained to me a few evenings since. Your consideration deeply touched me, and him for my sake, and we both feel that, having shown us so much of your nature and mind, it will be almost ungenerous of you if you will not complete the obligation by becoming our friend in the good warm sense of that word; the true enduring sense of it.

"For my own part, long before you had been kind to me, I was bound to you as the critic who of all others, in or out of England, had approached my husband's poetry in the most philosophical spirit and with the most ardent comprehension. The justice you did to *him* is even more precious in my eyes, allow me to say, than the kindness you have done to myself.

"But we both are very much your debtors, and would willingly, if you will not say no, be from henceforth your friends,

"ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
and ROBERT BROWNING.

"Pray remember Tuesday, when I hope to be more happy than I was last time."

Mrs. Browning always shared her husband's affection for M. Milsand, and deep natural affinities certainly existed between *herself* and him—the same eagerness for truth, the same straightforwardness, the same large comprehension of humanity, the same indifference

to boundary lines or natural prejudices. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the great Englishwoman, had as warm a love for France as Joseph Milsand, the Frenchman, had for England. Here is a small proof of that love and confidence which I find very touching. One day, in leaving Paris, Mrs. Browning discovered that she had lost her purse, and asked M. Milsand to look out for it, being entirely sure, as she said, that in France it would be found again, and wishing him to give the sum of money which it held to the person who should bring it back. The purse was found as she expected; a school-boy had carried it to the police-office, and was rewarded by a very fine desk, which came from a lady of whose fame he probably was quite unconscious.

How often M. Milsand has told me of his charming conversations with this exquisite woman, whose shining superiority was always concealing itself under her unconscious goodness and lovely simplicity. Neither Mrs. Sutherland Orr nor Miss Thackeray had yet written about her, and everything was new to me that he told me of this life, so imprisoned in suffering and only free in thought, until the day when so kind and robust a *génie* had come to break the bonds, and carry her in his arms through the years that lay before them. It would be hard to find another example of the marriage of two artists, a man and woman, so equal in intelligence and devoted to the same work, who loved and admired each other without the least rivalry or jealousy. When M. Milsand spoke of his friends, one felt proud to be numbered among the few to whom he gave that name.

The meetings between him and the Brownings were always at long intervals; they stopped in Paris on their way to Florence or Venice, but the months of separation were filled with intimate correspondence. Many letters from Browning prove that the tenderness that his work often lacked was not absent from his life, showing itself with a sort of grace which touches us when we think of the loftiness—sometimes even a little rough and rocky like a mountain-side—of his poetical conceptions. He repeats over and over again in his

letters that Paris had given him nothing like the knowledge and love of this new friend, though Paris had given such valuable things; and Mrs. Browning, sure of M. Milsand's sympathy, spoke to him of her child in many delightful pages like these:

"MY DEAR M. MILSAND: It is the more vexatious to us that we find it impossible to see England this summer, when we look at your letter and remember that we might have seen it in your company. Will you wait till next year and take the chance of us? True that you may calculate on the comets and not on us. But we, too, come round in time—and, come when we may, we shall come with the same mind and heart toward you. You may rely on us at least for that.

"We could not get to Rome last winter, and so we must wait through another winter, that we may secure Rome. Afterward we shall belong to you in the north. What vexes me the most, I do believe, in this delay, is that my child will be growing out of his babyhood, and that some of the pretty dimpling grace of the very young child may have 'scaped from him before my friends can say 'How pretty.' Can you understand anything so foolish? Whenever he pronounces a word more rightly than usual, I do not like it. In every gain seems something lost. I am 'conservative' in the matter of my child. If he said 'Paris' instead of '*Palis*,' I should feel inclined to look pensive like a Tory under pressure of the 'age's' activities.

"You will have heard, and gladly, through your kindness, of the success of 'Colombe's Birthday.' At the same time, we cannot expect it to be what is called a 'drawing play' with our English audiences, who require broader and coarser outline and color than you do in France. That it should have been understood and appreciated at all, surprised me, I confess. Then the acting, except Helen Faucit's, seems to have been bad. Your poetry is interpreted into prose, under all such circumstances. I would rather keep mine, . . . and therefore still more my husband's (which is better worth caring about)

from the enunciation of such a 'gross mouth.' I want him to write dramatic poems for the world, and not dramas for the players.

"We are so glad that you go to see Lady Elgin. You will like her more as you know her more—for her simplicity and truth—which, you know, are intellectual as well as moral qualities. You see our sister and father, too, sometimes—Ah—we hear of you, M. Milsand, and it is always with pleasure.

"I wish you would come to Italy this summer, and go with us presently up into the mountains to hide from the sun! That is, if the sun means to be strong enough to make it worth while for us to hide from him this year—for it is an anomalous season—un cielo coperto—clouds, rain—the Italians uncover the picture of the Madonna at the 'Santissima Annunziata,' all in vain—the almanachs and the prophets talk of earthquakes—indeed we have had some precursive shocks, . . . and the oldest inhabitants are thrown back on their youngest recollections for 'qualche cosa di simile.' It seems to be exceptional weather throughout Europe, so we ought not particularly to complain.

"What of war? Will the Czar venture it against us all? I am glad that France and England should stand together on such high ground. Tell us more about France. You seem satisfied—and there is a development of better food, wider freedom, to be looked for—is there not? That potentiality of the future should be considered a part of the present. What of Wordsworth? You are writing, I do hope. Remember us with the affectionate thoughts we bear you.
"E. B. B."

The letters which follow were written after the publication of "Aurora Leigh," and the meetings during that autumn season in the Champs Elysées, which Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie and Mr. Hamilton Aidé recall so vividly. These friends often met one another in the house of a distinguished woman, whom I also had the happiness of knowing, Mrs. Corkran, who was enthusiasm and eloquence and sympathy combined. She was passionately fond of

France, known to her through the personality of the best men, leaders of every sort. Such Englishwomen are unfortunately very rare, and their opinions can hardly prevail against those of their country-folk who see Paris only from the outside and from the Boulevards. Nothing can be more interesting here than these two letters in one, with their different handwritings; one traced with a firm hand and an iron pen, and the other so flowing, so delicate, that you fancy a swan's feather touching the paper lightly as the woman wrote, lying on a couch with her little son near by.

"FLORENCE, January 31, 1858.

"MY DEAR MILSAND: The sight of your handwriting made us very happy, though I feel the *unimmediateness* of all letter-writing so much as to hinder myself of getting the real good that is obtainable by that process, just because the greatest good is hardly obtainable. You know what I mean and would express: I wish you could walk in here every day and sit down without our needing to say: 'How glad we are to see you!' Let me fancy you *are* sitting there by the fire, in an empty, large chair we have, and we will begin talking at once. Truest thanks for all you have done and offer to do about the translation, with a renewed caution to you not to do us more harm than good, as you easily may, if you make a serious labor out of the mere supervision and control which will be quite valuable enough. I understand, I am sure, all about the projected translation—what such a thing might be conceived to realize of perfection—what it probably or certainly will present of imperfection—and I accept the latter very heartily; for if there is any vitality in the work itself, supposing it to suffer no more than needs must—or *almost* needs must be in such a version, I count on its doing something for itself, as all such works must have done; even in the average hasty and careless translations the popular instinct has *seen through* to them in all instances. Take that of 'Faust,' which in England at least was pretty exactly consigned to its proper place on the strength of two

or three miserable and incomplete attempts at rendering—because one's common-sense is prompt to take for granted that in such a case there is the least done possible—that if *anything* is recognized at all through the fog of the intervening foreign language, it would be found to be distinct in all its details could one get closer to it; so here, the positive advantages of giving a fair idea of the work, with your supervision, which will do far more than that (I mean that not one translation from the modern English that I ever heard of can have been equally favored)—these make us accept M. Riou's service very gladly, and we confirm all our rights over his translation to you, and, if possible, reserve to ourselves the right of authorizing another version *in case of the failure of this present one only*—indeed, its success would take out of our hands the power of doing so, and may just be alluded to as an incentive to diligence. There! And now, and ever,—succeed the version or fail,—we are wholly bound to you, who will have done your utmost for us, whether we will or no. (Did you ever see a review of 'Aurora' in the *Revue Britannique* a year ago? It was made up of extracts from English journals, and one of them, *Blackwood*, having alluded to the *Aunt* in the poem,—who is never named therein,—as 'Aunt Margery' (a *nom-chargé* as if he had called her 'ma mère l'oie'), the new reviewer constantly gave her that name in his account of the poem, as if he had found it there.

"I shall let my wife say a word; she is suffering from the cold, which is intense—but does not alarm me as at London or Paris. Pene is quite well and sweet-tempered, even more than of old, we think; the cold weather is lighted up and warmed for him by the masking which begins to-day! I sympathize wholly with you about the execrable and cowardly crime we all have been shocked by. God bless you, dearest friend.

"Yours affectionately ever,
"R. B."

"I feel as if I would rather not write about 'Aurora,' my dear friend, I am so grateful to you that my sense of your

kindness goes better in Robert's words than in any of mine—and especially this must be so to-day, with the sort of half-soul and no-body feeling to which the severe weather has reduced me. Think of Arno being frozen for the first time since 1827! And in Rome and Naples it freezes and snows, they say, till the 'sweet South' has turned 'bitter North' over the distracted magnet.

"One gets warm through it all, however, to think of the attempted crime in Paris. Whether Penini or I was the most furious, it is hard to say. I think he—for he cried out that he 'would stay a year in prison himself, to have those wicked people well punished,' . . . a sacrifice which didn't occur certainly to me. 'Poor Napoleon,' said Penini, with a most pathetic tone of voice. I am so glad that you think there is something in 'cet enfant-là,' because really I think so too.

"I ought to have written to you long ago in reply to that kindest and most welcome letter you wrote to me on my book. Let me say now that it gives me intense pleasure."

The event to which Mrs. Browning alludes was an attempt upon the life of Napoleon the Third. Her affection for the emperor bursts out in this letter; she admired in him the liberator of Italy. M. Milsand had delighted her by translating into French one of her poems, "A Tale of Villafranca." He did not, however, quite share the feelings of his English friends upon this subject, and as his criticism had nothing to do with flattery, he only praised with reticence a very beautiful book, "Casa Guidi Windows," in which the feeling of a mother and political enthusiasm are strangely blended. He frankly declared that political poetry and *politique de sentiment* were to his mind anomalous.

I find in Mr. Browning's letters to M. Milsand other passages which deserve to be printed here.

" . . . The vice I hate most in what little English literature I now see, is the inveterate avoidance of simplicity and straightforwardness. If a man has a specific thing to say, little or great,

he will not say it, he says something else in altogether an alien tone to the real matter in hand, such as it is, and though, thanks to the triviality and obviousness of the matter, you understand it readily enough *by rebound*, as it were, yet you are expected to get along with and over and above the matter itself first. A pretty illustration of the same, and next a notion of the same, and next a notion of the writer's being always above his subject, not so level with it, so impressed by it as to be wholly careless of aught but *it*. On the contrary, you see, he cares for the illustration as well. To give an example: In a novel, suppose the real intelligence to give is simply that 'B—— replied to A——.' You will have some such phrase as: 'B—— proceeded to turn the enemy's flank by observing so and so.' Of course one might substitute scores of such parallels. The reader at present, while the mode of writing is not stale, goes on translating easily and almost without notice; but one day the trick will grow wearisome, and then good-by to the books that have used it! Just as with the old euphuists who had their vogue in Queen Elizabeth's day, who addressed a beautiful woman as 'Your Beauty,' and so on. Well, the absence of anything in your own articles but the precise thing you wish to say there, makes them hard to read, if you please, but not obscure in any way that I can account obscurity.

" . . . My wife is suffering a little from the cold, which has come late, not very severely either, but enough to influence her more than I could wish. We live wholly alone here. I have not left the house one evening since our return. I am writing, a sort of first step toward popularity (for me!), 'Lyrics,' with more music and painting than before, so as to get people to hear and see. . . .

" . . . I enjoy altogether your enjoyment of Bébé, and wish that *grand-mère* (Madame Milsand) may be tyrannized over more and more Turkishly: it is the good time. Give my true love to whoever will take it of your joyous party.

"We hail the announcement of your speedy arrival as ever."

III

I NEVER saw Robert Browning in his own home, but I know well from several of his worshippers who were familiar with his house in Warwick Crescent, and later with the house in De Vere Gardens, that he was sometimes the victim of an almost indiscreet enthusiasm. The members of Browning societies besieged him; ladies brought offerings of flowers; mountains of cards were heaped upon his table, and he had so much to do in answering the letters which accumulated that he had scarcely time to write a line for himself. I am glad, after all, to have met him outside the circle of adulation, and in a very different surrounding; at Neuilly, in the pretty suburb of Paris where his friend Milsand lived. As I entered the parlor of Madame Milsand one day, I saw comfortably seated near the fireplace, a square, solidly built man, with white hair and beard, dressed in rough gray cloth, and wearing an air of bourgeois dignity and pleasant bonhomie which betrayed nothing to me at first sight of the author of the "Ring and the Book." When we were introduced to each other my heart leaped, and it is useless to add that my imagination helped me to recognize immediately the signs of genius in the broad forehead and penetrating eyes under their heavy brows. But what really impressed me in Browning's look and in his talk was kindness; simple, open, and buoyant kindness. All the chords of sympathy vibrated in his strong voice. What touched me more than anything was the relation between the two friends, and the deference of the greater man toward one whose moral energy he so much respected. It was impossible to have found them more unlike in outward appearance: both were short of stature, but Mr. Browning was vigorous and expansive, Joseph Milsand, on the contrary, was thin, nervous, and reserved, with an exquisite sensibility which showed itself in all the lines of his stern and spiritual face, from which Mrs. Cameron made her wonderful photograph, that might stand for St. Paul or for a prophet in Israel. Notwithstand-

ing these differences they appeared at first glance to be two representative English gentlemen; though Mr. Milsand was anything but a man of fashion, being completely indifferent in the matter of dress. I remember that instead of taking afternoon tea, we were given some of the famous yellow wine which was nowhere to be found except in Mr. Milsand's own cellars. He possessed in Burgundy some of the most valuable vineyards among *les grands crus*.

As to the conversation of this very intelligent company it was, strange to say, almost entirely about animals, for whom M. Milsand had a most tender heart, calling them "poor four-footed souls." He said that at the age of sixteen, being devoted, boy-like, to hunting, he was so shocked one day by a look in the eyes of a wounded bird that he never afterward could touch a gun. Ever since then he could not help a feeling of impatience when sportsmen talked of their feats, which seemed to him to be crimes, and his anger made him sometimes almost the enemy of their dogs, as if they were accomplices. On the contrary, he had a curious liking for cats, the dogs' natural enemies, understanding marvellously their temper and habits. Many wonderful cat stories were told that afternoon, everything was most intimate and simple. Browning spoke delightfully of M. Milsand's four young grandchildren, who were often brought from the south, where they lived, to the house of their grandfather in Paris. M. Milsand himself had the deepest love for children. Once he said to me: "While in our relations with our friends we are constantly wishing for more than we receive, we always love little children, whatever they may do, as if they gave us heaven and earth. Only there is a danger: I try hard not to forget that it is not because they are lovable that we love them, but that because we love them we find them lovable."

Browning was then on his way to Italy. In such visits to Paris, after Mrs. Browning's death, he never failed to give a great part of his time to his friend, who in return went almost every spring to London, where he spent some

weeks in Warwick Crescent with Mr. Browning and his sister. They also met often in France by the sea-shore; from 1866 until 1870 the Brownings came every year to Saint-Aubin, in the Calvados, where M. Milsand had a cottage. This neighborhood was delightful to both men. Browning loved the quiet rusticity of the Norman beach and its little village; every morning he might be seen walking along the sands with the small Greek copy of Homer which was his constant companion. On Sunday he went with the Milsands and their daughter, then unmarried, to a service held in the chapel of the Château Blagny, at Lion-sur-Mer, for the few Protestants of that region. They were generally accompanied by a young Huguenot peasant, their neighbor, and Browning, with the courtesy he showed to every woman, used to take a little bag from the hands of the strong Norman girl notwithstanding her entreaties. Some English friends came to Saint-Aubin from time to time, Miss Thackeray among others; to her the poet dedicated his "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," which is no other than the Pays de Caux, near Saint-Aubin. The description of Browning's own house is near the beginning:

"That, just behind you, is mine own hired house:
With right of pathway through the field in front,
No prejudice to all its growth unsheaved
Of emerald luzern bursting into blue.
Be sure I keep the path that hugs the wall,
Of mornings, as I pad from gate to gate!
Yon yellow—what if not wild mustard flower?"

It was one of those wild mustard flowers that an English admirer, who had with difficulty discovered his hiding-place, took away with her as a remembrance of his life at Saint-Aubin, here called Saint Rambert.

Mr. Browning has paid an affectionate tribute to M. Milsand in the following lines:

"Talk to him for five minutes,
Nonsense, sense, no matter what. . . .
There he stands, reads an English newspaper,
Stock still, and now again upon the move
Paces the beach, to taste the spring like you
(Since both are human beings in God's eyes):
That man will read you rightly head to foot.

"He knows more and loves better than the world
That never heard his name and never may.
What hinders that my heart relieve itself!
'O friend! who makest warm my wintry world,
And wise my heaven, if there we consort too.'"

One day the Milsands had given an informal luncheon to which they had asked their British friends. When a huge fish was brought to the table the poet took a napkin under his arm and began diligently to serve the ladies. Mademoiselle Milsand, who afterward became Madame Henri Blanc, told me this with many other small incidents which, brought into relation with his high gifts and powers, made the poet seem to her greater still.

The year of the war, 1870, Browning stayed longer than usual at Saint-Aubin: Never did his devotion to his friend show itself more clearly. Every day the two men could be seen on the beach, the arm of Browning always round Milsand's shoulders, as in the photograph where they are represented admiring the picture of an old woman which the poet's son had painted. Everyone looked at this pair of comrades so closely united in sorrow, and notwithstanding the bad news which came fast and faster, the days passed for them less unhappily than could otherwise have been. "How fortunate it is," Browning was always saying, "that it is not France and England that are at war!" The stupidity of some peasants in a neighboring village, who, mistaking the foreign accent of Browning, thought him to be a Prussian spy, forced him to return unwillingly to England. It was indeed necessary, for from day to day there was danger of communication being at an end between the two countries. He insisted upon taking his friends with him, but M. Milsand refused to leave France, no matter what might happen.

The old days in Saint-Aubin were always a favorite theme for conversation in later years. Soon after the opportunity I had of meeting Browning the elder, I met, also at Neuilly, Robert Browning, the son, whom I had only known before by the name of "Penini," or "The Little Florentine," and from Hawthorne's description,

which showed him to belong, like his mother, to the race of elves, ready to vanish before one's eyes at any moment. M. Milsand had said to me, with the fondest love for the young man: "The father has reason to be happy that in walking before he has opened a path for his son, instead of making him stumble." It is indeed seldom that a celebrated father does not make life more difficult for his children. That same year Mr. Browning's statue of Dryope was exhibited at the Salon in the Champs-Élysées; the Nymph beloved of Apollo gave the strong impression of having been a study after nature, and all that I have seen since in exhibitions of painting and sculpture signed with the name of Robert Browning, belong evidently to the realistic school. When I met him at Neuilly he had little of the ethereal appearance of bygone days; the poetical "little Florentine" had become a sturdy cosmopolitan Englishman. We drank the poet's health in M. Milsand's wonderful wines, which were always so generously placed before his friends, although he himself was then the most abstemious of men.

IV

It seems needless to speak here of M. Milsand's qualities as a writer: his wonderful power of intuition and abstraction, the unexpected gleams of humor which suddenly revealed the Saxon under the Frenchman, and that depth of thought, about which he laughed, sometimes saying that it grew like the weed with endless roots. All these qualities will be found in his last book, filled as it is with studies of Tennyson, Dickens, Browning, Thomas Campbell, and William Blake; but what few people can know is the degree of moral influence which he exercised upon those who had the privilege of approaching him. Not that he tried to convert anybody; no man ever respected more than he did the freedom of opinion and of belief, but the least word from his lips went high and far, and made people reflect. I have never known a mind that was more suggestive than his, but in the last years of his

life he wrote very little. To make him take up his pen it was necessary that his conscience impelled him to give advice upon some point of morals or religion, and he did this with great reluctance. His lack of self-confidence was equalled only by the disdain he felt toward success, for the sake of success itself. His essays upon "L'Allemagne et le Protestantisme;" "Le Code et la Liberté;" his treatise upon "Luther et le Serf-arbitre" are among his last productions. Religious questions engrossed him more and more, he accused himself of preaching too much, but his preaching pleased those who had the least love for being preached to. "In my theology," he said to me very often, "belief is not so much an affair of submission or impiety; the great sin in my opinion is not to be able to see things *en face*." He only liked minds that were open on all sides, and those to whom he could speak freely. With him it was impossible to stop with the conventions of politeness, or where one was contented with a use of the small change of sentiment; but when it was possible to come to a full understanding, one could have most delightful intercourse with him. In the great number of letters which I have received from M. Milsand are most striking judgments upon the various questions of the day; more than anything, bursts of indignation against the so-called *naturalistes* in France. "When I hear them speak," he said, "of pathological studies and of social anatomy, I shrug my shoulders. The fact is that they are a sort of drunkards who only dream of Cupid's bottle, and who can only employ their minds in new tricks to rob their neighbor's cellar. A sensual obsession prevents them from taking a real interest in character, in the development of affection, or to see what is noble near what is ignoble." No epithet seemed strong enough to him when he spoke of *pessimistes*: he hated the sort of men of letters who care little for what is true or false, and are only anxious to find what can produce effect. His friends were the *naïfs*, the sincere who look things in the face with a soul as ready to sympathize as to blame. Understood in that sense,

the literature of fiction delighted him. He was even fond of the writings of some women, although the question of woman's emancipation, which is inseparable from the questions of art and literature from the moment in which women concern themselves with these, found him very cautious. He believed that great missions in life were not so much superior to smaller ones, and that the mother who teaches straightforwardness to her child, or the servant who puts her conscience into sweeping a room, are more useful to humanity than the philosopher who poisons some characters by his treatment of the highest questions. He used to say that the best of women were those who in enlarging their minds remained the most womanly, and that the world needs such women most of all to humanize the legislative reasoning and one-sidedness of the stronger sex. "If women," he sometimes said, "are not capable of following a profession without locking themselves up in it as in a convent, I should hesitate to tell them to go forward;" but he forgave heartily those who kept honest possession of themselves, and great dreams did not frighten him when the dreamer knew how to recognize what is true and inevitable. All kinds of superstitions and chimeras were hateful to this man of strong sense; he distrusted hypnotism, and theosophy he found exasperating. "If they offered to teach me the universal secret," he exclaimed, "by means of ecstasy and magical trance, I should refuse it. I prefer to walk with my own feet on solid ground."

M. Milsand wrote against the granting of divorce, convinced that he did this for woman's sake. He did not admit that the customs of one country could be lightly applied to another, under the pretence of reform. "I cannot," he once wrote to me, "share the liberal theories of Benjamin Constant, de Tocqueville, and Jules Simon. It appears to me the dream of Latin Catholics about a civilization which is neither Catholic nor Latin. Those gentlemen see and envy the fortunate results that have been produced in England and in America, but unable as they are to feel enough what happens in Anglo-Saxon

souls, they attribute those good results to something on the outside which they call Liberty, and which cannot be explained except by an inborn faculty, a gift of nature. I do not myself believe that nature has given to anyone a faculty full grown. It seems to me that she gives only tendencies which can take certain directions, and which take the good one because something prevents their taking any other. When one has lived in England one perceives that, if the energies of the individual are turned toward justice, truth, and work, it is because there is in the country a strong family discipline, and an unflinching policy of opinion which does not allow, without being punished, the parade of vanity and indolence."

All his work was bent toward the awakening of conscience and personal will in his own country. He used to say with Luther, "If Moses had wished to be sure beforehand of victory over Pharaoh, Israel would be still in Egypt." And even when Milsand had least hope in fighting modern scepticism, he still attacked it with indefatigable energy, feeling the whole time, as he declared, his double nature of Frenchman and Englishman.

This stern enemy of untruth and pretension had the most indulgent and tender heart. Often, when he was moved, poetry came from his pen. He has expressed in this way his affection for his devoted wife, and I find in one of his letters the copy of some English verse in which he regrets not being able to see better into the inmost souls of those who were dearest to him.

This idea often returned to him. "Who knows what a man feels except the spirit that is in him; and does even the spirit know?" he says once, impulsively.

Every year there are such charming bits in his letters written from the country at vintage time, in Burgundy. His daughter always came to him then with her children, and the old family home at Villers-la-Faye was full of happiness and rustic life. It was at Villers-la-Faye that death surprised him. That year, 1886, he had not been able to visit his dear friend Robert Brown-

ing, as usual, in the spring, finding himself too weak for the journey. His health was declining, but he had not younger of these two faithful comrades went first, and his body was at rest for three years in a quiet country church-

*I hear their pattering words
the music of the instrument, But the Chords!
The Sack also being from which proceeds the
strain,
Ah! I cannot reach it! Friends and brother
are shadows unto me. My very mother
is but a phantom. I embrace in vain*

Fac-simile of Lines from a Manuscript Poem by Milsand.

the misery of surviving his powerful intellect, which remained undimmed to the last; nor had he the sorrow of seeing his friend die before him. The yard before he, who had dedicated to Milsand the revised edition of "Sordello," was entombed among the glories of Westminster Abbey.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY

By Charles Edwin Markham

I STRAY with Ariel and Calaban:

I know the hill of windy pines—I know
Where the jay's nest swings in the wild gorge below:
Lightly I climb where fallen cedars span
Bright rivers—climb to a valley under ban,
Where west winds set a thousand bells ablow—
An eerie valley where in the morning glow,
I hear the music of the pipes of Pan.

What elfin horns blow by on the still air!

A satyr steps—a wood-god's dewy notes
Come faintly from a vale of blowing oats.
But ho! what white thing in the canyon crossed?
God! I shall come on Dian unaware,
Look on her fearful beauty and be lost.

THE POINT OF VIEW

I NTEREST in our educational problems has been stimulated of late by certain inquiries into the status, mental and economic, of the teachers in our public schools, and by some very plain statements made by the President of Harvard College concerning the

The Other End of
Our Educational
Problem.

average degree of attainment of the high school pupil in this country as compared with that of a boy of the same age in England, France, and Germany. President Eliot finds boys prepared for college here less fitted to enter at eighteen than most boys abroad, similarly prepared, would be at fifteen.

This is what many others must have observed before him. In what way less fitted? Leaving aside any particularized discussion of the relative mastery of specific studies, one answers: less fitted because of a more undeveloped perception of the humanities, because of a less mature feeling for what culture is and what it means, and finally because of an indefinable sense boys (and girls) here give that the first layers of the educational soil with them were deficient in solidity, and had not that richness and integrity which come of a slow and leisurely and, one might almost say, organic fusion of the initial elements of knowledge at the bottom of the child's mind.

Now it is precisely the difference in the laying of this sub-soil, which should prove to American educators a matter of the deepest interest. It is not the curriculum of our numerous "universities;" it is not the entrance requirements, easy or stringent, of our colleges; it is not what enters, or does not enter, into our secondary instruction, that is of so much consequence. At least, all this is

not of so much consequence so long as the atmosphere surrounding primary education in America remains what it is. One cannot have had any experience of the instruction of European boys and girls without being conscious of the radical contrast between the spirit of the elementary school-room abroad and in this country. There is among the little people abroad a peculiar sort of application of which among American children you will find not the smallest trace. It is not a question of industry. The juvenile American is as willing to learn and as quick about it as any other. It is a matter of mental attitude. The school-room where European children acquire the rudiments of education is, in some unanalyzable way, a quieter, remoter spot; one more shut off from the distractions that come from without; and, notably, more serious. Learning may look to the youthful minds within those walls to be a dull thing, but it is certain, without their being aware of it, to seem a dignified thing. And the routine has a repose that gradually acts upon the juvenile scholar until it shapes him to this application—to a mood of patient attentiveness and a sort of ruminating receptivity, that, so far as ultimate fruitfulness is concerned, may, in every instance, be safely preferred to all the precocious personal "brightness" and "alertness" in the world. The European methods of primary instruction, in short, proceed on the idea that children are young plants that develop by passive absorption, in the right conditions of growth, as a peach ripens against a southern wall. They receive their daily instillations of writing, spelling, grammar, in reiterative doses that have the unhurried persistence of suns and rains. Whatever measure of these things

the boy and girl assimilate under this régime becomes a part of blood and bone. It may be that the pupil never gets into the higher studies at all, but the elements have been ground in so deeply and securely that they are there to stay forever.

Many circumstances with us are against this thoroughness in primary instruction. The conscious self of American boys and girls is earlier roused to action, and they become individuals sooner; individuals before the time when it is possible that they should be anything but raw and immature ones. Such material is the hardest to handle in the final interests of culture. But those who have the cause of education at heart would do well to ask themselves if nothing can be done to effect some change at this end of the educational problem, to give to pupils who are beginning the more truly studious and "humanistic" temper and orientation from the start. It is then that the "crease" is taken. A reform here would make itself felt through every grade of education; without it we may be sure that our most ambitious schemes will remain, in a large measure, sterile. Our strenuous efforts after culture, as a people, will still have that mechanical, and, as a recent writer has said, that manufactured character which stamps them now, because our low-grade instruction does not go deep enough, does not plough up the soil enough, does not guard and nourish the seed carefully and perseveringly enough when it is first sown. What young American children acquire always has the air of lying on the surface. By and by, when one sees Vassar students writing letters that an English girl brought up by a resident governess—and never within gun-shot of the higher studies—would disdain, and Harvard professors complaining that much of the four years which should be given to those higher studies are wasted by them in teaching the elements of rhetoric and composition to insufficiently trained youths, that fact recurs to one, and makes one pensive.

It is still a superstition with some people that boys and girls should be sent abroad to "finish." We do not always see the necessity of that. As things are, the more advisable course would be to send them there to begin.

M R. GODKIN, in an article in the *Forum* about the political situation, touches upon the attitude of the West toward the East, and thinks it not too much to say that "in spite of a high degree of culture at certain points the West is suffering all the observed consequences of too great isolation—that is, want of East and West. more contact with other social conditions and other forms of civilization." Doubtless the West will not share this opinion, but will incline to the view that the trouble is with the East, because it is not open enough to the great Western ideas born of the prairies and the energetic manhood which they produce. Whichever view is preferred the opinion is pretty generally prevalent that the West and the East do not see all things with a single eye, and have need to get together.

There are two familiar processes for promoting that end: one is for the Eastern people to go West, the other for the Western people to come East. The former has been in active operation for nearly a century and still continues, though with lessened volume. The latter never was a wholesale process, and does not promise at present to become so; but it exists and is perceptible, and increases. There is this radical difference between the two processes: Eastern people who go West go to make money, but the Westerners who come East come, as a rule, to spend it. Moreover, the Eastern people who go West promptly grow up with the country and become the very Westerners in whom Mr. Godkin observes the effects of isolation. They cannot be looked to to leaven the Western mind, for they are themselves of that mind, and have left the East and its ideas permanently behind them.

Men who have gone West and succeeded in life value their places in the communities that know them best, and do not readily abandon their Western homes or forfeit their influence and position among their neighbors. Still, if they get rich enough, Eastern life and Eastern society and the shore of the ocean are apt to have attractions for them, and if not for themselves at least for their families. There are people who go West and get rich, and then come East, bag and baggage, and live on their gains; but a commoner thing, and one that we see more of every year, is for well-to-do Western families

to have houses in the East where they spend part of the year, while they still pay their taxes and vote at home, and maintain homesteads there. In Washington and New York one sees great houses where people from Chicago or San Francisco spend their winters. At Newport, in the Berkshires, at Bar Harbor, and all along the New England shore are the summer-houses of Western people. Some of the finest houses in San Francisco are owned and maintained by people who spend most of their time in the East or in Europe. Cleveland is said to abound in the palaces of owners who are seldom at home, and the existence of analogous phenomena in Cincinnati is suggested by the account in a New York newspaper of a recent Cincinnati wedding, as to which we learn that "the millionaire Blank family came on from their Rhode Island home and opened their Dash Street mansion solely for the wedding; after which the Blank mansion was closed again and all parties returned East."

One gains at least two impressions from these observed phenomena: that Western people who can afford it intend to make just as much use of the East as they find convenient, and explore its social mysteries, and enjoy its big cities and its agreeable manifestations of summer climate. They are not so bigoted in their allegiance to the West as not to feel that the whole of the United States belongs to them, and to claim the usufruct of as much of it as they can reach and assimilate. And further that Western people are loyal to their own section of country, and loath to abandon it altogether. Both of these impressions are reassuring as far as they go; and if the movement could be general nothing more would be needed to bring about community of opinion. The mischief is, that it costs much money to travel any considerable part of the distance between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic coast, and the Westerners who can do it are a very few out of a great multitude. It is true that the great non-migrating majority must get its "contact with other social conditions and other forms of civilization" through slower means; but the mutual knowledge that means harmony may still be trusted to keep ahead of sectional demagogues.

THE East and the West meet in Washington every winter and dispute and legislate there for five or six months. Undoubtedly the mingling of their representatives at the capital is highly useful, and Eastern and Western congressmen are modified more or less in their conceptions of things by prolonged and familiar contact with one another. But Washington is not so much the place where political ideas are formulated for distribution as where ideas already formed and definite find their expression. The Western men at Washington are not sent there to imbibe political conceptions so much as to represent the convictions of the voters who send them. Congressmen are didactic by necessity. If they show themselves so open-minded as to be persuaded of the inexpediency of measures which their constituents desire, when it comes election time again they get leave to remain at home. Consequently Washington is not so great a centre of harmonizing influences as it might be, or may become. The great political machine for bringing East and West, and North and South together is not so much Congress as the Presidential election, and the places where both the clash and the reconciliation of conflicting interests and contrary minds can best be observed are the great nominating conventions in June or July. So many people share the belief that the national conventions are on the whole the greatest periodical shows that our civilization affords, that the conventions of late years have been very much overcrowded with observers, and have adjourned pretty regularly with an expressed determination to restrict the number of spectators within much narrower limits next time. Nevertheless this year's conventions promise to be held in great halls, and in the presence of a great many people about as usual, and great spectacles they will be. It is matter of dispute as to what proportion of the men who really govern the country may be found at any time in Congress, but there is no question that the proportion of our actual rulers who will be on exhibition at St. Louis and Chicago will be large. Most of the bosses will be there, and very many of the editors; statesmen from Washington and statesmen who would like to hail from Washington; silver men and gold men; tariff for protection men and tariff for revenue men; jingoes

Nominating
Conventions.

and conservatives, sympathizers with Cuba and sympathizers with the victims of hard times in the United States; men with a foreign policy and men whose policy it is to try to cure our domestic ills before we try overmuch to straighten out the disputes of our neighbors. All these gentlemen will want their convictions to appear as "planks;" and the task of making a platform for either party on which anyone but an acrobat can keep his feet will be difficult enough this year to afford exceptional entertainment.

But, after all, the feature of a convention regarded as a spectacle is its enthusiasms, and they are not aroused so much by principles or platforms as by men. The moment that the spectator tries hardest not to miss is that noisiest moment, when the feeling which has had only abstract expression begins to show unmistakable signs of settling upon one man. Then a convention shows what elements of excitement it possesses. It is a live thing, full of emotions, liable to stampede, impossible to control, and very, very difficult to steer. It is its independent life and its extreme liability to unexpected action that make it so acutely interesting.

Not many of us will get either to St. Louis or Chicago, but we can all read the newspapers, and the next best thing to being present at a convention is to read about it. Happily there is nothing that the American reporter does better than the work of describing one, and nothing in which the American newspaper shows its good points to better advantage than its getting his stories so swiftly into print. We shall all read them for a week to the exclusion of most of our other business, and Heaven send they may give us comfort and satisfaction, not only as stories well told, but as the records of wise and statesmanlike action opportunely taken.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER, the writer of stories and poems some of which are in almost every American reader's memory, and from its beginning one of the most welcome and valued contributors to this Magazine, died on May 11th at his home in Nutley, N. J.

It would be to do what he especially disliked, to speak of the "place" of his work in

the literature which he loved. What he did seriously he did in the finest and truest spirit of a man of letters; he put into it his best for love of it, with the simplicity of motive which is almost the touchstone of the true literary quality. He got pleasure from his work exactly in proportion as it approached the immutable if indefinable standards of such a man; and this even in his trifling. It would be impossible to think of anyone less misled by false standards of comparison, or whom the laurels of others moved less except to generous admiration.

It is also impossible for anyone who knew him well to write of his personal side otherwise than with deep feeling. His unfailing cheerfulness, courage, loyalty to his friendships, and complete sincerity were traits, indeed, to be felt rather than analyzed; everything that he did was very simple and direct; and he belonged to the fortunate men whom their friends talk of but do not discuss. These qualities were felt far beyond his personal circle, and in one part of his work at least made a direct impression on the public. In *Puck*, the journal of which he was the editor for many years, they prompted some political writing of which the clarity, force, and healthy optimism were even more temperamental than purely intellectual.

Mr. Bunner contributed to the first numbers of this Magazine the little masterpiece called "The Story of a New York House;" and in the June number of a month ago was printed the last of a series of "Urban and Suburban Sketches," written in a vein in which he was always especially attractive. In the ten years between these two appeared many stories which every reader of the Magazine will recall: "Natural Selection," "Zadoc Pine," "A Second-Hand Story," "As One Having Authority," "Our Aromatic Uncle," and more whose mere enumeration will make many realize for the first time how much enjoyment he has given them. Of his work in general, and especially of his work as a poet, something will be said later and more adequately; but this paragraph may serve to show what one body of readers has owed to him, and how greatly he will be missed.

H. C. Bunner.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE DESIGNER ON WOOD—PAINTERS' MOTIFS IN NEW YORK CITY—THE TRUE DECORATOR,



TILL another attempt is being made to show that the wood-engraver's art is not a vanishing one. A new journal has been established in Paris, called *L'Image* the specimen-prospectus of which bears a very appropriate little vignette by Lepère, in which a frantic and importunate crowd of *va nu-pieds*, with their wives and their children and aided by a great horn in the mouth of the biggest, address their despairing clamors to the *Amis des Livres, aux Amateurs* and *aux Artistes*. All the illustrations of this "protestant" publication are to be executed honestly on the face of the block with the old-fashioned tool; and the society which issues it has for its object "the preservation of an art which mechanical processes tend to make disappear." This resuscitation will come too late to aid another more or less artistic trade, now completely a thing of the past, since photographic transferences have everywhere superseded the method employed a few decades back by the draughtsman on wood. Formerly, however, an immediate and practical opening was thus offered to the student or amateur with some knowledge of drawing but no other technical training to speak of. In the slightrness of this preliminary capital and the fair prospect of immediate, though small, material returns lay the peculiar value of this opening. No north light and no studio properties were required; a small office with a fairly good window light, or "desk room" in the same,—even

the hall-bedroom of his own boarding-house would suffice. It was better to be in some central commercial quarter, such as the vicinity of the old *Herald* building in this city, but Brooklyn or Harlem would do for the modest aspirant. For implements, a few hard lead-pencils (in HHHHHH and that neighborhood), a ruler, a stick of India-ink, a bottle of Chinese white, and a few sable or camel's-hair brushes, were all that were absolutely required. If the beginner was preparing to supply the commercial designs with which most of these professionals opened their career, various drawing-instruments, one or two small, steel T-squares, tracing-paper, etc., and even one or two cakes of water-color blues, greens, or Indian-red, to give a little greater transparency and color to his India-ink washes, would gradually be added. Then, if one of his first commissions came from a job-printer, he probably made a bargain for a certain number of business-cards, on which was proudly announced: "Thomas Evans; DESIGNER ON WOOD."

The small knowledge of drawing necessary to open business had to be supplemented by an ability to work neatly and cleanly, and to make smooth, transparent washes—not so easily done on the boxwood block as on paper; a certain skill in at least plain lettering was also very desirable, and since everything was drawn directly on the face of the block, the design was necessarily always reversed. Moreover, the artist had to be able to whiten the surfaces of his own blocks, as the face supplied by the wood-merchant was far from satisfactory. For this purpose, having purchased his block, duly squared and of the right dimensions, he began by pumicestoning the face slightly with a little water to remove all possible grease. Then, with a

damp sponge and some Chinese-white a thin coating was applied to the surface, this being immediately rubbed down, in both directions, with the ball of the hand, in such a manner as to leave only a smooth, thin layer of white; through this the pleasant warm color of the wood showed faintly, and it would neither come up and cause muddiness under the subsequent washes, nor flake off under the engraver's tool. In the earlier days of the art the highly enamelled surface of the visiting-cards of the period furnished a very good material for this whitening. If this preliminary operation were successful, there was provided on the surface of the block when it dried a beautiful face on which to work, with just enough "tooth" to be pleasant for the lead-pencil, and on which flat, transparent washes of color could be applied to any desired shade. The larger and cheaper blocks, of poplar or pear for coarser work, and of pine for posters, were accepted ready whitened. All blocks were to be kept on edge when not in use, to hinder warping, and a careful draughtsman wet the back as well as the face, with the same object in view.

In establishing this artistic-commercial pursuit the first step was to visit all the probable wood-engravers or job-printers in the neighborhood with some sample drawings on the block, done with the neophyte's utmost knowledge. If these were neatly and carefully executed, without visible false lines or erasures, and without disturbing the carefully smoothed surface of the wood, the probabilities were that in a week or two the new-comer would begin to receive small orders for drawings, probably of cuts for newspaper advertising. Very unimportant productions, or those wanted in a hurry, might be executed on "scraps," or unsquared sections of the tree. These were always of the requisite type-height, and were afterward squared up, the greatest economy of wood being practised. There were many specialties in this mechanical designing, practised by more skilful draughtsmen at higher prices—stoves, buildings, furniture, machinery of all kinds, ornamental lettering, etc. The photograph was much less in use in these early days, and a careful and accurate preliminary sketch had frequently to be made at the manufactory or the store. If opportunity offered and a human figure, an animal, or a bit of landscape, could be introduced, the

designer felt that he was at last in a fair way of becoming "an artist." A great step had been made in this desirable direction when he received a commission to draw fashion figures for the catalogues of the paper-pattern manufacturers; if he occasionally secured a "comic" to put on the wood (for about \$5 on an average), he considered himself fairly on the highway to success, and the swelling moment when he actually received a roll of MS. and a block on which to illustrate the story, from *The New York Ledger* or *The Fireside Companion* was—far and away—the proudest of his life.

In this pursuit, commercial on the part both of the engraver and the designer, the only yearning in the direction of the artistic was frequently furnished by the latter, unless he were a mechanical draughtsman pure and simple. Under these circumstances the work was usually very well adapted to its ends, the natural competition tending to secure both its technical excellence and the suppression of any superfluous meddling with it. Many of the drawings and engravings of elaborate pieces of furniture, of architecture, or of machinery were admirable specimens of mechanical work, the engraver being greatly aided in his task by the "ruling machine," which would cut either a perfectly even flat tint or one graded gradually from darker to lighter to imitate the rounding of a cylinder. The peculiar sharpness of definition required for this elaborate mechanical representation tended to protect this class of wood-engraving somewhat longer against the destroying "process." When that not always exact line which separates the definite and well-ordered land of mechanics from the much more uncertain region of "art"—as sharply on the face of a box-wood block as anywhere else—was passed, complications were apt to arise. The more important engravers were generally elderly men, with elderly men's positiveness of opinion, and were apt to be firmly wedded to certain traditions of their profession. The draughtsman was frequently inclined to unsanctified methods, and to more or less uncertainty of adherence to the sacred canons: the amount of arbitrary contrast of black and white masses; the proper allowance of pencilling over the washed tint; the direction and quality of the engraver's line; the due proportion of arbitrary little chunks of pure white and pure black to give

"glitter," and the like. The great authorities were long such as Sir John Gilbert, F. O. C. Darley, and a Mr. George White of this city, whose black and white methods were peculiarly acceptable to many publishers and engravers some twenty-five years ago. This was not realistic art; anything like close consideration of the painter's "values" was never thought of; nor was there any of that close imitation of other arts, the charcoal drawing or the painting, lithography or etching, which has since so excited the wrath of some of those who uphold the dignity or the "legitimacy" of xylography. Nor, on the other hand, was there much of that effort for extreme fineness of line; that wanton sacrifice of a clear, wholesome line which resulted in an indiscriminate chopping up into woolly cross-hatchings, at the sacrifice of modelling, texture, transparency, and color, and which has done so much to injure American wood-engraving, was not one of the sins of the period. Instead of working from a photograph of the drawing set up before him, the engraver had his drawing on the face of the block, destroying it as he went along in his translation of it, and consequently unable to refer to it as a whole at any time after he began. He was additionally hampered by his usual method of covering the face of the block with a piece of paper, to protect the drawing, and working only through a little hole torn in this paper which he enlarged as he went along. Nevertheless, it might be said that, forced to carry his general plan in his head, he worked with intelligence at what might be called his color masses with reference to the whole, always keeping in mind a certain economy of labor; while the later engraver, cutting away at the baddish photograph on the face of his block, embarrassed by many new ambitions, dangers, and theories, sometimes forgot everything but the bit under his tool and fussed away at the minute detail while neglecting the broad, artistic qualities of his picture.

THAT there are plenty of motives for the painter in New York City, nearly every one will admit. We have already pointed out in these columns the picturesque quality of the much-abused high buildings, as "media for nature to work upon." The same might be said of several other characteristic features of New York,

which are supposed to make it æsthetically unbearable, instead of adding to its beauty. The cable-cars, for instance, are certainly trying enough to our susceptibilities in the daytime. But he who waits till night-fall, and then walks down Seventh Avenue from Fifty-third Street, must be stolid indeed if he is not stirred, at least for the moment, by the spectacle of the clustering, moving, appearing, and disappearing lights in the broad avenue and in the open space at the foot of the hill where Broadway intersects Seventh Avenue. The square is especially interesting; the converging and diverging lines, along which the lights move, are remarkably fine, the bells clamor less wildly here than elsewhere as there are but few foot passengers; the place is comparatively empty and deserted, and very impressive on misty nights when the many-colored lights move about in a dreamlike haze of radiance. A Whistler, if he could live here, might paint this for us; might obtain harmony out of the violent contrasts of Herald Square or the brilliancy and conflicts and impetuosity of Broadway at Madison Square. All this is fiery and high-strung, and not to be coped with by small talents. The man who would do it must have a temperament that would be thrilled by it, an eye and a hand that could tender it, a mind capable of keeping away from his picture all the elements of discord that are more ready to obtrude themselves here than elsewhere, and sufficient concentration of purpose to keep all disturbing influences from his mind. But it is a mistake to suppose that there is nothing in New York of a milder nature. There is one feature that has a good deal of the restful charm of nature modified by man that we feel in Japanese landscape painting and enjoy in the rural districts of some of the old countries: the lanes, "where the carts go," through Central Park. We need not wait for spring-time and the fairy-tale charm of suggestive glimpses of green lawns and growing trees at the top of rough-hewn walls. A walk through one of these lanes on a gray day in winter brings a whole gallery of varying pictures, and infinite opportunities for delicate studies. First comes, perhaps, an interesting problem of dark and light round a centre of moving life as a team emerges from the gloom of the tunnel into the full light beyond. Farther on there will be a Japanese arrangement of picturesque,

spreading pines, and jagged, upright rocks thrown in relief against a distant causeway, with its fringe of bushes and cascade of vines. As for values, they are innumerable; all the fine and delicate patinas of the rocks, in blacks, browns, golds, and greens; all the soft gradations of air and distance, light and dark that play along the curves and over and about the mouths of the tunnels. The road winds too (the man who designed it all was an artist), and altogether these quiet lanes are not only full of picturesque suggestion, but of certain broad and soothing qualities that are doubly valuable here in New York.

SOME young artists were discussing Puvis de Chavannes, the other day, and his work in the Boston Public Library and elsewhere, and various opinions were enounced. One was sure that he was not a colorist, and all that he could not draw; his Boston panel was dissected and condemned, and this awkwardness, and that insufficiency, plain for all the world to see, were pounced upon. Finally an artist a little older than the others, who was asked for his opinion, ventured to remark that M. Puvis's things "always looked well in place," and the others admitted that on the whole they did look well in place. And is it not the end and aim of a decoration "to look well in place?" We are beginning to be much interested in decorative painting in this country, as has been already noted in this department, and now is a good time for a little sermon on the text furnished by this story. The function of a decoration,

my friends, is to decorate, and for this purpose it is not sufficient that it shall be a good painting. A man may be a colorist and a draughtsman, and a master of light and shade into the bargain; he may be all that you think Puvis de Chavannes is not; he may be a painter of the first rank, and prove his rank in the thing he has put upon a wall; and yet, as a decorator, he may fail. Or he may be none of these things, and yet be a born decorator, and his paintings will have an astonishing knack of "looking well in place." For *la belle peinture* will not make a decoration any more than *les beaux vers* will make a poem. The execution counts for little in decorative painting, and a well-designed decoration might almost be executed anyhow and by anybody. What is essential is the idea.

Of course, by the idea is not meant the story told, or the thought expressed. We are dealing with painting and not literature, and the idea must be a pictorial and a decorative idea. The decorator, then, is he who sees and conceives in a decorative way, largely and simply; he whose scheme of composition and color is a logical and inevitable development of the architectural whole of which it forms a part; he whose work looks as if it had grown out of the wall, not as if it had been placed upon it. Nowadays everybody can paint well, more or less, but the born decorator is as rare as ever, or rarer than ever. When you have found him and his work "looks well in place," do not worry as to whether or not he can draw in an impeccable manner, or whether or not he is a colorist. He is an artist, let that suffice.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THAT New York is a proper home for only the very poor and the very rich, is a favorite saying among those less fortunate individuals who occupy an intermediate stage of financial responsibility. For the mass of excellent citizens who have metropolitan tastes with provincial purses the great city is reputed to have only envy and disappointment. The results of this theory and of the peculiar geographical restrictions of Manhattan Island are the populous suburban communities, which harbor the families of actually a great majority of New York business men with bank accounts and pedigrees too good to give them the privileges and immunities of the one order, and without the resources that might enroll them in the other favored class. Almost every available locality, within an hour of the city, has been exploited—together with many regions which are available rather through the unremitting

A Palace at
Twenty Cents
a Night.

efforts of the real-estate agent than from inherent eligibility. The west bank of the Hudson, the north shore of Long Island, the Jersey mountains, and, perhaps, Staten Island, appear to offer opportunities for future profitable exploration by the indefatigable commuter; but no doubt another decade, with its extension of rapid transit facilities, will so thoroughly organize the business of selling land and houses in these districts too, that adventurous souls will find no more suburban worlds to conquer without the leadership of the reigning agent.

But this suburban habit is a distinctly family affair. The average indigent bachelor has neither the courage nor the opportunity nor the temptation for such rural experiences as our comic papers are prone to ring the changes on. Moreover, in the

choicer suburban districts the cost of living has advanced to a figure which in many departments of housekeeping rival the city prices. What shall the poor bachelor do? If he be of the laboring class and can afford to spend \$4 or \$5 a week for board—those who have attempted to exist in New York *pensions* whose standards are represented by three or four times those rates will need no more emphatic suggestion of that man's fate.

Amid the many sociological schemes which thrive under the phrase "the housing of the poor," there is one which has in our mind the elements of unusual picturesqueness and efficiency for the domiciliary salvation of this particularly forsaken corps of New York workingmen. The foundations are even now being laid for a gigantic hotel near Washington Square, which edifice is to occupy an entire block, ten stories of fifteen hundred rooms. We will refrain from an attempt to daze the mind of the reader with the number of hundreds of thousands of dollars which are to be expended in the construction of this mammoth retreat for the unfortunate bachelor portion of the city; it gives a better idea of the plan to repeat its projector's assurance that not the Waldorf, nor the Savoy, nor the Holland House will boast more perfect equipment than this great edifice for all reasonable comforts of life. So far the announcement does not read very differently from the complimentary notices with which enterprising hotel managers are wont to herald the housewarmings of a new "palace" through a diplomatic acquaintance with the press. But there is more anon; notwithstanding its perfect sanitary arrangements, its electric lighting, its location in the heart of the older city, its magnificent system of baths, superior to those of any other Amer-

ican hotel, its reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, library, entertainment halls, its alluring prospectus of gastronomic departments and the whole round of stock excellences—the tariff per inhabitant is to be fixed at about twenty cents per night! If any considerable portion of the readers of this paragraph have had experience, as it is fair to assume they have, with life at the hostelrys about which such things are generally said, and with the resulting interviews with the cashier that follow more surely than taxes, there is no fear for the force of our rhetorical climax. The capitalist who is supplying the funds for this venture is no new hand at philanthropic investments; he is a shrewd, and far-seeing business man, and it is as certain as mundane things can be, that he will carry through this striking experiment as it has been planned. An important economic feature of this programme is the relation of the expected revenue to the capital expended. Mr. Mills anticipates that he will net five per cent. on the money devoted to the establishment of the building, and he is going to see that such a financial return shall materialize, since the success of that element in the transaction will be the most powerful possible incentive for other wealthy men to make an analogous use of their money. It goes without saying that this hotel will fill that primary requirement of a successful industrial concern which demands a fairly continuous run at full capacity. There will undoubtedly be a difficulty in deciding who shall not be admitted to the privileges of this “palace” at twenty cents per night, and a vast deal of discretion and keen moral perception will be necessary to give the benefits of the hotel to those who most need and deserve them. Its builder is fortunate in having lieutenants who can supply these rare qualities, if they are within human reach. It is expected that the huge caravansary will become a natural centre of opportunity for the entertainment and edification of these classes.

IT is reasonably certain that no man who has the spirit of a man laments the reversal in his own race of that well-ascertained natural law which equips the males of birds and less perfectly organized animal species with neater forms, brighter and more beauteous hues, more sweetly ringing voices, and a whole

The Knell of the
Theatre Hat.

round of more vivacious accomplishments than their feminine consorts. One shudders at the thought. Even if every selfish interest, as well as every gallant instinct, did not infuse multiplied delight into personal charms through their possession by the “sex”—an observation of those perverted races which reserve the higher order of pulchritude for the male creatures should have a substantial warning for any unnatural beaux whose vanity might lead them to envy and rival their sweethearts. The character of the peacock, who so far transcends in gaudy plumage his modest spouse, has for several thousand years suffered notoriously and proverbially by the imputation of foolish vanity. No one envies the turkey chieftain the extraordinary lustre of plumage and majesty of gait—in the blaze of which his hens seem to be a distinct and inferior fowl—when such adornments lead to such strutting and gobbling bombast. The family of blackbirds, more especially the “soldier-blacks,” present a greater contrast between the rich flaming regimentals of the males and the dingy drab of the female than one would believe possible in the same species; but one notes a sad lapse into noisy garrulousness; and mark you, it is the male bird whose tongue is least under control.

Such instances are too cheap to multiply further, but if ever the masculine mind could find that the fitness of things demanded a dispossession of ladies’ adornments, that mood is present when one finds one’s self at the play, ensconced behind some huge umbrageous growth of feminine head-gear. The horrors of the situation and its injustice have been much dwelt on of late by the pens of authority; and it is rather the purpose of this paragraph to seek for some glimmer of practical relief. Now were men the ornate half of the race, and the perpetrators of these monumental hats, it were comparatively easy to request the removal of the obnoxious object, failing which the wearer might be promptly and justly insulted and engaged in personal combat, to the intense relief of one’s righteous paroxysms of indignation. As it is, with no course open but dumb suffering, various theoretical alleviations have been vainly suggested, such as reserving a part of the theatre for bachelors at an advanced price per seat, with a hundred other more fanciful schemes, the product of the

highly wrought imagination of harried victims. It is an old evil; in Fanny Burney's time, more than a hundred years ago, the populace was raised to a pitch of excitement that threatened mob violence by its inability to see through the magnificent bonnets of a pair of marvellously arrayed fashionables. Societies have been formed to fight the abuse; editorial indignation has vented itself in periodical spurts, and open letters galore from "Old Subscriber" and the rest of his tribe have swelled the flood of protest—all to no practical avail. What does it signify though all the ambrosial locks in your row be uncovered by their converted wearers if one unregenerate little head in the seat before you is crowned with obscuring ostrich plumes.

When, from the mere multiplicity and variety of failures to suppress it, the play-going hat had come to be considered an unavoidable if not a necessary evil, there has suddenly appeared a ray of hope. The legislators of Ohio have dared to forbid the practice of wearing hats under penalty of the rigor of the law. Even these intrepid senators, led by Mr. Fosdick, whose name will go gloriously down to posterity, coupled with this beneficent precept—even these promoters of liberty and the pursuit of happiness did not venture to impose a direct penalty upon the feminine offenders; nor, indeed, would they vote for the bill at all until assured that the moral support of a goodly female contingent was behind them. The onus of enforcing the law is put upon the manager of the theatre, who can be fined \$5 on the complaint of any play-goer who detects and exposes a hat-wearer in the theatre. It requires no special scepticism in legislative panaceas to perceive that the Fosdick Law is incapable of effecting an immediate and perfect cure of the hat evil. Indeed the first cases in which the law was applied simply added to the total of human misery by including the theatre manager in the general distress, since that courteous official refused to interfere with the head-dress of the screening damsels and cheerfully paid the fines; but gallantry such as this has its limits in the very nature of pecuniary things. Then the law has already had the effect of enormously increasing the number of hatless theatre-goers through the mere fear it aroused of legal interruption, if from no higher impulse; and the best principle of the whole effort is

the invitation given to an organized and authorized protest which may afford any sufferer an outlet for his turbulent emotions whatever be the final disposition of the offender. The Western States, with their optimistic tendencies to arrive at desirable reforms by short-cut legislative methods that would stagger the more "effete" localities, have done some royal good things by brushing away the argument from authority; and this is one of them. Others will doubtless follow in Ohio's lead. Word has come, indeed, that Minnesota is already agitating the question.

THE bicycling fever has reached a pitch of intensity even higher than the English craze, which attained its apogee a year or more before the use of the wheel became so universal in America. On the smoother and more quiet streets of our large cities the crowds of cyclists are so constant and dense during the hours that allow breadwinners to ride, as to form an actual procession in which there is difficulty in moving faster than the pace of one's fellows. Undoubtedly there is a distinct element of bicycling which has, more than anything else, brought its astonishing popularity, and which will insure a permanent place for the wheel in most well-regulated households. One often hears an objection to the athletic enthusiasms of our colleges on the ground that fierce competition and semi-professionalism in games tend to bring forward only the phenomenally muscular and robust men, leaving the rank and file of students, who have most need of physical training, to shift for themselves, and indeed to actually discourage them from outdoor games by setting athletic standards so impossible for them to attain. The absolute physical inability to shine in the fiercer athletic sports has certainly resigned many an anæmic youth to a steady and unrelenting grind at his books—where a biceps under the normal need prove no bar to the capture of honors. In spite of the active efforts of the better equipped colleges to counteract this tendency—notably by entirely separating the "athletic" events from the department of physical culture proper—it remains true that the men who need the most out-of-door exercise and muscular effort get the least of these antidotes to the effect of mental applica-

The Secret of
the Bicycle.

tion. If this be true in the colleges, it is a still more decided evil in business life, where the inertia that must be overcome in order to take part in any systematic outdoor exercise is so appalling, and where the approval and pleasures to be won by physical prowess are even less easy of attainment than in the colleges.

Now the bicycle has offered to the great majority of citizens a means of athletic exercise and open-air enjoyment for which they need not be specially equipped by nature. Man and woman, weak and strong, dwarf and three-hundred-pounder—all sorts and conditions of men can and do learn to wheel, and with comparatively small perseverance become as proficient for all practical purposes as the most handsomely endowed athlete of them all. This is the true secret of the bicycle's firm hold on the public, and here is its greatest value.

The more intangible benefits which the bicycle has brought to the dwellers in our cities are without a doubt incalculable. This is truer now than in the first flush of the wheeling fever, for the repeated warnings of family physicians have succeeded in reducing the indulgence of bicyclists in their favorite exercise to something like proper limits; and the notion has been exploded, happily, that wheeling is a panacea for all ailing folks and all ailments. In the early enthusiasm of finding their bicycle-legs, the budding devotees generally overdid the thing entirely; even now the physicians say that the exuberant delight which attends success after the frantic struggle of "learning to ride" is almost certain to lead to over-indulgence at first.

But altogether apart from the actual physiological betterment from deep breathing, swiftly coursing blood, and the purer air of the parks, there is a psychic and moral void in city life which the "bike" goes farther toward filling than any other single institution. That too-much-used word "recreation" is before us each day in a thousand advertisements, and its principle is advocated con-

stantly from as many pulpits, but where and when is it given to the toilers of the great town? What real joy, what entertainment, what surcease have they? Is there a ghastlier ugliness in our civilization than this lack of playtime and playthings? The summer vacation is good, but it is two weeks out of fifty-two, and more often than not, scantily affords a mere foothold to struggle with unimpaired tissues through the harassing hot season which in three months renders most of our cities, East and West, all but unbearable workshops. With his wheel at hand, however, there is no hard-driven clerk who may not look forward each day to a comforting flight from the demnition grind. Fat Germans, with their fatter fraus, leave the sweltering heat of East-Side tenement rows and skim gayly through the park, along the Hudson, and away into pleasant country places with the same steeds, the same privileges, and the same enjoyment that is given to the gilded youth—and gilded age too—which crosses the Fifty-ninth Street entrance at a slightly different angle. Nothing else can compare to the wheel as a haven for the heavy lump of joylessness in our streets. Sitting in a stuffy theatre during irrational hours, before a play too silly to be bad—that is poor sport even if the prices were not, from the stand-point of the average play-goer, exorbitant. Base-ball, save for the office-boy with his very mortal system of relatives, is an inaccessible, unrestful, and rather sodden sport. Horse-racing, as at present raced, is not a safe nor cheerful pleasure to pin one's faith on. The summer resorts near the city are apt to be too stupid or vulgar in their environment to afford great gladness, or more than mere amusement in a rare mood, and at any or all of these the rhythm of life is, if it be too rapid for perfect health, rather accelerated than retarded. And what else is there for town-folks to play at? The "bike" is in "fashion" to be sure, but how refreshing to have at least one healthy fad!

DRAWN BY CECILIA BEAUX.

"ALL WOMEN ARE NOT DEAF, JACQUES."

—See *Charm He Never So Wisely*, page 188.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

AUGUST 1896

No. 2



La Mancha.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE

By August F. Jaccaci—Illustrated by Vierge

I

IT was night in July, and I was bowling along toward the same dreary plains of La Mancha, that were the scenes of my youthful tramps. Friends had just warned me most earnestly not to venture into that country of rough, half-savage folk unless I secured an escort of police from whose sight there must be no wandering, "for," they added, "the navaja (the knife) is handy down there;" and the manner of their speech was tragic. But then they were Spaniards, and must regard things in the national way,—that is, to revile natives of other provinces than their own, and more particularly the inhabitants of unlovely La Mancha, the most backward region of Spain.

With occasional sleepy glances into the future (I was stretched on the long seat of an empty carriage); mingled a shifting consciousness of the adieux of the people of the Madrid hostelry—doubly cordial in expectation of a promised reward for the safe-keeping of the luggage left with them—of the drive through the narrow streets to the station looking all the way at the Madrilenes, out for the freshness of the evening. They little knew how glad I was to be among them again, and how delightful was to me the animated spectacle of their streets. I remembered distinctly in a little plaza, over whose miserable pavements my rickety carriage went bumping in unexpected and distressing fashion, the candle-lighted booth, frail affair of wood and paper, where I stopped to buy delicious oranges, for next to a smile, from a swarthy woman dressed in

rags, her hair atangle but with the condescending manners of a princess. In the station, stiff and gloomy, a porter, loaded with a tiny package, my one change of linen, preceded me with dignified steps, and throwing open the door of a first-class carriage with a bang that re-echoed all over the place seemed thus to apprise onlookers of the fact that here was indeed a lordly person, one who, in spite of his diminutive luggage, could afford the luxury of the best. There are always lookers-on at the departure of a train in Spain. Travelling is such an unusual and risky proceeding that family and friends feel called upon to testify by their presence to their concern in the perilous undertaking. No doubt prayers are indulged in for weeks previous, letters are sent beforehand informing all of the fateful event; even after the great day has come and gone, how can the household or the little circle of friends at the café resume the even tenor of its way without hearty expressions of concern and wishes that all may be well with the adventurous one?

What a contrast was Ciudad Real, the capital of La Mancha, "Imperial and the Seat of the God of Smiles," as Cervantes termed it, to the bustling New York I had left but twelve days previous. In the early morning, pure and fresh, the crystalline magnificence of the pale green sky brought out in strong relief the insignificance of the little town, and its rambling low houses. The bareness of the white-washed walls was made more emphatic here and there by some iron-screened window, or a door bristling with nails and ornate locks and hinges. All was strangely quiet in the long, narrow, unpaved street, and the same oppression of silence so striking in Arab cities falls upon the traveller. Indeed La Mancha is Moorish, country and people. The Moors have left their thumb-mark, the traces of their long domination, on the aspect of the towns and the physiognomy of the people, not less than on the character and temperament of the inhabitants and their social and domestic relations.

It was Arab hospitality of the best

kind that awaited me as I knocked, a stranger at an unseemly hour, at the house of the father of Carlos, the friend I had just left in Paris. All was done to make Carlos's friend feel at home; and my new acquaintances proved so much more helpful than our national representatives in Madrid had been that by ten o'clock I was able to continue my journey, having in my possession an order from the governor of the province that I should be furnished with an escort of mounted police wherever I might wish during my travels.

The train crawled along in an African landscape. The plain, with vegetation the color of its soil, stretched in supreme desolation under the blue sky filled with the cruel majesty of the noonday sun. No settlement, no houses nor any signs of life enlivened this torrid desert till on the path running beside the track some brown specks came bobbing up and down toward us—a characteristic group; ahead the man on donkey-back, his legs dangling, his head thrown back and a glimmer at his open lips. Following on foot came the woman, with long, swinging strides that sent her heavy skirts flying in rhythmical and recurring folds. A young donkey wandered behind his dam in his own sweet, fitful fashion, all ready to scamper in case of pursuit.

It was a melancholy contrast of sexes, which the woman did not realize; more melancholy perhaps was the contrast between the man and the beast he bestrode, which looked as if each weary step would be its last. Spanish owners of beasts of burden, knowing the very last notch of fatigue and hunger their poor drudges can reach, keep them relentlessly there, thus getting the most work for the least expense. But they shrewdly allow the young ones to grow in freedom and comparative plenty so as to be strong for the ordeal to come.

The wayfarers had nearly passed, the man singing at the top of his voice and looking straight before him, when the woman turned her eagle's profile and gave us a sharp glance. In all probability she had never travelled on the cars and never would, and the poor creature must have been marvelling in her dumb way why people should wander so far afield instead of staying



The Plaster Mill.

where they were born. The little donkey's reflections were as plainly written on his countenance as if they had been uttered in pure Castilian, as he stood a moment, an expressive silhouette, staring in bewilderment. "Demonios! what's that infernal machine about!" was his conclusion, whereupon he whirled around and scampered off flinging his four legs in as many directions.

There was a change of trains at Manzanares, a settlement which in spite of its antiquity and of its poetical name looks a handful of houses scattered hap-hazard on the bare soil like children's blocks in a nursery corner. However, it is alive, and has one of the finest distilleries (Bodegas) of Spain, where I caught a glimpse of the peasant workmen eating their lunch in a clean modern-built shed by a row of formidable clay jars, each of which, I was told, holds some twelve hundred gallons of wine. But the many chalk mills, where gypsum is ground to powder for the manufacture of plaster of Paris, and the brick-yards, I saw were primitive and old-fashioned, and in open paved areas scattered everywhere threshing was going on in the same way as in the days of the Moors, the Romans, or the Iberians. A band of donkeys, horses, and mules were simply hitched to a flat board upon which the driver stood urging his team round and round in ever-narrowing circles till the pile of grain lay flat.

By the lonely station-building of Argamasilla, the one bit of life was the postal-carriage, a four-wheeled affair, springless, with insecure board benches under an arch of plaited straw covered with canvas. It was the hottest part of the day, and the hottest day of

the year, the driver said, but it did not persuade him to spare his team. At the incessant crackling of his whip the four horses raced forward in a stampede, raising thick clouds of stinging dust which blurred completely road and landscape and brought the sensation of travelling in a furnace at white heat. The coach-dog barked, the board-seats

In the

rattled, while the vehicle creaked and plunged. Here was old-time travelling with a vengeance.

That part of me which is monopolized by the artist, I shall call it my Quixote self, rather revelled in this excess of local color, but my Sancho Panza side, caked with dirt, shaken and bruised by the jolting, was in a deplorable condition. His resigned martyrdom lasted for an hour, till a stop was made to water the horses. Thereafter, our pace relaxing, occasional glimpses could be had on either side of the road of fields of scorched wheat, with each separate stem a shining, bristling spear. Before us the village of Argamasilla, "birth-place of Don Quixote," the guide-book says unblushingly, revealed more and more distinctly its white houses nestled under the trees.

The purple Sierras, dreamy sentinels of the plains, stood on the extreme border of the horizon. Above it all wonderfully shaped clouds made against the azure background an exquisite mosaic of translucent tones.

We entered the pueblo with crackling whip. Not a soul was to be seen until the solitary slouchy figure of the

was the most picturesque place imaginable. Here at last I had plunged from civilization and nineteenth century to the condition of ancient days, and apparently reached bottom. "Apparently" is said advisedly, for later on I was to see infinitely more primitive scenes. However, this first sensation at passing from the glare to that smelly purplish interior, comfortless but plentiful of dirt, was intense.

Like its ancestor, the Moorish Caravanserai, the Posada was a series of irregular constructions built around a courtyard. In the room in which I found myself the life of the place centred. Walls and pillars rose in confusion, and arches opened unexpected vistas into dirty, smelly emptiness, streaked by stray glimmers of sunlight. Close rows of blackened tree-trunks, forming the ceiling, were concealed under cobweb garlands.

Hundreds of flies droned a ceaseless, loud murmur like the strings of a symphony, broken upon by the recurrent snores from limp bodies coiled in corners on the bare earth and by the sharp, insistent munching of the mules at their forage in the stables.

Following Gregorio upstairs I hastily arranged for the exclusive use of a little whitewashed room, fitted with three beds with bulky mattresses rolled on the board, at the exorbitant price of ten cents a day—it was policy to propitiate this man Gregorio, the *amo*, the soul of this establishment—and then hurried down again to enchantment!

But my Panza, rising in his might, insisted on something more substantial than sensations, which he thought were not to be indulged in on an empty stomach. Unfeeling I had to dis-

Posada.

inn-keeper emerged from under the mat covering the door of the Posada—"Al Parador del Carmen, Casa Gregorio." Gregorio, hardly able to repress his astonishment at the unusual sight of a guest, looked at the horses and said nothing. But the driver kindly ventured an introduction, "He is for you, Gregorio." "Yes," I added, "and for some time, I hope, Don Gregorio, if I may have a bed in your house." A "don" well placed never fails to please a Spaniard, even if he be that most independent and despotic of beings—an inn-keeper of low order. "Of course, señor, and why not?" and upon these slight preliminaries I followed Gregorio under the straw curtain.

My first look at the Parado del Carmen did my Quixote self good, for it

The Amo.

turb the *amo*, who, seated on a stone bench, his head between his hands and his elbows on his knees, was evidently wondering what manner of man was this stranger, dressed as a countryman, but with a queer stamp which he was unable to locate. Panza felt elated at the answer that it might be possible to have something to eat. "What can I have then, *amo*?" I continued. "De Todo" (Of everything), "señor"—elusive abbreviation for "of all that you bring," and I had brought nothing. The fates were kind, however, for with the help of three females, a boy, and an old dilapidated character, a necessary functionary of all posadas, whose duties are to run errands, amuse the household and be the butt of its jokes, a complicated tortilla was slowly manufactured. In a little dark room, the key of whose carefully locked door dangled at his belt, the *amo* went to fetch the ingredients which composed it—eggs, potatoes, onions, herbs, and ham, besides I know not what. When it was finally served on a bench and famished Panza seated before it, every one came slouching by. Was it that the strong

odor of crude olive-oil was too attractive to be resisted, or that the unusual spectacle of a man eating with fork as well as with knife could not be missed? Whatever it may have been, they, like a pack of small dogs watching another dog munch his bone, sat or stood around observing each disappearing morsel till the oppression of these glittering eyes steadfastly fixed on my movements made me feel that something was expected and must be done. I had not failed to offer a share of my tortilla to one and all before touching it, and now the psychological moment had come which must transform the silent watchers into friends, or else life would be a failure for the next few days.

With my best manner I offered a draught of my wine around. It was refused, a customary denial that, going against the grain, is nevertheless religiously enforced by high and low. A second and more familiar offer, "Vamos, vamos hombres" ("Come on, men"),

brought each one to the mark. Then as the pig-skin bottle passed from hand to hand the place became alive. Cigarettes were lit, remarks ventured, questions asked and answered, the song of the flies became but a distant accompaniment to human voices, and the world of Argamasilla began unfolding itself before me.

Very like our world it was, yet characteristic in a hundred little and big ways. The manner of those half Moors, who like the natives of southern Italy are born for finessing, and love to reach their ends by slow roundabout approaches, was fine to watch. After learn-

Among the Women.

ing what they already knew—that I was a stranger (which applies to any *c* a Manchego), they d a variety of bait that tempt me to disclose manner of man I w what I had come for imagines that if cats they would talk ju way those people did-ly, with the same turbable glare in thei brilliant eyes. Figur speaking, those mu and inn folk venture tiously one paw her there, retreated, ad till enough facts having been secured, the pretty game ended. Then having learned what I wished to do, everyone fell to giving me the benefit of his ideas and experiences. The most interesting were chief courtier of the a less, lazy chap, mark greasy old cap sporti cal initials of the bull ring, P. D. L., which proclaimed the wearer a lover and connoisseur of the great game.

"Yes, señor, Don Quixote was a funny chap. It's a great book though, and known to the whole world, even to the heathen and to the English and the others. I read it and found it droll reading, but the best of it I did not get. There is much in it for persons of learning. They all say who know that the science of the world is there, and that when you understand it you can get as rich as you want. But I am

and was only amused. ixote was a very ridiculous fellow surely! Think taking those wenches venta for castle maid-Jesu, what an ass he nd Sancho, you say? he is like you and me, he wants to eat and sleep and get along

with everybody in a nice way. But then I don't know the book. There is something in it I can't get hold of which makes priests and the like read it over and over. Don Federigo, a lawyer, who lives now in Madrid, says there is not another book like it, so full of politics and everything."

"Si, Señor full of Quix portrait in t house was t short time a the gentleman bow of the c citified-looki who then entered the place) who has installed a fine bodega on its site, as perfect a bode-

ga as you have seen in Madrid. And we'll show you also the prison where Cervantes wrote the book."

A moderate distribution of wine brought a score of idlers and notables, who kept up the discussion on Quixote. And in such pleasant manner the rest of the day was passed. Late in the evening I sat with the *amo* in the darkness out-

side the door, under the sombre, lapis-lazuli sky clustered with stars. A trembling murmur, like the heaving of a calm sea, intensified all accidental noises, the barking of dogs, the jingling of the bells of the mules hurrying to their night's shelter. A laborer coming home from the fields passed on at a rapid gait, which one felt to be rapid, though the energetic sound of his footsteps was deadened in the dust. He sang with a rich, full, uncultivated voice, a song of Andalusia, one of those Malagenas which are replacing the distinctive provincial songs all over the peninsula. Each verse was a complete musical phrase, given as a trill and ending in a long-sustained vibrating minor note, and there were long pauses between the verses.

"Nor with thee, nor without thee,
Have my troubles any remedy ;

With thee, because thou killest me,
And without thee, because I die of it."

The voice, alternately crying and sighing, kept its male ring, while the pathetic words were flung into space with the most passionate expression. It was like the nightingale's song, as impulsive, as harmonious with the scene and hour.

The following days gave me a good opportunity to see truly typical posada life. The *amo*, one of the rare well-to-do persons of the Argamasilla, owning vineyards and wheat-fields, had to devote his early mornings and late afternoons to overseeing his laborers. He would come back usually at nine in the morning, with his son and some of his men, who had been up and at work at the threshing-ground since as early as three o'clock. All had then their first meal in common. The long knives were unsheathed ; each man proceeded to cut a thin slice of bread, stuck the point of his knife into it, and used it as a spoon to dip into the dish of hard peas and cucumbers swimming in mixed oil

and water, which was placed on a stool in the middle of the group. A new spoon had to be cut for each spoonful, and much dexterity is needed, even with the help of one's thumb, to secure enough peas on the flat piece of bread. The *amo* passed the wine-bottle round but once, the men indulging in it sparingly. When a man had finished, he would wipe his lips with the back of the hand, get up, and, going to a stand where the water-pitcher was held, lift it, and, holding it at arm's length, take a

DE PACHECO.

From the painting in the Parish Church.

long draught ; then, lighting his cigarette, he would be off to work again. What a frugal diet ! No wonder the peasants are such healthy creatures, solid and limber ; that they walk with

in the neighborhood, and other idlers would come and join the circle from time to time and marvel how the worthy man did his work so well. Were it not for these happenings the posada would have been as quiet as the town.

The women-folk, mother and two daughters, were left strictly alone. The old, wrinkled *ama* had charge of the cooking, the ingredients for which were given to her by her husband after a good deal of noisy bickering, he claiming that she did not make the best of what he gave, she that he never gave her enough. The daughters, modest girls of pleasing looks, were working all the time, helping in the kitchen, keeping the three guest-rooms in order, fetching water from the well, sprinkling the premises, or sewing. 'Twas all work and no play with them unless, once in a while, they indulged in quiet games with cats and puppies when no one was looking.

Upon this dull background of the posada life there defiled day and night all sorts of types of muleteers—fantastic fellows, wild-looking as the wild beasts, who strode in and out silently with hardly a glance at anyone. After taking care of their mules they would sit in a corner and eat the hard bread and bit of cheese they had brought with them, or lie down to sleep anywhere on the bare soil, with no covering over

The Entrance to Cervantes's Prison

an elastic, light step, and in repose seem ever ready to move, suddenly, without effort—the whole body ready to spring. Our notions of Spanish indolence are true enough of the "classes," but the peasants are as hard-working a people as can be found anywhere, and they perform their work on fare which not even the low Italians would find sufficient.

During the warm hours the *amo* remained at home. A couple of parasites kept him company, smiled at his jokes, and feasted on his sententious wisdom. While I was staying there Gregorio made himself a pair of shoes, and his friends, enjoying the rare opportunity, sat and watched admiringly the progress of the work. The fact that Gregorio was doing something became known

them and but a convenient stone for a pillow.

The *amo's* return at sunset was the signal for supper. Gregorio's was a well-to-do family, having meat once a day every day during the harvest-time. In ordinary times, of course, they had it but once a week. That meat was always served in a sort of soup. The girls, with flowered kerchiefs around their necks, the men in shirt-sleeves with red turban-like rags on their heads, barefooted all, dipped their wooden spoons democratically in the same bowl. There was no attempt at conversation, only at times the shrill voice of the *ama* would tell some laborer to go slow, that he was eating more than his portion. The hanger-on before mentioned would sit against a pillar, his old frame bent on his staff, and, keeping his keen, knowing eyes looking steadfastly away from the table, appear perfectly indifferent to what was going on. The dogs of the house had more rights than he had, poor chap. Toward the middle of the dinner Gregorio would ask him to join the circle, whereupon the *ama*, venting her displeasure, would make chilling remarks such as "the door of the posada was as wide open as the gates of the city," to which the gentlemanly fellow would answer, mildly, "Yes, Señora, and I hope many good things may come in at it besides dust."

Such was the routine of the days at

To post his niece at an upper window.

the posada. I was told that once a month, on market-day, all was bustle and movement, and that a dance was sometimes indulged in; but Sundays were days like the others, except that the men improved the chance of making coarse remarks about the women going to church. There is mighty little religion and a great deal of superstition among these Argamasilla folk. The going to church is the one diversion in the terribly monotonous, hard life of the women; but the men prefer to sit or stand around the square, or on a friendly doorstep, and in the same breath indulge in sneers at the priest and the Church and professions of loyalty to "Our Lady."

The chief glory of Argamasilla is the Casa de Medrano, a solid stone house, standing probably in the same condition, but for the decay of age, as when Cervantes was kept a prisoner in its cellar. There is little doubt that this is the very place where the design of the book, which was "engendered in a prison" (see prologue to the first part of Don Quixote)

Curiosity.

was first moulded. Some twenty-five feet by eight, and seven feet high, with a mere hole for window, this unhealthy cell is so dark that when the original door, still partly standing, with its iron clamps and nails, is closed, it precludes the possibility of Cervantes having been able to write in it. But to

vented to prove by long foolish dissertations, many of them in book form, that Cervantes and Quixote did all sorts of things in each of the villages. At a low computation, taking into account only the most persistent claimants, Cervantes was born in six different places. Yet he lived unappreciated and in misery. And his master-piece,

property of man-
ree hundred edi-
' are other than
e than a century
t of a chap-book
pain particularly
arcely deserving
of attention by
men of letters.
The recognition
of its worth first
came from Eng-
land. "Spain
may have begot-
ten the child,
but England
was its foster-
mother" (H.
W. Watts). The
Spaniards have
since scram-
bled frantical-
ly to do tardy
justice to the
"Prince of the
Spanish Geni-
uses." Thus a
has been paid in
y spot by one of
ldren. In this
asa de Medrano,
hirty years ago,
eyra established
ng-office for the
rpose of issuing
utiful editions of
ixote, and an In-
ulled from the
ne first sheets of
the large edition.

His favorite chair in the barber-shop.

say this would be to the Argamasillans a personal insult.

The villages of New Castile fight fiercely for the honor of having given birth to Cervantes or to his hero. There are local traditions used and in-

vantes now points to a national honor which each village tries to monopolize. In this country of contrasts, where the differences of climate and surroundings have made the peninsula a land of well-defined provinces, with

distinct habits and costumes evolved from the conditions of each separate *milieu*, patriotism is sectional. "I am not a Spaniard, I am a Catalan," expresses the general attitude. But here, in La Mancha, villages are up in arms against other villages, simply on account of Cervantes.

It is proved that Miguel de Cervantes was born in Alcalá del Henares, a town of New Castile east of Madrid, and that in Argamasilla the "meagre, shrivelled, whimsical" child of his genius was conceived. There are also strong probabilities of truth in the local claim that the original of Don Quixote was Don Pacheco, a royal collector of taxes, the one hidalgo of Argamasilla at the time of Cervantes's appearance in the town. It was by the authority of Pacheco that Cervantes was imprisoned in the cellar of the Casa de Medrano, and Pacheco's house, lately destroyed, corresponded in its main points with the description in the

book. In an old painting, which is preserved in the parish church, he and his niece are kneeling before the Virgin thanking her for her assistance, as set forth in the quaint description at the bottom of the picture:

"Our Lady appeared to Don Rodrigo de Pacheco on the eve of St. Matthew, in the year 1601, and cured him—who had promised her a lamp of silver, and called day and night upon her in his great affliction—of a great pain he had in his brain through a chilliness which had fallen into it."

The good priest, Cervantist by birth and choice, who had accompanied me to the church, and who was pleased at my interest in the picture, diplomatically disguising the object of his argument under flowers of Castilian rhetoric, tried to make me agree with him and the Argamasillans. I was not conscious that I failed to realize that there was Don Quixote in flesh and blood. The high cheek-bones and wandering eyes seemed Don Quixote enough, though the sensual full lower lip hardly so. But later on I became convinced that my enthusiasm was not freely enough displayed to reassure my new acquaintance, for he stuck to me during my stay in Argamasilla, going so far as to

On market day.

115 R₁ C₁

often abandon his favorite chair in the barber-shop to convince me again and again that Don Pacheco was undoubtedly the original of Don Quixote. He had hopes that on returning to America I should stand up boldly, challenging all-comers to disprove that important fact, and thereby exalt the fame and glory of his town.

He went so far as to post his niece at an upper window of his comfortable house to watch should I happen to pass in the lonely street, so that he might know where I went, and go and button-hole me. The duty can hardly have been irksome to the damsel—it chimed in too well with local customs, for at the approach of footsteps in the usually deserted streets the latticed windows would always be seen to blossom for an instant with inquisitive female faces. This curiosity is never offensive, and one can't help feeling thankful to be a source of innocent distraction to people whose life turns hopelessly in the same narrow circle. Wherever I went wiles were indulged in to look at me without impertinence. Some fortuitous duty had to be performed, the street had to be sprinkled, or the woman was immersed in conversation on her neighbor's threshold, gesticulating about something which was not said, and eyes and ears fixed on that most unusual sight—an American in Argamasilla.

On my last evening there Gregorio and I had a walk through the village, kicking the thick-lying dust and knocking our feet on the rough stones of the irregular streets without sidewalks. Here and there a stranded cart, groups sitting silently before their open doors

—the lights, in that harmony of gray and purple, pitching in a warm note like a gaudy flower in the dark hair of an Andalusian girl. The customary salutations were exchanged in a low, grave voice—"Go yourself with God" accompanied us on our way. We sat on the little bridge which spans that curious river the Guadiana, and in the dense foliage over us the nightingales were singing, and little falls near by playing the accompaniment. Gregorio told many a story, which had the musty perfume of bygone, forgotten days, about this wonderful Guadiana, that had its birth in swamps, and after running for miles loses itself, to reappear seven leagues farther on. "Very mysterious, isn't it?" says my companion. "Once one of the kings of Spain was talking about his country with the king of France, and to his chagrin was finding that all that Spain had, France also had. It had olives and wheat and grapes, and everything that Spain had, until the king thought of the Guadiana, and he said: 'I have a bridge of seven leagues in length.' The poor French king had nothing further to say."

GREGORY'S ISLAND

By George W. Cable

I



THE man of whom I am speaking was a tallish, slim, young fellow, shaped well enough, though a trifle limp for a Louisianian in the Mississippi cavalry. Some camp wag had fastened on him the nickname of "Crackedfiddle." Our acquaintance began more than a year before Lee's surrender; but Gregory came out of the war without any startling record, and the main thing I tell of him occurred some years later.

I never saw him under arms or in uniform. I met him first at the house of a planter, where I was making the most of a flesh-wound, and was, myself, in uniform simply because I hadn't any other clothes. There were pretty girls in the house, and as his friends and fellow-visitors—except me—wore the gilt bars of commissioned rank on their gray collars, and he, as a private, had done nothing glorious, his appearance was always in civilian's dress. Black he wore, from head to foot, in the cut fashionable in New Orleans when the war brought fashion to a stand: coat-waist short, skirt solemnly long; sleeves and trousers small at the hands and feet, and puffed out—phew! in the middle. The whole scheme was dandyish, dashing, zou-zou; and when he appeared in it, dark, good-looking, loose, languorous, slow to smile and slower to speak, it was—confusing.

One sunset hour as I sat alone on the planter's veranda immersed in a romance, I noticed, too late to offer any serviceable warning, this impressive black suit and its ungenerously nicknamed contents coming in at the gate unprotected. Dogs, in the South, in those times, were not the caressed and harmless creatures now so common. A Mississippi planter's watch-dogs were kept for their vigilant and ferocious hostility to the negro of the quarters

and to all strangers. One of these, a powerful, notorious, bloodthirsty brute, long-bodied, deer-legged—you may possibly know that big breed the planters called the "cur-dog" and prized so highly—darted out of hiding and silently sprang at the visitor's throat. Gregory swerved, and the brute's fangs, whirling by his face, closed in the sleeve and rent it from shoulder to elbow. At the same time another, one of the old "bear-dog" breed, was coming as fast as the light block and chain he had to drag would allow him. Gregory neither spoke nor moved to attack or retreat. At my outcry the dogs slunk away, and he asked me, diffidently, for a thing which was very precious in those days—pins.

But he was quickly surrounded by pitying eyes and emotional voices, and was coaxed into the house, where the young ladies took his coat away to mend it. While he waited for it in my room I spoke of the terror so many brave men had of these fierce home-guards. I knew one such beast that was sired of a wolf. He heard me with downcast eyes, at first with evident pleasure, but very soon quite gravely.

"They can afford to fear dogs," he replied, "when they've got no other fear." And when I would have it that he had shown a stout heart he smiled ruefully.

"I do everything through weakness," he soliloquized, and, taking my book, opened it as if to dismiss our theme. But I bade him turn to the preface, where we read something like this:

That the seed of heroism is in all of us; else we should not forever relish, as we do, stories of peril, temptation, and exploit. Their true zest is no mere ticklement of our curiosity or wonder, but comradeship with souls that have courage in danger, faithfulness under trial, or magnanimity in triumph or defeat. We have, moreover, it went on to say, a care for human excellence in general, by reason of which we want not alone our son, or cousin,

or sister, but man everywhere, the norm, *man*, to be strong, sweet, and true; and reading stories of such, we feel this wish rebound upon us as duty sweetened by a new hope, and a new yearning for its fulfilment in ourselves.

"In short," said I, closing the book, "those imaginative victories of soul over circumstance become essentially ours by sympathy and emulation, don't they?"

"O yes," he sighed, and added an indistinct word about "spasms of virtue." But I claimed a special charm and use for unexpected and detached heroisms, be they fact or fiction. "If adventitious virtue," I argued, "can spring up from unsuspected seed and without the big roots of character——"

"You think," interrupted Gregory, "there's a fresh chance for me."

"For all the common run of us!" I cried. "Why not? And even if there isn't, hasn't it a beauty and a value? Isn't a rose a rose, on the bush or off? Gold is gold wherever you find it, and the veriest spasm of true virtue, coined into action, is true virtue, and counts. It may not work my nature's whole redemption, but it works that way, and is just that much solid help toward the whole world's uplift." I was young enough then to talk in that high-flown manner, and he actually took comfort in my words, confessing that it had been his way to count a good act which was not in character with its doer as something like a dead loss to everybody.

"I'm glad it's not," he said, "for I reckon my ruling motive is always fear."

"Was it fear this evening?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "it was. It was fear of a coward's name, and a sort of abject horror of being one."

"Too big a coward inside," I laughed, "to be a good stout coward outside," and he assented.

"Smith," he said, and paused long, "if I were a hard drinker and should try to quit, it wouldn't be courage that would carry me through, but fear; quaking fear of a drunkard's life and a drunkard's death."

I began to reply, but kept my tongue. He read the warning accusation in my eye.

"I'm afraid so," he responded. You can guess what we meant. "I had a strange experience once," he presently added, abstractedly, as if reminded of it by what we had last said. "I took a prisoner."

"By the overwhelming power of fear?" I inquired.

"Partly, yes. I saw him before he saw me and I felt that if I didn't take him he'd either take me or shoot me, so I covered him and he surrendered. We were in an old pine-clearing grown up with oak-bushes."

"Would it have been less strange," I inquired, "if you had been in an old oak-clearing grown up with pine-bushes?"

"No, he'd have got away just the same."

"What! you didn't bring him in?"

"Only part of the way. Then he broke and ran."

"And you had to shoot him?"

"No, I didn't even shoot at him. I couldn't, Smith; *he looked so much like me*. It was like seeing my own ghost. All the time I had him something kept saying to me, 'You're your own prisoner—you're your own prisoner.' And—do you know?—that thing comes back to me now every time I get into the least sort of a tight place!"

"I wish it would come to me," I responded. A slave girl brought his coat and our talk remained unfinished until five years after the war.

II

GREGORY had been brought up on the shore of Mississippi Sound, a beautiful region fruitful mainly in apathy of character. He was a skilled lover of sail-boats. When we all got back to New Orleans, paroled, and cast about for a living in the various channels "open to gentlemen," he, largely, I think, owing to his timid notion of his worth, went into the rough business of owning and sailing a small, handsome schooner in the "Lake trade," which, you know, includes Mississippi Sound. I married, and for some time he liked much to come and see us—on inclement evenings, when he knew we'd be

alone. He was in love yet, as he had been when we were fellow-absentees from camp, and with the same girl. But his passion had never presumed to hope, and the girl was of too true a sort ever to thrust hope upon him. What his love lacked in courage it made up in constancy, however, and morning, noon, and night—sometimes midnight too, I venture to say—his all too patient heart bowed mutely down toward its holy city across the burning sands of his diffidence. When another fellow stepped in and married her, he simply loved on, in the same innocent, dumb, harmless way as before. He gave himself some droll consolations. One of these was a pretty, sloop-rigged sail-boat, trim and swift, on which he lavished the tendernesses he knew he should never bestow upon any living she. He named her Sweetheart; a general term; but he knew that we all knew it meant the mender of his coat. By and by his visits fell off and I met him oftenest on the street. Sometimes we stopped for a moment's sidewalk chat, New Orleans fashion, and I still envied the clear bronze of his fine skin, which the rest of us had soon lost. But after a while certain changes began to show for the worse, until one day in the summer of the fifth year he tried to hurry by me. I stopped him, and was thinking what a handsome fellow he was even yet, with such a quiet, modest fineness about him, when he began, with a sudden agony of face, "My schooner's sold for debt! You know the reason; I've seen you read it all over me every time we have met, these twelve months—O *don't* look at me!"

His slim, refined hands—he gave me both—were clammy and tremulous. "Yes," he babbled on, "it's a fixed fact, Smith; the cracked fiddle's a smashed fiddle at last!"

I drew him out of the hot sun and into a secluded archway, he talking straight on with a speed and pitiful grandiloquence totally unlike him. "I've finished all the easy parts—the first ecstasies of pure license—the long down-hill plunge with all its mad exhilarations—the wild vanity of venturing and defying—that bigness of the soul's experiences which makes even its anguish

seem finer than the old bitterness of tame propriety—they are all behind me, now—the valley of horrors is before! You can't understand it, Smith. O you can't understand——"

But I did. Are we not, all, sinners together? And, anyhow, one does not have to put himself through a whole criminal performance to apprehend its spiritual experiences. I understood all, and especially what he unwittingly betrayed even now; that deep thirst for the dramatic element in one's own life, which, when social conformity fails to supply it, becomes, to an eager soul, sin's cunningest allurements.

I tried to talk to him. "Gregory, that day the dogs jumped on you—you remember?—didn't you say if ever you should reach this condition your fear might save you?"

He stared at me a moment. "Do you"—a ray of humor lighted his eyes—"do you still believe in spasms of virtue?"

"Thank heaven, yes!" laughed I, and he said good-by and was gone.

I heard of him twice afterward that day. About noon some one coming into the office said: "I just now saw Crackedfiddle buying a great lot of powder and shot and fishing-tackle. Here's a note. He says first read it and then seal it and send it to his aunt." It read:

"Don't look for me. You can't find me. I'm not going to kill or hurt myself, and I'll report again in a month."

I delivered it in person on my way uptown, advising his kinswoman to trust him on his own terms and hope for the best. Privately, of course, I was distressed, and did not become less so when, on reaching home, my wife told me that he had been there and borrowed an arm-load of books, saying—he might return some of them in a month, but would probably keep others for two. So he did; and one evening, when he brought the last of them back, he told us fully, my wife and I—spiritual experiences and all—what had occurred to him in the interval.

The sale of the schooner had paid its debt and left him some cash over. Better yet, Sweetheart was still his. On the day of his disappearance she

was lying at the head of the New Basin, distant but a few minutes' walk from the spot where we met and talked. When he left me he went there. At the stores thereabout he bought a new hatchet and axe, an extra water-keg or two, and a month's provisions. He filled all the kegs, stowed everything aboard, and by the time the afternoon had half waned was rippling down the New Canal under mule-tow with a strong lake breeze in his face.

At the lake (Pontchartrain), as the tow-line was cast off, he hoisted sail, and, skimming out by light-house and breakwater, tripped away toward Pointe-aux-Herbes and the eastern skyline beyond, he and Sweetheart alone, his hand clasping hers—the tiller, that is—hour by hour, and the small waves tip-toeing to kiss her southern cheek as she leaned it away from the saucy north wind. In time the low land and then the light-house sank and vanished behind them; on the left the sun went down in the purple-black swamps of Manchac; the intervening waters turned crimson and bronze under the fairer changes of the sky, while in front of them Fort Pike Light began to glimmer through an opal haze, and by and by to draw near. It passed. From a large in-bound schooner gliding by in the twilight came, in friendly recognition, the drone of a conch-shell, the last happy salutation Sweetheart was ever to receive. Then the evening star silvered their wake through the deep Rigolets, and the rising moon met them, her and her lover, in Lake Borgne, passing the dark pines of Round Island, and hurrying on toward the white sand-keys of the Gulf.

The night was well advanced as they neared the pine-crested dunes of Cat Island, in whose lee a more cautious sailor would have dropped anchor till the morning. But to this pair every mile of these fickle waters, channel and mud-lump, snug lagoon, open sea and hidden bar, each and all, were known as the woods are known to a hunter, and, as he drew her hand closer to his side, she turned across the track of the moon and bounded into the wide south. A maze of marsh islands—huddling along that narrow, half-drowned mainland of

cypress swamp and trembling prairie which follows the Mississippi out to sea—slept, leagues away, below the western waters. In the east lay but one slender boundary between the voyager and the shoreless deep, and this was so near that from its farther edge came now and again its admonishing murmur, the surf-thunder of the open Gulf rolling forever down the prone but unshaken battle-front of the sandy Chan-deleurs.

III

So all night, lest wind or resolve should fail next day, he sailed. How to tell just where dawn found him I scarcely know. Somewhere in that blue wilderness, with no other shore in sight, yet not over three miles north-east of a "pass" between two long tide-covered sand-reefs, a ferment of delta silt—if science guesses right—had lifted higher than most of the islands behind it in the sunken west one mere islet in the shape of a broad crescent, with its outward curve to seaward and a deep, slender lagoon on the landward side filling the whole length of its bight. About half the island was flat and was covered with those strong marsh grasses for which you've seen cattle, on the mainland, venture so hungrily into the deep ooze. The rest, the southern half, rose in dazzling white dunes twenty feet or more in height and dappled green with patches of ragged sod and thin groups of dwarfed and wind-flattened shrubs. As the sun rose, Sweetheart and her sailor glided through a gap in the sand reef that closed the lagoon in, luffed, and as a great cloud of nesting pelicans rose from their dirty town on the flats, ran softly upon the inner sands, where a rillet, a mere thread of sweet water, trickled across the white beach. Here he waded ashore with the utensils and provisions, made a fire, washed down a hot breakfast of bacon and pone with a pint of black coffee, returned to his boat and slept until afternoon. Wakened at length by the canting of the sloop with the fall of the tide, he rose, rekindled his fire, cooked and ate again, smoked two pipes, and then, idly shoul-

dering his gun, made a long half-circuit of the beach to south and eastward, mounted the highest dune and gazed far and wide.

Nowhere on sand or sea under the illimitable dome was there sign of human presence on the earth. Nor would there likely be any. Except by misadventure no ship on any course ever showed more than a topmast above this horizon. Of the hunters and fishermen who roamed the islands nearer shore, with the Chandeleurs, the storm-drowned Grand Gosiers and the deep-sea fishing grounds beyond, few knew the way hither, and fewer ever sailed it. At the sound of his gun the birds of the beach—sea-snipe, curlew, plover—showed the whites of their wings for an instant and fell to feeding again. Save when the swift Wilderness—you remember the revenue cutter—chanced this way on her devious patrol, only the steamer of the light-house inspection service, once a month, came up out of the southwest through yonder channel and passed within hail on her way from the stations of the Belize to those of Mississippi Sound; and he knew—had known before he left the New Basin—that she had just gone by here the day before.

But to Gregory this solitude brought no quick distress. With a bird or two at his belt he turned again toward his dying fire. Once on the way he paused, as he came in sight of the sloop, and gazed upon it with a faintness of heart he had not known since his voyage began. However, it presently left him, and hurrying down to her side he began to unload her completely, and to make a permanent camp in the lee of a ridge of sand crested with dwarfed casino bushes, well up from the beach. The night did not stop him, and by the time he was tired enough for sleep he had lightened the boat of everything stowed into her the previous day. Before sunrise he was at work again, removing her sandbags, her sails, flags, cordage, even her spars. The mast would have been heavy for two men to handle, but he got it out whole, though not without hurting one hand so painfully that he had to lie off for over two hours. But by mid-day he was busy

again, and when at low water poor Sweetheart comfortably turned upon her side on the odorous, clean sand, it was never more to rise. The keen, new axe of her master ended her days.

"No! O no!" he said to me, "call it anything but courage! I felt—I don't want to be sentimental—I'm sure I was not sentimental at the time, but—I felt as though I were a murderer. All I knew was that it had to be done. I trembled like a thief. I had to stoop twice before I could take up the axe, and I was so cold my teeth chattered. When I lifted the first blow I didn't know where it was going to fall. But it struck as true as a die, and then I flew at it. I never chopped so fast or clean in my life. I wasn't fierce; I was as full of self-delight as an overpraised child. And yet when something delayed me an instant I found I was still shaking. Courage," said he, "O no; I know what it was, and I knew then. But I had no choice; it was my last chance."

I told him that any one might have thought him a madman chopping up his last chance.

"Maybe so," he replied, "but I wasn't; it was the one sane thing I could do;" and he went on to tell me that when night fell the tallest fire that ever leapt from those sands blazed from Sweetheart's piled ribs and keel.

It was proof to him of his having been shrewd, he said, that for many days he felt no repentance of the act nor was in the least lonely. There was an infinite relief merely in getting clean away from the huge world of men, with all its exactions and temptations and the myriad rebukes and rebuffs of its crass propriety and thrift. He had endured solitude enough in it; the secret loneliness of a spiritual bankruptcy. Here was life begun over, with none to make new debts to except nature and himself, and no besetments but his own circumvented propensities. What humble, happy masterhood! Each dawn he rose from dreamless sleep and leaped into the surf as into the embrace of a new existence. Every hour of day brought some unfretting task or hale pastime. With sheath-knife and sail-needle he made

of his mainsail a handsome tent, using the mainboom for his ridge-pole, and finishing it just in time for the first night of rain—when, nevertheless, he lost all his coffee!

He did not waste toil. He hoarded its opportunities as one might husband salt on the mountains or water in the desert, and loitering in well-calculated idleness between thoughts many and things of sea and shore innumerable, filled the intervals from labor to labor with gentle entertainment. Skyward ponderings by night, canny discoveries under foot by day, quickened his mind and sight to vast and to minute significances, until they declared an Author known to him hitherto only by tradition, and every acre of the barren islet grew fertile in beauties and mysteries, and a handful of sand at the door of his tent held him for hours guessing the titanic battles that had ground the invincible quartz to that crystal meal and fed it to the sea.

I may be more rhetorical than he was, but he made all the more of these conditions while experiencing them, because he knew they could not last out the thirty days, nor half the thirty, and took modest comfort in a will strong enough to meet all present demands, well knowing there was one exigency yet to arise, one old usurer still to be settled with who had not yet brought in his dun.

IV

It came—began to come—in the middle of the second week. At its familiar approach he felt no dismay, save a certain inert dismay that it brought none. Three, four, five times he went bravely to the rill, drowned his thirst and called himself satisfied; but the second day was worse than the first; the craving was better than the rill's brief cure of it, and once he rose straight from drinking of the stream and climbed the dune to look for a sail.

He strove in vain to labor. The pleasures of toil were as stale as those of idleness. His books were put aside with a shudder, and he walked abroad with a changed gait; the old extortioner was levying on his nerves. And

on his brain. He dreamed that night of war-times; found himself commander of a whole battery of heavy guns, and lo, they were all quaker-cannon. When he would have fled monstrous terrors met him at every turn, till he woke and could sleep no more. Dawn widened over sky and sea, but its vast beauty only mocked the castaway. All day long he wandered up and down and along and across his glittering prison, no tiniest speck of canvas, no faintest wreath of smoke, on any water's edge; the horror of his isolation growing—growing—like the monsters of his dream, and his whole nature wild with a desire which was no longer a mere physical drought, but a passion of the soul, that gave the will an unnatural energy and set at naught every true interest of earth and heaven. Again and again he would have shrieked its anguish, but the first note of his voice rebuked him to silence as if he had espied himself in a glass. He fell on his face voiceless, writhing, and promised himself, nay, pledged creation and its Creator, that on the day of his return to the walks of men he would drink the cup of madness and would drink it thenceforth till he died.

When night came again he paced the sands for hours and then fell to work to drag by long and toiling obliques to a favorable point on the southern end of the island the mast he had saved, and to raise there a flag of distress. In the shortness of his resources he dared not choose the boldest exposures, where the first high wind would cast it down; but where he placed it it could be seen from every quarter except the north, and any sail approaching from that direction was virtually sure to come within hail even of the voice.

Day had come again as he left the finished task, and once more from the highest wind-built ridge his hungering eyes swept the round sea's edge. But he saw no sail. Nerveless and exhausted he descended to the southeastern beach and watched the morning brighten. The breezes, that for some time had slept, fitfully revived, and the sun leaped from the sea and burned its way through a low bank of dark and ruddy clouds with so unusual a splen-

dor that the beholder was in some degree both quickened and tranquillized. He could even play at self-command, and in child fashion bound himself not to mount the dunes again for a northern look within an hour. This southern half-circle must suffice. Indeed, unless these idle zephyrs should amend, no sail could in that time draw near enough to notice any signal he could offer.

Playing at self-command gave him some earnest of it. In a whim of the better man he put off his clothes and sprang into the breakers. He had grown chill, but a long wrestle with the surf warmed his blood, and as he reclothed himself and with a better step took his way along the beach toward his tent a returning zest of manhood refreshed his spirit. The hour was up, but in a kind of equilibrium of impulses and with much emptiness of mind, he let it lengthen on, made a fire, and for the first time in two days cooked food. He ate and still tarried. A brand in his camp fire, a piece from the remnant of his boat, made beautiful flames. He idly cast in another and was pleased to find himself sitting there instead of gazing his eyes out for sails that never rose into view. He watched a third brand smoke and blaze. And then, as tamely as if the new impulse were only another part of a continued abstraction, he arose and once more climbed the sandy hills. The highest was some distance from his camp. At one point near its top a brief northeastward glimpse of the marsh's outer edge and the blue waters beyond showed at least that nothing had come near enough to raise the pelicans. But the instant his sight cleared the crown of the ridge he rushed forward, threw up his arms, and lifted his voice in a long, imploring yell. Hardly two miles away, her shapely canvas leaning and stiffening in the augmented breeze, a small yacht had just gone about, and with twice the speed at which she must have approached was hurrying back straight into the north.

The frantic man dashed back and forth along the crest, tossing his arms, waving his Madras handkerchief, curs-

ing himself for leaving his gun so far behind, and again and again repeating his vain ahoy's in wilder and wilder alternations of beseeching and rage. The lessening craft flew straight on, no ear in her skilled enough to catch the distant cry, and no eye alert enough to scan the dwindling sand-hills. He ceased to call, but still, with heavy notes of distress to himself, waved and waved, now here, now there, while the sail grew smaller and smaller. At length he stopped this also and only stood gazing. Almost on first sight of the craft he had guessed that the men in her had taken alarm at the signs of changing weather, and seeing the freshening smoke of his fire had also inferred that earlier sportsmen were already on the island. Oh, if he could have fired one shot when she was nearest! But already she was as hopelessly gone as though she were even now below the horizon. Suddenly he turned and ran down to his camp. Not for the gun; not in any new hope of signalling the yacht. No, no; a raft! a raft! Deliverance or destruction, it should be at his own hand and should wait no longer!

A raft forthwith he set about to make. Some stout portions of his boat were still left. Tough shrubs of the sand-hills furnished trennels and suppler parts. Of ropes there was no lack. The mast was easily dragged down again to the beach to be once more a mast, and in nervous haste, yet with skill and thoroughness, the tent was ripped up and remade into a sail, and even a rude centreboard was rigged in order that one might tack against unfavorable winds.

Winds, at nightfall, when the thing began to be near completion, there were none. The day's sky had steadily withdrawn its favor. The sun shone as it sank into the waves, but in the northwest and southeast dazzling thunderheads swelled from the sea's line high into the heavens, and in the early dusk began with silent kindlings to challenge each other to battle. As night swiftly closed down the air grew unnaturally still. From the toiler's brow, worse than at noon, the sweat rolled off, as at last he brought his work to a close by the glare of his leaping camp-fire. Now, unless

he meant only to perish, he must once more eat and sleep while he might. Then let the storm fall; the moment it was safely over and the wind in the right quarter he would sail. As for the thirst which had been such torture while thwarted, now that it ruled unchallenged, it was purely a wild, glad zeal as full of method as of diligence. But first he must make his diminished provisions and his powder safe against the elements; and this he did, covering them with a water-proof stuff and burying them in a northern slope of sand.

He awoke in the small hours of the night. The stars of the zenith were quenched. Blackness walled and roofed him in close about his crumbled fire, save when at shorter and shorter intervals and with more and more deafening thunders the huge clouds lit up their own forms, writhing one upon another, and revealed the awe-struck sea and ghostly sands waiting breathlessly below. He rose to lay on more fuel, and while he was in the act the tornado broke upon him. The wind, as he had forecast, came out of the southeast. In an instant it was roaring and hurtling against the farther side of his island rampart like the charge of a hundred thousand horse and tossing the sand of the dunes like blown hair into the northwest, while the rain in one wild deluge lashed the frantic sea and weltering lagoon as with the whips of the Furies.

He had kept the sail on the beach for a protection from the storm, but before he could crawl under it he was as wet as though he had been tossed up by the deep, and yet was glad to gain its cover from the blinding floods and stinging sand. Here he lay for more than an hour, the rage of the tempest continually growing, the heavens in a constant pulsing glare of lightnings, their terrific thunders smiting and bellowing round and round its echoing vault, and the very island seeming at times to stagger back and recover again as it braced itself against the fearful onsets of the wind. Snuggling in his sail-cloth burrow, he complacently recalled an earlier storm like this, which he and Sweetheart, the only other time they ever were here, had tranquilly weath-

ered in this same lagoon. On the mainland, in that storm, cane- and rice-fields had been laid low and half destroyed, houses had been unroofed, men had been killed. A woman and a boy, under a pecan-tree, were struck by lightning; and three men who had covered themselves with a tarpaulin on one of the wharves in New Orleans were blown with it into the Mississippi, poor fellows; and were drowned; a fact worthy of second consideration in the present juncture.

This second thought had hardly been given it before he crept hastily from his refuge and confronted the gale in quick alarm. The hurricane was veering to southward. Let it shift but a point or two more, and its entire force would sweep the lagoon and its beach. Before long the change came. The mass of canvas at his feet leapt clear of the ground and fell two or three yards away. He sprang to seize it, but in the same instant the whole storm—rain, wind, and sand—whirled like a troop of fiends round the southern end of the island, the ceaseless lightnings showing the way, and came tearing and howling up its hither side. The white sail lifted, bellied, rolled, fell, vaulted into the air, fell again, tumbled on, and at the foot of a dune stopped until its wind-buffed pursuer had almost overtaken it. Then it fled again, faster, faster, higher, higher up the sandy slope to its top, caught and clung an instant on some unseen bush, and then, with one mad bound into the black sky, unrolled, widened like a phantom, and vanished forever.

Gregory turned in desperation, and in the glare of the lightning looked back toward his raft. Great waves were rolling along and across the slender reef in wide obliques and beating themselves to death in the lagoon, or sweeping out of it again seaward at its more northern end. On the dishevelled crest of one he saw his raft, and on another its mast. He could not look a second time. The flying sand blinded him and cut the blood from his face. He could only cover his eyes and crawl under the bushes in such poor lee as he could find; and there, with the first lull of the storm, heavy with exhaustion and

despair, he fell asleep and slept until far into the day. When he awoke the tempest was over.

Even more completely the tumult within him was quieted. He rose and stood forth mute in spirit as in speech; humbled, yet content, in the consciousness that having miserably failed first to save himself and then to rue himself back to destruction, the hurricane had been his deliverer. It had spared his supplies, his ammunition, his weapons, only hiding them deeper under the dune sands; but scarce a vestige of his camp remained and of his raft nothing, and as once more from the highest sand-ridge he looked down upon the sea weltering in the majestic after-heavings of its passion, at the eastern beach booming under the shock of its lofty rollers, and then into the sky still gray with the endless flight of southward-hurrying scud, he felt the stir of a new attachment to them and his wild prison, and pledged alliance with them thenceforth.

V

HERE, in giving me his account, Gregory asked me if that sounded sentimental. I said no, and thereupon he actually tried to apologize to me as a professional story-teller, for having had so few deep feelings in the moments where the romancists are supposed to place them. I told him what I had once seen a mechanic do on a steep, slated roof nearly a hundred feet from the pavement. He had faced around from his work, which was close to the ridge-tiles, probably to kick off the shabby shoes he had on, when some hold failed him and he began to slide toward the eaves. We people in the street below fairly moaned our horror, but he didn't utter a sound. He held back with all his skill, one leg thrust out in front, the other drawn up with the knee to his breast, and his hands flattened beside him on the slates, but he came steadily on down till his forward foot passed over the eaves and his heel caught on the tin gutter. Then he stopped. We held our breath below. He slowly and cautiously threw off one

shoe, then the other, and then turned, climbed back up the roof and resumed his work. And we two or three witnesses down in the street didn't think any less of him because he did so without any show of our glad emotion.

"O, if I'd had that fellow's nerve," said Gregory, "that would be another thing!"

My wife and I smiled at each other. "How would it be 'another thing?'" we asked. "Did you not quietly get up and begin life over again as if nothing had occurred?"

"There wasn't anything else to do," he replied, with a smile. "The feelings came later, too, in an easy sort of gradual way. I never could quite make out how men get such clear notions of what they call 'Providence,' but, just the same, I know by experience there's all the difference of peace and misery, or life and death, whether you're in partnership with the things that help the world on, or with those that hold it back."

"But with that feeling," my wife asked, "did not your longing for our human world continue?"

"No," he replied, "but I got a new liking for it—although, you understand, I never had anything against it, of course. It's too big and strong for me, that's all; and that's my fault. Your man on that slippery roof kicking his shoes off is a sort of parable to me. If your hand or your foot offend you and you have to cut it off, that's a physical disablement, and bad enough. But when your gloves and your shoes are too much for you, and you have to pluck them off and cast them from you, you find each one is a great big piece of the civilized world, and you hardly know how much you did like it, till you've lost it. And still, it's no use longing, when you know your limitations, and I saw I'd got to keep my world trimmed down to where I could run barefooted on the sand."

He told us that now he began for the first time since coming to the island, to find his books his best source of interest and diversion. He learned, he said, a way of reading by which sea, sky, book, island, and absent humanity, all seemed parts of one whole, and all

to speak together in one harmony, while they toiled together for one harmony some day to be perfected. Not all books, nor even all good books, were equally good for that effect, he thought, and the best—

"You might not think it," he said, "but the best was a Bible I'd chanced to carry along;" he didn't know precisely what kind, but "just one of these ordinary Bibles you see lying around in people's houses." He extolled the psalms and asked my wife if she'd ever noticed the beauty of the twenty-third. She smiled and said she believed she had.

"Then there was one," he went on, "beginning, 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too wonderful for me;' and by and by it says, 'Surely, I have quieted myself as a child that is weaned: my soul is even as a weaned child.'"

One day, after a most marvellous sunset, he had been reading, he said, "that long psalm with twenty-two parts in it—a hundred and seventy-six verses." He had intended to read "Lord, my heart is not haughty" after it, though the light was fast failing, but at the hundred and seventy-sixth verse he closed the book. Thus he sat in the nearly motionless air, gazing on the ripples of the lagoon as, now singly, and now by twos or threes, they glided up the beach tinged with the colors of parting day as with a grace of resignation, and sank into the grateful sands like the lines of this last verse sinking into his heart; now singly—"I have gone astray like a lost sheep;" and now by twos—"I have gone astray like a lost sheep; save thy servant;" or by threes—"I have gone astray like a lost sheep; save thy servant; for I do not forget thy commandments."

"I shouldn't tell that," he said to us, "if I didn't know so well how little it counts for. But I knew at the time that when the next day but one should bring the light-house steamer I shouldn't be any more fit to go ashore, *to stay*, than a jelly-fish." We agreed, he and I (my wife dissenting) that there can be as wide a distance between fine feelings and faithful doing as, he said, "be-

tween listening to the band and charging a battery."

On the islet the night deepened. The moon had not risen, and the stars only glorified the dark, as it, in turn, revealed the unearthly beauties of a phosphorescent sea. It was one of those rare hours in which the deep confessed the amazing numbers of its own living and swarming constellations. Not a fish could leap or dart, not a sinuous thing could turn, but it became an animate torch. Every quick movement was a gleam of green fire. No drifting, flaccid life could pulse so softly along but it betrayed itself in lambent outlines. Each throb of the water became a beam of light, and every ripple that widened over the strand—still whispering, "I have gone astray"—was edged with luminous pearls.

In an agreeable weariness of frame, untroubled in mind, and counting the night too beautiful for slumber he reclined on the dry sands with an arm thrown over a small pile of fagots which he had spent the day in gathering from every part of the island to serve his need for the brief remainder of his stay. In this search he had found but one piece of his boat, a pine board. This he had been glad to rive into long splinters and bind together again as a brand, with which to signal the steamer if—contrary to her practice, I think he said—she should pass in the night. And so, without a premonition of drowsiness, he was presently asleep, with the hours radiantly folding and expiring one upon another like the ripples on the beach.

When he came to himself he was on his feet. The moon was high, his fire was smouldering; his heart was beating madly and his eyes were fixed on the steamer, looming large, moving at full speed, her red light showing, her green light hid, and her long wake glowing with comet fire. In a moment she would be passing. It was too late for beacon-flame or torch. He sprang for his gun, and mounting the first low rise fired into the air, once!—twice!—and shouted, "Help!—help!"

She kept straight on. She was passing, she was passing! In trembling haste he loaded and fired again, again

wailed out his cry for help, and still she kept her speed. He had loaded for the third discharge, still frantically calling the while, and was lifting his gun to fire when he saw the white light at her foremast-head begin to draw nearer to the red light at her waist and knew she was turning. He fired, shouted, and tried to load again; but as her green light brightened into view beside the red, he dropped his gun and leaped and crouched and laughed and wept for joy.

"Why, Gregory!" the naval lieutenant cried, as the castaway climbed from the steamer's boat to her deck. "Why, you blasted old cracked fiddle! what in——"

"Right, the first guess!" laughed Gregory, "there's where I've been!" and in the cabin he explained all.

"The fiddle's mended," he concluded. "You can play a tune on it—by being careful."

"But what's your tune?" asked his hearer; "you cannot go back to that island."

"Yes, I'll be on it in a week—with a schooner-load of cattle. I can get them on credit. Going to raise cattle there as a regular business. They'll fatten in that marsh like blackbirds."

True enough, before the week was up the mended fiddle was playing its tune. It was not until Gregory's second return from his island that he came to see us and told us his simple story. We asked him how it was that the steamer, that first time, had come so much earlier than she generally did.

"She didn't," he replied. "I had miscounted one day."

"Don't you," asked my wife, who would have liked a more religious tone in Gregory's recital, "don't you have

trouble to keep run of your Sabbaths away out there alone?"

"Why"—he smiled—"it's always Sunday there. Here almost everybody feels duty bound to work harder than somebody else, or else make somebody else work harder than he, and you need a day every now and then for Sunday—or Sabbath, at least. Oh, I suppose it's all one in the end, isn't it? You take your's in a pill, I take mine in a powder. Not that it's the least bit like a dose, however, except for the good it does."

"And you're really prospering, even in a material way!" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "O yes; the island's already too small for us."

"It's certainly very dangerously exposed," said my wife, and I guessed her thought was on Last Island, which, you remember, though very large and populous, had been, within our recollection, totally submerged, with dreadful loss of life.

"O yes," he responded, "there's always something, wherever you are. One of these days some storm's going to roll the sea clean over the whole thing."

"Then, why don't you move to a bigger island closer inshore?" she asked.

"I'm afraid," said Gregory, and smiled.

"Afraid!" said my wife, incredulously.

"Yes," he responded. "I'm afraid my prisoner'll get away from me."

As his hand closed over hers in good-bye I saw, what he could not, that she had half a notion to kiss it. I told her so when he was gone, and kissed hers—for him.

"I don't care," she said, dreamily, as it lingered in mine, "I'm glad I mended his coat for him that time."

IN SLIGO BAY

By R. H. Stoddard

WILD winds are blowing,
And strong arms rowing
To the ship that is going
 To the far, foreign shore ;
The hot tears blind me,
For all things remind me
Of those that behind me
 I leave and deplore—
The wife, children, friends,
 I shall see no more.

The last link is broken,
And the last words are spoken ;
My soul has a token
 Of what is to be :
A black thunder-cloud,
A storm wailing loud,
And a heavy-shotted shroud
 Plunging into the sea ;
But it may be for another,
 And not for me.

Row away, boys, away, boys,
Out into the bay, boys ;
No longer delay, boys,
 For the pennant floats on high.
Henceforth a wild ranger,
To peril no stranger,
Familiar with danger,
 I fear not to die :
If there are tyrants on earth,
 There is God in the sky !

Soft airs are blowing,
And bright rivers flowing,
Where palm-trees are growing
 In the fair Southern zone ;
But river or tree there,
Whatever may be there,
I shall be more free there
 Than the king on his throne.
He needs all his guards ;
 I, my good sword alone !

DJOINING the street through which I always, in my childhood, walked slowly each Sunday, on my way to and from church, was a spot to detain lingering

footsteps — a beautiful garden serene with the atmosphere of a worthy old age, a garden which had been tended for over half a century by a withered old man and his wife, whose golden wedding was spent in the house they had built and in the garden they had planted when they were bride and groom. His back was permanently bowed with constant weeding and pruning and plant-

nd face were brown as the soil he cultivated. The "hot-glowing" crimson peonies were seedlings which the wife had sown in her youth; now great shrubs, fifteen or twenty feet in circumference. The flowering shrubs were almost trees. The vigorous borders of box crowded across the paths and towered on either side, till one could scarcely walk through them. There were beautiful fairy groves of foxgloves "gloriously freckled, purple, and white," and tall Canterbury bells; and at stiffly regular intervals were set flowering almonds, St. Peter's wreath, Persian lilacs, "Moses in the burning bush," which were not common in our town, and "laburnums rich in streaming gold, syringas ivory pure." At the lower ends of the flower-borders were rows of honey-blob gooseberries, and aged currant bushes, gray with years, overhung by a few patriarchal quince and crab-apple trees, in whose gnarled branches I spent many a summer afternoon, a happy visitor, though my own home garden was just as beautiful and flower-filled.

The varying grades of city streets

had gradually risen around the garden until it lay depressed several feet below the level of the adjoining streets, a pleasant valley—like Avalon,

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard
lawns,

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer
seas.

A flight of stone steps led down to it
—steps very steep, narrow, and slippery

with green moss and ladies' delights that crowded and blossomed in every crack and crevice of the stones. On each side arose terraces to the street, and in the spring these terraces flushed a solid mass of vivid, glowing rose-color from blooming moss-pink, forming such a glory that pious church-going folk from the other end of the town did not think it wicked to walk thither, on a Sunday morn in May, to look at the rosy banks that sloped to the valleyed garden,

"Daffodils, that come before the swallow daves, and take the winds of March with beauty."

as they had walked there in February or March to see

Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wear on his smiling face a dream of spring,

in the shape of the first crocuses and snow-drops that opened beside a snow-drift still lingering on a shaded bank, and to watch the first benumbed honey-bees who greeted every flower that bloomed in that cherished spot, and who buzzed in bleak March winds over the purple crocus and "blue-flushing" grape-hyacinth as cheerfully as though they were sipping the scarlet poppies in sunny August.

The garden edges and the street were overhung by graceful larches and by thorny honey-locust trees that bore on their trunks great clusters of powerful spines, and sheltered in their branches an exceedingly unpleasant species of fat, fuzzy caterpillars, who always chose Sunday to drop on my garments as I walked to church, and to go with me to meeting, and in the middle of the long prayer to parade on my neck, to my startled disgust and agitated whisking away, and consequent reproof for being noisy in meeting.

What fragrances arose from that old garden, and were wafted out to passers-

Flower-de-luce, purple and straw-color; over seventy years old, with roots four feet in diameter

VIEWS IN A CENTURY-OLD GARDEN

by! The ever-present, pungent, dry aroma of box was overcome or tempered, through the summer months, by a succession of delicate flower-scents that hung over the garden-vale like an imperceptible mist; perhaps the most perfect and clear among memory's retrospective treasures was that of the pale fringed snow-pink, and, later, "sweet-william with its homely cottage smell." Phlox and ten-weeks stock were there, as everywhere, the last sweet-scented flowers of autumn.

At no time was this old garden sweeter than in the twilight, the eventide, when all the great clumps of snowy phlox, night-rockets, and luminous evening-primrose, and all the tangles of pale yellow and white honeysuckle shone irradiated: when

In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The burden which the day foregoes,

and scents far richer than any of the day—the "spiced air of night"—float out in the dusky gloaming.

Though the old garden had many fragrant leaves and flowers, their delicate perfume was sometimes fairly deadened by an almost mephitic aroma that came from an ancient blossom, a favorite in Shakespeare's day—the jewelled bell of the noxious crown-imperial. This stately flower, with its rich color and pearly drops, has, through its evil scent, been firmly banished from our garden borders.

One of the most cheerful flowers of this and of my mother's garden was the happy-faced little pansy that, under various fanciful folk-names, has ever been loved. Like Montgomery's daisy it blossomed everywhere. Its Italian name means idle thoughts; the German, "little stepmother." Spenser called

Popples flaunting near the graves.

AT MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

it "pawnee." Shakespeare said maidens called it "Love in Idleness," and Drayton named it heartsease. Dr. Prior gives these names — "Herb Trinity, Three Faces under a Hood, Fancy, Flamy, Kiss Me, Pull Me, Cuddle unto You, Tickle my Fancy, Kiss Me Ere I Rise, Jump Up and Kiss me, Kiss Me at the Garden Gate, Pink of My Joan." To these let me add the New England names: bird's-eye, garden-gate, johnny-jump-up, kit-run-about, none-so-pretty, and ladies' delight. All these testify to the affectionate and intimate friendship felt for this laughing and fairly speaking little garden face, not the least of whose endearing qualities was that, after a half-warm, snow-melting week in January or February, this brightsome little "delight" often opened a tiny blossom to greet and cheer us—a true "jump-up-and-kiss-me," and proved by

its blooming the truth of the graceful Chinese verse,

Ere man is aware
That the spring is here
The plants have found it out.

Another dearly loved spring flower was the daffodil, beloved also of the old English dramatists and poets, and of modern authors as well, when we find that Keats names a daffodil as the thing of beauty that is a joy forever. Perhaps the happiest and most poetic description of daffodils is that of Dora Wordsworth, when she speaks of them as gay and glancing, and laughing with the wind. *Perdita*, in "The Winter's Tale," thus describes them in her ever-quoted list: "Daffodils, that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty." Most cheerful and sunny of all our spring flowers,

they have never lost their old-time popularity, and they still laugh at bleak March winds.

Bouncing Bet and her comely, hearty cousins of the Pink family made delightful many a corner of our home garden. The pinks were Jove's own flowers, and the carthusian pink, china pink, clove pink, snow pink, plumed pink, mullein pink, sweet-william, maltese cross, ragged robin, catch-fly, and campion all made gay and sweet the summer. The clove pink was the ancestor of all the carnations.

The richest autumnal glory came from the cheerful marigold, the "golde" of Chaucer, and "marybud" of Shakespeare. This flower, beloved of all the old writers as deeply suggestive and emblematic, has been coldly neglected by modern poets, as for awhile it vanished from modern town gardens; but it may regain its popularity in verse as it has in cultivation. In farm gardens it has always flourished, and every autumn has "gone to bed with the sun and with him risen weeping," and has given forth in the autumn air its acrid odor, which to me is not dis-

lad's-love. A sprig of it was carried to meeting each summer Sunday by many old ladies, and with its finely dissected, bluish-green foliage, and clean, pungent scent, it was pleasant to see in the meeting-house, and pleasant to sniff at. The "virtues of flowers" took a prominent place in the descriptions in old-time botanies. The southernwood had strong medicinal qualities, was used to cure "vanities of the head."

"Take a quantitie of Suthernwood and put it upon kindled coales to burn, and being made into powder mix it with the oyle of radishes and anoynt a balde place and you shall see great experiences."

And it was of power as a love-charm. If you placed a sprig in each shoe and wore it through the day when you were in love you would then also in some way "see great experiences."

In the tender glamour of happy association, all flowers in the old garden seem to have been loved save the garish petunia, whose sickish odor grew more offensive and more powerful at night-fall, and made me long to tear it away from its dainty garden-fellows, and the portulacca with its fleshy, worm-like stems and leaves, and its aggressively pushing habits, "never would be missed." Perhaps its close relation to the "pusley," most hated of weeds, makes us eye it askance.

Yet these old weeds should not be forgotten in the story of the garden, for, as the Spaniard truly says:

More in the garden grows
Than the gardener sows.

The plantain was called by the Indians the "white man's foot," for close did it follow in the white man's track. Not less closely do such old weeds as chick-weed, motherwort, and wild mustard cling to man and thrive in every doorway. They grow to be so familiar, so truly domestic, that they almost seem friends. The vast spider-webs, too, were never a blemish in the garden, and when their delicate lace-work was spangled with dew seemed fairly an ornament.

There was one attribute of the gar-

THE "PEACE TREE" ON THE OLD WILLIAMS PLACE AT FARMINGTON, CONN
(An elm planted to commemorate the close of the Revolutionary War)

den, one part of Nature's economy, which added much to its charm—it was the crowding abundance, the over-fullness of leaf, bud, and blossom. Nature there displayed no bare expanses of naked soil, as in some modern too-carefully-kept parterre; the dull earth was covered with a tangle of ready-growing, self-sowing, lowly flowers, that filled every space left unoccupied by the stately garden favorites, and crowded every corner with cheerful, though unostentatious bloom. And the close juxtaposition, and even intermingling, of flowers with herbs, vegetables, and fruits gave

a sense of homely simplicity and usefulness as well as of beauty. The soft, purple eyes of the mourning bride were no less lovely to us in "our garden" because they opened under the shade of currant and gooseberry bushes; and the sweet alyssum and candy-tuft were no less honey-sweet. The delicate, pinky-purple hues of the sweet-peas were not dimmed by their vivid neighbors at the end of the row of poles—the scarlet runners. The adlumia, or mountain fringe, was a special vine of our own, and known by a special name—virgin's bower. With its delicate leaves, al-

most as beautiful as a maiden-hair fern, and its dainty pink flower, it festooned the ripening corn as wantonly and luxuriantly as it encircled the snowball and lilac bushes.

Though "colored herbs" were cultivated in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as carefully

as were flowers—striped hollies, variegated myrtles, and bays being the gardener's pride—yet in our old American gardens few plants were grown for their variegated or odd-colored foliage. The familiar and ever-present ribbon-grass, also called striped grass, canary grass, and gardener's garters—whose pretty

THE BEE-HIVES AND QUINCE TREES OF AN OLD DUTCH GARDEN.

(Ten weeks' stock, sweet-balm, sweet-pea and monk's hood in foreground.)

THE GARDEN OF MRS. MERCY THOMPSON AT FARMINGTON, CONN.

expanded panicles formed an almost tropical effect at the base of the garden hedge—the variegated wandering jew, the striped leaves of some varieties of day-lilies; the dusty miller, with its “frosty pow” (which was properly a house plant), fill the short list. The box was the sole evergreen.

And may I not enter here a plea for the preservation of the box-edgings of our old garden borders? I know they are almost obsolete—have been winter-killed and sunburnt—and are even in sorry disrepute as harborers of unpleasant and unwelcome garden visitors. One lover of old ways thus indignantly mourns their passing:

“I spoke of box-edgings. We used to see them in little country gardens, with paths of crude earth. Nowadays, it has been discovered that box harbors slugs, and we are beginning to have beds with tiled borders, while the walks are of asphalt. For a pleasure-ground in Dante’s ‘Inferno,’ such materials might be suitable.”

For its beauty in winter alone, the

box should still find a place in our gardens. It grows to great size. Bushes of box are to be seen in the deserted garden at Vacluse that are fifteen feet in height, and over which spread the branches of forest trees that have sprung up since that neglected pleasure was planted, over a century ago. Still larger is the box at Sylvester Manor, and more patriarchal. Over two centuries ago colonial dames walked between these trim box-borders.

Our mothers and grandmothers came honestly by their love of gardens. They inherited this affection from their Puritan, Quaker, or Dutch forebears, perhaps from the days when the famous hanging gardens of Babylon were made for a woman. Bacon says: “A garden is the purest of human pleasures, it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man.” A garden was certainly the greatest refreshment to the spirits of a woman in the early colonial days, and the purest of her pleasures—too often her only pleasure.

Quickly, in tender memory of her fair

English home, the homesick goodwife, trying to create a new semblance of the birthplace she still loved, planted the seeds and roots of homely English flowers and herbs that grew and blossomed under bleak New England skies, and on rocky New England shores, as sturdily and cheerfully as they had sprung up and bloomed by the green hedgerows and door-sides in the home beyond the sea.

The first account of the gardens of the planters of New England is found in Josselyn's "New England's Rarities Discovered," written in 1663. He names the many fruits and vegetables that grew apace as soon as English husbandry had tamed the rugged coasts of the bleak land; and also the plentiful garden herbs "planted for physick;" bloodwort, that grew "but sorrily," and patience "very pleasantly;" wormwood, which became a roadside weed ere a century had passed; chevril, summer savory, winter savory, thyme, sage, spearmint, rue, pennyroyal, fennel, coriander, dill, tansy, and anise, all of use in the domestic pharmacopoeia and cuisine; and then the familiar garden flowers, already planted by the goodwives, "all sorts

of flowers the ayre will be permit to be noursed up" — hollyhocks, feverfew, lavender cotton, rosemary, eglantine, or "sweet Bryer," which "in three years they will make a hedge as high as a man, which you may keep thick and handsome with cutting." Josselyn also named "white satten, which groweth pretty well"—of which Gerard says: "We call this sattin, and among our women it is called honestie." Josselyn said also: "Gilly-flowers thrive exceedingly, and are very large; the Collibuy, or humming bird, is much pleased with them. Our dames make syrup of them without fire." I presume Josselyn's gilly-flowers may have been our pinks, for the word was almost as various in application as in spelling. I have found sixteen various spellings in old English of Shakespeare's "gillyvors." Josselyn particularly specifies, as did Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence," the towns of Dorchester, Roxbury, Boston, Charlestown, and Ipswich, as "much beautified and adorned" with gardens.

The Puritans were not the only flower-lovers in the new land. Beverley wrote of Virginia, in 1720: "A garden

The Hutchinson Garden at Milton Mass.

(Governor Thomas Hutchinson the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts, built the house in 1743 and laid out the garden. Many of the trees and the box borders date back to that time.)

is no where sooner made than there. Tulips from the seed flower the second year. And yet they Han't many Gardens in that Country, fit to bear the name of Gardens." But William Byrd and other travellers, a few years later, saw many beautiful terraced gardens in Virginian homes. Floriculture in Philadelphia, aided by such flower-lovers as

Edward Shippen, John Bartram, Charles Norris, Andrew Hamilton, reached a high point. Mrs. Anne Grant writes at length of the love and care the Dutch women of the past century had for flowers:

"The care of plants, such as needed peculiar care or skill to rear them, was the female province. Every one in town

WANDERING OVER AND HIDING THE UNTRODDEN FOOT-PATHS OF OTHER DAYS

(Lilac-bush, Rose of Sharon, Harrison rose, polyanthus, larkspur, lemon lilies, "love lies bleeding," May pinks, etc.)

our own day. The charming tangle of luxuriant bloom in the old Bergen homestead, at Bay Ridge, is shown on p. 168—the home of flowers and bees. Let me quote a part of its description, written by one whose clear touch makes beautiful, yet renders truthfully, everything she describes:

“Over the half-open Dutch door you look through the vines that climb about the stoop, as into a vista of the past. Beyond the garden is the great quince orchard of hundreds of trees in pink and white glory. This orchard has a story which you must pause in the garden to hear. In the Library at Washington is preserved, in quaint manuscript, ‘The Battle of Brooklyn,’ a farce written and said to have been performed during the British occupation. The scene is partly laid in ‘the orchard of one Bergen,’ where the British hid their horses after the Battle of Long Island—this is the orchard. But the blossoming quince-trees tell no tale of past carnage. At one side of the garden is a quaint little building with

In a Typical Connecticut Garden.

or country had a garden. Into the garden no foot of man intruded after it was dug in the spring. I think I see yet what I have so often beheld—a respectable mistress of a family going out to her garden, in an April morning, with her great calash, her little painted basket of seeds, and her rake over her shoulders, to her garden of labours. A woman in very easy circumstances and abundantly gentle in form and manners would sow and plant and rake incessantly.”

Anne Eliza Bleecker also writes of the delights of her garden, near Albany.

Some of the stiffly laid-out but beautiful Dutch gardens have remained till

moss-grown roof and climbing hop-vine—the last slave-kitchen left standing in New York—on the other side are rows of homely bee-hives. The old locust-tree overshadowing is an ancient landmark—it was standing in 1690. For some years it has worn a chain to bind its aged limbs together.”

All this beauty of tree and flower lived till 1890, when it was swept away by the growing city. “Though now but a memory, it has the perfume of its past flowers about it.”

The charming gardens at the Van Cortlandt Manor House, at Croton-on-Hudson, were beautiful. The little walled-in garden was delightfully old-fashioned and suggestive of

flaunting peacocks, sun - dials, and years.

In New York, before the Revolution, were many beautiful gardens, such as that of Madam Alexander on Broad Street, where in their proper season grew "paus bloemens of all hues, laylocks and tall May roses and snowballs intermixed with choice vegetables and herbs, all bounded and hemmed in by huge rows of neatly-clipped box edgings." We have a pretty picture also, in the letters of Catharine Rutherford, of an entire company gathering rose-leaves in June in Madam Clark's garden, and setting the rose-still at work to turn their sweet-scented spoils into rose-water.

A trade in flower and vegetable seeds formed a lucrative and popular means by which women could earn a livelihood in colonial days. I have found in one of the dingy little newspaper sheets of those days, in the large total of nine advertisements, contained therein, the announcements, by five Boston seed-women, of lists of their wares. For it is a mistake to suppose that the "business woman" is wholly a product of the nineteenth century. I have seen ante-revolutionary advertisements of women teachers, embroiderers, jelly-makers, cooks, waxworkers, fan-makers,

japanners, milliners, mantua-makers—all truly feminine employments—and of women dealers in crockery, musical instruments, hardware farm products, groceries, drugs, wines, and spirits. I have the names of fifteen women who published newspapers in the eighteenth century, and many of them did the government printing. Hawthorne noted one colonial dame who carried on a blacksmith's shop, but I doubt not she cultivated a flower-garden near her forge.

The earliest list of names of flower-seeds which I have chanced to note was in the *Boston Evening Post* of March, 1760, and is of much interest as showing to us with exactness the flowers beloved and sought for at that time. They were "holly-hook, purple Stock, white Lewpins, Africans, blew Lewpins, candy-tuff, cyanus, pink, wall-flower, double larkin-spur, venus navel-wort, brompton flock, princess feather balsam, sweet-scented pease, carnation, sweet williams, annual stock, sweet feabus, yellow lewpins, sunflower, convolus minor, catch-fly, ten-week stock, globe thistle, globe amaranthus, nigella, loves-lies-bleeding, casent hamen, polianthus, canterbury bells, carnation poppy, india pink, convolus major, Queen Margreta." This is certainly a very pretty list of

AN OLD GARDEN AT

flowers, nearly all of which are still loved, though sometimes under other names—thus the Queen Margrets are our asters. And the homely old English names seem to bring the flowers to our very sight, for we do not seem to be on very friendly intimacy, on very sociable terms with flowers, unless they have what Miss Mitford calls “decent, well-wearing English names;” we can have no flower memories, no affections that cling to botanical nomenclature. Yet nothing is more fatal to an exact flower knowledge, to an acquaintance that shall ever be more than local, than a too confident dependence on the folk-names of flowers. Our bachelor’s-buttons are ragged sailors in a neighboring State; they are corn-pinks in Plymouth, ragged ladies in another town, blue bottles in England, but *Cyanus* everywhere. Ragged robin is, in the garden of one friend, a pink, in another it flaunts as London pride, while the

true glowing London pride has half a dozen pseudonyms in as many different localities, and only really recognizes itself in the botany. An American cowslip is not an English cowslip, an American primrose is no English primrose, and the English daisy is no country friend of ours in America.

While nearly all our garden favorites came to us from England and Holland, we must not forget that, after all, we owe them to an older, a more flower-loving land—the Orient—the land of the bulbul and the rose. From Oriental gardens we have a rich gift—hollyhocks, lilacs, asters, chrysanthemums, balsams, love-lies-bleeding, crown-imperial, tulips, althæas, dicentras, amaranths, cockscomb, mignonette, and many others. And we must go to the Orientals to learn how to love flowers. A writer from India says:

“In Bombay I found the Parsees use the Victoria gardens chiefly to walk in,

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

to 'eat the air.' The Hindoo would stroll through them, attracted from flower to flower, not by its form or color, but by its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers, as if he were taking snuff. Presently a Persian, in flowing robes of blue, and on his head his sheepskin hat, would saunter in and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision; and when the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends, in ever-increasing troops, to it, and sit and play the guitar and lute before it; and they would all pray together there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet and talking late into the moonlight, and

so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand finale, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it with an ode from Hafiz, and then depart."

What cheerful and appropriate furnishings the old-time gardens had; benches full of bee-skepess and wooden bee-hives, those homelike and busy dwelling-places; frequently, also, a well-filled dovecote. Ofttimes was seen a sun-dial—once the every-day friend and suggestive monitor of all who wandered among the flowers of an hour; now known, alas! only to the antiquary. But few remain to cast their instructive shadow before our sight. There is one on the college campus in Hartford, one before St. Mary's Church, in Portsmouth, R. I.; one has stood for years in the old box-bordered garden at Homansett Farm, at Wickford, R. I. Governor Endicott's dial is in the Essex In-

THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR GARDEN AT CROTON, N. Y. (lately destroyed).

stitute, at Salem; and Jacob Fairbanks, his contemporary, had one dated 1650, which is now in the rooms of the Dedham Historical Society. Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, had a sun-dial which was thus inscribed:

WITH WARNING HAND I MARK TIMES RAPID
FLIGHT
FROM LIFE'S GLAD MORNING TO ITS SOLEMN
NIGHT.
AND LIKE GOD'S LOVE I ALSO SHOW
THERE'S LIGHT ABOVE ME, BY THE SHADE BE-
LOW.

Another garden-dial thus gives, "in long, lean letters," its warning word:

STOP MORTAL! AS YOU PASS THIS SPOT
AND MARK THE FLEETING HOUR,
AS SURELY IS GRIM DEATH THY LOT
AS FADES TH' NEIGHBORING FLOUR.

These dials are all of heavy metal, usually lead; sometimes with gnomon of brass; but I have heard of one which was unique, it was cut in box.

So many thoughts crowd upon us in

regard to the old garden; one is the age of its flowers. We have no older inhabitants than these garden plants, they are old settlers. Clumps of flower-de-luce, double buttercups, peonies, yellow day-lilies are certainly seventy-five years old. Many lilac bushes a century old still bloom in New England, and syringas and flowering currants are as old as the elms and locusts that shade them. And this established constancy and yearly recurrence of bloom is one of the garden's many charms.

To those who have known and loved an old garden in which

There grow no strange flowers every year,
But when spring winds blow o'er the pleasant
places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair
faces,

and faithfully tell and retell the story of the changing seasons by their growth, blossom, and decay, nothing can seem

more artificial than the modern show-beds of full-grown plants which are removed as soon as they have flowered to be replaced by others, only in turn to bloom and disappear. These seem to form a real garden no more than does a child's posy-bed stuck with short-stemmed flowers to wither in a morning.

And the tiresome, tasteless ribbon-beds of our day were preceded in earlier centuries by figured beds of divers-colored earths—and of both we can say, with Bacon, "they be but toys, you may see as good sights many times in tarts."

The promise to Noah, "while the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest shall not cease," when heeded in the garden, brings various interests. For the seed-time, the springing-up of familiar favorites, and the cherishing of these favorites through their ingathering of seeds or bulbs or roots for another year, bring pleasure as much as does their inflorescence.

Another pathetic trait of many of the old-time flowers should not be overlooked—their persistent clinging to life after they have been exiled from the trim garden borders where they first saw the chill sun of a New England spring. You see them blooming against old stone walls, where their up-torn roots have been thrown to make places for new and more popular favorites. You find them cheerfully spreading, pushing along the foot-paths, turning into vagrants, becoming flaunting weeds. You see them climbing here and there, trying to hide the deserted chimneys of their early homes, or wandering over and hiding the untrodden foot-paths of other days. A vivid imagination can shape many a story of their life in the interval between their first careful planting and their present neglected exile.

The sites of colonial houses which are now destroyed, the trend, almost the exact line of old roads, can be traced by the cheerful faces of these garden strays. The situation of old Fort Nassau, in Pennsylvania, so long a matter of uncertainty, is said to have been definitely determined by the old familiar garden flowers found growing

on one of these disputed sites. It is a tender thought that this indelible mark is left upon the face of our native land through the affection of our forebears for their gardens.

The botany tells us that Bouncing Bet has "escaped from cultivation"—she has been thrust out, but unresentfully lives and smiles; opening her tender pinky-opalescent flowers adown the dusty roadsides, and even on barren gravel-beds in railroad cuts. Butter-and-eggs, tansy, chamomile, spiked loose-strife, velvet-leaf, bladder-campion, cypress-spurge, live-for-ever, money-vine—all have seen better days, but now are flower-tramps. Even the larkspur, beloved of children, the moss-pink, and the grape-hyacinth may sometimes be seen growing in country fields and by-ways. The homely and cheerful blossoms of the ephemeral lily, and the spotted tiger-lily, whose gaudy colors glow with the warmth of far Cathay—their early home—now make gay many of our roadsides and crowd upon the sweet cinnamon roses of our grandmothers, which also are undaunted garden exiles.

Driving once along a country road, I saw on the edge of a field an expanse of yellow bloom which seemed to be an unfamiliar field-tint. It proved to be a vast bed of coreopsis, self-sown from year to year; and the blackened outlines of old cellar-walls in its midst showed that in that field once stood a home, once there a garden smiled.

While the valleyed garden of our old neighbors was sweet with blossoms, my mother's garden bore a still fresher fragrance—that of green growing things, of "posies," lemon-balm, rose geranium, mint, and sage. I always associate with it in spring the scent of the strawberry-bush, or calycanthus, and in summer of the fraxinella, which, with its tall stem of larkspur-like flowers, and graceful ash-like leaves, grew there in rich profusion and gave forth from leaf, stem, and blossom a pure, a memory-sweet perfume half like lavender, half like anise.

Truly, much of our tenderest love of flowers comes from association and many are lovingly recalled solely by their odors. Balmier breath than was

ever borne by blossom is to me the pure pungent perfume of ambrosia, rightly named as fit for the gods. Not the miserable weed ambrosia of the botany, but a lowly herb that grew throughout the entire summer everywhere in "our garden;" sowing its seeds broadcast from year to year; springing up unchecked in every unoccupied corner, and under every shrub and bushy plant; giving out from serrated leaf and irregular raceme of tiny pale-green flowers, a spicy, aromatic fragrance if we brushed past it, or pulled a weed from among it as we strolled down the garden walk. And it is our very own—I have never seen it elsewhere than at my old home, and in the gardens of neighbors to whom its seeds were given by the gentle hand that planted "our garden" and made it a

delight. Goethe says, "Some flowers are lovely to the eye, but others are lovely to the heart." Ambrosia is lovely to my heart, for it was my mother's favorite.

And as each "spring comes slowly up the way," I say, in the words of Solomon, "Awake, O North Wind; and come, thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out"—that the balm and mint, the thyme and southernwood, the sweetbriar and ambrosia, may spring afresh and shed their tender incense to the memory of my mother, who planted them and loved their pure fragrance, and at whose presence, as at that of Eve, flowers ever sprung—

And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew.

AFTER

By George Cabot Lodge

TOWARD thine Eastern window, when the morn
Steals through the silver mesh of silent stars,
I come unlaurelled from the strenuous wars
Where men have fought and wept and died forlorn.
But here across these early fields of corn
The loving silence dwelleth, and the gray,
Sweet earth-mist, while afar the sounding spray
Breathes from the ocean like a Triton's horn.

Open thy lattice, for the gage is won
For which this world has journeyed through the dust
Of shattered systems, cold about the sun;
Now, proved by sin, by mighty loves imperaled,
A voice cries through the sunrise—"Time is just."
And falls like dew God's pity on the world.

CHARM HE NEVER SO WISELY

By Eleanor Stuart

I



HE great Rondelle who sings and endorses the tonic wines—which he never even tastes, the hypocrite!—is my cousin-german, although very fortunate in other ways. The world knows him as its greatest baritone; he is also gay and generous, and as simple as he is superstitious.

He is a little spoiled and perhaps affected. Protecting himself from the English climate is his worst affectation. No sooner has his great foot stamped English soil than he takes to a fur coat—their opera season is in summer!—and red pepper lozenges, and a futile, fantastic profanity, that seems childish to a practical nature like mine.

He comes a great deal to London, a town of inconsequent side streets and depressing thoroughfares, but a town with which we have associations. It is an amusing place, although the English mean it seriously. Their buildings seem struck by moonlight, they are so white and gray, and the American brokers are the only people besides myself who see the fun of the motto on their Stock Exchange: "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fulness thereof."

If Rondelle will but retire while still in good voice no one will ever impeach his excellence. Singers leave nothing behind them whereby the coming world may gauge their worth, nothing but grateful hearts whose burdens were once lightened with their vivid voices. The hearing of the old-time audiences fails as age creeps upon the singer, and no songs but those that have been sung shall ever again stir their enthusiasms.

Ah, du Belsoze, you have your sentiments as well as your philosophies!

II

I, COMTE HECTOR DU BELSOZE, remember in exact detail the evening upon

which we started on our first visit to England. My cousin's mother had come up from Arles to see the last—as she thought—of her huge son. Like most peasants, she was without geographical instinct and fancied England as remote as Ceylon. My uncle had married her, as he had done many things, without regard to philosophy or reason; but as he had died almost immediately and given me my best-loved companion in the person of Jacques du Belsoze—stage-named Rondelle—I never thought of him with rancor.

There was an odd commingling of household effects in our Paris apartment. The strict old woman's belongings were there on equal terms with ours. She brought with her birds and beads, chattering to the first and fingering the last, whispering—getting in no one's way, but concerned and prayerful about her big boy's journey.

Jacques had had a couch especially manufactured to contain his great length. Upon this he lay, making grand opera gestures of farewell to his mother, to keep up her spirits. He wore a plaid travelling coat—what I have since learned is merely a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman's travelling coat—and his mother marvelled proudly at the amount of cloth it took to cover him. His head, with its quantity of fine black hair, was propped against a pillow made of yellow cigar ribbons. It was sent to him without a name and was very finely sewed, demonstrating the enduring patience of what sane men do not believe to be the weaker sex.

One gets many things for singing besides the pay.

At last he rose, kissed his mother impetuously, and together we drove away.

On the journey we met the famous Polish alto, who made eyes at Jacques at once and coquetted with him in her deep voice. But his manner was always quite chilly with artists until he had heard them sing. Although we travelled

with the troupe we put up quietly at a little hotel in Mayfair.

After our arrival I saw very little of Jacques for a few days; he was busy with rehearsals. I strolled about, satirizing all I saw, and when I returned the long fellow would be stretched on a sofa as much too short for him as are the tenors with which he acts. He was grumbling at the new climate.

The day before he was to make his London debut he stood a long time at the window looking childishly into the street. I might mention here that he reads nothing but his bills and letters, and a book of Fechter's on mediæval costumes. "They have no birds but sparrows," he said at last, in utter disgust.

"Come, come," I rejoined, "to-morrow you will shake up these dull men and women. They will call you their 'fad,' and that is the great pet name of these English. They will name collars after you, and hats, and horses, and perhaps a street when you have sung here several seasons."

He looked more cheerful at this, but he answered, shrewdly, "No, hats it may be, but they name their streets after their generals who killed us Frenchmen and their merchants who made money."

"And their peers," said I, "who became evangelists."

As this was the last impersonal conversation we had for years, I remember it gratefully. It could not be continued, for the accompanist arrived and Jacques began on Valentine's death in a voice that found all the nerves in my body and plagued them. I left the room in one of a series of forced exits that has lasted just as long as my cousin's dramatic career.

When the day dawned whose evening was to bring forth its new star in the vocal firmament, Rondelle was very nervous. He said he could not sing a note and refused to do anything but a set of exercises that are as scourges to a high-strung temperament.

"Come and walk," said I.

"Where?" said he. "There is no sun. The women have red faces and their manner is apologetic. There is nothing pleasant to see."

"Come and look at the men's coats

in Piccadilly," I suggested, and we went together to look at the parade of English square shoulders.

At the corner of Piccadilly and the street in which we lived, a knot of people stood in front of a quiet victoria, drawn, when in motion, by sorrel horses. The back wheel was badly damaged, but a small woman of great presence was still seated within the vehicle. Her manner was more than distant, it was remote. Her pale eyes looked over the head of the irate drayman who explained to her companion—a lively, elderly lady, much diverted at the accident—just how his share in the smash had been inevitable. The lady on the pavement called a cab, into which she assisted the calm blonde, and presently they were gone.

"That lady," said I, "held herself above needless talk."

"She is above it," Rondelle answered, shortly.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"I never saw her before in my life," he replied, with an embarrassed laugh.

As a rule, Rondelle was sensitive about his English, but he turned to a man at his side and spoke to him in it as boldly as badly.

"Who is that?" said the fellow, repeating Jacques's question; "oh, that is the Princess Irmelin-Tellin of Haiar-Tellin. She is in London for our little Duke's christening."

Jacques thanked him and we strolled on; his nervousness was forgotten.

"Do you suppose," he asked me, "that Irmelin-Tellin is very famous?"

"Why not?" said I; "men talk a good deal about pretty faces."

"I never heard of her," he said.

"Doubtless she never heard of you, Popinjay," said I, snubbing him.

I feared to say too much. Artists are vain, although this one fancies himself very modest. He stopped in front of a shop and looked in at the window humming through his eyes, a curious, mellow hum, to me the most attractive of his musical accomplishments. It is also the least noisy.

Presently he looked behind him to the scene of the small accident.

"Didi," said he—this is the name he called me when we were children and

the name wherewith he still coaxes me—"go back and ask that fellow if she is married."

"Jacques Rondelle," said I, "you may be your own detective. I think you ask a great deal——"

"I usually get a lot," he replied, with advisedly reproachful gratitude.

"This would be too much," said I, whereupon he sulked, but that was better than being nervous.

I had always expected this sort of thing from Jacques, and now wondered that it had not come before.

That night I was to be a supernumerary in the chorus. It was more enlivening than sitting in the stalls, and I wished to be near Jacques when he strutted and sang as *Telramund*. The prima had chosen "*Lohengrin*" to open the season, and Rondelle liked his rôle well enough. He disliked Rikki, the tenor, and to this day bleats out "*Trovatore*" like him when we need a laugh.

I had my place and costume assigned to me about half an hour before the curtain was to rise, being given a light blue garment and leggings of yellow cloth, discerned as leather by the eye of theatrical faith. My function was to hold one of the guide-cords which hung from the pole of a pendant banner, whereon was inscribed what purported to be the armorial emblems of Brabant.

The under-manager had lost his voice early in life, roaring at the chorus. He now informed me, in a hoarse whisper, that I was to be in "the same effect" as a huge man he moved about before him as though he were on castors, and a small boy of fourteen. The man was a giant, and had served as one in a travelling show, but his feet would not stand the strain of all-day exhibition, so he took to opera work where he had only to stand on his merits in the evening, save for occasional matinées.

He confided this to me between the acts; at first we were too busy to attempt talk, we were learning our "effect."

"Keep your knees together," said the manager to me. "I never dreamed a gentleman could have such knees. Here, toe this line, keep your toes out. I never saw such toes; they box the

compass every time I take my eyes off them."

I did not feel depressed at my anatomical shortcomings. The giant was told that his neck was the most awkward ever seen, and the boy's hands were said to "dabble" instead of having "proper stiffening."

The giant stood near the footlights, holding aloft the Brabant trademark, and I parodied with some wit the ballad Jacques and I learned from the Englishman who taught us his language in Paris:

I will stand on thy right hand
And keep the badge with thee.

The little boy stood like the other adherent of Horatius, on the left.

Rondelle and the Polish alto came in and placed themselves as *Telramund* and *Ortrud*, the wig-master rubbed a little more make-up on them with the flat of his hand and left the stage. The rising of the inner curtain was delayed because the king had something in his eye, and Rikki, half-dressed and with wig awry, brought in an eye-bath and removed the mote skilfully. The prompter wet his efficient fingers and thrust them into the fluttering pages of the prompt-book, and a tapping on the floor a moment later announced his arrival in the box. The overture began and ended, the curtain rose, and for the first time I saw the world for a moment from Jacques's standpoint.

Among musicians one hears much affected, and some sincere, talk of "tone-color." I think the actual colors in the orchestra, patent to the eye of a man whom, like me, Jacques would declare to be without an ear, quite enough beauty to justify the opera. The browns and reds of the actual instruments affect me as the thought of home used, before I learned to prefer my present way of living. One chocolate-colored viola has a permanent place in my memory.

Our effect was stationary. Having no walking about to do, I scanned the house, as Jacques blames his fellow-artists for doing. My eyes had not wandered far before they rested on the Princess Irmelin-Tellin. The strong

light shone upon her face and the sparkling emerald tiara upon her blonde head. Her eyebrows stood out from a white forehead in two perfect ink-black arches.

As soon as I heard Jacques's voice I knew that he had seen her. I could hardly hear the orchestra, for the sound goes into the auditorium, but there are certain great organ-notes in my cousin's voice that he uses to introduce himself to a new audience, and these one could hear distinctly. I knew his secret at the first sound he uttered, and so did every woman in the house probably, were she worthy the name of woman.

He was not even disturbed when Rikki came on. This tenor has thin legs and a bad habit of crossing them in the flies. To-night, as usual, he had dented the artificially fatted calf of his right leg by throwing it over his left. I heard Jacques caution him about this one night in Paris, and threaten to get the management to compel him to wear plaster calves.

In the second act Jacques was unusually fine. I knew he thought great things of himself when I saw him run off the stage, redfaced and laughing, and crouch down behind a pasteboard buttress, to efface the dimple in the knightly leg of *Lohengrin*.

That night I lay awake in my bed and thought of Jacques. It was not to be hoped that he could meet this proud, blond lady of the light eyes and dark brows. The rubber-tired hansoms passed beneath my windows with their bells and sound of sagging leather. I slept just long enough to feel that the art of sleeping was not lost to me, dreaming that the morning papers made fun of Rikki and that the chorus lighted their pipes against orders, burning Covent Garden to the ground.

Feeling strangely apart from Jacques, I rose and dressed. The papers were already in the sitting-room, and they gave unstinted praise to our singer.

I struggled with an idea; it became a determination. I put on my overcoat and paused. Pushing my head into my hat with the violence of unwisdom, I rushed to a retailer of the likenesses of celebrities. He was a quarter of a mile distant.

"Good-morning," I said to the shopman, "sell me photographs of the Princess Irmelin-Tellin."

"Sir," he replied, "she has never put any on sale. There was a dark gentleman came in for one just before you, sir."

"A tall man?" said I.

"Tall and dark," he answered.

Ciel! Jacques had sung in Grand Opera the night before, had risen early and proceeded breakfastless and without looking at a newspaper, to buy a photograph of a woman who might the next day be entering a convent, or for the past ten years have been happily married to the head of any of the monarchical side-shows in southern Europe.

I reached home and faced him.

"You didn't get it," said I.

"Pshaw!" he returned, "you know everything. Surely a man may get what he fancies!"

"Only when it is in the market," said I, with dramatic emphasis.

III

Each opera night we saw the Princess of Tellin. Sometimes she ranged herself with royalty and again she was placed as I had first seen her, in a box next but one to the stage. Her jewels and gowns were very wonderful but too complex to suit my classic taste; however their perfections drew immoderate praise from the lips of Jacques.

He used to monopolize the hole in the curtain that he might study her. When he had looked a long time he would pull in his breath until his chest swelled most enormously; then forsaking the man and assuming the actor, he would veil his emotions in simulated indifference and strut away.

I sat quietly in the stalls the first night he sang *Valentine* in "*Faust*." After the death of that unfortunate youth, there was an appreciative but unruly demonstration from the audience. "*Rondelle*" was demanded by name; and after his seventh recall, already laden with flowers, a bunch of orchids was given to him. I recognized it as that carried by the Princess Irmelin as, surveyed by me, she crossed the lobby earlier in the evening.

I said nothing of this until we arrived at the hotel. It was Jacques's custom to send his flowers to the cripples' hospital after he had saved out a big bunch for the hotel manager, an obliging woman and French, like ourselves.

To-night he picked up the orchids, evidently thinking to give them to her.

"Orchids," he said, "are unnatural things. Lame children wouldn't like them."

"You would like them," I retorted, "if you knew who sent them to you."

"If you would ever let me finish," he returned with fire, "you might sometimes find out what I mean to say. Lame children would not like them, so I am going to keep them myself."

"Jacques," said I, "you are almost rather clever." And this slight compliment from me pleased him.

The Princess had one habit of which I had spoken to Jacques. As soon as the curtain descended she would turn in her seat and talk to those behind her whether the music had ceased or not. This did not seem to either of us to denote a love of music.

But our singer felt sure that Her Highness admired him. "It is the strangest thing," he said often, "I can feel that woman hear me sing. I thrill her, and her feelings react on me. Singing is very much a matter of the heart."

My mother, a de Cherburge, by the way, was a Huguenot, while my father was so sincerely indifferent to every creed that I escaped all knowledge of the forms of the religious. But Jacques is an ardent Catholic, besides being the close friend of the organist in their big London church.

A Sunday in that city is a fearful thing. No one walks in the streets except a few of their plainest women, wearing mottoes expressive of personal piety devised as nickel-plated and blasphemous breastpins; they also carry heavy Bibles under their arms. In another country they would translate the breastpins into a dead language, and find gilded youths to carry the Bibles.

Jacques offered to take me with him to his church and I agreed to go. We sat with the organist in a gallery at the side of the building where were placed

the organ and choir. The solos were beautiful and the gloom of the sacred edifice suggestive; at the back of the altar-space were burning candles which seemed to me like sentinel fireflies. I was glad I came.

I had composed myself to observe Jacques's devotions when the Princess of Tellin came up the aisle, a shaggy old graybeard leaning on her arm, shuffling along rapidly as though afraid to be late.

"Husband or brother!" said I to Jacques, nodding at the graybeard as he moved into the pew.

My cousin rebuked my irreverence with a glance.

After service he offered his voice to the organist for the next Sunday. As this was a thing he often did, at first I did not connect it with Her Serene Highness. But later I learned that the organist had told him that she went to that church every day. Evidently Jacques meant to sing there on Sunday for the remainder of her stay.

"Of course," said he, "if the father notices the music"—the organist had said that the graybeard was most attentive to singing, "the daughter must love it too."

"I think he is her husband," said I.

Jacques was perturbed; sitting with him as he ate his outlandish early dinner, I saw the servant bring to him the "*Almanach de Gotha*."

"Haïar-Tellin," said Jacques, opening it. For a moment he was absorbed in the book, but presently he said, exulting, "It's her father, and he is going to be eighty years old in two months."

"My cousin," said I, "don't be in earnest about her; she is a princess. It is just as bad to be in earnest about a woman who is above you, as it is were she some ranks below."

"It is not," said my cousin, bringing his fist down on the table. As for me, I nearly blushed, for I remembered the marriage of his mother with my uncle. Evidently he inherits a taste for marriage outside his class from both parents.

Not long after this I sustained a severe attack of social duty. Reaching the crisis I became heroic and left cards upon those English that I had

met in Rome and Berlin and elsewhere, and who had parted from me tenderly. Upon my return to the hotel I heard a great practising going forward in our sitting-room. Jacques was singing of a pine-tree that loved a pink cloud in the sunset, which, in the nature of things, faded when the sun went down.

I have often thanked God that this dreary song is short.

Some young American ladies were sitting on their trunks in our corridor. (The women of America keep these articles in the halls of the caravansaries wherein they sojourn.) They appeared ill at ease under my searching glance, for they saw that I knew they were always in the halls on their boxes if Jacques were practising.

There was a marvellous elasticity noticeable in my cousin; he was playing on the piano and singing at the top of his lungs.

"Read that," he said, tossing me a type-written letter.

It was from his manager, and stated that the master of ceremonies at the Castle of Haiar-Tellin was arranging a fête-chorale in honor of the eightieth birthday of its hereditary governor, Knut v. Haiar-Tellin. He was desirous of obtaining Europe's first talent under the direction of Gripette, on September 17th, natal day of Knut, at Haiar.

I reflected that an artistic career induces jealousy as Rondelle looked over his shoulder, saying, "They don't want Rikki; they've got the St. Petersburg tenor."

Jacques had heard that there was to be a thanksgiving service at nine the morning of September 17th, undertaken by local singers. Then at twelve there was to be a state concert, in which the Polish alto and the St. Petersburg tenor, with the members of the local opera troupe, were to sing. He was to have the last song on the programme, and it was to be of his own choosing. I thought with pity of the feelings of the local soprano at hearing this.

"It looks as if they liked my singing," said Jacques, and I was obliged to assent.

We arrived at the last night of Rondelle's first London season. The en-

thusiasm was tremendous. He was bombarded with bouquets; young women wept as the great, graceful fellow bowed his last for a year to come in the face of this violently admiring audience. "Rondelle!" they cried from the galleries before they called the prima.

This was the 7th of July, and we were to separate the next day—he to spend his vacation studying new rôles at Arles, while I was intent upon a trip to America, where I have friends as clear-sighted and witty as are the French.

I wished to accompany him to Haiar, and he arranged things accordingly. When the Americans should hear that my cousin Rondelle was to sing at a fête-chorale of a prince potentate of whom they were as yet ignorant, I knew I should seem a greater man to them than I had on my first visit; when, be it said, I did very well.

Besides, I wished to see him on the native heath of Irmelin, speaking with her of music. After half an hour's talk on that, I believed he would broach any topic.

IV

WE met again on the 14th of September in the Paris apartment. This time my aunt was in Arles, and we were to start on our journey early in the afternoon. The Polish alto, the St. Petersburg tenor, and M. Gripette, director of opera at Haiar-Tellin, were all to breakfast with us, proceeding to Haiar also in our company.

"Jacques," said I, "how is the Princess?"

"I feel," he answered, solemnly, "as if she were very well. If I knew Gripette better I would ask after her, but he is such a coarse brute."

The morning mood of man is not commendable, the morning mood of artists—well, forgive them, they are up very late. At breakfast M. Gripette instanced this in an impassioned monologue. He told us how he had helped famous singers to achieve their successes, and cautioned Jacques, who is very temperate, against liquors, of which he felt himself at liberty to take huge draughts. He also told us how women-singers had found in him

an emotional inspiration. No one pretended to believe him, nor did we demean ourselves with challenging any statements that he made. He carried their denial on his face.

Jacques clung to me on our journey. He spoke of the Princess, and wondered if she would notice how both the rest and the study of the past two months had improved him. He also said that Gripette had told him how greatly the old prince loved his singing, and that this shaggy potentate had also possessed a voice in his youth. I told Jacques that he should have inquired if the Princess had inherited it, and I could see that my cousin regretted not having thought of this simple question.

Haiar is a quiet city; tourists do not see it, for the hotels are very vile. Its industry is the preparation of dry perfumes for the Parisian market, so that the prophecy of next season's fashionably pervasive scent is told in the breath of the drowsy stronghold; and in and out of the town windows the clinging odors greet and caress one with an oppressive omnipresence. A sluggish river saunters by, a mirror to the stagnant life on its shores, and a railway stops outside the town-wall. Castle people and perfume buyers seem to be the only passengers on the trains, which stop capriciously and resume their ways with an alarming lack of system.

An omnibus met us on our arrival there and proceeded straightway past rows of leisurely, gaping townfolk to the castle. We had been a night and two days getting to Haiar, and were to rehearse the concert that evening in the big theatre of the princely residence.

The next day was Knut's birthday.

It had been raining, but now a generous sun shone forth in pathlike rays, through an atmosphere that, if damp, was at least warm. The birds were encouraged and said so in the songs they sang from every glistening tree. The walk in the castle grove was bordered with white chrysanthemums, and Knut's name and age flowered across the grass of the old tilt-yard where young men sat on green benches puffing their cigarettes.

We were met courteously by a sleek underling, the king's secretary's secre-

tary, and were invited through him to walk in the grove until the time of rehearsal. The like invitation was not extended to our travelling companions, so after our meal of mutton-chops and sweetened sago, we stepped into the wide walk bordered with white chrysanthemums.

Above us clustered woolly clouds with spaces of clear blue among them, and the damp grass smelt sweeter than our cigarette smoke. A gracious breeze arose that was not chilly, and the leaves stirred in it with the sound of lapping waters on a lake shore.

Presently Jacques raised his head with a jerk, like a cavalry horse that hears a bugle. I looked also in the direction of his gaze and saw, as he did, the Princess Irmelin-Tellin coming toward us with her companion of the carriage accident. The ladies were followed by a tiny dog bearing upon its person the infallible signs of feminine ownership, i.e., the fat induced by unrestrained gluttony. I have known this dog well for some years now.

We had no hats to remove, having stepped defenceless from our rooms to the mild air; but we bowed deeply to the courteous ladies who added a smile to their decorous inclinations.

We wandered on until Jacques ejaculated unintelligibly and hurried toward the castle.

I saw that the peace of our evening mood was destroyed. Hastening after him, I arrived in the little study appointed to our use, just as he was playing the soft prelude to a song that I did not know. It told of winds that wooed the forest-trees and of a lover who wooed with sighs.

I, remembering both the lady and the breeze in our late walk abroad, thought Jacques audacious but the song delightful.

"Who invented that agreeable noise?" said I.

"Scarlati, God bless him," Jacques said.

"It makes your suit easy," said I.

He replied from the artist's standpoint, "It was difficult to sing it."

He did not care to confess what he was quite aware that I knew. The song was a means to an end, it recurred to

his mind as we walked together, and now he was a little ashamed of a bright idea.

"I sing it to-morrow morning," he said, trying to speak casually. He had not mentioned it as yet to Gripette, as I also knew.

"You are quite good enough for any princess," I said to him, stupidly, for I suppose I was proud of him, like his mother.

At eight the next morning guns went booming over all the town. This was the hour of the birth of Haiar's ruler. Bells wrangled from the towers of churches that, differing in denomination, united in clamor as much as if it had been a Sunday and the faithful exhorted from the pulpits. The streets were dressed with arches of flags and knots of yellow flowers. Presents arrived momentarily in the grand hall.

The tilt-yard was set with tables for the banquet, and the wide American piazza on the modern side of the great building was also filled with little café tables brought from the town in hay wagons.

Jacques and I did not attend the church; we knew it would be thronged and stuffy. The odor of sanctity is overpowering at these democratic rejoicings of mother Church. My cousin plucked moodily at a guitar, suddenly turning to me with a rhapsodic smile and then coloring deeply. We were, both of us, excited and expectant.

Noon arrived and we were conducted to the grand hall, where a little stage was set between two windows, the singers appearing and disappearing through them to a covered balcony sweet with flowers and warmed with the sun.

The songs went by, the programme punctuated with thunderous applause, Jacques had sung once, with passionate emphasis but purposely reserved effect. One by one the singers disappeared to receive royal commendation, and soon Jacques and I were alone with some servants who were making ready other tables to occupy the balcony when the concert should be done.

Of course the French windows were closed except for one pane that opened and shut independently of the whole casement. Through this we could hear

the local prima's encore song. In a moment she would be in the audience and Jacques would be on the stage.

"She has a lovely voice," he said to me, dreamily, "there is just the right amount of throb in her trill."

Her song ended on a high note pulled down from heaven, and as her lips closed, she stood firm to receive the shock of applause that was probably dearer to her ears than her song had been to its hearers.

"Rondelle," whispered Gripette at the open pane.

My cousin appeared on the stage.

He sang an operatic air—I forget just now what it was—sparing neither voice nor emotion. The audience, emulating the enthusiasm of a musical monarch, waved their scarfs and roared at him like Italians.

He showed his face at the casement; it was triumphant, as if the Princess Irmelin's hand already rested in his.

Gripette went to the piano and played a softly flowing prelude, and then the noble voice of the great Rondelle joined Scarlatti's woodland song softly, swelling to a mighty climax, that is this song's refrain. Another verse began, and Jacques's personal feelings were soon in the possession of the audience, impersonally expressed in this great boon of song. Again he sang the refrain and this time softly, the applause bursting on him in a sudden storm. Bowing low, he stepped into the audience as the others had done.

The prima's maid was helping one of the castle servants set punch-cups on the tables, but I thought I would wait until Jacques came to look for me, although I saw that the servants wished me away. It was warm where I was, it was too warm where the others were.

Ten minutes of odorous silence elapsed; they were my solace in a world of sound forever at concert pitch.

"Who," said the prima's maid, in French, "who is that beautiful lady standing by the chair, she who is also so beautifully dressed in mauve?"

I looked and saw the Princess Irmelin-Tellin.

"That," said the castle-servant, "is our Princess Irma. She looks the best of them all" stone deaf, since

her diphtheria; six years since then it is. She hears no sound, and they speak to her by tapping with their fingers on her hand. She is sensitive, and goes everywhere to seem like the rest of the world, but she cannot hear a word they say to her."

I felt a heavy hand fall on my shoulder, and looking up I saw Jacques, with his face as white as chalk and his eyes closing weakly, as if he were faint.

"Did you hear?" he said, vaguely.

"It was superb!" I answered at once, for the servants had noticed his trembling and pallor. "You sang well, but you look done. Get cognac," said I to the man, and the maid followed him.

"I mean, did you hear what they said?" he asked me. And the wild sorrow in the face of this emotional man of song hurt me to witness.

"Yes," I said, "but these endings are common to chance fancies." And I strove to put my mind on some helpful philosophy until the cognac should come.

"She was no fancy," he said, feverishly, "and she never heard me sing a note."

"I have heart failure," he added, "tell them so, and that I must go away at once."

He had no such thing, and his great strength was soon revived with a sip of cognac. Neither had I his witless emotions to make an announcement that would cause any good manager to hesitate before he engaged the first baritone in Europe.

I got him to our rooms where, fortunately, a telegram from his costumers awaited us. This I construed into a summons to the deathbed of my aunt in Arles. The Prince's secretary's secretary deeply lamented the absence of his monarch's favorite singer, as a place had been prepared for him at the royal table.

We could not get a train for some hours, and while I sat with Jacques—whose lips quivered childishly now and again, and whose big frame was more than once convulsed with stormy sobs,—the sound of feasting and merriment floated round us, and the steady beat of dance tunes throbbed in the air.

I did not speak. I dared not leave him.

"She never heard me sing a note," he said once in the blank voice of despair. He was no more operative, but as docile as grieving.

I cannot tell how we got through those hours. Knut's secretary himself came to our room with an emerald for Jacques and the Prince's condolences. I wrote a note of thanks for both and signed Jacques's name, as I often do for autograph collectors.

My writing does very well; it is always like Jacques's autograph, whereas his own penmanship is often dissimilar. The sentiment of the thing is the same, whether he write or I.

In real grief my cousin changed his coat for our journey. He ate a bowl of milk-toast—being an artist, he always lives simply when under a mental strain, and further condescended to look at the emerald which, until this time, had lain unnoticed on the table.

"Life is hard," said he to me.

"My dear fellow," said I, "many poets have said that much better." I should not have dared to say philosophers.

"The halls are quiet," I said at last; "go you to the carriage. I will see that our things are cared for and our rugs strapped." I rose, and then watched Jacques cross the main hall.

He walked slowly among the wrecked garlands that, hanging on every wall, had made the morning world so gay. They had fallen to the floor and he trampled on them. I saw him start as he had done last evening in the grove walk bordered with white chrysanthemums. Again he stood still, bowing low.

The Princess Irmelin-Tellin entered the hall at the far end. Her state robes were stained with the green grass of the tiltyard, where she had feasted in silence among all the merry voices. She, too, trod on the fading garlands as she made her way through the hall. The dog of which I spoke followed her.

It ran at once to Jacques, and for the first time in our joint lives my cousin surprised me. He picked up the creature and hid it in the big cape he carried over his arm.

There was a stifled but indignant bark; the Princess moved on heed-

ing ; while her attendant hurried into the house after her, and I gazed upon Jacques in wonder, an unrelenting dog-stealer.

"Love brings one very low," said I, as he adroitly flung all the wraps on the little creature to keep the servants who closed the coupé door from seeing it.

My cousin turned a burning scarlet. "I will send her a better dog from Paris," he answered.

Now, when people tell me that delicacy induces the great Rondelle to hire

a female secretary to overhaul the immense feminine correspondence that accrues to him at the end of each season, I agree with them ; but noting a certain princess of a petty principality who sits in Jacques's audiences very often, I know that he shuns contact with a sex composed of beings similar to her, as she wrought him great dole in one summer season early in the eighties.

I frequently say to him, "All women are not deaf, Jacques."

And he replies, "No, but I wish they were."

REGNUM SPIRITUS

By Annie Fields

"Le monde, tel qu'il est, est triste et amer ; mais la voix qui s'échappe de nos âmes est consolante, brillante d'espoir."—EDGAR QUINET.

Poor and forlorn and blind, the prey of death,
Through the sweet August day, as in a dream,
An old man sits and draws his painful breath
Where the street noises sweep in endless stream.

His neighbor too, a pallid, busy child,
Through shops and alleys all the livelong day
Still goes and comes ; pretty and undefiled,
But ignorant of the fields where children play.

In the green wilderness beside the sea
Low rain-clouds overhang the weedy strand,
And all is fresh and still and silvery,
Even the waves that silent touch the sand.

Silent ! There is one voice, one song escapes
Out of the human heart whether we lie
Gate-beggars, or pursue the shadowy shapes
Love paints upon the forehead of the sky.



o, I won't be called his darling while I am with callous indifference. And since that sort of thing must be stopped, why not stop everything? no longer loves me. (*Pauses, startled.*) Has it this—that he no longer loves me! Let me think calmly—perfectly calmly. It is in small things that feeling is chiefly manifested. He thinks nothing of pointing me in small things, consequently he has no feeling for me. If he has no feeling for me it is better that we part. If we part at all it is better that we part at once. (*Breaks down; a brief silence. Reverses self. Firmly.*) My feelings! No matter what my feelings are, I hope I shall be able always to control them. One must do what is best. Let me compose myself before I write to him. (*Picks up book and begins to write; looks up once to say:*) Yes, it is decided—quite decided.

In a few moments, WALTER; he is in smiling haste and good spirits.

FR. Here I am, my dearest. I— (*He bends to kiss her; she draws back with decided coldness.*) Why—the matter?

(*Coldly.*) Pray sit down.

. But, I say, what's the matter? Who am I to sit down?

You can stand if you like, but I should think you would prefer a chair. You certainly haven't any business going out with me.

(*Eagerly.*) Oh, but I have. I got away just in time I was in for the afternoon, and there's time for me to hurry.

I don't care to hurry, and there isn't time if I don't tell you—told me—or wrote me—that you had sent Mr. Brown a note.

. Oh, I know, but we can get there almost as fast as the note—it will be all right.

I dare say. But I am not in the habit of putting my own regrets to places.

. It is generally somebody else's regrets that you put to places, isn't it?

Oh, don't be epigrammatic, I beg of you.

(*Dejectedly as he sits, &c.*) I thought that was what I was to do.

. I dare say it was—rather neat.

. Frances, what in the world are you stuffy?


. I wasn't aware that I was stuffy—as you so easily express it.

(*Doggedly.*) I've elegantly expressed it that time before, and so have you; didn't you want to see me? Do you want me to go away?

. I should like to have seen you somewhat earlier in the day.

. Why, you surely don't mean to say that it has





d out what time it was!
ectedly detained!

Frances, I leave this house
only place for such as I
k you can always straight-
e laugh. I tell you there
theme for laughter.

ove and the veil and the
bald merriment? No, in-
to see me haunted by re-
that it now sits upon my

ou very seriously, Walter.
I would for a moment lay

, new jest, but never mind.
led that we play about by
do not go and throw rocks

shall not go out of the
or.
I not altogether sorry, as

king things over while I


was better to think them
o when I can.
alter, we shall both regret
take me seriously.
for better or worse, Fran-
ous as well as the lighter


be so sure of me, Walter.
you really mean that you
s molehill of my tardiness
real quarrel?
e shown a persistent disre-
ttle things that argues ill
ster.

alter, you have. You have
—you have put me off time
another—
eeking you at the earliest

le cannot go through life
at possible moments occur
is.
certainly carries a hint of
tem. But, my dearest, if

There! that is precisely
of no importance—yours
used to such an assump-





tion on anybody's part, and I refuse to submit to it from you! (*A pause.*)

WALT. (*Quietly.*) If it has become a question of resenting assumption on the part of either of us I think the matter has certainly gone beyond any but serious treatment.

FRAN. I am glad you are at last convinced of that.

WALT. (*Facing her.*) Yes, I am convinced. And now, what will you have? An apology? I am under the impression that I offered you one when I came in.

FRAN. (*Somewhat disconcerted.*) I believe you did.

WALT. Well? If not an apology, what?

FRAN. (*Desperately.*) My freedom!

WALT. Your freedom? Does that mean that you wish to be released from our engagement?

FRAN. Yes.

WALT. (*After a pause.*) Oh, very well.

FRAN. (*Rising.*) And you can say, "Very well!" You can be so hard—so indifferent! It shows me that I am right—that we would be utterly wretched together! You do not understand me! You do not realize that I am an independent, thinking, acting, resolving human being! I am not anybody's pale reflection!

WALT. (*Under his breath.*) No, no.

FRAN. (*Holly.*) I must be met on equal ground or not at all! My time or your time—my engagements or your engagements.

WALT. Both held with equal lightness? Very well, I accept the new code—if it is a new one. I make no move to hold you to your promises. Why should I—it would be a masculine exaggeration of their value. Have it as you will.

FRAN. (*A trifle blankly.*) Then—then I am free.

WALT. By all means. You are free. (*A pause.*) And now that that is decided, be good enough to indicate, for my guidance, our future relations.

FRAN. Why—why we sha'n't have any—shall we?

WALT. (*Coolly.*) Sha'n't we? Then you mean that we must avoid one another absolutely?

FRAN. We may meet—I suppose we shall meet—but we shall meet as strangers.

WALT. As absolute and persistent strangers? Suppose we are presented to one another, what then?

FRAN. (*Petulantly.*) How you insist upon details! If we meet in that way let it be as if for the first time.

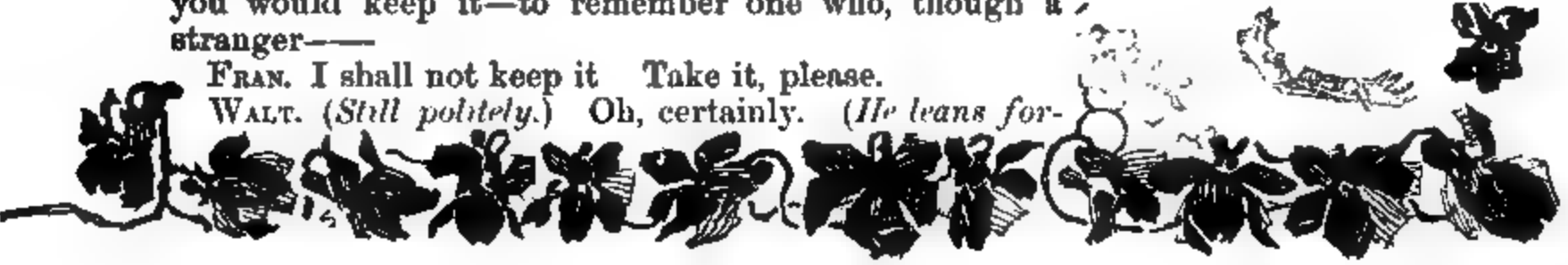
WALT. (*Murmurs.*) "I may hold your hand but as long as all may. Or so very little longer?" Very well. And we may as well begin at once, I suppose.

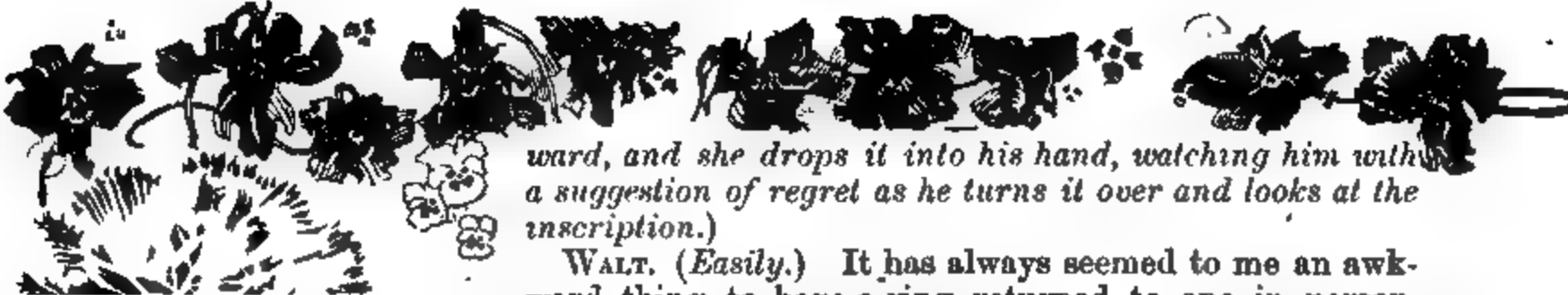
FRAN. Why—naturally. (*As her eye falls on a ring she wears.*) But first let me give you back—this. (*She draws it off.*)

WALT. (*Politely.*) It would give me great pleasure if you would keep it—to remember one who, though a stranger—

FRAN. I shall not keep it. Take it, please.

WALT. (*Still politely.*) Oh, certainly. (*He leans for-*





ward, and she drops it into his hand, watching him with a suggestion of regret as he turns it over and looks at the inscription.)

WALT. (*Easily.*) It has always seemed to me an awkward thing to have a ring returned to one in person. Just what to do with it, you know. If you had sent it to me you would never have known what I did with it. But a man looks rather absurd sitting and holding a ring—and it seems such bathos to drop it into one's vest pocket.

FRAN. Evidently you have given the matter some consideration.

WALT. Well, it is one of those things one thinks of.

FRAN. I never thought of it.

WALT. No? If I should fling it back—why you wouldn't catch it if you could, and it would lie on the floor, and we should both be haunted by the unacknowledged fear of stepping on it. Of course, it wouldn't matter if we did step on it—

FRAN. It would matter very much. How stupid to step on a valuable ring!

WALT. Perhaps it would be—stupid. If I could wear it it would have a certain dramatic significance, if somewhat wanting in taste—seem a shining mark that Death loves—the death of sentiment, of affection, of—

FRAN. How can you be so utterly absurd!

WALT. Oh, I couldn't be so absurd—as you say. (*Rises.*) I know what I'll do. (*Goes up to the jar standing L. C.*) An excellent idea. I will drop it in here. (*It tinkles down into the jar.*)

FRAN. Walter! (*Aside.*) Callous—that is what I said—it is true!

WALT. Well, what is it?

FRAN. You can't leave it there.

WALT. Why not?

FRAN. Because—why because—it isn't safe.

WALT. What matter?

FRAN. Don't be silly. Of course it matters.

WALT. Well, then, it would be a most idly investigative burglar who would look at the bottom of a jar like that for a gem. No one but a pearl-diver would have the outfit.

FRAN. But a maid might easily—by mistake—

WALT. I put it to your honor. Is that vase often—what do you call it?—dusted—on the inside?


FRAN. (*Evasively.*) You know that is a foolish thing to do with it. I can't let it stay there.

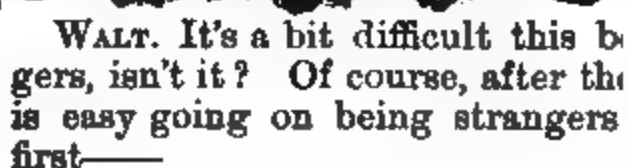
WALT. (*Sits, L.*) I assure you that I am quite easy about it and (*gently*) you know it is no longer your property.

FRAN. Oh, very well.

WALT. And now that that little matter is off both our minds we can remember that we have no past.

FRAN. A very simple matter, of course. (*A little agitated, she goes to the mirror and removes her hat, sticking the pins into it with a touch of ferocity. He watches her.*)





FRAN. You don't seem to find it
WALT. Oh, but I haven't begun
polishing the transition.

FRAN. I don't seem to count at a

WALT. Oh, I beg your pardon.

FRAN. I —

WALT. But this will never do, rapidly getting back upon terms is so intimate as mutual recrimina-

FRAN. (*Ill-temperedly.*) The only
is—

WALT. Is?

FRAN. To go. I should think you
be told that.

WALT. I suppose my staying is

FRAN. (*With asperity.*) Hardly

WALT. (*Coolly.*) I should go in for this—it seems to me better the opportunity to accustom ourselves. It is better to be prepared, and a suggestion. Let us assume that the place, that we have been presented that, with your permission, I have call upon you.

FRAN. Simply have a rehearsal i

WALT. Why not? as long as we
later.

FRAN. (*With slight bitterness, see*
embroidery.) Very we
 or," then, by all mean
 ices finds her gaze wa
 eyes, she drops her ow
 formally.) You are go
 I hope.

all means. (*Recalls go with him.*) I hear the tickets are selling (*recalling the same fact.*)

that are at your disposal if you want to give them to you.

FRAN. (*Coldly.*) Oh, thank you,
taking them.

WALT. (*Nettled.*) It strikes me so trifling an attention even from a

FRAN. (*Composedly.*) We have
sure you will have no difficulty
among your friends.

WALT. Oh, no doubt. (*Rises & Aside.*) Hanged if I see why so literal!

FRAN. (*Aside.*) He doesn't see when I apply his own regulation





get

ope l

ugh
hole

I'm
ex-



ptly
own

e to

our

le !
is,

er-

aps
nat

em

ne

ny

am
ys

ie,

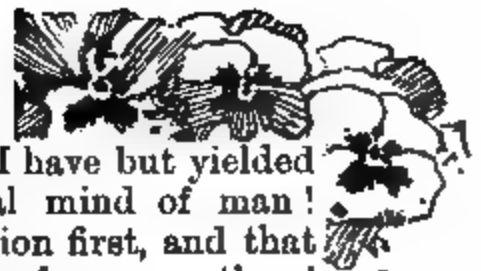
th

nd
re

er

cl





Exit WALTER

FRAN. He seems annoyed. And yet I have but yielded to his own suggestion. The illogical mind of man! To be sure he yielded to my suggestion first, and that annoyed me. Well, the illogical mind of woman, then! I don't care (*Smelling the violets*), I'm glad these happened to come just now. Jealousy is an old card, but it can still be played. But what a goose he was about the ring—my pretty ring! (*She lays down the violets, glides across the room, and peers into the jar.*) I don't see it. (*Shakes jar.*) But I hear it. (*Tries to reach it and fails.*) How silly of him. I don't want it back again, of course, but it makes me nervous to have it there. (*WALTER enters unperceived.*) I wouldn't take it out for worlds. But I wish he would.

WALT. Well, I won't.

FRAN. (*Starting.*) I— (*Defiantly.*) I never engaged to store your property.

WALT. And I never engaged to take things back—at a reduction—a ruinous reduction!

FRAN. (*With a dignified return to formality.*) Thank you for giving the note to the boy.

WALT. Don't mention it.

FRAN. (*Sits.*) Such a nice note from an old friend. (*Picks up flowers again.*) He is only going through to-day, but will come back to-morrow and spend the afternoon with me.

WALT. How very pleasant!

FRAN. (*With a sweet smile.*) Oh, very. I am sorry he you would have enjoyed meeting

Yes, I'm sorry he didn't come to-
resence of a stranger might have

.) Oh, not at all, I assure you.
en troubled on that account.

.) Troubled! I wouldn't have been
a sanguine spirit. If a stranger

1, we wouldn't have minded—really.

miability.) Yes, neither he nor I.
enjoyed seeing you.

r a moment—she is smelling the vio-
s not thinking of him.

se not. He is no stranger. Oh,
l.

ing it—this is going too far alto-
herself with another man and leav-
. taste, that's what it is. (*Aloud.*)

1.
an old friend, you say.

) Yes, indeed—quite an old
see one another often at Bar

side.) Bar



home. But they do not claim any rights in consequence, nor do they call upon me to submit to any inquisition upon why I—cherish—sentiments.

WALT. (*Throwing himself into a chair.*) I hope you are pleased with your pitiful advantage.

FRAN. (*Nobly.*) I ask no advantage. I demand only the barest justice. It is you who seek an unfair advantage in a return to certain bygones, which we have both—both agreed to forget.

WALT. Oh, go on.

FRAN. I am going—into the other room for some yellow embroidery silk. I hope on my return you will be in a more becoming frame of mind. (*Sweeps half-way to the door, her dress brushes the jar, she pauses, glances at it irresolutely, glances back at WALTER who has risen but does not look at her.*) You can't leave it there, you know.

WALT. Leave what?

FRAN. (*With a gesture.*) You know.

WALT. (*Shortly.*) I shall never take it out.

[*Exit FRANCES.*]

WALTER. (*Walks up and down stormily—represses an inclination to kick the jar.*) She has checkmated me all around. I won't be flattered with like a gentleman, and I lose my head when she talks about another possible lover. I'm an unreasonable idiot. But the idiocy began in submitting too easily in the first place. I thought it was the best way to make her see her folly, but I didn't anticipate such a ready adoption of the new situation. I believe she's glad to get rid of me. By Jove, if she really is, there's not much for me to do! But I have a decent reluctance all the same to having my place filled to-morrow afternoon! I hold with observing the dramatic unities—and they demand a certain interval between the old love and the new. (*Vehe-mently.*) I'm not going to be the old love! At least, if I am, I'm going to be the new love too! There's an idea. There's no bringing her to terms on the present lines, but how if I begin all over again. Confide in her, perhaps, rouse a little pique and then, grand passion—first sight—never made love to a woman before—I'm not sure she'll like that last. But just a little jealousy, if possible—it's an old card, but (*moodily*) it's not for me to say it doesn't sometimes take the trick—I'll try the new tactics.

Enter FRANCES, with a skein of yellow silk.

WALT. (*Pleasantly.*) I have employed the interval of your absence well. I am in a more becoming frame of mind.

FRAN. I am glad of that. (*Sits; takes up work.*)

WALT. (*Still standing; with sprightly ease.*) It is so often the way you know, just as you get into the proper frame of mind the occasion for it slips away. (*Takes up his hat.*)

You can't
leave it
there, you
know

FRAN. (*Looks up. The silk falls from her fingers.*) Does that mean that you are—

WALT. That I am going—yes, isn't it time?

FRAN. You know best—but it didn't seem to be time when I left the room, and it's not so very much more time now.

WALT. (*Impressively.*) Oh, but you were a long while away, you know.

FRAN. How nice of you.

WALT. But I am thankful for what I can get—and I have had much of your time—very much for a first call.

FRAN. (*Suppressing a smile.*) Shall I ask you to come again?

WALT. If you will be so good. (*A pause. She does not ask him, but keeps her eyes on her work.*) And (*Laughing*) I could confide in you next time—like the other young men.

FRAN. (*With slight vexation.*) Why is everything interesting always going to happen next time?

WALT. You haven't asked me to stay this time, you know.

FRAN. But neither have I asked you to go.

WALT. (*Thoughtfully.*) Perhaps, as you were good enough to imply, by the cold and unfeeling calculation of the clock hands it isn't really so long that you were away.

FRAN. Perhaps not.

WALT. Oh, then I may stay. (*Puts down his hat, drops promptly into a chair.*)

FRAN. What an ideal visitor! Flattering implications not allowed to blind his better judgment. Really it would be a pity not to ask you to come again.

WALT. Really it would.

FRAN. I wonder if you'd keep on being ideal.

WALT. (*Pensively.*) Not that, no, not that! Ideal! It is so easy to talk of our ideals—to use the word lightly as you did just now. But they are pretty evasive things after all—pretty evasive and pretty real! (*She looks at him rather curiously. He has thrown his head back, and is apparently slipping into reverie.*)

FRAN. And evasively pretty, I've no doubt, and really pretty?

WALT. (*Smiling, but still absent.*) Oh, yes.

FRAN. (*Laying her work down.*) Then you've seen her?


WALT. Seen my ideal? Who sees his ideal? She is always just beyond—out of reach—just unrealized.

FRAN. (*Picks up work.*) Oh! (*A pause, with a little laugh.*) You might begin your confidences by telling me about your ideal.

WALT. Oh, that would be so very youthful a way of trespassing on your time! No, I can't quite do that.

FRAN. But I'd rather you would.

WALT. (*With reluctance.*) But it's a hard thing to put into words—to describe—a man's ideal! As I say, it's evasive—it comes only in waking dreams.



FRAN. And some day it—she—comes outside of the dream.

WALT. (*Shaking his head gently.*) Oh, does she, ever?

FRAN. (*Beginning to be a little annoyed.*) I suppose at least you know what color her eyes are.

WALT. (*Promptly.*) Yes, I know that—black—(*FRANCES's eyes are blue.*) (*Enthusiastically.*) That melting, sombre, gleaming black!

FRAN. (*Sharply.*) I didn't know you cared for black eyes. And her hair?

WALT. (*His eyes still looking into vacancy.*) Dark, too. (*FRANCES's hair is reddish blonde.*) Great coils of lustrous midnight winding themselves around her head and making dusky shadows on her ivory skin.

FRAN. (*With ill-disguised displeasure.*) Quite an hour.

WALT. An hour? Oh, no—no flash and glitter—but a woman of a great, calm serenity.

FRAN. Oh, serenity!

WALT. Unruffled, looking at things with a fine, undisturbed freedom, impersonal.

FRAN. (*Dropping her work with an air of finality and leaning back in her chair.*) A large lady, I suppose, to do all that.

WALT. Oh, yes, large. (*FRANCES is small.*) On grand, noble lines, physical as well as mental.

FRAN. (*Swallowing her irritation.*) I don't think a man looks particularly well with an Amazon.

WALT. Oh, not quite an Amazon. (*Softly.*) Besides, what matter how I look. I should not be thinking of that. But—(*Jumping up*) I'm boring you. I've no right to. Really, I must go.

FRAN. (*With imperious distinctness.*) Walter, sit down! (*He reseats himself mechanically.*) I wish to hear more about your ideal. I suppose she is exorbitantly clever.

WALT. Deeply intellectual, with a natural distaste for pettiness—a soul that looks abroad upon life with a gaze that sees no trivialities.

FRAN. She doesn't seem to me an evasive person. (*Spitefully.*) I'm sure I sha'n't care for her clothes!

WALT. Oh, if I might only believe that you could see her—that she would come—that I might show her to you!

FRAN. I don't want to see her!


WALT. You wouldn't ask if she were well dressed or not.

FRAN. Oh, no, I shouldn't ask.

WALT. But I think she is well dressed—my ideal. She is too harmonious not to be—too symmetrical.

FRAN. (*Who has reached the end of her endurance.*) Oh, that's all you know about it! And what do you expect her to do?—when her soul is not gazing abroad, that is—

WALT. (*Frankly.*) She does seem a grand creature to take up with me! To let me sit and look at her while



Walter, sit down!

self to listen.) As for that fortunate man who has—his ideal is an entirely different one—entirely.

FRAN. Are you sure?

WALT. Quite sure. (*He bends over her.*)

FRAN. (*Springing up.*) No, wait. You do not like a woman to be very dark?

WALT. No.

FRAN. Nor large? Nor—nor serene? Nor any of those things?

WALT. (*Positively.*) No, small—and—and disturbed—and all those things. (*She permits herself to smile.*)

FRAN. And I've knocked that ideal all to—to—

WALT. (*Promptly.*) Flinders! large, serene flinders, but flinders just the same. And now—is that man going to have all to-morrow afternoon and evening to himself?

FRAN. (*Innocently.*) Why, no, he's coming to meet you.

WALT. To meet me? But—

FRAN. Yes. I told him you would be here.

WALT. You—told—him I would—be here?

FRAN. Yes. (*While he looks at her, somewhat overcome by a woman's foresight, she snatches her hand away and points to the jar.*) You can't leave it there, you know,

WALT. True. But I said I should never take it out.

FRAN. Then I will! (*Dropping on her knees, c., she looks up at him and laughs. Just as the curtain falls he kneels beside her and takes her hand in his—in the jar!*)



THE Decoration by Orson Lowell

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE LONGER CATECHISM

IN the meantime Mr. McLean was walking slowly to the Quharity Arms, fanning his face with his hat, and in the West town end he came upon some boys who had gathered with offensive cries round a girl in a lustre jacket. A wave of his stick put them to flight, but the girl only thanked him with a look, and entered a little house whose window showed a brighter light than its neighbors. Dr. McQueen came out of this house a moment afterward, and as the two men now knew each other slightly they walked home together, McLean relating humorously how he had spent the evening. "And though Commander Sandys means to incarcerate me in the Tower of London," he said, "he did me a good service the other day, and I feel an interest in him."

"What did the inventive sacket do?" the doctor asked, inquisitively; but McLean, who had referred to the incident of the pass-book, affected not to hear. "Miss Ailie has told me his history," he said, "and that he goes to the University next year."

"Or to the herding," put in McQueen, dryly.

"Yes, I heard that was the alternative, but he should easily carry a bursary; he is a remarkable boy."

"Ay, but I'm no sure that it's the remarkable boys who carry the bursaries. However, if you have taken a fancy to him you should hear what Mr. Cathro has to say on the subject; for my own part I have been more taken up with one of his band lately than with himself—a lassie, too."

"She who went into that house just before you came out?"

"The same, and she is the most puzzling bit of womankind I ever fell in with."

"She looked an ordinary girl enough," said Mr. McLean.

The doctor chuckled. "Man," he said, "in my time I have met all kinds of women except ordinary ones. What would you think if I told you that this ordinary girl had been spending three or four hours daily in that house entirely because there was a man dying in it?"

"Some one she had an affection for?"

"My certie, no! I'm afraid it is long since anybody had an affection for shilpit, hirpling, old Ballingall, and as for this lassie Grizel, she had never spoken to him until I sent her on an errand to his house a week ago. He was a single man (like you and me), without women-folk, a schoolmaster of his own making, and in the smallest way, and his one attraction to her was that he was on his death-bed. Most lassies of her ageskirl to get away from the presence of death, but she prigged, sir, fairly prigged, to get into it!"

"Ah, I prefer less uncommon girls," McLean said. "They should not have let her have her wish; it can only do her harm."

"That is another curious thing," replied the doctor. "It does not seem to have done her harm; rather it has turned her from being a dour, silent crittur into a talkative one, and that, I take it, is a sign of grace."

He sighed, and added: "Not that I can get her to talk of herself and her mother. (There is a mystery about them, you understand.) No, the obstinate brat will tell me nothing on that subject; instead of answering my questions she asks questions of me—an endless rush of questions, and all about Ballingall. How did I know he was dying? When you put your fingers on their wrist, what is it you count? which

is the place where the lungs are? when you tap their chest what do you listen for? are they not dying as long as they can rise now and then, and dress and go out? when they are really dying do they always know it themselves? If they don't know it, is that a sign that they are not so ill as you think them? When they don't know they are dying, is it best to keep it from them in case they should scream with terror? and so on in a spate of questions, till I called her the Longer Catechism."

"And only morbid curiosity prompted her?"

"Nothing else," said the confident doctor; "if there had been anything else I should have found it out, you may be sure. However, unhealthily minded though she be, the women who took their turn at Ballingall's bedside were glad of her help."

"The more shame to them," McLean remarked, warmly; but the doctor would let no one, save himself, miscall the women of Thrums.

"Ca' canny," he retorted. "The women of this place are as overdriven as the men, from the day they have the strength to turn a pirl-wheel to the day they crawl over their bed-board for the last time, but never yet have I said, 'I need one of you to sit up all night wi' an unweel body,' but what there were half a dozen willing to do it. They are a grand race, sir, and will remain so till they find it out themselves."

"But of what use could a girl of twelve or fourteen be to them?"

"Use!" McQueen cried. "Man, she has been simply a treasure, and but for one thing I would believe it was less a morbid mind than a sort of divine instinct for nursing that took her to Ballingall's bedside. The women do their best in a rough and ready way; but, sir, it cowed to see that lassie easying a pillow for Ballingall's head, or changing a sheet without letting in the air, or getting a poultice on his back without disturbing the one on his chest. I had just to let her see how to do these things once, and after that Ballingall complained if any other soul touched him."

"Ah," said McLean, "then perhaps I was uncharitable, and the nurse's instinct is the true explanation."

"No, you're wrong again, though I might have been taken in as well as you but for the one thing I spoke of. Three days ago Ballingall had a ghost of a chance of pulling through, I thought, and I told the lassie that if he did, the credit would be mainly hers. You'll scarcely believe it, but, upon my word, she looked disappointed rather than pleased, and she said to me, quite reproachfully, 'You told me he was sure to die!' What do you make of that?"

"It sounds unnatural."

"It does, and so does what followed. Do you know what straining is?"

"Arraying the corpse for the coffin, laying it out, in short, is it not?"

"Ay, ay. Well, it appears that Grizel had prigged with the women to let her be present at Ballingall's straining, and they had refused."

"I should think so," exclaimed McQueen, with a shudder.

"But that's not all. She came to me in her difficulty, and said that if I didna promise her this privilege she would nurse Ballingall no more."

"Ugh! That shows at least that pity for him had not influenced her."

"No, she cared not a doit for him. I question if she's the kind that could care for anyone. It's plain by her thrown look when you speak to her about her mother that she has no affection even for her. However, there she was, prepared to leave Ballingall to his fate if I did not grant her request, and I had to yield to her."

"You promised?"

"I did, sore against the grain, but I accept the responsibility. You are pained, but you don't know what a good nurse means to a doctor."

"Well?"

"Well, he died after all, and the straining is going on now. You saw her go in."

"I think you could have been excused for breaking your word and turning her out."

"To tell the truth," said the doctor, "I had the same idea when I saw her enter, and I tried to shoo her to the door, but she cried, 'You promised, you can't break a promise!' and the morbid brat that she is looked so horrified at the very notion of anybody's breaking a

promise that I slunk away as if she had right on her side."

"No wonder the little monster is unpopular," was McLean's comment. "The children hereabout seem to take to her as little as I do, for I had to drive away some who were molesting her. I am sorry I interfered now."

"I can tell you why they t'nead her," replied the doctor, and he repeated the little that was known in Thrums of the Painted Lady. "And you see the women-folk are mad because they can find out so little about her, where she got her money, for instance, and who are the 'gentlemen' that are said to visit her at Double Dykes. They have tried many ways of drawing Grizel, from heckle biscuits and parlies to a slap in the face, but neither by coaxing nor squeezing will you get an egg out of a sweer hen, and so they found. 'The dour little limmer,' they say, 'stalking about wi' all her blinds down,' and they are slow to interfere when their laddies call her names. It's a pity for herself that she's not more communicative, for if she would just satisfy the women's curiosity she would find them full of kindness. A terrible thing, Mr. McLean, is curiosity. The Bible says that the love of money is the root of all evil, but we must ask Mr. Dishart if love of money is not a misprint for curiosity. And you won't find men boring their way into other folk's concerns; it is a woman's disease, essentially a woman's." This was the doctor's pet topic, and he pursued it until they had to part. He had opened his door and was about to enter when he saw Gavinia passing on her way home from the Den.

"Come here, my lass," he called to her, and then said, inquisitively, "I'm told Mr. McLean is at his tea with Miss Ailie every day?"

"And it's true," replied Gavinia, in huge delight, "and what's mair, she has given him some presents."

"You say so, lassie! What were they now?"

"I dinna ken," Gavinia had to admit, dejectedly, "She took them out o' the otoman, and it has aye been kept locked."

McQueen looked very knowingly at her. "Will he, think you?" he asked mysteriously.

The maid seemed to understand, for she replied, promptly, "I hope he will."

"But he hasna spiered her as yet, you think?"

"No," she said, "no, but he calls her Ailie, and wi' the gentry it's but one loup frae that to spiering."

"Maybe," answered the doctor, "but it's a loup they often bogle at. I'se up-haud he's close on fifty, Gavinia?"

"There's no denying he is by his best," she said, regretfully, and then added, with spirit, "but Miss Ailie's no heavy, and in thae grite arms o' his he could daidle her as if she were an infant."

This bewildered McQueen, and he asked, "What are you blethering about, Gavinia?" to which she replied, regally, "Wha carries me, wears me?" The doctor concluded that it must be Den language.

"And I hope he's good enough for her," continued Miss Ailie's warm-hearted maid, "for she deserves a good ane."

"She does," McQueen agreed, heartily, "ay, and I believe he is, for he breathes through his nose instead of through his mouth; and let me tell you, Gavinia, that's the one thing to be sure of in a man before you take him for better or worse."

The astounded maid replied, "I'll ken better things than that about my lad afore I take him," but the doctor assured her that it was the box which held them all, "though you maun tell no one, lassie, for it's my one discovery in five and thirty years of practice."

Seeing that, despite his bantering tone, he was speaking seriously, she pressed him for his meaning, but he only replied, sadly, "You're like the rest, Gavinia, I see it breaking out on you in spots."

"An illness!" she cried, in alarm.

"Ay, lassie, an illness called curiosity. I had just been telling Mr. McLean that curiosity is essentially a woman's disease, and up you come ahint to prove it." He shook a finger at her reprovingly, and was probably still reflecting on woman's ways when Grizel walked home at midnight breathing through her nose, and Tommy fell asleep with his mouth open. For Tommy could never have stood the doctor's test of a man. In the painting of him, aged twenty-

four, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, his lips meet firmly, but no one knew save himself how he gasped after each sitting.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BUT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MISS KITTY

THE ottoman whence, as Gavinia said, Miss Ailie produced the presents she gave to McLean stood near the door of the Blue and White Room, with a reel of thread between, to keep them apart forever. Except on washing days it was of a genteel appearance, for though but a wooden kist, it had a gay outer garment with frills, which Gavinia starched, and beneath this was apparel of a private character which tied with tapes. When Miss Ailie, pins in her mouth, was on her knees arraying the ottoman, it might almost have been mistaken for a female child.

The contents of the ottoman were a few trivial articles sewn or knitted by Miss Kitty during her last illness, "just to keep me out of languor," she would explain wistfully to her sister. She never told Miss Ailie that they were intended for any special person; on the contrary she said, "Perhaps you may find someone they will be useful to," but almost without her knowing it they always grew into something that would be useful to Ivie McLean.

"The remarkable thing is that they are an exact fit," the man said about the slippers, and Miss Ailie nodded, but she did not think it remarkable.

There were also two fluffy little bags, whose use Miss Ailie had to explain. "If you put your feet into them in bed," she faltered, "they—they keep you warm."

McLean turned hastily to something else, a smoking-cap. "I scarcely think this can have been meant for me," he said; "you have forgotten how she used to chide me for smoking."

Miss Ailie had not forgotten. "But in a way," she replied, flushing a little, "we—that is, Kitty—could not help admiring you for smoking. There is something so—so dashing about it."

"I was little worth all the friend-

ship you two gave me, Ailie," he told her humbly, and he was nearly saying something to her then that he had made up his mind to say. The time came a few days later. They had been walking together on the hill, and on their return to the Dove-Cot he had insisted, "in his old imperious way," on coming in to tea. Hearing talking in the kitchen Miss Ailie went along the passage to discover what company her maid kept; but before she reached the door, which was ajar, she turned as if she had heard something dreadful and hurried upstairs, signing to Mr. McLean, with imploring eyes, to follow her. This at once sent him to the kitchen door.

Gavinia was alone. She was standing in the middle of the floor, with one arm crooked as if making believe that another's arm rested on it, and over her head was a little muslin window-blind, representing a bride's veil. Thus she was two persons, but she was also a third, who addressed them in clerical tones.

"Ivie McLean," she said, solemnly, "do you take this woman to be thy lawful wedded wife?" With almost indecent haste she answered herself, "I do."

"Alison Cray," she said, next, "do you take this man to be thy lawful wedded husband?" "I do."

Just then the door shut softly; and Gavinia ran to see who had been listening, with the result that she hid herself in the coal-cellar.

While she was there Miss Ailie and McLean were sitting in the Blue and White Room very self-conscious, and Miss Ailie was speaking confusedly of anything and everything, saying more in five minutes than had served for the previous hour, and always as she slackened she read an intention in his face that started her tongue upon another journey. But, "Timid Ailie," he said at last, "do you think you can talk me down?" and then she gave him a look of reproach that turned treacherously into one of appeal, but he had the hardihood to continue; "Ailie, do you need to be told what I want to say?"

Miss Ailie stood quite still now, a stiff, thick figure, with a soft, plain face and nervous hands. "Before you

“speak,” she said, nervously, “I have something to tell you that—perhaps then you will not say it.

“I have always led you to believe,” she began, trembling, “that I am forty-nine. I am fifty-one.”

He would have spoken, but the look of appeal came back to her face, asking him to make it easier for her by saying nothing. She took a pair of spectacles from her pocket, and he divined what this meant before she spoke. “I have avoided letting you see that I need them,” she said. “You—men don’t like—” She tried to say it all in a rush, but the words would not come.

“I am beginning to be a little deaf,” she went on. “To deceive you about that, I have sometimes answered you without really knowing what you said.”

“Anything more, Ailie?”

“My accomplishments—they were never great, but Kitty and I thought my playing of classical pieces—my fingers are not sufficiently pliable now. And I—I forget so many things.”

“But, Ailie—”

“Please let me tell you. I was reading a book, a story, last winter, and one of the characters, an old maid, was held up to ridicule in it for many little peculiarities that—that I recognized as my own. They had grown upon me without my knowing that they made me ridiculous, and now I—I have tried, but I cannot alter them.”

“Is that all, Ailie?”

“No.”

The last seemed to be the hardest to say. Dusk had come on, and they could not see each other well. She asked him to light the lamp, and his back was toward her while he did it, wondering a little at her request. When he turned, her hands rose like cowards to hide her head, but she pulled them down. “Do you not see?” she said.

“I see that you have done something to your hair,” he answered, “I liked it best the other way.”

Most people would have liked it best the other way. There was very little of it now, and that little seemed to have gone grayer. “The rest was false,” said Miss Ailie, with a painful effort, “at least, it is my own, but it came out when—when Kitty died.”

She stopped, but he was silent. “That is all now,” she said, softly; and she waited for him to speak if he chose. He turned his head away sharply, and Miss Ailie mistook his meaning. If she gave one little sob— Well, it was but one, and then all the glory of womanhood came rushing to her aid, and it unfurled its flag over her, whispering, “Now, sweet daughter, now, strike for me,” and she raised her head gallantly and for a moment in her life the old schoolmistress was a queen. “I shall ring for tea,” she said, quietly and without a tremor; “do you think there is anything so refreshing after a walk as a dish of tea?”

She rang the bell, but its tinkle only made Gavinia recede farther into the cellar, and that summons has not been answered to this day, and no one seems to care, for while the wires were still vibrating Mr. McLean had asked Miss Ailie to forgive him and marry him.


Miss Ailie said she would, but, “Oh,” she cried, “ten years ago it might have been my Kitty. I would that it had been Kitty!”

Miss Ailie was dear to him now, and ten years is a long time, and men are vain. Mr. McLean replied, quite honestly, “I am not sure that I did not always like you best,” but that hurt her, and he had to unsay the words.

“I was a thoughtless fool ten years ago,” he said, bitterly, and Miss Ailie’s answer came strangely from such timid lips. “Yes, you were!” she exclaimed, passionately, and all the wrath, long pent up, with very different feelings, in her gentle bosom, against the man who should have adored her Kitty, leapt at that reproachful cry to her mouth and eyes, and so passed out of her forever.

CHAPTER XXIX

TOMMY THE SCHOLAR

O Miss Ailie could be brave, but what a poltroon she was also! Three calls did she make on dear friends, ostensibly to ask how a cold was or to instruct them in a new device in Shetland wool, but really to announce that

she did not propose keeping school after the end of the term—because—in short, Mr. Ivie McLean and she—that is he—and so on. But though she had planned it all out so carefully, with at least three capital ways of leading up to it, and knew precisely what they would say, and pined to hear them say it, on each occasion shyness conquered and she came away with the words unspoken. How she despised herself, and how Mr. McLean laughed! He wanted to take the job off her hands by telling the news to Dr. McQueen, who could be depended on to spread it through the town, and Miss Ailie discovered with horror that his simple plan was to say, “How are you, doctor? I just looked in to tell you that Miss Ailie and I are to be married. Good afternoon.” The audacity of this captivated Miss Ailie even while it outraged her sense of decency. To Red-lintie went Mr. McLean, and returning next day drew from his pocket something which he put on Miss Ailie’s finger, and then she had the idea of taking off her left glove in church, which would have announced her engagement as loudly as though Mr. Dishart had included it in his pulpit intimations. Religion, however, stopped her when she had got the little finger out, and the Misses Finlayson, who sat behind and knew she had an itchy something inside her glove, concluded that it was her threepenny for the plate. As for Gavinia, like others of her class in those days, she had never heard of engagement rings, and so it really seemed as if Mr. McLean must call on the doctor after all. But “No,” said he, “I hit upon a better notion to-day in the Den,” and to explain this notion he produced from his pocket a large, vulgar bottle, which shocked Miss Ailie, and indeed that bottle had not passed through the streets uncommented on.

Mr. McLean having observed this bottle afloat on the Silent Pool, had fished it out with his stick, and its contents set him chuckling. They consisted of a sheet of paper which stated that the bottle was being flung into the sea in lat. 20, long. 40, by T. Sandys, Commander of the Ailie, then among the breakers. Sandys had little hope of weathering the gale, but he was in-

different to his own fate so long as his enemy did not escape, and he called upon whatsoever loyal subjects of the queen should find this document to sail at once to lat. 20, long. 40, and there cruise till they had captured the Pretender, *alias* Stroke, and destroyed his Lair. A somewhat unfavorable personal description of Stroke was appended, with a map of the coast, and a stern warning to the loyal subjects not to delay as one Ailie was in the villain’s hands and he might kill her any day. Victoria Regina would give five hundred crowns for his head. The letter ended in manly style with the writer’s sending an affecting farewell message to his wife and little children.

“And so while we are playing ourselves,” said Mr. McLean to Miss Ailie, “your favorite is seeking my blood.”

“Our favorite,” interposed the schoolmistress, and he accepted the correction, for neither of them could forget that their present relation might have been very different had it not been for Tommy’s faith in the pass-book. The boy had shown a knowledge of the human heart, in Miss Ailie’s opinion, that was simply wonderful; inspiration she called it, and though Ivie thought it a happy accident, he did not call it so to her. Tommy’s father had been the instrument in bringing these two together originally, and now Tommy had brought them together again; there was fate in it, and if the boy was of the right stuff McLean meant to reward him.

“I see now,” he said to Miss Ailie, “a way of getting rid of our fearsome secret and making my peace with Sandys at one fell blow.” He declined to tell her more, but presently he sought Gavinia, who dreaded him nowadays because of his disconcerting way of looking at her inquiringly and saying “I do!”

“You don’t happen to know, Gavinia,” he asked, “whether the good ship Ailie weathered the gale of the 15th instant? If it did,” he went on, “Commander Sandys will learn something to his advantage from a bottle that is to be cast into the ocean this evening.”

Gavinia thought she heard the chink of another five shillings, and her mouth

opened so wide that a chaffinch could have built therein. "Is he to look for a bottle in the pond?" she asked, eagerly.

"I do," replied McLean with such solemnity that she again retired to the coal-cellar.

That evening Mr. McLean cast a bottle into the Silent Pool, and subsequently called on Mr. Cathro, to whom he introduced himself as one interested in Master Thomas Sandys. He was heartily received, but at the name of Tommy, Cathro heaved a sigh that could not pass unnoticed. "I see you don't find him an angel," said Mr. McLean, politely.

"Deed, sir, there are times when I wish he was an angel," the dominie replied so viciously that McLean laughed. "And I grudge you that laugh," continued Cathro, "for your Tommy Sandys has taken from me the most precious possession a teacher can have—my sense of humor."

"He strikes me as having a considerable sense of humor himself."

"Well, he may, Mr. McLean, for he has gone off with all mine. But bide a wee till I get in the tumblers, and I'll tell you the latest about him—if what you want to hear is just the plain exasperating truth."

"His humor that you spoke of," resumed the school-master presently, addressing his words to the visitor, and his mind to a toddy ladle of horn, "is ill to endure in a school where the understanding is that the dominie makes all the jokes (except on examination-day, when the ministers get their yearly fling), but I think I like your young friend worst when he is deadly serious. He is constantly playing some new part—playing is hardly the word though, for into each part he puts an earnestness that cheats even himself, until he takes to another. I suppose you want me to give you some idea of his character, and I could tell you what it is at any particular moment; but it changes, sir, I do assure you, almost as quickly as the circus-rider flings off his layers of waistcoats. A single puff of wind blows him from one character to another, and he may be noble and vicious, and a tyrant and a slave, and hard as granite and melting as

butter in the sun, all in one forenoon. All you can be sure of is that whatever he is he will be it in excess."

"But I understood," said McLean, "that at present he is solely engaged on a war of extermination in the Den."

"Ah, these exploits, I fancy, are confined to Saturday nights, and unfortunately his Saturday debauch does not keep him sober for the rest of the week, which we demand of respectable characters in these parts. For the last day or two, for instance, he has been in mourning."

"I had not heard of that."

"No, I daresay not, and I'll give you the facts, if you'll fill your glass first."

"But perhaps—" here the dominie's eyes twinkled as if a gleam of humor had been left him after all—"perhaps you have been more used of late to ginger wine?"

The visitor received the shot impassively as if he did not know he had been hit, and Cathro proceeded with his narrative. "Well, for a day or two, Tommy Sandys has been coming to the school in a black jacket with crape on the cuffs, and not only so, he has sat quiet and forlorn-like at his desk as if he had lost some near and dear relative. Now I knew that he had not, for his only relative is a sister whom you may have seen at the Hanky school, and both she and Aaron Latta are hearty. Yet, sir (and this shows the effect he has on me), though I was puzzled and curious I dared not ask for an explanation."

"But why not?" was the visitor's natural question.

"Because, sir, he is such a mysterious little sacket," replied Cathro, testily, "and so clever at leading you into a hole, that it's not chancey to meddle with him, and I could see through the corner of my eye that for all this woful face he was proud of it and hoped I was taking note. For though sometimes his emotion masters him completely, at other times he can step aside as it were, and take an approving look at it. That is a characteristic of him, and not the least maddening one."

"But you solved the mystery somehow, I suppose?"

"I got at the truth to-day by an accident, or rather my wife discovered it for

me. She happened to call in at the school on a domestic matter I need not trouble you with (sal, she needna have troubled me with it either !), and on her way up the yard she noticed a laddie called Lewis Doig playing with other ungodly youths at the game of kickbonnety. Lewis's father, a gentleman farmer, was buried jimply a fortnight since, and such want of respect for his memory made my wife give the loon a dunt on the head with a pound of sugar, which she had just bought at the 'Sosh. He turned on her ready to scart or spit or run, as seemed wisest, and in a klink her woman's eye saw what mine had overlooked, that he was not even wearing a black jacket. Well, she told him what the slap was for, and his little countenance cleared at once. "Oh," says he, "that's all right, Tommy and me has arranged it," and he pointed blithely to a corner of the yard where Tommy was hunkering by himself in Lewis's jacket, and wiping his mournful eyes with Lewis's hanky. I daresay you can jalouse the rest, but I kept Lewis behind after the school skailed and got a full confession out of him. He had tried hard, he gave me to understand, to mourn fittingly for his father, but the kickbonnety season being on, it was uphill work, and he was relieved when Tommy volunteered to take it off his hands. Tommy's offer was to swop jackets every morning for a week or two, and thus properly attired to do the mourning for him."

The dominie paused, and regarded his guest quizzically. "Sir," he said at length, "laddies are a queer growth; I assure you there was no persuading Lewis that it was not a right and honorable compact."

"And what payment," asked McLean, laughing, "did Tommy demand from Lewis for this service?"

"Not a farthing, sir — which gives another uncanny glint into his character. When he wants money there's none so crafty at getting it, but he did this for the pleasure of the thing, or, as he said to Lewis, 'to feel what it would be like.' That, I tell you is the nature of the sacket, he has a devouring desire to try on other folk's feelings, as if they were so many suits of clothes."

"And from your account he makes them fit him too."

"My certie, he does, and a lippie in the bonnet more than that."

So far the schoolmaster had spoken frankly, even with an occasional grin at his own expense, but his words came reluctantly when he had to speak of Tommy's prospects at the bursary examinations. "I would rather say nothing on that head," he said, almost coaxingly, "for the laddie has a year to reform in yet, and it's never safe to prophesy."

"Still I should have thought that you could guess pretty accurately how the boys you mean to send up in a year's time are likely to do? You have had a long experience, and, I am told, a glorious one."

"Deed, there's no denying it," answered the dominie, with a pride he had won the right to wear. "If all the ministers, for instance, I have turned out in this bit school were to come back together, they could hold the General Assembly in the square."

He lay back in his big chair, a complacent dominie again. "Guess the chances of my laddies!" he cried, forgetting what he had just said, and that there was a Tommy to bother him. "I tell you, sir, that's a matter on which I'm never deceived, I can tell the results so accurately that a wise senatus would give my lot the bursaries I say they'll carry, without setting them down to examination-papers at all." And for the next half-hour he was reciting cases in proof of his sagacity.

"Wonderful!" chimed in McLean. "I see it is evident you can tell me how Tommy Sandys will do," but at that Cathro's rush of words again subsided into a dribble.

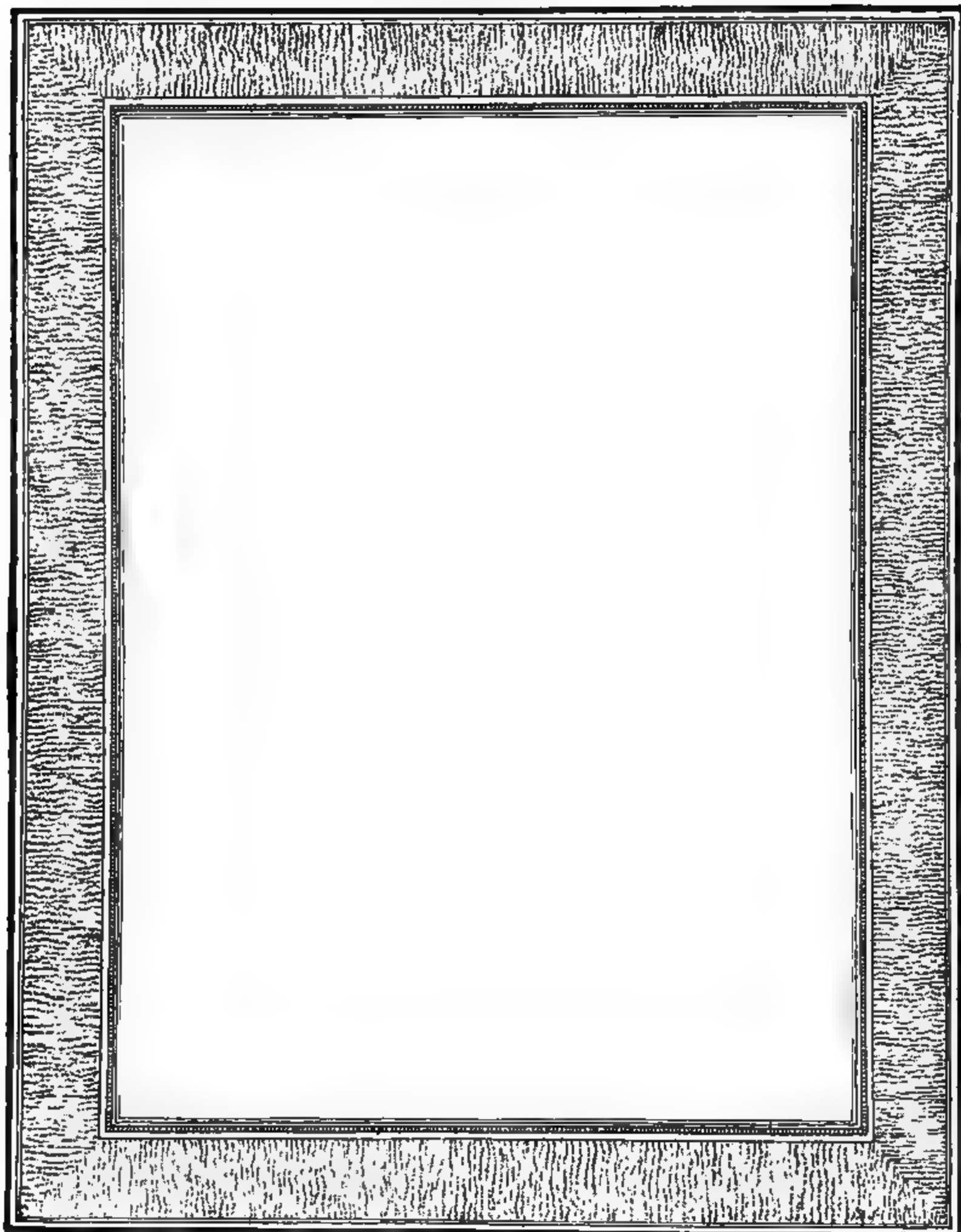
"He's the worst Latinist that ever had the impudence to think of bursaries," he groaned.

"And his Greek—" asked McLean, helping in the conversation as far as possible.

"His Greek, sir, could be packed in a pill-box."

"That does not sound promising. But the best mathematicians are sometimes the worst linguists."

"His Greek is better than his mathematics," said Cathro, and he fell into



Drawn by William Hatherell

Gavinia . . . with one arm crooked as if making believe that another's arm rested on it, and over her head was a little muslin window-blind, representing a bride's veil.—Page 208.

lamentation. "I have had no luck lately," he sighed. "The laddies I have to prepare for college are second-raters, and the vexing thing is, that when a real scholar is reared in Thrums, instead of his being handed over to me for the finishing, they send him to Mr. Ogilvy in Glenquharity. Did Miss Ailie ever mention Gavin Dishart to you—the minister's son? I just craved to get the teaching of that laddie, he was the kind you can cram with learning till there's no room left for another spoonful, and they bude send him to Mr. Ogilvy, and you'll see he'll stand high above my loons in the bursary list. And then Ogilvy will put on sic airs that there will be no enduring him. Ogilvy and I, sir, we are engaged in an everlasting duel; when we send students to the examinations, it is we two who are the real competitors, but what chance have I, when he is represented by a Gavin Dishart and my man is Tommy Sandys?"

McLean was greatly disappointed. "Why send Tommy up at all if he is so backward?" he said. "You are sure you have not exaggerated his deficiencies?"

"Well, not much at any rate. But he baffles me; one day I think him a perfect numskull, and the next he makes such a show of the small drop of scholarship he has that I'm not sure but what he may be a genius."

"That sounds better. Does he study hard?"

"Study! He is the most careless whelp that ever——"

"But if I were to give him an inducement to study?"

"Such as?" asked Cathro, who could at times be as inquisitive as the doctor.

"We need not go into that. But suppose it appealed to him?"

Cathro considered. "To be candid," he said, "I don't think he could study, in the big meaning of the word. I daresay I'm wrong, but I have a feeling that whatever knowledge that boy acquires he will dig out of himself. There is something inside him, or so I think at times, that is his master, and rebels against book-learning. No, I can't tell what it is; when we know that we shall know the real Tommy."

"And yet," said McLean, curiously, "you advise his being allowed to compete for a bursary. That, if you will excuse my saying so, sounds foolish to me."

"It can't seem so foolish to you," replied Cathro, scratching his head, "as it seems to me six days in seven."

"And you know that Aaron Latta has sworn to send him to the herding if he does not carry a bursary. Surely the wisest course would be to apprentice him now to some trade——"

"What trade would not be the worse of him? He would cut off his fingers with a joiner's saw, and smash them with a mason's mull; put him in a brot behind a counter, and in some grand, magnanimous mood he would sell off his master's things for nothing; make a clerk of him, and he would only ravel the figures, send him to the soldiering, and he would have a sudden impulse to fight on the wrong side. No, no, Miss Ailie says he has a gift for the ministry, and we must cling to that."

In thus sheltering himself behind Miss Ailie, where he had never skulked before, the dominie showed how weak he thought his position, and he added, with a brazen laugh, "Then if he does distinguish himself at the examinations I can take the credit for it, and if he comes back in disgrace I shall call you to witness that I only sent him to them at her instigation."

"All which," maintained McLean, as he put on his topcoat, "means that somehow, against your better judgment, you think he may distinguish himself after all."

"You've found me out," answered Cathro, half relieved, half sorry. "I had no intention of telling you so much, but as you have found me out I'll make a clean breast of it. Unless something unexpected happens to the laddie—unless he take to playing at scholarship as if it were a Jacobite rebellion, for instance—he shouldna have the ghost of a chance of a bursary, and if he were any other boy as ill-prepared I should be ashamed to send him up, but he is Tommy Sandys, you see, and—it is a terrible thing to say, but it's Gospel truth, it's Gospel truth—I'm trusting

to the possibility of his diddling the examiners!"

It was a startling confession for a conscientious dominie, and Cathro flung out his hands as if to withdraw the words, but his visitor would have no tampering with them. "So that sums up Tommy, so far as you know

him," he said as he bade his host good-night.

"It does," Cathro admitted, grimly, "but if what you wanted was a written certificate of character I should like to add this, that never did any boy sit on my forms whom I had such a pleasure in thrashing."

(To be continued.)

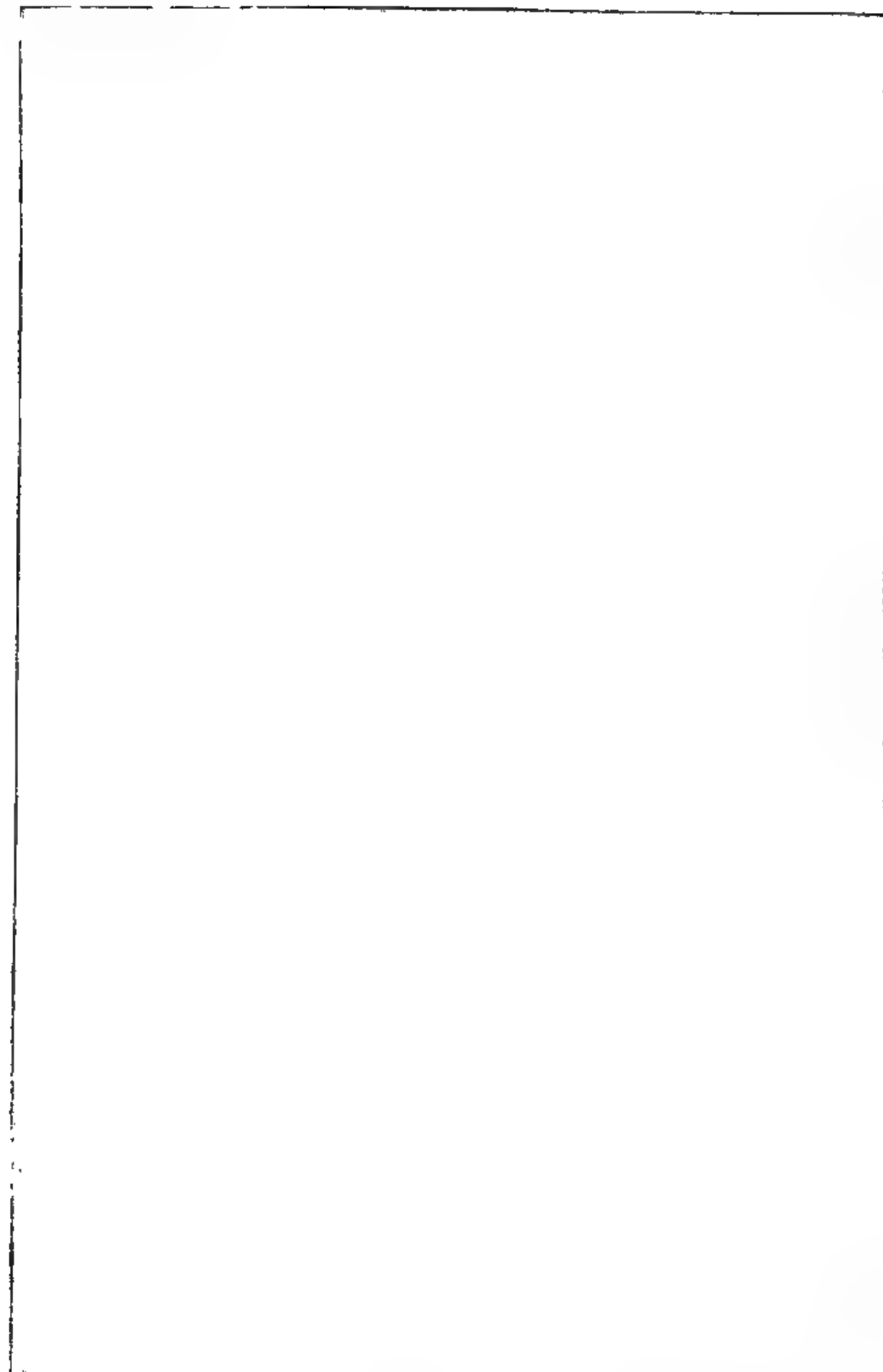
IN AN ALCOVE

By Clinton Scollard

ONCE more am I at middle day
In tranquil twilight hid away,
Where not a sound disturbs the sense
Of book-encompassed indolence.
Pale, grave-eyed Science does not brood
Above this sunless solitude,
Nor does Romance's ardent face
With antique glamour fill the place;
A fairer form the vision views,
The gracious presence of the Muse.

Small meed of gold she offers those
Who leave the wider ways of Prose
To follow where her foot-fall leads
Along the asphodelian meads,
Nor is she prodigal to lay
Upon the brow the wreathèd bay:
Yet are her votaries content,
Aye! more, their lot seems opulent,
If on them be by her conferred
Some transient, dream-evoking word.

It may be but a whisper low,
Yet straightway are the skies aglow;
It may be but the lightest breath,
And yet how it illumineth!
And though beyond all heart-appeal
Her lips a cruel silence seal,
A holier influence fills the air
Through her benignant presence there;
Ah! how would earth and heaven unroll
Could one but know her lyric soul!



Drawn by W. T. Amodey.

A sumptuous picture of dignity and patrician elegance of complacency and of countless dollars—Page 217

MRS. LOFTER'S RIDE

By J. A. Mitchell



S Mrs. Chillingworth Loftor descended the grand staircase of her stately home, on the afternoon of November 2d, she presented a sumptuous picture of dignity and patrician elegance, of complacency and of countless dollars. No descendant of a hundred earls could be more aggressively aristocratic or more politely insolent than this daughter of four generations of solid and increasing millions. With features of perfect regularity, with an excellent figure and a commanding carriage, she was sometimes beautiful and always impressive. At the time of the brief adventure to be narrated Mrs. Chillingworth Loftor was forty-one years of age. She looked younger. The soothing and ever-present consciousness of being born a Topping was a wonderful preservative of youth. Although a little heavier than she herself desired, the well-distributed weight only added to her dignity.

She was attired for afternoon calls. Every detail of her toilet was in perfect taste, and of unconsidered expense. Through the stained-glass window above her head, the sunlight, as if subdued and quivering at the hallowed touch, illumined in its reverent passage the united arms of the Loftors and the Toppings.

As she swept leisurely toward the door it opened wide, and the liveried servant bowed his head in solemn adoration—just enough and not too far—and she passed through and out. With a careless word to the footman she entered the brougham. He closed the door, touched his hat, and scrambled upon the box. In so doing he seemed to have discarded his trousers, but this was owing to the extreme tightness of his creamy breeches, and to a luminous quality they possessed when in motion.

In another moment the sparkling equipage was rolling down the Avenue. To certain occupants of other stylish equipages and to occasional pedestrians whose gentility was publicly acknowledged she gave nods of recognition. These salutations were masterpieces, being nicely graded from the cordial greeting for other immortals down to the perfunctory and chilling inclination toward the social struggler whose future was still uncertain. And all were executed with skill and precision.

Her first call was in Washington Square, after which, on her way uptown she stopped for a moment to be seen at a wedding then occurring at Grace Church. Upon entering the vestibule of this temple she found herself approaching a man by the name of Connor. She had met him once or twice at the house of a friend whose guests were not always of the quality she most respected. This Mr. Connor, for instance, if one could judge from his somewhat diffident manner and careless raiment, was not accustomed to the refining influences of fashionable society. Knowing no reason why the acquaintance should be continued, she gave him on this, as on previous occasions, the most arctic nod in her repertoire. And it was accompanied with a look that to a sensitive soul would have laid a heavy frost on any budding aspirations. How he took it concerned her little, and she looked indifferently beyond him, as, with her chin in the air, she brushed calmly by.

On leaving the church, some moments later, she was approached by her footman, whose anxious face gave warning of disaster. One of the horses had a fit—blind staggers he thought—and the coachman, with another man, were trying to get him home. Should he call a carriage?

No, she would walk a little, then pos-

sibly take a hansom at Union Square ; and she started up Broadway.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and she found walking a pleasure, but her attire was somewhat too heavy and too rich for the street. Besides, she had not the time. Consulting a memorandum in her card-case, West Thirty-third Street proved the nearest on her list ; decidedly too far to walk. Public cabs were out of the question, being hideously vulgar ; and one never knew who was in them last. At that moment a cable-car went by, and it certainly looked fresh and clean. It would take her within a block of where she wished to go. Then, within her, came a reckless resolve.

At the corner of Twelfth Street she signalled one of these conveyances. It stopped, and she proceeded leisurely and with her usual impressiveness to get aboard. Behind her was another person, of whose existence she was unaware. As our heroine stepped upon the platform the conductor, who seemed in a hurry, and was, possibly, ignorant of her maiden name and of her social position, placed his hand between her shoulders, according to the custom of his kind, and gently hastened her pace. With an angry face she partially turned, to avoid the pollution, and shot a crushing glance at the offender. But he was looking elsewhere and failed to receive it. Then, as she was about to enter the car, she found herself face to face with Mr. Connor. He was standing on the platform directly in front of her, and their eyes met.

On the instant she determined to commit an act that might as well be accomplished now as later. As the gentleman raised his hand toward his hat, her eyes moved slowly from his face, horizontally, with glacial indifference, and with no sign of recognition. A polar bear would have shivered beneath its baleful rays. The deed was brutal, perhaps, but it was executed with a fridity and a self-possession that rendered it a work of art. Mr. Connor, with a sudden color in his cheeks, stopped his hand on its upward journey and stroked his mustache. Possibly he was unaccustomed to just this manner of having advice delivered.

She entered the car, followed by the passenger who, also, had just come aboard. Her entrance was majestic. Twenty pairs of eyes at once were fixed upon her with a pleasant interest ; those of the men in admiration ; those of the women in envy and in awe. She brought with her, into this every-day scene, the atmosphere of a higher life ; an atmosphere of pride and of costly things ; of dainty nourishment ; of marble mansions and of bath-tubs lined with gold. The very rustle of her clothes seemed to indicate that the garments beneath were even richer than the outer glories.

In the centre of the car she stopped and turned about, facing, as she did so, the other new arrival. He was a citizen of African descent. His somewhat showy apparel indicated a love of color that was not fettered by convention. A sporty suit of reverberating checks, whose startling yellow suggested a suspicion that its first owner lacked the courage to exhibit it himself, was enhanced by an emerald-green cravat, held by a scarf-ring of bygone fashion. The striking feature of this scarf-ring was its gigantic ruby, which, if honest, was worth about thirty thousand dollars. But grave doubts as to the genuineness of this stone were invited by the ragged edges of the adjacent collar, which was not only conspicuously high, but very much soiled. Neither did his manifestly ancient hat, which had attained to its present smoothness by the application of a moistened towel, seem a proper travelling companion for a jewel of such unusual value. His face, however, was real, and as Mrs. Chillingworth Loftor confronted him, he smiled pleasantly and made no effort to conceal his admiration. She was disgusted and looked freezingly beyond him.

The car started forward, slowly, but with that rapidly increasing speed so misleading to the upright traveller. Mrs. Loftor leaned deferentially toward her showy *vis-a-vis*, and laid her hands caressingly upon his shoulders. They then bounded gracefully toward the door, with a step that was neither a waltz nor a polka, but which was executed in such perfect time that the ordinary observer would have suspected a previous rehearsal. Although differing

widely in color and in social standing these two travellers were, for the time being, certainly one in movement. This movement was perhaps more of a galop, than a polka, and although harmoniously executed became a little too hasty at the finish. The exhibition was brought to a close by her partner's back coming in violent contact with the jamb of the door. Although the dance itself was practically over, Mrs. Loftor continued for a moment to press heavily against her dusky partner, and to one unaccustomed to these conveyances her action might appear of questionable taste even if prompted by the warmest affection. But to those familiar with the Broadway cable-cars there was nothing unusual in this performance, except, perhaps, the costly attire of the leading lady, and this added a certain novelty and richness to the general effect. As Mrs. Loftor, hot with indignation, released herself and stepped away from the grinning object of her caresses, a seat was offered which she gladly accepted. Once in it she had leisure to look about.

Although inwardly revolting against the sickening episode in which, to her everlasting humiliation, she had just taken so conspicuous a part, her glance swept the row of opposite faces with haughty composure. She bit her lips, and there was defiance in her eyes as she noticed a general smile throughout the car. Having no sense of humor herself, this cheerfulness seemed the acme of human insolence. All were either smiling or on the edge of it. A coarse-looking man in a corner, with curly hair and a fur collar, who looked like a ticket-agent for a circus, smiled boldly upon her with an open grin. Even the pale-faced little girl with the hollow eyes and phantom legs, smiled timidly over the enormous box that rested in her lap. One person, an overdressed girl, with her beau, actually tittered aloud. But the most insupportable of all, that which irritated Mrs. Loftor beyond her powers of endurance, was an expression of pity and regret upon the face of a massive female who sat directly in front of her. This heavy, honest, Irish face was elongated with compassion, and the kind blue

eyes, as they looked mournfully in her own, seemed on the verge of tears. They told of an inward lamentation that such a dignified lady should become an object of ridicule. Mrs. Loftor was unable to suppress an angry flush that flew to her face, but she behaved with magnificent composure, moving her eyes indifferently along the row of happy faces that seemed drawn up before her like a squadron on parade. It was well to let these wretches know that although she and they might chance to occupy the same public conveyance, there existed a gulf so immeasurably vast that there could never be anything in common between them, not even her own anger. Upon the benevolent Hibernian opposite she lingered with an icy gaze that would have frozen the lifeblood of any human being whose self-forgetfulness had been less.

But why sit here and endure the vulgar insolence of this street-car *caille*? She rose to quit the scene. Fortune, however, seemed to have abandoned her, at least for that afternoon. A more unpropitious moment was never selected for a dignified retreat. As she arose her Irish *vis-a-vis* stood up, also with intent to leave the car. She had passed her street in the excitement of the little dance with which the grand lady had just favored the company. It was at this point that the car, having reached the sharp curve above Fourteenth Street, gave viciously, and without warning, a sudden wrench, throwing its head in one direction and its tail in another. The two women clinched, not in anger, but in a friendly tussle of the Græco-Roman style. It promised to be the usual catch-as-catch-can struggle, although they held each other with a nervous frenzy not usual with professionals. The movement of the car compelled Mrs. Loftor to throw herself forward with a headlong fury that was evidently unexpected, for it thrust her ponderous but amiable adversary, with sickening force, upon the lap of an elderly gentleman who was perusing his afternoon paper. As the news of the day was jammed in crackling folds about his head, the visitor's stalwart back pressed painfully against his nose, displacing his spectacles and knocking

his hat to one side. In vain he struggled to pull the paper from his eyes, that he might realize the nature of the avalanche that was grinding him beneath its suffocating weight. But the enormous and seemingly immovable mass arose, and floated away as suddenly as it had come.

Mrs. Loftor had the underhold, and was the more agile of the two, but her companion possessed harder muscles, and also a breadth of beam that became a factor of tremendous importance in a struggle where time is limited. As the car, with an unearthly yell from the machinery about its wheels, veered from northwest by west to a northeast course, the athletic washerwoman regained her equilibrium with a celerity that aroused the enthusiasm of every passenger, and although in reality only trying to free herself from her richly attired assailant, she appeared first to shake her and wrench her about the aisle, and then, after lifting her from the floor, to slam her upon the opposite seat with vindictive rage.

As Mrs. Loftor landed, she quivered from head to toe with the suddenness of the shock. Every stitch and button of her apparel seemed to have loosened. Pale from anger and outraged pride, she pressed her lips and made a superhuman effort to control herself. With outward calmness she assured herself, with a touch, that her bonnet was on her head, and then, with a downward glance, that her clothing had not been torn from her body.

In the meantime the other woman murmured an apology, stopped the car, and alighted. But of this, Mrs. Loftor had failed to take notice. She was too much occupied with her own sensations to observe the movements of the vulgar herd. Never in her life had she assisted in such a degrading scene. Never again would she put herself in a position where contact would be possible with these dregs of humanity, this unsufferable street-car rabble.

A loud guffaw from the seat opposite brought a flush to her cheeks, and a gleam of anger to the contemptuous eyes. There sat, in a convulsion of mirth, a tall, thin-faced, red-bearded man, with an enormous Roman nose.

His light blue eyes were fixed merrily upon her own. One hand was slapping his knee in the very abandon of ecstasy. The other he pressed hard against his vest in the hope of preserving the cohesion of his interior. His laugh was so hearty and contagious that if Mrs. Loftor had been a little more human she might possibly have smiled herself. She then noticed, in looking scornfully over the passengers, that all were laughing. The nice old gentleman, who a moment before had been disconcerted by the Hibernian catapult, was trying in vain to conceal his amusement. Two well-dressed girls were holding their handkerchiefs to their faces, and squirming with uncontrollable glee. Even the anxious, over-worked conductor stood in the doorway with a cheerful grin. Every eye of the confronting faces was fixed merrily upon herself, and she saw that the entire company had surrendered to an offensive gayety, which, instead of dying out, seemed to increase and amplify. Never had she dreamed of such barbarous manners! Of course, she knew they were a common lot, ill-bred, and hopelessly vulgar, or they would never be riding in a street-car; but this persistent, brutal insolence, this inhuman disregard for others' feelings, was more than a surprise. It was a shock. Could it be possible they had combined to affront her? It required all her self-possession to look haughtily along the line, and let them guess at the infinity of her contempt.

Suddenly her lips parted; the hot blood rushed to her face; her eyes became wider open. Was she sitting on a pair of—what? They moved! A little voice down behind her shoulders piped gently up and seemed to say:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but——"

Mrs. Loftor rose to her feet as if driven by electricity. Wheeling about she looked down upon an overdressed little youth whose mouth was quivering in a pitiable effort to maintain a smile. His face was hotter than her own.

It would seem that if any apology was due it should emanate from the person who, in a public place and without invitation, had occupied the lap of

a harmless citizen. But the degradation of her surroundings had driven from Mrs. Lofters mind all memory of conventional courtesies. As if the youth had not fully atoned for his uncommitted sin, her cold eyes lingered for a second upon his changing face, and the glance was so laden with disdain that the mortifying color came rushing to his cheeks.

More of this would be unbearable.

With imperious majesty she motioned the conductor to stop the car, and he pulled the bell. She stepped toward the door, not crestfallen like a victim in retreat, but with firm eyes and head erect, proudly and with perfect composure, as a being so far above the encircling clay that the intervening space could not be measured by any standard within their ignoble comprehension.

But fortune seemed only waiting for a chance to smite her on the other cheek.

The car stopped, she alighted from the loathsome conveyance and stepped calmly toward the sidewalk. Before reaching it, however, the conductor called after her. She turned and he held up his finger. What new affront was hidden beneath this gesture she made no effort to discover.

But again he spoke, and this time his voice was raised above the din of passing carriages.

"Your fare, lady!"

With an unpleasant chill she remembered that not a cent was in her immediate possession; that she held only a card-case, and not even a pocket to her gown; then, as a fit culmination to this degrading adventure, she saw Mr. Connor speak a word to the conductor and place a coin in his hand. In doing so he raised his hat, but without looking toward her. Mrs. Lofters face became first a fiery crimson, then pale with anger.

Outwardly cool, inwardly at a white heat, she moved up Broadway in icy majesty. Just above Twentieth Street she saw coming toward her one of her most cherished friends; one of the few women whom she thoroughly envied. Miss Winifred Tailleir was exceptionally pretty, enormously wealthy, and the sister-in-law of titled foreigners. One

of these purchases was an English duke; the other a Marquis of la Haute Noblesse. The duke was coarse in his manners, and a physical wreck. The marquis was a professional gambler. But in the heart of Mrs. Chillingworth Lofters the family who had achieved a nobleman was forever sanctified, whatever the individual's physical pollution or moral dearth. For Miss Winifred Tailleir she cherished a respect that was akin to adoration. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this friend's social standing was yet more dazzling than her own.

An agonizing chill drew our heroine's lips together as she perceived, to her horror, that Winifred was accompanied by the inevitable Connor. Moreover, they appeared on excellent terms. Could she believe her eyes? An intimacy between a Tailleir and this unknown thing!

Miss Winifred came beaming toward her with effusive greeting, for they had not met since April.

"Why, Helen! I am so glad to see you! How well you look! Such a splendid color!" Then, after further salutations, and turning partly about, "Let me introduce——"

But Mr. Connor had strolled away and was waiting farther on.

"Why, the brute! He didn't wait. I must tell you, Helen," and a most conventional and proper little blush came reluctantly to her cheeks. "You are the first to know it, outside the family, but Mr. Connor and I——"

Mrs. Lofters almost staggered beneath the news. Her friend misinterpreted the emotion.

"I knew you would be interested, and I am sure you will be great friends. He is a love, and is certain to come into the title within a year or two."

"Title!" gasped Mrs. Lofters. "What title?"

"Why, I thought you knew. He is a nephew of Lord Blathers, the swellest peer in Ireland—and the sickest." And Winifred's smile was one of sorrow and of hope.

When they parted, a moment later, Mrs. Lofters felt in no condition for making calls. She hurried home, and as her fellow-travellers of the cable-car

were fresh in her mind, she burned her gloves, had her wrap hung out for an airing, and she herself took a very hot bath.

Then, sufficiently purified in body to approach her Creator, she knelt with bowed head upon a *prie-dieu* that had belonged to Catherine de Medicis, and for which her husband had paid twenty thousand francs. Her prayer, while ostensibly in thankfulness for her many blessings, was, if the Deity to whom it was addressed had cared to read between the lines, a respectful but firm demand for a more watchful guardianship over the choicer lambkins of his flock. While too well-bred to openly rebuke a Beneficent Being for His recent shortcomings, she felt that a plain statement concerning her recent dese-

cration was a pious duty. And while wishing the common herd no immediate punishment for their backslidings, it would certainly be well if they were suddenly brought to a proper respect for higher things.

Whether this prayer miscarried, from being obscurely worded, Mrs. Lofter never learned, but no reward for her martyrdom was received that evening. The martyrdom was, on the contrary, prolonged until a late hour, as they dined at the Bondenwaters, and the gentleman who took her out to dinner was the future nobleman whose repugnance and contempt she had so ably won that afternoon; he who had defrayed the expenses of the most mortifying and debasing exhibition ever given by a Topping.

FROM THE ERROR OF HIS WAY

By Rollo Ogden

I

AT the click of the gate the hens leaped from their dust-bath under the syringas, blushing to the tips of their combs at being caught so socially unpresentable. Socially unpresentable Mrs. Smedley might have thought herself also, as she looked up from her flower-bed, weeding. But she had the advantage of not being so self-conscious as the hens. Besides, she had not faced pastoral calls for forty years to be daunted before the stripling now confronting her in the guise of the new minister. Without the slightest embarrassment she stepped forward to greet him.

The one to be embarrassed was the Rev. Fletcher Salton himself. Clerical dignity was too new upon him to have a very secure seat as yet. Clerical affability, prime virtue of his

profession that he had already learned it to be, was still harder for him to display. But he went manfully up to the breach, forcing a smile, blushing without any effort whatever, and holding out his hand. He secretly thought it a great stroke to ignore the dirt on Mrs. Smedley's hands. It would make her think him the frank, hearty sort of fellow he knew himself not to be. But her courtesy was finer than his. She ignored his clean hand, and quietly said,

"I will ask you to walk up and sit with Maria on the stoop till I have washed myself and changed my dress."

Maria, the new pastor felt that he knew better than he did her mother. She was one of his "young people." Such her mother called her, and such she owned herself, though with a frank elasticity about the term. In the same breath in which she would speak of what we young people think about it, she would recall pensively what Doctor Black had said to her on the subject

the very first year he was settled, and that was, let me see, twenty-six years ago next October. Her face was of the kind to have gone with almost any age, and her little black eyes twinkled, as her tongue ran on, as if not for an age but for all time. Relieved, as all mankind was in her presence, from the need of making any strikingly original remarks, the young minister had about got over the mortifying memory of his hand shaking the empty air in front of Mrs. Smedley's unseeing eyes, by the time that lady reappeared.

"I was hoping," he presently said, "that I might be able to meet your son, of whom Miss Smedley has spoken to me."

Mrs. Smedley's face passed into shadow, and the corners of her patient mouth drew themselves pitifully down.

"Henry is busy in the rye-field today," she said, gently.

"Oh, some other day, then. I would not, of course, have him called from his work."

"He wouldn't come if he was called," said Maria. "Not if he knew you was here."

"I hope he has no reason to dislike me," said Salton, with his ready flush.

"Tisn't you in particular. He's nothing against you. In fact, I don't know that he has seen you yet. But he doesn't want anything to do with ministers, whoever they may be."

"Are they so terrible?" smiled her pastor. "I shall have to drop in some evening to try to disabuse him of prejudice against the cloth."

"You wouldn't find him if you did," said Maria. "He's never home evenings."

"Indeed? Perhaps, then, some time at church, after service."

"He never goes to church."

The staggered minister looked inquiringly at Mrs. Smedley.

"Yes, Mr. Salton," she said, "it is true. Henry is a great trial to me. Not but what he is a good son in most ways. He works hard, and since his father's been laid up I don't know what we should have done but for him. But he has departed from the way in which he was trained up. Even that I could have borne—I mean his giving

up Sunday-school and prayer-meeting and church. But there's something to be told worse than that."

The lines of the calm, strong face threatened to give way.

"My son, Mr. Salton, has brought disgrace on his family. He openly frequents with sinners. For years he has passed every night in the saloon. Oh, Mr. Salton, won't you do all you can to save him?"

The sudden, sincere cry struck to the young preacher's heart. He had not looked for such a burst from a woman whom he had taken to be severely self-controlled, if not a little hard-natured. Her appeal to his strength almost created a sensation of strength within him.

"You may be sure I will do my very best," he said, warmly. He would have gone on if not stopped by something very like a sniff from Maria.

"I guess if anybody could have done it," said that frank damsel, "Doctor Black could. Not," she added, with the air of one making a great concession, "but what we all like you."

"Thank you. All I was thinking of was that whatever influence I may have would naturally be strongest with the young—with those near my own age, whom I, perhaps, could sympathize with in some ways impossible to an older man."

Maria gave a little laugh.

"Henry must be near double your age."

"With the comparatively young, I meant," said the youth, stumbly.

"Henry is only two years younger than I am, you know," said Miss Smedley, confidently.

The minister concluded not to press the advantage of his age. But the thrill of the mother's cry was still upon him. Filled, as he yet was, with his dreams and enthusiasms for making the world over, why not confidently essay making this one life over? Habit and the strong set of will look so ductile to twenty-four.

"Well, we mustn't give him up," he said, stoutly. "We must think of ways to reach him. Has he never," he said abruptly, with an awkward little blush, "has he never shown—I mean, isn't

there, perhaps, any woman in whom he is interested? You know that counts for a great deal with many men."

To such general and profound truth may a few soft adjectives in a letter lead the ingenuous masculine mind. The reason Salton blushed was, that he was thinking of a certain missive, twice read since it came to him in that morning's mail, and at the moment throbbing consciously in his inside pocket. He looked around for the approval which gentle woman would surely give his sentiment. Scorn was his portion.

"The last thing on earth!" cried Maria. "There's nothing of that about Henry. To be sure, there was a time when we thought that he and Hannah Stiles—but that was years ago, and since he's took to going to the saloon they have not been seen together once. As for any other girl—pshaw, he doesn't know there is any other!"

The young man sat silent for a few moments. Then he said, diffidently.

"At any rate, we may still trust in the efficacy of his early training, his mother's prayers, and the grace of God."

He was diffident, not because he was not sincere in what he said; but his phrases had not yet become professionally smooth and hard to him. They stood for fine and sacred things which were almost too delicate to bear the light. He implicitly believed in the sort of divine partnership which gives self-consciousness if not strength to the ministerial life, but he had not yet got over a certain shrinking awe in referring to it. It was not to be mentioned on every occasion, nor without a hush in the voice. Its free and confident exploiting did not come to him till later, as one of the acquired characters of his calling. He had his present reward, however, in Mrs. Smedley's grateful eyes. Even Maria dared not emit her high note without giving the young minister's low tones time to die away.

It was Mrs. Smedley who finally broke the silence.

"Mr. Smedley will want to see you before you go," she said.

Salton flinched a little, unperceived by the others.

"Certainly," he said, "I was counting upon meeting him."

He did not say counting with what sensations. Mr. Smedley, he had been told, was a hopeless invalid, chained to his bed for years by rheumatism, which had now succeeded in securely fettering nearly every joint in his body. Fletcher Salton secretly dreaded such encounters. In them he was conscious only of the dead pull on his sympathies, and felt himself miserably deficient in that virtue which goes out of some men the moment the clutch of helpless fingers is felt upon the hem of their garment. So it was with a distinct inward sinking that he followed Mrs. Smedley to her husband's room.

But his apprehensions were needless. Mr. Smedley's mind to him a kingdom was, and rheumatism could not cage him as long as his theological wings were free to flutter. He was, in short, one of the last survivors of the generation of lay polemics. As the Round Table knight succeeded in overcoming the pagan giant Fenacote, by first getting the better of him in a theological argument, and then following up his spiritual triumph with carnal weapons, so Mr. Smedley fought his disease. He would forget it absolutely in the joy of doctrinal striving. With fresh metal to ring in the person of his new pastor, he was not slow in brushing aside Salton's perfunctory words of sympathy, and opening up the real delights of life.

"Doctor Black and I used to talk a good deal about miracles and the supernatural," he said, apropos of nothing, and with a smile, the glow of battle, on his thin, keen face. "The doctor, I guess, never thought I was exactly orthodox on that point, though he never said so. Now, my view is that we mustn't bring in miracles unless we are absolutely obliged to in accounting for facts. That's what theologians call the law of parsimony, I believe."

Salton assented, smiling inwardly. His dead seminary note-books began to show a flush of life again.

"Yes, that's what Doctor Black said," resumed Mr. Smedley, satisfied that he had to do with a real brother of the craft. "I always told him that I had no objections to miracles as such, only we must not introduce them unneces-

As she looked up from her flower-bed, weeding.—Page 222

early. Take the crossing of the Red Sea. Have you any particular theory about that?"

"Why, no, no particular theory. But you have?"

"Well, it's a thing I have studied over a good deal. You see, it says that Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, as if that was what made the waters divide and become a wall to the children of Israel on their right hand and on their left; but it also says that the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all the night. Now, which was it? Sometimes it looks to me as if two different accounts had kind of got mixed up at that point."

Salton gave a start to find the Higher Criticism thus innocently and indigenously evolved. He thought for a mo-

ment of telling the old farmer that he was working in the same lines with the Germans; but the inherent caution of his profession asserted itself. The dynamite of the Higher Criticism must be reserved for expert hands, used for theological blasting only in retired and guarded spots, and never turned over to the hasty handling of laymen who might blow up no one knows what with it.

"Of course, if it was the east wind that did it," went on the sick man, one of his knotted fingers trying hard to assume the form of a logical, straight line, "there was no miracle. And nobody knows better than I do what an east wind blowing strong all the night can do with a shallow stretch of water. Back in '54 I remember a terrible east

wind that blew the water so far down the point that the sand was bare where nobody before had ever seen less than three good feet. When the wind stopped the water came back with a rush, just the way it did, I take it, at the Red Sea, when them dukes of Edom were amazed, and trembling took hold on the mighty men of Moab. I may be wrong about it," said the old man, tentatively, "but such is my view."

Salton could do no less than assure him that his errors, if errors they were, were not deadly. That night, however, before going to bed, he took up the sermon he had been writing on in the forenoon. It was from the text, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Under head II., subdivision c, "It is natural for man to cry out for a wonder-working God," he had written:

"Ah, my friends, let the objector say what he will, the human heart knows nothing of these limitations which philosophers would put upon the divine

power. It wants an all-powerful God, one who can and will override natural laws when His children call to Him. Cold reason may demand a universe of law, but human nature cries out for the supernatural, aye, for miracles, if I must use the word, which is a stone of stumbling to so many. It is one thing for a man in health and prosperity to say he sees no need of the divine intervention; but let sickness and sorrow overwhelm us, and then we shall crave it and invoke it on every occasion."

The young minister sighed regretfully, but resolutely drew his pen through the passage. It was his tribute to the cry of the human, heard that day from living lips, not guessed at in a book.

II

BUT it was the passionate cry of an unimpassioned mother that rang most persistently in Fletcher Salton's ears.

It haunted him till he had managed to thrust the semblance of an acquaintance upon Henry Smedley, and then it more and more determined the absorption of all the young minister's reformatory zeal in efforts to pluck that brand from the burning. This was the easier that he found so little else in his placid parish to wreak his reformatory zeal upon. Ignorance, coarseness, unloveliness, dull and cramped lives were about him in plenty, but what gospel had he for them? It was much simpler to concentrate upon one outbreking sinner, and watch and labor to convert him from the error of his way.

So one evening when, hurrying toward the church, Salton met Henry, headed for the saloon, he set about a little gentle plucking.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Smedley," he said, pleasantly. "Have you anything in particular to do to-night?"

Henry stopped reluctantly, but for the moment said nothing. One would certainly not have taken his face for that of a debauchee. Nor was there upon it anything of the fixed and eager look of a man hastening to gross pleasures as to the goal of his day. One not knowing would have been tempted to say that here was a man setting off about some disagreeable duty—as of a soldier drawn as sentry.

"All I was going to say," resumed the minister, "was that there is a sociable up at the church this evening, and that I should be very glad if you felt like dropping in. You must know that you have many old friends there who would be glad to see you."

This was throwing a fly to catch a whale. The whale did not rise.

"I'm obliged to you," said Henry, not unkindly, "but I don't care much for such things. Besides, I am going somewhere else."

Here was a chance for reformatory zeal. Salton straightened himself up, so as to carry more easily the tradition of ministerial severity and authority in the presence of sin, which he then felt pressing heavily upon him.

"I am afraid," he said, gravely, and as sternly as his years could say anything, "that, from what I hear, the place you are going to is one that you and all men should shun."

His throat was dry, as he braced himself to say this, but he was deeply thankful his voice did not break. As for

his heightened color, the friendly darkness hid that. Even so, he was wretchedly conscious that one would scarcely have taken him for John Knox.

Henry Smedley stood irresolute a moment. It was not, however, that he thought of turning back.

"Oh, well," he finally said, with a show of impatience, "it's no use arguing the matter with you. You're all alike, as near as I can make out. You have your ideas and I have mine. Good-night."

The brand renewed his way toward the burning.

The one saloon of the village was cursorily described by wandering temperance lecturers as "that glittering and luxurious palace of sin." The luxury was not in evidence when Henry Smedley entered. No more was the glitter.

Twice read since it came to him in that morning's mail.
—Page 224.

In fact, it would have taken a sharp eye to discover even the sin. A dozen men sat in wooden-bottomed chairs at rough tables. Two of them, in a corner, were shamelessly playing a game of checkers. Most of the others were smoking and

listening to Daniel Stiles. Daniel was the only one to meet the just expectations of the temperance lecturers. A black bottle and a glass stood before him. But then they may have been but a part of his oratorical equipment. Certain it is that his tongue was suspiciously loosed thus early in the evening.

"That you, Henry?"—Page 230.

"I was just telling 'em," said

Daniel, with a generous sweep of his arm to include the newcomer in the circle of his favored auditors, "I was just telling 'em that I never took up a State paper with more uncertain feelings than I did this here message of the President on the *fi-nances*. You see, I didn't know but he might have gone all wrong on that subject. Many of our public men are just as mixed on it as they can be. I remember the time when I was not clear about it myself."

The orator improved the moment of awed silence which followed this confession of sharing in human fallibility to throw back his gray shawl, settle his glasses more firmly on his nose, and resort thoughtfully to his favorite aid to eloquence.

"Yes, sir," he went on, with a reminiscent smack of the lips, "I read it from beginning to end, and I wouldn't open my mouth to say what I really thought of it till I got clear through. Of course, as you all know, he's my President. I voted for him, and I stumped for him, and I'll leave you to say what the vote in this district was. But for all that, if he wasn't sound on the *fi-nances*, I would be the last man to say he was. Well,

sir, as I say, I read that State paper carefully, very carefully, noticing all the points as they came along, and I tell you it is one of the President's ablest State papers."

The phrase, as Daniel fondly recurred to it, seemed somehow to give him the air of being himself a great functionary of State. He poured himself out another drink in an abstracted and meditative way.

"Now my memory goes back," he resumed, "to Van Buren's message on the independent treasury system. That was a very able State paper. The fact is, all our Presidents have written very able State papers."

The orator's judgment was growing so mellow and generous that no wonder it wakened hospitable instincts in his bosom.

"Have something?" he inquired, looking around with beaming impersonality. A slow and sheepish acquiescence became visible on several faces. The blacksmith boldly offered to take a lemonade. Ginger-ale and root-beer were the other deadly potations most in demand. Daniel, meanwhile, helped himself to another glass.

"You ain't taking anything, Henry," he observed.

"No," said Smedley, "I don't want anything."

"That's right, Henry," said Daniel, suddenly developing a tendency to weep. "That's right. Take warning by me. Think what I might have been, writing State papers myself, like as not. I'm a spared monument, that's what I am." He was getting his prayer-meeting and his saloon phrases slightly mixed. "Any young man who sees me," he said, wiping his glasses on the fringe of his shawl, "ought not to need any other warning not to set his feet in a path where he is sure to stumble. You're quite right not to do it, Henry."

"I guess he thinks one stumbler is enough crossing the stone bridge in the dark," said the blacksmith, elbowing his neighbor to bring home the point of the joke. "If Henry was to get unsteady on his feet, too, where'd the pair of 'em fetch up, I wonder."

But Daniel was now in too dissolved a state of mental and moral flux to heed

any personal allusions. He was just about to pull himself together to clear up a ticklish point in public finance, when the door was flung sharply open and in stepped the Rev. Fletcher Salton.

pected. "The doctor told me that it would go to his heart some day."

"Yet you have left him every night—for this," said the minister.

Henry resented this homiletic stroke.

"A man can't always do the things

"Henry Smedley, you are wanted at home."

The young minister's breath came quick. It was partly because he had been walking at top speed, more from excitement at his unwonted surroundings. His face involuntarily wore an air of high defiance. He would challenge, in his own person, the flashing allurements of vice. Sinners would quail and shrink before him. But first he must not forget his immediate purpose.

"Henry Smedley," he said, "you are wanted at home. Your father has had a seizure. He is thought to be dying."

Henry rose quickly.

"Oh, I was afraid of this," he said, with more feeling than Salton had ex-

pected. "he wants to," he began, slowly. Then he broke sharply off. "I must go," he said, starting for the door. But a thought struck him. He stepped back to Daniel Stiles and said to him, in a low voice, "How about your getting home?"

"That's all right, Henry," quavered the lachrymose Daniel. "Never mind me. Filial duty comes first, I've always said that. Yes, Mr. Salton, I know what you're thinking. I'm an awful warning, that's what I am, and if you want a text to preach a temperance sermon on, why just take me."

This was surely the reformer's opportunity. Place and occasion invited

words such as he felt he had it in him to speak—words of tense rebuke that would leave sin writhing in its own ugliness before him. Yet a paralysis seemed strangely to fall upon him. It was, though he did not know it, the paralysis of disillusionment. This was the first real saloon he had ever seen, and it squared ill with the conventional picture of it in his imagination. Tawdry and stupid and deadening it was, but where was the wild revelry, where the sodden figures done to stupefaction by drink, where the fierce thirst, the rage, the brawling, the mad rushing down the abyss? All the heroism he had felt in boldly entering, all the nerving himself to leave behind him a stinging message of indignation, seemed to have gone for naught. He said something about their wanting him to come back with Henry, and went away uncertain whether his going was the act of a coward or his coming that of an ignoramus.

"As nice a young preacher as I ever saw," was Daniel's friendly comment. "I must make a point of going to hear him preach old Smedley's funeral sermon. It ought to be an able one. Such a subject as he'll have! But it's nothing, no it's nothing whatever, to the one I'll furnish him some day, no one knows how soon. We can't any of us tell when our summons will come. But it will be a great occasion to improve when I go. I sometimes kind of wish I could improve it myself. I do not doubt I could make an able and edifying discourse. But so could he, or any preacher, for the matter of that, with such an awful warning to hold up."

Daniel Stiles seemed to lose himself in wonder at his own marked fitness for the purposes of reproof and instruction in righteousness, and emptied his bottle with the air of a man absolutely without a rival as a great object-lesson in morality.

III

No miracle intervened to perplex Mr. Smedley or relax the clutch on his heart. After that organ had given up the fight, Salton read to the family some of those audacities of hope and

triumph in death which the Bible is willing to let fall for years upon incredulous ears, for the sake of the one supreme moment, sure to come in all lives, when they will take their true place in the needs of mortal hearts and the nature of things.

When the young minister took his hat and said good-by, with the tremulousness of the great cries of faith still upon his lips, Henry Smedley, with an unaccustomed nervousness of manner, took his hat also, and said,

"I'll walk down with you."

"By no means. I know the road perfectly, even in the dark. Besides, your mother, your sister——"

Mrs. Smedley looked up at her son with swift intentness. She marked his suppressed excitement. Why should he propose to go out at that time of night? Perhaps he had special reasons for wanting to be alone with the minister. Perhaps, perhaps, and her old heart bounded, his father's death—the suddenness of it—had at last touched him, perhaps her prayers were on the point of being answered!

"Don't mind us," she said, with a flash of decision. "Go with Mr. Salton, do. It may do you good—to get the air."

Henry Smedley had indeed special reasons, not for wanting to be alone with the minister, but for wanting to cross the stone bridge and pass Daniel Stiles's house. This began to be perceived even by Salton when, once there, Henry stopped short and exclaimed:

"Why, he's not home yet! There's her light."

"*Her* light?"

"Yes, Hannah's. She always sits up for him. But it must be nearly one o'clock! They can't have let him come alone."

He stepped forward to the gate and whistled sharply. The light came down stairs, into the hall, flared wildly out the opened door.

"That you, Henry?" Mr. Salton heard a voice say. "Why, where's father?"

"Then he *hasn't* come?"

"Why, no."

Without another word Henry turned and began walking back toward the

village. Not in the road, however; he chose the ditch, and walked gropingly. The wondering young minister followed him mechanically. Hannah came out as far as the gate, holding high the lamp.

From near the huge buttress of the bridge came a cry.

"He's here! He fell over here!"

Salton rushed for the sound, stumbling and bruising himself as he ran in the darkness. Finally he was able to make out a glint of gray shawl and a white head held on Henry's knee.

"Thank God he didn't fall into the water!" cried Salton.

"He might as well, I'm afraid," said Henry, excitedly. "Just see how he has cut himself! For all anyone knows he may have been here an hour. Oh, do you think he is killed? I can't see a sign of life myself. To think it was to end in this way!"

The two men carried the slight old form, limp and ghastly, into the house. Then Salton ran for the doctor. When he came back, it was to find a different Henry Smedley from the one he had left, from the one he thought he knew so well. The dogged reserve of the cold, inarticulate man, whom long misunderstanding had so hardened and silenced that even his mother could not guess the truth about his years of dumb and strange self-sacrifice, was swept away. With his face buried in his arms on the table, he was moaning and sobbing in that most appealing and piercing form of grief—a strong man suddenly broken.

"I did my best, Hannah! I promised you I would, and I did. Not one night missed, no matter what people said. And now, in spite of all, to have him go the way his father did before him, the way your uncle Zeph did, the way you said it killed you to think of! It's hard, it's hard! I thought I had enough to bear for one night before this."

"Don't take on so, Henry," said Hannah, awkwardly leaning forward to stroke his shoulder. Her eyes were on the minister, whom Henry had not heard come in. But a great light had dawned on that dweller in darkness. He came forward and seized Henry's hand impulsively, while the latter lifted

his head and stared at him in wild surmise. Salton was the one to become inarticulate now. He wanted to beg Henry's pardon, he wanted to humiliate himself before him, to call himself a fool. But before he could find his voice, the doctor hurried in. With him came a ray of hope. After making his swift professional tests, he said to them:

"Nothing worse than a bad case of

"I'm an awful warning."—Page 229.

concussion, I believe. Lucky he bled so freely. Never tell me there was nothing in the old blood-letting system. However, if I'm right, he'll most likely recover consciousness by daylight."

Salton called to inquire at ten. He found the orator with a thickly bandaged head, but with a wan smile and gleams of eloquence in his uncovered eye.

"The doctor left orders that I wasn't to talk," said Daniel, with a rather feeble imitation of his grandiloquent public manner, "but doctors never do allow enough for a man's peculiarities. The idea of it's being an effort for me to talk, or it's hurting me! Only shows

I'm getting back to my natural condition. Not but what I know I'm dangerous, Mr. Salton. Oh, yes, there is but a step between me and death, as the sacred writer says, leastwise there wasn't last night. But that's a reason for talking, not for keeping still, especially when a minister comes on purpose. These may be my death-bed remarks and dying words, you know, and it would be wrong to make you miss them—especially as you are so young and have not seen the wicked cut off like a green bay-tree. I always did like to talk with the clergy, sick or well. You might not think it, but the clergy, the educated clergy, you understand, I've always found very agreeable companions. Doctor Black, now, used to spend many an hour conversing and faithfully laboring with me. He sort of gave me up, though, I guess. Judicial blindness, he said my case was. Most likely he was right. It must have been that made me fall off the bridge last night. I'd have been all right if Henry had been with me, though. That boy, what a friend he's been to me! People wondered, I know, what made him take to me so, he a young fellow, and me an old man. But you see he had no chance for an education when he was a boy, always had to work so hard, and I guess he found my conversation improving.

Well, I'm glad if I have been able to enlighten him a little, and I believe I have on some points. He's got a good mind, Henry has. What, you don't think it was that? Why, the boy was no drinker. He scarce ever touched anything. You don't think he ever had an idea of trying to reform me, do you? Not one word of that kind did he ever speak. Oh, I must be right about that; it was my company he found entertaining, and my remarks on public questions that he appreciated. He was always one of my best listeners, Henry was. But here I am doing all the talking when I know you came to speak some solemn words to me about my latter end. Yes, Mr. Salton, you can't make them too solemn. I'm an awful warning, I admit I am, now more than ever. If I get well I am, and if I die I am. It seems as if Providence had specially singled me out to instruct sinful and ignorant men in the way in which they should go. Such powers and talents as were bestowed on me, such an understanding of life, such an ability to read the motives and actions of men and women, and all to be wasted like this! It's a wonderful theme for a discourse, and if my head would only stop buzzing this way I'd like to suggest to you a few points that might be made."

THE WATCHERS

Henrietta Christian Wright

Oh ye whose unrewarded eyes
Forever watch the ocean's rim,
Your ships perchance 'neath friendlier skies
Rest far beyond your vision dim.

Perhaps in some sweet bay they wait,
Where bides the primal, perfect day;
Where airs from springtime linger late
Or never perish quite away.

In some far-off, diviner land,
Where never garnered wealth grows old,
Safe harbored they may wait your hand,
To strike their sails and yield their gold.

THE MAID'S PROGRESS

By Alston Goode

IN a certain night not yet very far in the past the old order of my life was brought sharply to a pause and the readjustment of standards was begun. As to the conditions precedent to that time, a few words may be considered in order.

For a good while I may be said to have had a sort of latent consciousness that the passing of the years left behind certain grave possibilities—possibilities so veiled in a delightful mist of futurity, however, that their exact nature was not to be clearly discerned nor acutely realized. When I was graduated from Dr. Glossem's select seminary, some too many years ago, I was the youngest of a class of over thirty young ladies in Swiss muslins and white ribbons. It was owing to this fact, perhaps, that I acquired the habit of considering myself in a specially youthful light; a habit that, once formed, is exceedingly difficult to abandon. Then, too, I was the youngest of three sisters, and my inferior age was for so long the pretext for made-over dresses and millinery makeshifts that the disabilities of increasing years were not unnaturally adjudged by me to be of small moment. I have a vivid remembrance of one summer—I was about fourteen at the time—when I had fixed my young aspirations on a certain red satin parasol displayed in a show window, only to be told by my mother that it was quite an unnecessary expense for a little school-girl. My bitterness of spirit over this refusal was further increased, moreover, by the fact that Helen, the next eldest sister, bought that identical parasol, and her discarded black gloria was cheerfully commended to my favor. That was too much. It had been my usual lot to wear "cast-offs" since my baby days, but that summer I walked unsheltered in the sun in a sort of de-

spite of the fate that had made me a younger sister.

At the time of my coming out, however, if the term might be applied to my unconventional assumption of young ladyhood at the age of sixteen, the graces and advantages of youth at last began to make themselves apparent to me. Kate, my eldest sister, was to be married that fall, and Helen, who was then about twenty, was to spend the coming winter with an aunt in a distant city; so, in the bustle and economic planning attendant upon their proposed flittings, I acquired the freedom of insignificance.

For a girl of sixteen I doubt if any metropolitan season, with its balls and theatre-parties galore, can surpass the attractions of a little university town. My father had for many years been professor of mathematics in the university that maintained and almost constituted the little town of Oakview, and our home was in a quiet corner of the shady campus. In the year that followed my home-coming from school, the outer world, as represented by the city within two hours' distance by rail, held few charms for me, and the social interests of our own little community were all-absorbing. I can even yet recall, with a sort of reminiscent enthusiasm, the joys of the monthly promenades in the university halls, the excitement of the Thanksgiving debate, and the intense anxiety that attended the annual oratorical and athletic contests. We were such strong partisans, we girls, and our interest in the students was almost servile in its intensity, it now seems to me. As for them, they received our homage right royally, I think. However sentimentally inclined they might be, they probably thought less of us than we did of them; for in those days athletics were not quite so prominent in educational affairs as now, and the steady grind of text-book instruction demanded a good share of attention at Oakview.

Neither did they waste a great part of their allowances from home on flowers and confectionery for us, in the manner of the true "society" brand of young man. But they escorted us to their promenades, called at our homes on Friday nights and Sunday afternoons, and in cases involving more serious sentiment they would plead with us to wear the colors of their particular fraternity, or even—supreme mark of preference—the cherished fraternity badge itself. A city girl might have voted our promenades slow affairs, though such an idea would have seemed incredible to one of our little clique of half a dozen sixteen-year-old girls. There was no dancing. Oakview was under strong denominational trusteeship, and even in its hours of ease and relaxation it must do all things decently and in order, according to a rather strict interpretation of the phrase. But gayety, like almost everything else save life and love, is relative rather than absolute; and when, at eleven o'clock, the janitor would call his warning, "Lights out!" and we scampered through the halls after the last lingering moments—at such times we enjoyed all the excitement of social dissipation, with little to fear in the way of headache and ennui for the morrow. It was a happy season indeed, and I sometimes feel that I would be almost ready to accept the folly and inanity of those days if I might experience again such perfect self-satisfaction and such zest in living.

I believe I was something of a belle among the students at that time. At any rate, I never lacked an escort to any of the college functions, and badges were pressed upon me by members of fraternities represented by all the Greek letters from Alpha to Omega. I was reasonably good to look upon at sixteen, but with nothing like the pretensions to beauty possessed by Edith Anderson, the Chancellor's daughter, for instance. A healthy red and white complexion and a pair of clear gray eyes constituted the best that could be said of my appearance, I suppose. But my popularity was chiefly due to my fame—heaven only knows how acquired—as a wit and fun-maker. Sixteen-

year-old witticisms are cheap affairs, however, as I have since been quite ready to acknowledge; and what is pardoned and applauded in a fresh, gay girl is received in silence and attributed to spite and envy if it comes from a woman anywhere near the line of twenty-five years. That reflection is an unnecessary digression, however.

But one does not remain sixteen forever. It is a good thing for us that we do not, though age, like many other medicines, is bitter in the taking, however mentally and spiritually improving it may be. Life in a university town goes on year after year in much the same fashion, moreover, though with certain differences for the individual. Academic or literary students—"lits" in college parlance—were my social mainstay and dependence the first year or two of my young ladyhood. Then, a more serious sprinkling of law students and embryo engineers among my visitors gave evidence of my own maturing dignity. And, at last, when I was twenty-one or twenty-two and the academic students were beginning to seem strangely youthful to be out from under the maternal wing, the theologues began to visit me. Time had been when they had been scorned and set down as "pokey" and uninteresting, individually and collectively; now I was forced to admit that some very pleasant young men were among their number. The mere fact of this change of bearing on my own part should have been significant, but I cannot recall any impression that it made upon my consciousness at the time.

Certain phenomena that did arrest my attention in the years that now followed were portentous, however. I observed, as did a certain Autocrat years ago, that my contemporaries were unmistakably older than they had once been. Edith Anderson had married a graduating law student when she was barely nineteen, and the toddling trio of babies she now brought on annual visits to her father's house were a startling sight for one who remembered their mother as a somewhat giddy and wholly beautiful girl. Edith was not the only one of my girl friends who had married, and several of the others had

removed from Oakview—to seek social harvest-fields of more mature growth, it may be. Then the time came when only Agnes Lea and I were left of the half dozen who had been so inseparable, and I was conscious that Agnes was no longer to be looked upon exactly as a young girl. She still had her occasional visitors, of course—friends from the city, or some mature law student or theologian; but the university boys now called on her little sister Frances, who was in the kindergarten, I think, when Agnes and I left school. Well, thank heaven, I had no younger sister to thrust me to the wall with school-girl arrogance! In fact, I was still the standard of youth in my home, for both my sisters had long been settled housekeepers and mothers, and my freedom from care and responsibility in itself seemed youthful to them and to my mother. And I was very different from Agnes, I told myself. She had always been the quietest and most sedate of my companions, to say nothing of her being the least pretty; indeed, she had never been truly young, and only the glamour of her teens could make her seem so. As for myself, I could not see that I was shunned exactly as an old maid yet. To be sure, I no longer went to promenades nor received formal attentions from freshmen. They were mere children, and I had ceased to care for that sort of thing, anyway. But my father was in the habit of giving informal receptions for the students, and I was on very good terms with them all. Even in my earliest days of young ladyhood I had encouraged *camaraderie* rather than sentimentality from them, and now I could see little difference in their bearing toward me. Occasionally there would come a sharp twinge of consciousness that some attractive youth to whom I was talking was probably several years younger than myself. I would feel assured that he did not suspect the fact, however, unless some of those obnoxious little school-girls had told him; and the young law students were usually so much more pleasing than the old fellows—the fellows technically so termed, and the bachelor professors—who had of late years taken

pains to make themselves agreeable to me. There was Harrison Arnold, for instance, who had taken his A.B. at Oakview, and was soon to finish his law course. We had been friends for years, and his preference for my society had increased very perceptibly of late. Indeed, while fun and good fellowship had been the key-note of our companionship, I had of late had need of all my tact and experience (let no sinister signification attach to the word) to prevent a deflection along sentimental lines. I was aware, if he was not, that his twenty-three years left him still two years my junior. He was a very delightful fellow, though, and I never felt so young and like my sixteen-year-old self as when with him.

Among the older men, of whose society I still fought a trifle shy, with incipient sensitiveness lest their attentions should relegate me to the regions that know not student larks or other youthful jollity, was Dr. John Pearson, Professor of History and Economics, and Oakview's most recently acquired Ph.D. from a German university. He was a new-comer of only a few months' standing at our university, but had already become popular with students and faculty. On the rare occasions when I had been thrown with him, even I had been forced to admit that he was one "old fellow" of thirty-five or thereabout who was not devoid of a sense of humor and an interest in matters not pertaining to his "chair." Neither was he ill-looking, though his thin, clean-shaven face, keen gray eyes, and closely cropped hair were not likely to inspire any great degree of enthusiasm among very young ladies whose ideals of manly beauty include a noble mane of foot-ball hair. And I had yet to realize that I was no longer a very young lady.

To take up my history, then, at the point from which I started, we were to have a reception for the students one night several months ago, and several girls were to come in to help us entertain our guests. Frances Lea was among them, and I had asked Agnes, of course; but she had frankly answered that she didn't care to spend an evening making talk with boys who

A startling sight for one who remembered their mother as a somewhat giddy and wholly beautiful girl.—Page 235.

wanted to be with the younger girls, so I must kindly excuse her. It seemed to me there was a suspicion of spiteful innuendo in my friend's tone, and I did not urge her to change her mind. Neither did I tell her that Dr. Pearson and two or three other "old boys" had signified their intention of coming to our little reception.

I was alone in my room after our early tea that evening, preparing to array myself in very simple evening-dress. The delicate blue cashmere with its soft bands of black velvet lay outspread on the bed, and I was sitting before my mirror in a light dressing-sacque engaged in some interesting experiments in coiffure. Rosy cheeks and a slender figure were wonderful conservators of youth, I remember to have thought, as I looked in the glass with some degree of complacency, and decided that my wavy, dark hair was most effective when piled high on the crown of my head. I gave it an upward toss and twist, and was reaching for the hair-pins when something in the reflection I saw arrested my attention. A filament of lint from the towel, or thread of some sort, had evidently caught in my hair. I raised my hand mechanically to remove it, but it did not shake off easily, and I bent nearer the mirror. It was not lint after all.

Half an hour later I was still sitting there in my dressing-sacque, my hair—all glossy-dark now—still unfettered by pins, and the face reflected in the glass looking stupidly into my eyes. A knock at the door, and Frances Lea burst into the room. As she entered, I was standing over beside the fireplace, flicking an almost invisible something down into the coals.

"Why, Miss Julia, aren't you dressed yet?" she began in her usual breathless fashion. "Mrs. Reese sent me up here to see why you had not come down to the parlor. A good many students are already here, and Dr. Pearson besides. He tried to talk to me for a little while, but I soon managed to slip off, and leave him to Professor Reese. Mr. Arnold is such fun! By the way, he told me to ask you to come down as soon as possible, for he wants to see you before the house is crowded, and

you have to be everywhere at once. Say, *do* my bangs look very bad? and does my skirt hang just right? Sister Agnes didn't half inspect me before I left home."

Frances is not a beauty by any means, and her complexion does not begin to compare with mine, for all the eight years' difference in our ages. But as I looked at her that night she seemed charmingly fresh and girlish.

"Your hair does credit to the curling irons," I answered her, "and your dress is neither shorter nor longer than when you last looked in the glass. Tell mother I will be down in less than five minutes, and then you can make yourself useful by entertaining Harrison Arnold."

"Very well. But I know I'll bore him terribly." Then, with her hand on the door-knob, she hesitated, and turned to me with earnest face.

"Miss Julia, do you *really* think my hair looks as well on the top of my head as in a Psyche knot?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes!" I laughed. "You are quite a vision of beauty to-night, if that is what you are waiting to hear. Now clear out, for I must dress in a hurry."

She ran down-stairs, laughing gayly, and I proceeded with my interrupted toilet, a woman for whom life looked very different from what it had seemed to the girl who had laid out the blue dress and sat down to comb her hair. I had passed through more than one phase of consciousness during the half hour just behind me. First I had felt a shock, a quickening of consciousness, as with fear, a sense of helpless indignation as at rough usage. Then had come a more anxious consultation with the mirror than my most frivolous days had ever seen. I smiled with galvanic violence, to see if crow's feet were discernible, and fancied they were; smiled again (perhaps not quite so violently), and decided that I had erred in my first impression. Then I tried another smile, in search of the "calipers" I remembered to have read were an accompaniment of increasing years; they were not to be found. Presently the tight feeling about my heart had subsided and I was inclined to make very

It was not lost after all.—Page 238.

light of the circumstance that had so disquieted me for the moment. After all, there were persons who were quite gray before they were well out of their teens. While, as for *single gray hairs*—pshaw! many children could show them. My own sister Helen had always been able to find as many as half a dozen any time since her fourteenth birthday. There was nothing significant in the finding of one, certainly, and the subject was not worth another thought.

It was all very well to reason that way, but the thought would not down satisfactorily. I had *not* had a single gray hair at fourteen, nor yet at twenty-four, and the finding of the first at the age of twenty-five seemed oppressively suggestive of the advisability of taking an inventory, as it were, of the present conditions of existence. To begin with, would it not be well to face the facts freely, to look my years

squarely in the face, and to demand of them all the benefits they might bring? Hitherto, I had turned with wilfully unseeing eyes from whatever good they might have brought me to cling, with loosening grasp, however, to the thoughtless gayety that was not meant to outlast the first butterfly freshness of youth. I was still a young woman—that consoling fact I repeated to myself with some emphasis; but I was no longer a young girl. Maturity must have its compensations for the dear delights of adolescence; and surely it was the better and more dignified part to seek the former, and forego the others. At that point Frances had broken in upon my reflections, and then I had hurriedly knotted my hair and slipped into the blue gown, with a moment of anxiety lest its girlish fashion might be incongruous with the new rôle that seemed to have been forced upon me. I walked downstairs with my eyes wide open men-

tally—too widely to perceive with true vision, perhaps — and very soon it seemed to me that I saw evidences of my former blindness.

The parlors were rapidly filling while I was greeting our guests. I was impressed by the fact that to every one of the girls present I was "Miss Julia," though some of them, I was sure, were not greatly my juniors. Among the students I was received cordially enough, but a very slight analysis of their manner showed an utter absence of the little insincerities and self-conscious efforts to please that were so plainly to be seen when they were talking with Frances Lea and the other young girls. Well, so be it. Little as they might think it, it was to me that they showed themselves at their best, because they did not think it worth while to pose before me; and this friendly liking was infinitely more agreeable to me than their callow sentimentality had ever been.

In a corner of the back parlor Harrison Arnold and Frances Lea were among a group of young people who were laughing merrily over some joke on one of their number. Harrison was sitting by Frances, and her usually pale cheeks flushed very prettily as she laughed with him. When she saw me, however, she jumped up quickly.

"Here you are at last, Miss Julia! Now, Mr. Arnold, I won't bore you any longer. He has been awfully impatient to see you, Miss Julia."

"Now, really, Miss Frances," began Harrison in some embarrassment, but a diminutive young lady behind them here chirped in.

"I believe Miss Julia's shocked at our lack of dignity, Fan," she remarked. "Tell me, Miss Julia, did you *use to be* as foolish as we are now?"

"You spiteful little cat! You shan't be invited to our next reception," was my first inward articulation. But then my new philosophical mood returned quickly to me, and I think I smiled benignantly at the innocent looking little creature as I thanked her sweetly for the implication that my folly was in the past tense. Then I turned away, and Harrison Arnold went with me.

"How can I get a few minutes alone

with you to-night?" he began, abruptly. "I have been called home rather suddenly, and I must talk with you before I go. No, I have had no alarming news, but my father recovers slowly from his last rheumatic attack, and the death of his law partner makes the burden of the business fall very heavily on him. He wants me home for a week or two, and the faculty have given me leave of absence. But where can we go, away from these people?"

"There is no one in father's little den," I said, after a moment's thought. "That is the one Blue Beard's chamber he won't throw open on his reception nights, but I will risk taking you there for a little while. It must be a very little while indeed, though."

"You see," Harrison began when we were sitting before the little study fire, "the death of my father's partner makes a difference to me. Father wants me to go right in with him as soon as I finish here, and there are some matters of business that need attention right now that he is not able to look after. But I wanted to see you before I left, and as bad luck would have it this tiresome reception—I beg your pardon—cut in at just the wrong time."

Here he paused a moment, and I spoke quickly, with a vain impulse to check the saying of what I felt must be said and settled that night. It was strange, but Harrison Arnold had never seemed to me so young as he did that night, though an unwonted seriousness and dignity was noticeable on his bright face.

"Yes, I appreciate your confidence in my friendship and in my interest in all that concerns you," I said, with a futile air of finality. "I have great faith in your doing good things in the world. And now, hadn't we better go back to the parlor? I must not monopolize you, else Frances Lea will call me selfish, I am afraid."

I had half risen from my chair, but Harrison smiled at me a little quizzically, and motioned me back.

"Not yet, please," he said. "As for the little Lea girl, you know I don't want to talk to her. You have always been sincere with me, I think, Miss

Julia, so don't try to be anything else to-night. Come now," with a somewhat forced assumption of his usual lightness of manner, "Honor bright, haven't you a pretty good idea of what I want to tell you to-night?"

I looked up at his handsome, boyish face, and my vision seemed all at once to grow clear as to one problem of life at least.

"Suppose I have, then," I said, steadily, "and suppose I ask you *not* to tell me."

"Then I must refuse to grant your request," answered Harrison with equal firmness in his tone. "An answer of some sort I am going to have. You must know that I love you, Julia—I have never taken any pains to conceal the fact. You have not seemed to dislike me, and I hoped"—he paused and looked at me hesitatingly.

"Oh, Harrison," I broke in, "I hoped you would not say that—that you would see, as I do now, that it could never, never be the right thing for either of us."

"I should like to know why it couldn't be the right thing?" he interrupted, eagerly, though his face had darkened at my words.

"Because I am too old for you, for one thing," I answered, firmly. "You may not know it, but I am twenty-five years old—and you are only twenty-three." I was eying him closely as I spoke, and I saw with a dim sense of amusement that he was startled when I mentioned my age.

"I never would have dreamed you were so old," he exclaimed, naively; then catching himself up and smiling in appreciation of the humor of his slip he added, "it is a very small matter, though."

"No, it is not a small matter," I answered, shortly. "Listen to me, Harrison. You say I have always been sincere with you, and I hope I have—barring the suppression of my age, and I never told an untruth about that. At any rate I will be sincere now. Perhaps, if you had told me a week ago what you have told me to-night, I might have answered you differently. Wait," I begged, as he seemed about to speak. "Harrison, be thankful you did *not* speak

until to-night, for it may have saved us both from a terrible mistake. It is not only my years—I am older at heart than you are. Sometimes it may be that time plays tricks with us, or nature lets us lag behind the years, and we are younger in truth than the number of our days. But it has not been so with me. I am like a child whose growth has been temporarily stunted by carrying a brick on its head—my brick has been my own unwillingness to give up my young girlhood. I think I have thrown it off at last, though. What I say sounds stereotyped, of course, but I feel very sure, Harrison, that you will be thankful before long that I see things as I do to-night. And we will be just as good friends as ever, won't we?"

What he answered is not strictly to the purpose of this narrative. We talked together a little longer; but he was unconvinced, and I was unyielding. I returned to the parlor alone, for Harrison had asked me to make his excuses to my mother, and had quietly slipped out of the house. There was an unusual gravity and gentleness in my manner that night, I think, and perhaps it was that that attracted Dr. Pearson to my side. The younger girls and the students seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly without my aid, my father was discussing some current university topic with a professor or two in the corner, and my mother was listening sympathetically to the homesick strain of a delicate-looking boy who had lately come to Oakview. There was no particular need for my bestirring myself with the duties of a hostess, and neither did I feel in the mood for the meaningless laughter and inane merriment that sounded from the large parlor. I sat in the library with Dr. Pearson, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable talk. It was really surprising how pleasantly his words fell on my ear and how naturally I found myself talking with him of my opinions, my prejudices, and my predilections—of myself in general. It was an unwonted pleasure I experienced, for the delights of egotism are not to be enjoyed in the society of self-absorbed youth. Even Harrison Arnold, however much he might think of me, was apt to become

abstracted when I talked of myself, though he made large demands on my interest and sympathy as regarded his own affairs of the present and prospects for the future. As for most of the other students I had known, I was very well aware that their liking for me had been based upon some trick of manner, turn of feature, or tint of complexion that happened to please their fancy, together with a degree of tact and self-suppression adequate to the feeling or feigning of unlimited interest in the one theme that was to be seriously considered by them—theirself and their affairs. The real me they had not known nor cared to know. I was “good fun,” easy to talk to, and responsive—could anything further be desired of a girl in a university town?

When my mother summoned me to help her serve our simple refreshments that night I was astonished to learn how quickly the evening had passed, and how philosophical, not to say cheerful, was still my mood, all things considered. When I was again alone in my room, I did feel a little self-reproach at thought of how slightly Harrison Arnold's disappointment had marred the pleasure of my evening. But I was strongly of the opinion that his unhappiness would be of very short duration; and, for myself, I seemed to see a broader life opening before me than I had hitherto known. Dr. Pearson had asked me to join a German club that had recently been organized in our little university town (for the study of the language, not for the dance). I

had agreed with an alacrity that astonished myself. So I went to sleep with the thought of burnishing up my Schiller and Heine instead of bemoaning the discovery of that one gray hair.

Two months and more have gone by since that memorable night, and it is still my belief that the natural laws of our being provide their own compensations for the loss of all that is inconsistent with our development. It is the old story of the palm-tree and the Nile, I suppose. The blossoms of exuberant first youth, with its tremulous delight in mere living, are sweet beyond expression while they last, and it is not strange if we weakly try to stem the current of the years that bear them from us. Struggle as we may, though, they are only withered and withering petals that we may withhold from the stream. For my own part, it is remarkable how much younger I feel since I have given up trying to be over-youthful. Perhaps it is rejuvenating to know that someone outside of one's immediate family circle has a sincere and intelligent interest in one. I have seen much of Dr. Pearson since our first long talk in the library that night. So much, indeed, that the campus gossips have made good use of the facts in the case. How furious their whippers would have made me a few months ago! And how quietly I take it all now! Is it because I have grown more philosophical with my deepening consciousness of age? That is a question for nice psychological analysis.



BY THE COMMITTEE

By Bliss Perry

THE town of Whiteridge, N. H., was cursed with a benefactress. She was a little old non-resident widow, with granite insides, a native of Whiteridge, married early to a Boston merchant, and now desirous of linking her name perpetually with that of her birth-place. She had presented the township with the Martha J. Tarringford town-hall, the village with the Martha J. Tarringford drinking-fountain, and the Congregational Church with the Martha J. Tarringford parsonage, all upon conditions stated by herself. The hall was fine to look upon, but the use of tobacco was forbidden in or about the building, with the result that the voters of Whiteridge seriously thought of holding the March meeting, as usual, in the old hall above Alvah Bayley's general store, where the genial sawdust covered the floor at town-meeting time, and the women-folks had nothing to say about anything. The drinking-fountain was just too low for a horse, unless he were unchecked—the donor took this means of combating the pernicious check-rein—and just too high for a dog. However, this was immaterial, as the town had refused to bond itself for a water system, and the dust of two summers lay thick in the great marble bowl.

The Congregational parsonage was the earliest and the most immediately useful of the widow Tarringford's gifts, but it was far too large, even for the Rev. Mr. Chippendale's family, and there

was no fund for furnishing it, or for paying the running expenses. It was a broad, low building, of yellow, glazed brick, with plate-glass windows, and two outside chimneys, and a cast-iron stag in the front yard. The farmers from miles around stopped their teams in the middle of the street to gaze at it. When Mr. Chippendale first entered the parsonage he rubbed his hands with delight on observing the big hot-air registers. Born in India, he had been dreading the New Hampshire winters. It was in September. The minister and his sharp-faced wife nailed their "God-bless-our-home" motto to the Lincrusta-Walton wall of the sitting-room, draped some pressed palm-leaves from India along the brocaded frieze of the dining-room, and decided to leave the parlor unfurnished for the present. Their happiness seemed complete.

Early in October Mr. Chippendale inquired the price of coal. Whiteridge was six miles up-hill from the railroad, and Alvah Bayley informed him that, seeing it was for the parsonage, his coal would be eight dollars and a quarter a ton. The minister ordered ten tons, and figured out the cost thoughtfully as he walked home. That winter was singularly mild, for Whiteridge, but before spring he ordered eight tons more. Daily, while he shovelled the precious stuff with his own hands into that yawning hot-air furnace, his figuring became more interesting. His salary was thir-

teen hundred dollars. The next winter there was another Chippendale baby, and the necessity of keeping the nursery at seventy meant twenty-one tons of coal ordered from Alvah Bayley between October and May. That winter was considered mild also, by the weather-wise, but what with the baby, and clothes for the three older children, and the cost of hiring a cutter for calls in the out-districts, and a few necessary books, the spring found an unpaid account of a hundred dollars upon Alvah Bayley's ledger. It worried Mr. Chippendale, but autumn came, and he had not been able to pay it off. Winter settled itself upon Whiteridge with an iron grip early in November, and before January was over the furnace of the Martha J. Torringford parsonage had eaten another hundred dollars' worth of coal—at nine dollars a ton—and there was the rest of January, February, March, and April still to come.

Mr. Chippendale's blond hair grew gray that winter, though Alvira Bayley, who sat directly behind him in the front seat of the choir, was the only person besides Mrs. Chippendale to notice it. Alvira admired Mr. Chippendale more than any minister she had ever heard, and the far-away look in his blue eyes—as if he were addressing a very remote gallery—thrilled her to a kind of ecstasy. She was sure that Mrs. Chippendale did not quite appreciate him. Once she ventured timidly to address her father upon the subject of Mr. Chippendale's salary, Alvah Bayley being chairman of the parish committee, though not a member of the church.

"Father," she said, as Alvah was warming his feet against the side of the great soapstone stove in the Bayley sitting-room, preparatory to going to bed, "don't you suppose the parish would raise Mr. Chippendale's salary, if you favored it?"

The store-keeper snorted angrily, and his lower jaw closed. There was a fringe of beard all along the under edges of it, like sea-weed clinging to a rock. "I guess not! We're paying two hundred more now than we ever paid before."

"But he's worth more than any minister we ever had," retorted the daugh-

ter. "He's a real saintly man. And I believe they find it hard work to get along. His Sunday coat is getting terribly shiny; you can't help but see it when you sit in the choir."

"Guess his coat's as good as mine," growled Alvah. "It ain't any harder for him to get along than for other folks; or oughtn't to be. He ain't a saver—that's what's the matter with him—he ain't a saver."

"I should like to know how a minister can save anything in that great big house," persisted the girl. "They don't pretend to use the parlor, as it is. Folks say the furnace takes an awful sight of coal; it's some new kind, that you can't burn wood in. And you say we can't afford to burn coal."

She glanced toward the closed parlor door, meaningly. There was a bright new base-burner in there, and she would have so liked to light it for the nights when Orton Ranney, the cashier of the Whiteridge bank, and for years a patient admirer of hers, came to call upon her. But her father would not allow the extravagance, and Orton always had to sit by the soapstone stove in the sitting-room, constrained and chafing in Alvah's presence. Yet he had told Alvira once that her father was the richest man in town!

"And we can't," affirmed the store-keeper, doggedly, as he rose and started for his bedroom. "I hope we ain't going to have that parlor stove all over again to-night, Alvira."

"No, father," said the girl. But tears of vexation started to her eyes.

Alvah Bayley was reminded of this conversation the next day, when the minister entered the store and made his way to the back corner where Mr. Bayley sat over his day-book. The store-keeper nodded, not appearing to notice Mr. Chippendale's half-outstretched hand. In fact, he disliked shaking hands with anybody. Natives of Whiteridge understood his peculiarities, and his face was not of a kind to tempt strangers into demonstrations of regard. But Mr. Chippendale felt a trifle disconcerted.

"Cold enough for you?" inquired Alvah. He had put this query to every customer that morning, and the minis-



THE to
 curse
 was i
 with gra
 ridge, in
 chant, a
 name p
 place.
 with t
 hall, t
 ringf
 greg
 Tort
 tion
 fine
 wa
 wa
 r
 3

burse him for the expense of moving, but he could not take that money to pay Alvah Bayley, and even if he did there would be nothing left with which to buy tickets for California. Again and again he took account of the financial standing of all his relations, but, so far back as he could remember, there had never been a Chippendale who had at any one time \$300 to lend. He thought once, timorously, of applying to Mrs. Martha J. Torringford, but recalled the fact that she was spending that winter on the Nile. A week went by. Alvah Bayley issued the call for a parish meeting to act upon the minister's resignation, and Mr. Chippendale began work upon his farewell sermon, but day and night, in spite of his happy prospect for the future, he was burdened and harassed by the thought of that unpaid bill.

He was not alone in his anxiety. Alvah Bayley ruminated nightly over the \$293.30, as he sat warming his stockings against the soapstone stove in his sitting-room. Alvira wondered what ailed him, but the close-fisted old store-keeper was not in the habit of taking counsel with her, or with anyone. No one in Whiteridge knew of Mr. Chippendale's debt; Alvah had spoken simply for himself when he had mentioned the public dissatisfaction with a minister who was not a saver. Though the pastor had never been altogether liked by the out-districts—not having enough "nat'ral how d'ye do" about him, it was thought—the announcement of his resignation was received with genuine regret in the village. The choir was cast down, and Alvira Bayley in particular alternated in her feelings, from deep wrath against the California church for stealing away her pastor, to a self-sacrificing joy that he was going to a milder climate and a greater income. She agitated herself by schemes for a farewell oyster-supper and donation-party for the Chippendales, and hesitated to propose it only because she feared her father's disapproval. Yet her affection for the departing minister grew with every hour, and one night she had opened her lips flutteringly, to propose her plan, when Alvah brought all four legs of his chair

down with a thump, and stuck his feet into his slippers with pleasurable animation. He had just thought of a way to get hold of that \$293.30.

Alvira looked up inquiringly. "What's the matter, father?"

"Nothing," said the store-keeper. "Except that I was just thinking about the minister. Seems to me 'twould look better if Whiteridge folks gave him a kind of send-off, you know, just to show that there ain't any hard feelings on either side."

Alvira's breath quickened. She bent lower over the splasher she was embroidering for the Chippendales' best bed-room set. "A sort of donation-party, father?" she ventured.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Land sakes, no! They don't want a lot of cordwood and maple sugar to take with 'em. What Mr. Chippendale needs is spot cash."

"I think so too," cried Alvira, boldly.

"The question is," said Alvah, meditatively, running his fingers through his fringe of beard, "what's the quickest and best way to raise it? Some one ought to start a subscription paper. Suppose you take the cutter and old Tom to-morrow and try the out-districts, and I'll take the Street. We can do this a good deal better ourselves, Alvira, than to get a lot more into it. I'll draw up a couple of subscription papers now."

He shuffled over to the desk in the corner of the sitting-room, and for some minutes Alvira listened in a tumult of pleasure to the scratching of his pen. She even half forgave him for that matter of the parlor base-burner. When he handed one of the papers to her, she gave a little cry of delight. Alvah Bayley's name headed each list with a subscription of \$25.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Why, father!"

Alvah busied himself with putting a huge rock-maple log into the soapstone stove, to last through the night. He seemed to make more noise about it than usual.

"How much money do you think we can raise?" asked his daughter, folding up the splasher as if it had suddenly become a thing of no value.

"Well," said Alvah, "that depends. But I should think we'd ought to raise close on to three hundred dollars."

"My!" said the girl, "wouldn't that be nice!"

"I guess it would!" replied Alvah Bayley.

At noon upon the second day there—after the canvass of the town was completed. By dint of his position as chairman of the parish committee, his own generous subscription, and his intimate knowledge of the financial status of each member of the congregation, the store-keeper secured more money in the Street than anyone else would have thought possible, though it fell a trifle short of his own calculations. But the out-districts more than made up the deficiency. Under the spell of Alvira's enthusiasm, the "spot cash" slipped out of tea-pots and secret "high-boy" drawers with magical readiness, and the donors gazed after the girl's disappearing cutter in stupid wonder at their unwonted affection for the Chippendales.

Only one thing occurred to mar Alvira's unthinking pleasure in her mission. At the very last house upon the list, Aunt Lindy Waters, gazing at her suspiciously as the girl wrote "Miss Belinda Waters, fifty cents," asked for a receipt. Alvira wrote one, signing it "By the Committee," and drew on her mittens.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Aunt Lindy, concessively; "I didn't know but the minister might be owing your father a little something—that was all."

Alvira colored. "That's a real mean thing to say, Aunt Lindy. You can have your fifty cents back again, there!" But Belinda scornfully refused.

All the way home that little arrow of the spinster rankled in Alvira's innocent bosom. Shamefully mean had it been to say it, and yet—. She hung her head. Was it really this, after all, that had put the idea of the collection into her father's mind? If it were she could never hold up her face in White-ridge any more. To think of sitting in the front seat of the choir Sunday after Sunday, confronting those stern, reproachful farmer-folk from the out-districts, whose slowly won money she had

begged from them, only to make her father richer than before!

Half a dozen times during the noon-meal her lips parted to ask Alvah the question whose answer she dreaded to hear, but each time her courage failed her. Alvah was in high spirits over the completion of their self-appointed task, and after dinner father and daughter sat down to count the money. The desk was quite covered with the crumpled bills: fives and twos and ones and a great deal of silver. Alvira's fingers shook as she sorted and counted.

"Well," announced the store-keeper, finally, "it's \$271.74. I guess I might as well make it seventy-five." He took a penny from his pocket, and added it to the pile before him. "I struck it pretty close, didn't I?" he added, reflectively. "How do the subscription papers foot up, Alvira?"

"Three hundred and twenty-one dollars and seventy-four cents," she replied. "Why, there ought to be fifty dollars more."

He ran his eye over the columns, and handed them back with a hard chuckle. "You've counted my subscription twice, Alvira, that's all."

"But it ought anyway to be there once, father," she said, nervously.

"It's going to be," answered Alvah, and opening the drawer where the receipt blanks were kept, took out one and began to fill in the name of Rev. Enoch Chippendale upon the upper left-hand corner.

"Father," demanded Alvira, "does Mr. Chippendale owe you any money?"

He wrote on without heeding her.

"Alvah Bayley," cried the girl, "how much does he owe you?" She seized his right hand, making his pen sprawl. "It isn't much, is it?" she added, plaintively, frightened at her own temerity.

He shook off her hand angrily, and wrote: "*Received payment, Alvah Bayley.*" "He owes me that," he said, doggedly, pushing the receipt toward her. "Two hundred and ninety three dollars and thirty cents. We make him a present of it. That counts in my twenty-five dollars and leaves him three dollars and forty-five cents over, in cash. If it

wan't for you and me, he couldn't have got a cent of it."

The girl's face grew white. "But what do you suppose folks'll say about us?" she exclaimed. "It seems to me it would kill me, father. You can afford to let him have that money just as well as not. It isn't *right*."

"You set down and stop shaking!" thundered Alvah. "There! Now you set still. This is my money, every cent on't, except three dollars and forty-five cents. I could have the law on to the minister to-day for it, if I was a mind to. Don't you say another word. I'm going in there now to give him this receipt and the balance in cash, and he'll be glad enough to get it, too. You set still!"

But she leaped to her feet again, in spite of his command. For six years, ever since she was nineteen, she had kept house for her father and had never dared to assert herself against his wishes until now. But her affection for her pastor, and pride in the Bayley good name, swept her out of herself.

"I won't sit down, Alvah Bayley," she flashed back, "unless I want to!"

The moment she had said it she felt clear-headed and cool, for all her white heat of anger. He caught a look in her eye that reminded him somewhat uncomfortably of her mother.

"It may be right, and it may be wrong," she went on, bitterly, "but whichever it is, it's *mean*. I didn't believe you would do such a thing, father. And you're not going to do such a thing, either!"

"I ain't, am I?" shouted the store-keeper. "I guess we'll see about that this very minute!" He snatched three dollar bills from the pile before him, and forty-five cents in silver. Then he grasped his hat, and stamped out noisily, without looking at his daughter, who stood motionless by the desk.

The Chippendales lived only two doors away, and in a moment he was standing on the elaborate porch of the Martha J. Tarringford parsonage, pressing the electric bell. An untidy maid-of-all-work ushered him through the big barren hall — unheated, for economy's sake — and into the family sitting-room. There was no one there

but two of the babies, who toddled over to show the stranger their picture-books, but drew off again upon a nearer view. The dining-room door was ajar, and from the appearance of the uncleaned table the Chippendales could not have had an elaborate meal. Already the store-keeper wished the interview well over. A door opened, and Mr. Chippendale hurried in from his farewell sermon, not having taken time to change his frayed study gown. His eyes looked anxious, and his heart sank as he gazed upon Alvah Bayley's immovable lower jaw.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Bayley," he exclaimed, as hospitably as he could. "I—I hope you are enjoying good health."

"Tol'able," replied the store-keeper, absently. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the receipt. Mr. Chippendale took it for the bill, and began to grow crimson.

"The fact is, Mr. Chippendale," said Alvah, "folks up and down the Street and in the out-districts have kind of wanted to give you a testimonial before you left town. The committee in charge thought you might be feeling a little worried about that bill with me, and so we arranged to make you a present of this receipted bill—and the balance of the subscription in cash."

He peered up at the minister's face as he held out the receipt. Mr. Chippendale's lips were moving, but his emotion was such that no sound escaped them. Bayley fumbled in his pocket for the pitiful little balance in cash, but his courage failed him. His nerves had been more shaken by the scene with Alvira than he had supposed. He fingered the money a moment and then blurted out: "That balance, Mr. Chippendale—well, you'll find that deposited to your credit at the bank. That'll do just as well," he added, mainly to himself.

The minister put out both hands rapturously: the revulsion of feeling was still so strong that he could not trust himself to speak. But Alvah Bayley made no response to this mute demonstration of gratitude. He simply reached for his hat and got out of the house as best he could.

It had been an uncomfortable five minutes for him, but he had put the thing through. Some people up and down the Street might call it rather sharp, perhaps, and of course Alviry would feel sore about it, but it was every man's duty to look out for himself. Charity began at home, every time! He was tempted, nevertheless, to keep straight on to the store, and to let Alvira cool off a little before he faced her. But he had rushed out without his overcoat, and was already shivering. So he turned in at his own gate, went around to the side-door, as usual, and entered the sitting-room. He determined to get the first word, if there was to be any further argument, and his mouth was open to pronounce it when he became aware that the room was empty. The desk was swept bare of its bills and silver, and Alvira was nowhere to be found.

"Alviry!" he screamed. "Alviry!"

But there was no answer. Her cloak and hat were gone from the hook in the hall. Had he so angered her that she had left him? Her mother had threatened to do that once. Fear and shame overmastered him, and he ran out to the barn, hatless, to hitch up the cutter and old Tom.

She had stood by the desk, with her eyes closed, until the door had slammed behind him. Then she glanced desperately at the money. It was the minister's, every penny of it! Her father and she would be disgraced forever, if people found out what he had done. He had no right to take it, and what was more, she had collected fully half of it herself! What could she do with it? Suddenly she thought of Orton Ranney. Orton would help her if he dared, she knew. And she would make him dare!

Catching a napkin from the table, she swept into it the silver and the piles of bills. Then she flung on her cloak and hat, and hurried down to the bank. She would have run if she had not known that people were watching her from their windows. Orton Ranney, a mild-eyed, pink-faced, bashful little man of forty, posting his books

all alone in the tiny bank building, happened to catch sight of her, as she crossed the street toward him. His bachelor heart fluttered a little, as usual, but he did not dream of her coming in.

"Orton Ranney," she panted, as she entered, "do you want to help me more than anyone ever helped me yet?" Her eyes were flashing with excitement.

The flattered cashier rubbed his hands. "I guess I do, Alvira," he murmured, gallantly. "Come right in here." He opened the iron gate, and let her in behind his own desk. "What is it, Alvira?" he asked, astonished at his own boldness with her.

"It's this," she exclaimed, untying a napkin, and spreading out the money on the desk. "Father and I have raised all this money for Mr. Chippendale. There's pretty nearly three hundred dollars."

The cashier nodded. He had given five dollars himself, all for the sake of getting on the right side of the girl's father. "Well?" he smiled.

"Well, I want Mr. Chippendale to have it," she cried, with a bitter energy that amazed him. "It's his by rights, but he owes father two hundred and ninety-three dollars, and father has gone over to give him a receipt for that, and is going to keep this himself. He took out three dollars and forty-five cents to give Mr. Chippendale, and that was every cent there was left. I helped count it."

The cashier whistled softly.

"Don't you ever say a word," she commanded. "Nobody in Whiteridge knows that he owes father anything like that. Now I want you to give this money to the minister right away. Will you?"

"But what will your father say, Alvira?" he ventured, cautiously.

She turned on him. "Orton Ranney, if you want to choose between Alvah Bayley and Alvira Bayley, you can't choose any too quick. I expect father'll be here any minute." Her face was within a foot of his own, and it would have fired a less susceptible man than her admirer into heroic rashness.

"If it comes to that, Alvira," he gasped, choking a little, "why, I guess

you know where to find me. Don't you, Alvira?"

"Then what's the best way to get this to the minister?" she demanded, inexorably.

"You might deposit it to his credit," he suggested, trying to call back his routed instinct for business. "Then nobody else could touch it, and he could come and get it when he wanted to."

"Of course!" she cried. "I don't know why I didn't think of that. I just thought of coming here to—to you." It was Alvira's turn to look embarrassed.

"How much did you say it was?" he asked.

"Two hundred and seventy-one dollars and seventy-five cents, less three dollars and forty-five cents."

He reached for a deposit blank and filled it out. "You sign it," said he.

"How? Alvira Bayley?"

"Oh, any way. 'By the Committee,' I guess. Now let me count that cash."

"I'll help you," she volunteered.

Side by side they stood at the desk, sorting the bills and putting the silver in little piles. Never had it taken the cashier so long to count that amount of money, and when the task was completed he wondered why he had not been bright enough to make a mistake, so as to have the delicious pleasure of counting it all over again. Reluctantly he turned away, and posted the \$268.30 to the minister's credit. Mr. Chippendale's previous status at the Whiteridge bank had been represented by an overdrawn account of forty-five cents, which sum the tender-hearted cashier, unwilling to remind the minister of his insolvency, had himself placed to Mr. Chippendale's credit in order to balance the books.

He returned to Alvira, who still stood leaning against the desk. Now that her great object was accomplished, she began to be fearful again, and to wonder if she had not seemed too forward.

"Orton," she said, playing with one of his pens, "I don't know what you'll think of me, coming in like this."

"Don't you, Alvira?" he questioned, in his softest second-tenor notes. For how many years those tones had en-

tranced her, as she and Orton had stood up together in the choir! They seemed now to wrap themselves about her heart. "Don't you really know what I think of you?" His right hand slipped off the desk, fell innocently to his side, and then began to rise surreptitiously, tremblingly, toward her waist. "I—I guess, Alvira——"

"Sh!" said the girl.

The bank-door opened. Alvira faced around toward it with a sudden defiance. But it was not her father; it was only the Rev. Enoch Chippendale.

His overcoat was unbuttoned, and the frayed study gown showed beneath it. In marked agitation he advanced to the cashier's grated window; then he caught sight of Alvira Bayley, and took off his hat. Her presence seemed to disconcert him.

"A most unexpected occurrence has just taken place, Mr. Ranney," he began. "A most undeserved and yet a most welcome generosity has been evinced toward us. If I understood your father aright, Miss Alvira—and yet Mrs. Chippendale was sure there must be some mistake—you know Mrs. Chippendale is not very well and is therefore somewhat over-inclined to be apprehensive—and to tell the truth I was not altogether sure that I understood your father myself—but——" here he hesitated and pulled out the receipt which Alvira Bayley had signed—"he conveyed the impression that the good-will of the parish had succeeded in liquidating my indebtedness to him, and that there was a balance credited to me here besides, Mr. Ranney. That is what I scarcely can believe. It seems such unprecedented——"

"It's all right," interrupted the cashier, blandly.

"Yes, it's all right," echoed Alvira.

"May—may I ask how much it is, Mr. Ranney?"

The cashier stepped gravely over to his books. "Two hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty cents," he replied. "Will you have that in cash, Mr. Chippendale?"

The minister drew a long, astonished breath. "Is it possible!" he cried. "Why, yes, I think it would please

Mrs. Chippendale if I were to take it in cash." His eyes were wet.

"Kindly draw a check for it, then," suggested the cashier, pushing a blank check through the window, and swiftly counting out the bills.

"I believe *you* were at the bottom of this, Miss Alvira," hazarded the minister, affectionately, as he buttoned his study gown carefully over his undreamed-of wealth.

"She was on the committee," said the cashier, proudly.

At that instant a cutter was pulled up outside, and the alarmed features of Alvah Bayley appeared in the doorway. He was accompanied by the postmaster, who was certain that he had seen Alvira enter the bank, and was at a loss to understand the reason for Alvah's agitated inquiries about her. No sooner did Mr. Chippendale catch sight of the store-keeper, than he made a rush for him, with beatific face and outstretched hands.

"You see, Mr. Bayley," he cried, "we were so delighted that we could scarcely wait, and so I hurried right down here for the balance."

"To be sure," stammered the store-keeper, in confusion. "You got ahead of me a little. Here it is." He drew out the three dollars and forty-five cents, shamefacedly, and presented it to the minister. As he did so his eyes met Alvira's; the bronzed grating and the cashier's desk was between them, but the girl's look seemed to scorch him; she was at that moment the very image of her mother, the one person before whose slowly roused intensity of passion his own will-power had been as tow to fire. For a minute father and daughter faced each other. Then she saw his eyes quail and sink, and she knew who was master.

The Rev. Mr. Chippendale gazed in perplexity at the latest addition to his

earthly treasures. "I don't understand this," he exclaimed; "Mr. Ranney has already given me two hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty cents. There must be some mistake."

"No, there isn't," interrupted the clear, crisp tones of Alvira Bayley, as distinctly as if she were giving out the number of a hymn at prayer-meeting. "It's all right. Father means to make you a present of that receipted bill he spoke of, and the committee raised two hundred and seventy-one dollars and seventy-five cents besides. We deposited it all here except three dollars and forty-five cents that father had in his pocket. You mustn't say another word; I wish 'twas twice as much as it is. But don't you think we've done pretty well, Mr. Johnson?"

The postmaster had been glancing stealthily from father to daughter, conscious of some mystery which baffled his omniscience. But he betrayed no curiosity, as he answered, with a cheerful alacrity, "Strikes me it's a pretty slick job, Miss Alvira, all around. Credit to everybody concerned. It ain't going to be a secret, is it?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the girl. "I want everyone to know it. Be sure you get the figures just right, Mr. Johnson."

The minister was wringing Alvah Bayley's nerveless hand. "I can never forget your thoughtfulness, never!" he murmured.

"Are you going home, father?" said Alvira, coolly, while the blushing cashier held the iron gate wide open for her. "I guess I'll go along with you in the cutter. Mr. Chippendale, tell Mrs. Chippendale I'm coming in to see her right away. Oh, by the way, Orton, we ought to practise those hymns to-night. I'll have the coal fire started in the parlor, so that we can use the piano. It'll be real comfortable in there; will you come?"

THE POINT OF VIEW

I SHOULD greatly like it if some gentleman who knows would rise to explain the ethical basis of the universal sympathy in civilized life for what is called the under dog in the fight. To say that it is the instinct of fair play is merely to state the fact in another way, that is, that the world dislikes to see the upper dog worry the under ; but on what principle of reason or of morals does it do it ?

That it is entirely artificial is evident. Nature abhors the under dog and takes energetic measures to suppress him, without anæ-

The Under Dog. thetics and with no flowers at the funeral. If it did not, clearly, there would be steady retrogression and life would tend to ever lower and lower levels. Among gregarious animals of all sorts, in a state of nature and, to some extent, under domestication, there is not merely the individual but a communal antipathy to weakness. Fierce wolves and timid deer, alike, kill the sick and wounded, or thrust them out of the community. Where they depend upon leaders, if one of these through age or accident becomes inefficient, he is promptly attacked by a younger and more vigorous male and expelled, if not killed outright. Bees, more ruthless than Herod, destroy the entire male contingent.

Among primitive races of men, likewise, similar rules hold good. We have changed all this, doubtless for the better, but on what theory ? We want to see antagonists exactly matched, perhaps, so that they shall stand an equal chance of success. But if this equality could, in fact, be secured, every contest must necessarily be carried to the point of mutual destruction ; and where does it leave the moral issue ?

Withal there is in many cases a painful

incertitude as to which is the under dog, which can only be determined by the issue of the contest. An unarmed white man, pursued by a score of savages with clubs, clearly is so. But if he has a Winchester rifle and knows how to use it, the case is different. Under favorable circumstances he might stand off an army of them.

The relation, too, is liable, from extrinsic causes, to change with more than kaleidoscopic swiftness. A boy of nine has been guilty of some breach of the juvenile code, and a lad of twelve is administering a rude but effective justice. I walk across the street and seize the older boy by the collar and shake him till his teeth chatter and no questions asked. Presently a policeman appears, clubs me and marches me off to the station, followed by a jeering crowd, among whom, probably, is the victim whom I so gallantly rescued. I engage a lawyer and get off with a small fine, while the policeman gets a heavy one, or is laid off or dismissed from the force for the unnecessary use of his club. This may not end the matter. Others as well as the policeman and myself may have received too much justice at the hands of the judge, and he may be defeated in the next election. Five actors in this little drama have figured successively as the under dog, but four of them have also been the dog on top for a brief season. How shall we apportion our sympathies, and what has become of the original moral issue ?

It is to be observed here that our antipathy to the strong extends to the artificial creatures of our own making. The policeman and the judge, in the case supposed, exist for the sole purpose of enforcing the law, which is made for the protection of the weak, the strong being abundantly able to

shift for themselves. Murderers, convicted on the most positive evidence, receive the most extravagant sympathy from women whose emotional natures run away with their reason. Corporations, created to undertake enterprises too vast for individual effort, however beneficial to the public, however honestly administered, find it impossible to recover before a jury in any part of the land. Nations as well as individuals pay the penalty of their strength, which, other things being equal, is, manifestly, the measure of their civilization. To assert a manifest right against a weaker and less civilized power is to call for the indignation of the civilized world.

It is not meant to suggest that corporations and nations, as well as individuals, do not sometimes abuse their power. I merely wish to emphasize the fact that, ignoring the question at issue, we may always be depended on to condemn the strong, whatever the rights in a given case.

Curiously enough, we exercise this sympathy, at once artificial and instinctive, only as long as we are spectators. The instant that we are involved all such considerations vanish. To divest ourselves of an advantage we may have over an antagonist does not so much as occur to us. Prudence, fear of the law or public opinion, may restrain us from absolutely destroying him, but we will have our way. If he is smaller, weaker, less intelligent or skilful, that is our good fortune.

As if the matter were not sufficiently complicated, the prevalence of an equally unreasoning and precisely opposite principle is noted. We admire strength as much as we dread its exercise. To heroism we pay the most abject and willing homage. What we desire is that it shall pose as helplessness for a season and triumph unexpectedly at the last, by the exercise of more than superhuman courage, skill, or cunning. This is at the base of the Younger Brother stories in Folklore, and in the triumph of hero and heroine in literary fiction. Between the two principles our sympathies are subject to tremendous strain and are in danger of entire demoralization.

We wait for the exposition of the ethical basis. Whether one exists or not, we may see at least a prudential reason. It is, doubtless, the combination of the weak against the strong. In a community only one, logically,

a few in practice, are at the extremes of strength and weakness. All between bear a double relation, being superior to some, inferior to others. But as he need fear the stronger only, it follows that in the descending grade each will ally himself to some of the weaker. The result will be that all below the highest will be organized against that, and so on through the downward scale. Even those in the highest, through the force of heredity, will find themselves filled with the same instinct.

In a perfect government, or rather, a perfect society, neither of these principles would find place. We have far to travel to reach that ideal, but we may still look upon both as survivals from a more primitive state, whose uses are not quite outgrown, but whose exercise is attended with such uncertainty, in almost any given case, as to confuse, if not destroy, the moral issue.

ONE hot day not long ago, when buying tickets at the Brooklyn terminus of what is known to two cities as "The Bridge," I caught sight of a little family group who had evidently come from walking across the foot-path way and were preparing to return by the cars. I recognized them at once, although their names were not and never will be known to me.

The Primroses
in town.

The father was of the pastoral type, a clergyman from some little town in the western part of New York. His upper lip was shaven after a fashion that prevails in ancient daguerreotypes, and showed a firm, sweet mouth; his eyes were pleasantly eager, and his plain clothes and quiet air had that about them that differentiated him from his neighbors.

By his side, a bit distracted by her care for her brood, stood his wife, fresh-skinned, portly, capable, and pleased. They had come abroad, it was plain, to enrich their knowledge of the life of the metropolis; to dip into its noisy highways, and carry back to their green pastures sufficient data to

—warne young shepherds' wand'ring wit
Which through report of that lives painted bliss
Abandon quiet homes to seek for it
And leave their lambs to losse.—

The children, wide-eyed, sweet-lipped like their father, followed in order of succession; first the eldest son, who had been in the city

before, as I learned from the little gossip of the group, and who, in consequence, assumed a travelled air that sat oddly on his fair and freckled beauty—then the girl, who was also a beauty in the little “shepherd’s check” dedicate from time immemorial to journeys by sea and land. Her blue eyes, and hair *blonde comme les blés*, blowing across her brow, brought corn-flowers and wheat-fields into the stuffy atmosphere of the car into which we were making our way. Then there was the little lad—the Benjamin—clinging to his mother’s skirts, and peering anxiously through the glasses that were evidently his birthright from a studious ancestry.

During the six minutes of crossing, the father explained to his sons the mystery of the grip, while the girl stood by the centre door, watching the harbor filled with masts.

I had been about to board an East-Side elevated train for Forty-second Street; but when, at the parting of the ways, I saw that little flock swerve in their shepherd’s wake toward the flight of steps that should plunge them into the City Hall Park, I also swerved—they were too precious to lose—nothing metropolitan could take their place. We went down the long stairs together, a slow procession, standing at intervals stark-still—six of us—in the direct road of hurrying pedestrians, and craning our necks to look reverently at the roofs of the *Tribune*, *World*, and *Times*. I am fain to confess that the manifold clock of the first and the gilded dome of the second over-weighted the slender Italian loveliness of the *Times* in our suburban minds.

“Those are the tall buildings I told you of, Benjamin,” announced the shepherd with gentle satisfaction, and soft responsive murmurs of awed admiration wandered like a little breeze among the flock. Down in the street below, a Fourth Avenue car had jumped its track, and the usual crowd testifying to the intensity of urban curiosity, had gathered. “Oh, I hope nobody’s hurt—I’m most afraid there is”—quavered the shepherdess, while Benjamin, affrighted, hid his face. With an idea of diverting the family mind from this sad incident, the eldest boy—he who had been in New York before—now spoke.

“That is the Astor House,” he said, kindly but firmly, pointing to the Post-office building: “I remember it very well.” His father

looked confusedly at him, and inquired of the little girl, in an anxious demi-tone, “We were going to Broadway, weren’t we?”

“Yes, don’t you know the way?” she returned, in loud, fresh tones, with reciprocal anxiety. The good shepherd looked reproachfully at her, and turned vaguely into the Park.

Still I followed them, clinging to them, loving them, ignored by them, until the whole body was brought to a standstill opposite the “Astor” Post-office. “I want to cross the street here,” announced the shepherd, with a slight shade of severity in his tone, and meekly the flock followed him. I hesitated—a line of trucks rumbled between us—the spell was broken, and I sprang toward a cable car with the haste and grim determination to get somewhere immediately, that had dropped away from me while I was sight-seeing.

But all the afternoon I thought of them—wondered if perchance they would wander up to Madison Square and see the golden Diana through that mist of blighted trees, whirling above the heat-sickened crowd sitting limply on the benches beneath—wondered if the shepherd would turn about in his troubled mind the text, “Men groan from out of the city, and the soul of the wounded crieth out: yet God layeth not folly to them,” preparing his next Sunday’s sermon for that larger flock who had not dared “adventure such unknown ways.” In my fancy I saw the little group returning, very weary all of them, and Benjamin bleating fretfully, to their pleasant home; saw them pass up the garden walk on either side of which bloomed a rose of Sharon tree; and heard the shepherdess declare that it did seem good to be at home again. And in my fancy I felt the hush of a country night descend upon them as they lay with the tumult of adventure still stirring in their brains; knew that the children sank to healthy slumber, and the shepherdess to her well-earned repose; but the shepherd lay longer awake in the light of the gracious young moon, seeing dimly a gilded figure whirling above a gaunt and haggard multitude, a panorama of tall buildings and swarming streets, and asking himself wistfully whether his life would have counted had he gone down into the city.

IT is said that the optional class, devoted exclusively to the study of the modern novel, under the instruction of Dr. William L. Phelps, at Yale College, is to be discontinued next year; but the conditions that made it popular have by no means come to an end. The class was open to Seniors and Juniors only; yet it numbered two hundred and fifty members. The press widely advertised it, and the result suggested some curious reflections. Indeed the extent of the "popular interest manifested" in it is distinctly solemnizing.

A New
Seriousness.

The letters regarding it which Dr. Phelps received from everywhere—averaging three a day, and driving him to use a printed circular by way of answer—were in number little short of appalling. No less so is that army of enthusiasts, largely women, who have voluntarily formed classes to follow the same course, in two cases at least as far away as the Sandwich Islands. It was even clumsily burlesqued in *Punch*, the dialogue concluding with the Cambridge's tutor's rebuke to Robinson, the delinquent student: "On looking at your Mudie list, I find that you have only taken out ten novels in the last month." These "straws," as the politicians are saying once more after a four years' respite, suggest the possibility of a new seriousness in modern life, a life already over-serious, predisposed to sadness of manner even in its pleasures, and knowing next to nothing of the relief of *abandon*. This is not to say that there may not be a goodly number of persons who need to take their novels seriously. But, speaking for the most of us, the world has outgrown the time when novel-reading requires vindication as a legitimate and rational amusement. We have no call, as had our ancestors, to defend the "good" novel as a superior Sunday-school book, as teaching history, or as effecting desirable social reforms. Maria Edgeworth, Scott, and Dickens, for example, each in their day, had to be justified to tender consciences on some such lines as these. The pleasure of reading, the fascination of the story, was simply the sugar-coating of an efficacious article of pill. Must we, without a protest, hark back to the old "improving" theory of fiction under another name, and allow our too few sources of relaxation to be narrowed by the seriousness of art distinctions and analyses? The set seems to be that way.

If there must be a new seriousness to moderate our too few frivolities, there are so many other things than novel-reading about which it were better worth our while to be serious. Notably there are the theatre and the newspaper. Popular tolerance of anything in the way of a play, however *risqué* in motive or plot, so long as the staging is sumptuous and the dialogue clever, is a commonplace of current comment. The situation is acknowledged to be so bad that the only hopeful suggestion of possible redemption is some form of the endowed theatre. The reformer who starts a successful Society for the Promotion of Seriousness among Theatre-goers will divide honors with the noblest hero of the University Settlement. The same thing is true, *ceteris paribus*, of the newspaper. Since, then, there is so great need of cultivating seriousness in our attitude toward these, why waste it on a diversion so comparatively innocuous as novel-reading?

From still another point of view this form of seriousness is a plain case of misdirected energy. Novelists, as a class, already take themselves too seriously. Atlas holding up the world is only a figure symbolic of the novelist's conception of his own place in the scheme of the universe of to-day. To the novelist the novel is identical with modern thought; that is, it is the only adequate vehicle of expression for all the moods, broodings, hopes, aspirations, gropings, philosophies, and what-not, of modern life. If only the playwright and the editor could be brought to share with the novelist this seriousness of self-view, half the reforms necessary to modern civilization would be accomplished at a stroke. Accentuate the seriousness of novel-reading, lay it as a duty upon the consciences of novel-readers, regardless of the inevitable reaction on novel-writers, and the effect upon fiction production is impossible of estimate. Remembering that the majority of serious novel-readers are women, will there be any novel left that men of ordinary intelligence and education can read with pleasure or profit? This, by the way, is the one excuse for Dr. Phelps's novel class. Its members are young men. By so much as they learn to take their novels seriously, will they even up that broad advantage of superior culture which separates the modern woman from the modern man.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE DECORATIONS FOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS — PORTRAIT-PAINTING — STYLE — DECORATIVE ART IN AMERICA.



THE interest aroused in the public mind by the mural paintings in the Boston Public Library, and now by those in course of execution, or already executed, for the new Library of Congress, is of the happiest augury for the foundation of a school of serious monumental art in this country. We seem at last to have established a sound relation between the artist and the public, and to have found something for our painters to do which the people have a use for. There seems every reason to suppose that the movement thus initiated will become general, that the demand for decorative painting as one of the necessary elements of any scheme of lofty architecture will become universal, and that we may be on the threshold of an epoch of decorative and imaginative painting of the highest type. There is, however, a danger ahead and one that must be faced. A little carelessness on the part of those controlling such work in the selection of the artists to whom it is entrusted; a little carelessness on the part of the artists selected in the execution of their tasks; a little yielding to the desire for quantity rather than quality; and there is danger that a reaction may follow, that lassitude and disgust may take the place of interest on the part of the public, and that the present movement toward decoration may resolve itself into a passing fad, to be followed by oblivion like so many other fads.

These reflections are suggested by a recent visit to the Library of Congress, and it may be well to mention briefly the things which have called them forth. First, as to the selec-

tion of artists. It is not the commissioning of work from gross incompetence that we need fear, although it is hard to understand the extraordinary gallimaufry that will disfigure the ceiling of the reading-room of the House of Representatives. In other cases the effort has been made to select the best possible men, and the selections are, in general, excellent. The true danger is rather in the choice of artists, however eminent in their profession, who are not decorators by nature. The whole decorative movement is so new in this country, and so few of our painters have had the opportunity to show whether or no they are possessed of the decorative faculty that it is a most difficult task to apportion a great scheme of decorative painting among a number of artists, without some risk of error. Most of the work already completed in Washington is admirable and in the right tradition, but there are well-known painters still to be heard from, the nature of whose ascertained talent gives us pause. Let us hope that the suppleness of the American mind will show itself, and that, adapting their work to the new requirements, these men may show themselves no less decorators than those who have finished their tasks.

This brings us to the consideration of possible carelessness on the part of the artists themselves. So far, the painters have shown none of it, but as much cannot be truthfully said for the sculptors. Government commissions are an old story to them, and some of them seem to have thought that the importance of the work was to be measured only by the modest remuneration which the authorities were able to offer them. Our painters should understand that if this feeling is allowed to have weight with them they will run serious risk of killing the goose that lays the golden

eggs. If, like the true artists that most of them are, they will consider the opportunity rather than the payment, they may make of the Library of Congress a National Museum where will be preserved for all time the best art of which America is capable to-day, and they will insure that the progress of the movement for monumental painting shall be irresistible.

It is to the architects and the owners of buildings, rather than to the painters and sculptors, that the warning must be addressed against overloading, against the preference of anything to nothing, and against the aim at quantity rather than quality. Something of this tendency to overloading and a gilt-ginger-bread effect crops out here and there in the new Library. The exterior of the great entrance pavilion shows it, and so does the great staircase. The exceedingly clever sculptor who was commissioned to decorate the latter cannot be blamed for having accepted the commission, and the host of children's figures are executed with his usual brilliancy, but one cannot help feeling that here was a case where nothing were better than something, and that a simple balustrade of fine proportion would have been more dignified and really richer in its simplicity than all this mass of ornament.

After all, the future of decorative art in this country is really in the hands of the artists, and we believe that the best of them fully appreciate the responsibility and are accepting it in the right seriousness of spirit. There is much work doing that is wholly good to the limit of the artists' powers, and we must trust the public to discern and distinguish, and must hope that such mistakes as may be made will be counterbalanced by the general seriousness of effort.

THERE is a requisite in portrait-painting which, it is to be feared, many of our modern painters consider of small consequence. That requisite is devotion and attention to the model. In landscape or figure painting the freedom of the painter is almost boundless. He may twist color, air, light, people, as he pleases, and may warp the whole scene in nature to express his own sentiment or individuality. In fact the best of modern landscape-painting is largely the expression of a subjective feeling in the painter in which the literal truth of nature is often sacrificed to

the poetic truth of art. But the liberty of the portrait-painter is not the license of the landscape-painter. His subject is more exacting and requires the full measure of its truth of likeness. It is because the likeness is distorted and the character of the sitter is romanced that we have to-day so many indifferent, not to say bad, portraits. The personality of the sitter is sacrificed to the personality of the painter. Mrs. Brown's portrait is a marvel of color, brush-work, plein air, changeable silks—almost anything or everything pictorial, except a likeness of Mrs. Brown.

"Well, she has a picture, and what more does she want?" says the painter. The lady might answer that she wanted a likeness of herself, and not an "effect" in gray, gold, or green. That would certainly mark her as a Philistine. Any one who grumbles at paying several thousand dollars for one thing, receiving in its stead another thing, must be a Philistine. Besides, if she wished a likeness she should have gone to a photographer; artists produce only works of art. All of which may be true; but why should not the painter try to make a work of art out of a likeness? Bellini, Mantegna, Antonello da Messina and Francia did it. They were not thinking of color symphonies, millinery effects, and a variety of illuminations. Their sole aim was to tell the truth about the model before them, and in telling that truth they produced such works of art as the world has not seen since their day. Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt followed their initiative, but Van Dyck made possible the decadence. His nobility of pose and elegance of surroundings produced the picture-portrait. It was an undoubted success in his hands, but what did it become in the hands of his imitators? They caught at the silks, tapestries, and fine colors, and allowed the sitter to take care of herself. That is precisely what many of the present-day painters are doing. They are aiming at an ornate form of picture-portrait and missing the characteristic likeness. Whereat the Philistine grumbles, and the painters wonder why.

If one can give the portrait and make a picture at the same time, so much the better; but if the portrait be given with frankness and sincerity, if the model be rendered with knowledge and truth, the result will be a picture—a work of art—whether the painter so designs it or not. Holbein and Velasquez

told the exact truth about their sitters, and their simpler portraits are to-day their better pictures; Lawrence and his followers in devoting themselves to "stunning" effects not only compromised the likeness, but made the picture bizarre by emphasis in the wrong place. The tale has been more than twice told in the history of art. A simple truth is always better than an ornate falsehood.

"STYLE!" exclaimed Fénélon. "Why all the writers will tell you that it is the very thing which can least of all be changed," and poor Buffon has been made an indorser of this sentiment in the oft-quoted sentence, "Style is the man." But Mr. Brownell has told us that Buffon's sentence is garbled, and in its entirety suggests another and a different meaning. The paragraph reads like this: "To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly; it is to have at the same time mind, soul, taste. Style supposes the union and exercise of all the intellectual faculties. The style is the man."

In one sense Fénélon was perhaps right. Individuality is sometimes called style, and a man is seldom more successful in changing his nature than the leopard in changing his spots. Tintoretto was furious, Rembrandt was emotional, Rubens was splendid; and their styles were but the expressions of their individualities. In the same sense Michael Angelo had style, though a Winckelmann would have pronounced him a barbarian; Teniers had style, though Louis XIV. called him a "maggot," and would not tolerate his pictures; Delacroix had style, though the classicists said his pictures looked as though painted with a drunken broom. Each one of them expressed himself in his own peculiar way and possessed style as Fénélon described it. Why, then, were they denounced? Why were Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Millet, and Manet scouted at as rebels? Why do we to-day talk about the poems of Walt Whitman and the landscapes of Claude Monet as lacking in style since none of us denies that they show strong individualities? Is it not because they fail in giving that other style, which Sir Joshua called the "grand style," and the meaning of which Buffon suggests in that phrase, "to render properly?"

What is the proper rendering has always

been matter of dispute. Courbet said that it was born in his own five fingers, but the academician insists that it is something to be learned from the multiplied experience of all painters. This other style, then, would seem to be the opposite of "the man." It is not anything born in one, not an expression of individuality; but something taught in the schools, something that is the result of training, education, culture. It is, in short, the academic, the classic; and the lack of it is what we feel in Hugo, Manet, Whitman, and Claude Monet. They overset Aristotle and the rules, and give the lie to Raphael and Poussin. Were we looking for examples of style in modern French painting we would not turn to Delacroix, to Millet, and to Degas, men brimming over with faith and belief in their own methods, but to Ingres, to Baudry, and to Bouguereau, men who have accepted academic tradition and improved upon it even to the sacrifice of the greater parts of their individualities. Raphael possessed style because his work was the assimilation and combination of all the art knowledge of his time. Were he alive to-day he would be a member of the Institute and a professor in the École des Beaux Arts. He established for the Roman school a canon of drawing and composition, and Sir Joshua's "grand style" that he discoursed of to his pupils was but a reach back to Raphael through the Caracci, as Raphael's was a reach back to Greece through Rome.

Winckelmann's style in art was of the same objective nature. It consisted in the expression of that culture which had been handed down by the Greeks, and was best exemplified in the proportions of the Greek ideal. A sculptor like Rodin would have been his *bête noire*. The sacrifice of grace and shape for character might show individuality, but style, never. And, after all, was not Winckelmann's idea the correct one? There is no question now of which is the better, style or individuality. The question is one of definition. Individuality is a subjective quality and is "the man;" style is an objective quality and is the result of traditional teaching. If that be true, then, "the style of Manet" is a misleading phrase, since he showed individuality but not traditional training; and the "style of Lefebvre" is a correct phrase, since he shows traditional training but not individuality. The word has been used

loosely, like many other words in the art vocabulary, but it really means the same thing as style in architecture or handwriting. It does not apply to that which is peculiar or individual; it applies to that which has received the consensus of public opinion, that which is thought to be correct, that which is esteemed worthy of being perpetuated as a model.

THE decoration by Puvis de Chavannes in the Public Library in Boston is still calling forth a good deal of discussion among artists and laymen. Yet there are some weighty considerations that do not seem to be taken into due account. The panel is praised or criticised on its abstract merits alone, as it were. Some come back from a visit to Boston in raptures over the "opalescence of color," others regret to say that it looks thin and papery. Its relation to the place and setting is mentioned, of course, by all who are really capable of appreciating mural art. But this does not seem to be generally taken into due account, any more than the fact that the painter's task is not done. Not until the rest of the panels are completed and in their places have we a right to form any definite opinion of their value as an acquisition and as an example of the work of the great French master. No decorative passage should ever be judged apart from its context. With Puvis de Chavannes this should be borne specially in mind, as he is above all a true decorative painter, willing and able to make the sacrifices necessary, and never failing to obtain the unity of effect so often lacking from more "ambitious" work. Even the "Apotheosis of Victor Hugo," which it was so hard to understand in the Salon, holds its own in its place, in the light and setting for which it was calculated.

But pending the final discussion, we may as well admit frankly that the work in Boston was executed under singular disadvantages. The painter was not able to see the place. In France he makes it a rule to see the locality, and not even to decide on his subject till he has had occasion to see what seems fitted to the place architecturally and in keeping with the surroundings in a deeper sense. Some of his most successful conceptions have come as an inspiration from the

place itself. The "Porte d'Orient" at Marseilles was "seen" in this way when crossing the harbor on a steam-launch.

This more exquisite fitness was of course out of the question in Boston. It remains to be seen whether the decorative unity of composition and the intellectual unity of conception, which we may confidently expect, will make the *ensemble* tell, in spite of the disadvantages of setting and lighting. Let us admit it: the heavy luxury of butter-colored Sienna marble, with which the walls and staircase are panelled, may be "handsome" in itself, but it is not, when thus used in unrelieved masses, the best of accompaniments to mural painting that is refined in character and subdued in tone. The light is doubly trying to the French painter's work. The disposition cannot be called happy, nor is the quality of the light favorable; the strong, brilliant, American light, in which the panel is now placed, is very different from the tender, veiled, gray light of France, under which it was painted.

The moral is obvious, but may need some discussion. The indescribable quality that we call decorative unity of tone, represents something that we feel to be more than a matter of skill in painting or even subduing and lighting. Nationality, surroundings, instinctive modification, unconscious knowledge and unconscious habits of sight and rendering have a good deal to do with it. Connoisseurs in tapestry tell us that the nationality of the weaver-artist can always be told by his skies. Wherever his cartoon may hail from, or he be settled for the moment, he always unconsciously portrays the skies and tone of his native land. Puvis's own art brings an analogous teaching, and a double one. Its effect depends largely on a certain quality of unity of tone, which can only be felt, not described; and—it is *at home* in France. As the requirements of mural painting in America are more deeply understood, it will be felt, we are convinced, that great decoration can only be painted by Americans, if not living in America, at least in touch with the country, and combining all the technique of their craft with instinctive knowledge of the requirements of the case, and with that subtle harmony with the surroundings that cannot be over-estimated.

ABOUT THE WORLD



A Flying Machine that Flew.

IN more obvious traits, flying machines resemble birds also in being largely a matter of fashion. Since their season has been somewhat on the wane, probably from journalistic exhaustion, during the past three months, it happened that one of the most important events in their history has just been passed over with little comment. Among the inventors who have been puzzling over the problem of building a practicable air-ship, Professor Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, easily commands the most respectful attention, because he is a scholar and scientist of unusual attainments, and a gentleman of dignified aims and calm temperament. For several years he has been studying in a quiet Virginia workshop the laws which govern the movements of aeroplanes and the types of motors which can be made to drive a machine through the air with maximum power and minimum weight. These antecedent and personal characteristics of Professor Langley gave an importance to his experiments not always to be connoted with flying-machine makers. But more than all this, the Secretary of the Smithsonian accomplished one thing on this recent trial which, whatever should be its intrinsic value in the programmes of aeronauts, is generally omitted at the last moment. That is, his machine flew. To our minds this fact brings into play a whole new field of interest, broadened by the circumstances of the report of the trial; this was made with modest detail, with no aid from the poetical flights of a Sunday newspaper scribe, but, in fact, by

Professor A. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, who personally witnessed the flight and wrote of it to a scientific paper. This may seem a lengthy preamble to a comparatively small journey in the air; but it marks quite an epoch in flying-machine lore that the exploits of an inventor should be taken so completely from the domain of sea serpent fiction and hedged about with such a degree of authenticity. We quote Professor Bell's own words in describing the manoeuvres of this monster of Professor Langley's creation.

"The aerodrome or 'flying machine' in question was of steel, driven by a steam engine. It resembled an enormous bird, soaring in the air with extreme regularity in large curves, sweeping steadily upward in a spiral path, the spirals with a diameter of perhaps one hundred yards, until it reached a height of about one hundred feet in the air at the end of a course of about half a mile, when the steam gave out, the propellers which had moved it stopped, and then, to my further surprise, the whole, instead of tumbling down, settled as slowly and gracefully as it is possible for any bird to do, touched the water without any damage, and was immediately picked out and ready to be tried again.

"A second trial was like the first, except that the machine went in a different direction, moving in one continuous gentle ascent as it swung around in circles, like a great soaring bird. At one time it seemed to be in danger, as its course carried it over a neighboring wooded promontory, but apprehension was immediately allayed, as it passed twenty-five or thirty feet above the tops of the highest trees there, and ascending still further its steam finally gave out again, and it settled into the waters of the river, not quite a

quarter of a mile from the point at which it arose.

"No one could have witnessed these experiments without being convinced that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated."

It is an old story now that the aeronauts of the day have abandoned the search for light materials and buoyant gases in attempts on aerial navigation. The flimsiness and large area of exposure that attend the use of such means place the aeronaut at the mercy of the elements. Their hope now lies in the principle of the oyster shell which boys sail to such gratifying distances with comparatively small muscular effort, and the laws which account for soaring birds like the buzzards. Professor Langley, Mr. Maxim, and Herr Lilienthal are one in their reliance on this aeroplane theory. The mechanical peculiarity of the aeroplane's motion is similar to the gliding of a rapid skater over thin ice—the faster he goes the less danger is there of sinking. So Professor Langley has used in the building of this last and most successful machine substances actually a thousand times heavier than the air which promised to support them, and he relies entirely on the extensive area of the planes, shaped something like the wings of a hawk, and their angle to the currents of air, to achieve buoyancy. The oyster shell analogy affords luminous explanation to every man who remembers the ecstasy of seeing the white disc soar away and up long after the earth should, by all experiences of stone-throwing, have claimed her own. The flatter and thinner the shell within the limits of weight, the more astonishing the flight that resulted, unless, indeed, the edge of the missile were inclined downward instead of slightly upward. In the former case the shell darted instantly to earth, and the throw fell as much short of the average heaving of a pebble as the more scientific skim would have exceeded it.

Whatever be the immediate prospects of achieving any practically useful results with airships as war machines, or what-not, it is undoubtedly true that a large number of men of affairs are seriously interested in the experiment; so much so that the search for flight has assumed a national importance. Last winter a bill was introduced in Congress to provide for an appropriation of \$100,000 to encourage the aeronautic inventors, and now

news comes that private parties have begun to obtain subscriptions to a stock company, with an equally large capital, formed to engage in the construction of airships.

THERE was never a man more absolutely wedded to the details of his business than the late Mr. Austin Corbin. He repudiated the very idea of vacations, that is so far as he himself was concerned. It was his recreation as well as his profession to keep a steady and quick hand on the lever of his immense business operations, which he likened to a machine of marvellous complexity and interest. If ever a man succeeded in the great game of life by methodical rule, it was Mr. Corbin. He had no appreciation of the word chance, though he did know what opportunity meant.

Mr. Corbin as a
Game Preserver.

His brain could grasp with a rare degree of clearness the baffling factors of a business situation, and when this was done the rest was as the solution of a mathematical problem. It is a little curious that a man of this stamp, who would rather be in his office of a hot summer's day than on a crystal lake in the shadow of the North Woods, should have before him as his chief aim and ambition the development of an ideal recreation ground for what he believed was destined to be the largest city in the world. Long Island Mr. Corbin always looked on as the natural playground, sanitarium, and summer refuge of New Yorkers, and from the first thoughts of the railroad which made its shores accessible to the wearied city people, he recognized that this was the chief part the island was to play in the future. And with a man of these habits of thought and action it is even more strange that he should have given so much effort and money to a task based chiefly on the entirely sentimental considerations of preserving the large game animals of America, which are slowly but very surely becoming extinct through want of proper laws, and still more through lack of enforcement of such laws as there are. As a matter of fact, Mr. Corbin's Blue Mountain preserves show the most successful and important effort that has been made by private means to afford a sanctuary to the elk, deer, and other threatened species of large game. The preserves extend over twenty-six thousand acres of land, and it required thirty miles of heavy fencing to enclose them. The cli-

mate and the forest conditions are nearly perfect for the home of buffalo, elk, deer, bear, beaver, and wild boar. Some of these species are multiplying rapidly, and there are more than eight hundred elk, seven hundred deer, and five hundred wild boars at large now, with probably one hundred moose and fifty-five buffalo. In the summer of 1895 a couple of beavers began their industrious dam-building, and shortly after their arrival they were visited by several of their own species, though where the strangers came from no one can imagine, as no colony of beavers was suspected in that region.

Mr. Corbin's wilderness is managed with the same methodical arrangements that obtain in his bank and his railroad. Ten stations have been made to furnish homes for the game-keepers, who live in pleasant cottages just outside of the forest fence. These stations are all connected with the superintendent's house by telephone, and the superintendent is in telephonic communication with Mr. Corbin's residence. Every day except Sundays there are reports to the superintendent, who, in Mr. Corbin's lifetime, wired them to his office in New York. The game-keepers have to report on any trespassing, on the different animals they have seen, and give any general information that they think would interest the superintendent. Once in a while visiting sportsmen are regaled with a hunt on the mountain, and, needless to say, it is an experience which any Nimrod might hanker after. The extent of ground is sufficiently large and its character rough enough to make any game killed bring a sense of desert, and yet at every moment there is a chance for almost anything in the way of rifle meat. The elk which the hunting parties secure are described as particularly fine eating, the meat being very much more juicy than the Virginia deer, while the wild boar is, from a gastronomic point of view, far superior to the domestic swine. It has a gamy flavor, owing to the nuts, young roots, and berries which it eats, and it is not so fat and soft in flesh as the Chicago article. Mr. Corbin's project is to the game preservation in the United States what Mr. Vanderbilt's work at Biltmore is to the cause of forest protection, and its lessons will go down to generations of Americans who might have missed the sight of a buffalo or an elk, as one of the best works of a useful life.

A HARDENED fisherman, with aggressive theories about the pleasure and value of close observation, described the loveliness of a certain orchard-bordered lake in Connecticut; and especially how, in a delicious half hour of cigar after lunch, he had counted from his grassy seat on the bank not less than twenty-seven distinct varieties of birds, a great proportion of them songsters, either visible or audible from that one coign of vantage. Instead of showing the appropriate high degree of interest, tintured with admiration for the ability to find and appreciate so charming a spot—instead of generously asking for a detailed enumeration of these winged things, with some account of their ^{Birds, Bonnets, and the} identification—an auditor merely ^{and the} Audubon Society. remarked that during a recent Sunday stroll of less than half an hour he had seen on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth Streets, at least forty-three different varieties of birds, together with some objects which could not be definitely classified at a casual glance as animal, vegetable, or mineral. Needless to say he referred to the bonnets of the after-church promenaders. One result of the returning feather-wearing fashion, and the one which prompts this paragraph, is the gallant rise to action of the champions of the birds. Undismayed by the experiences of the Audubon Society a decade ago, a new association of that name has just begun an active campaign from Boston as a centre, with enthusiastic branches forming in New York and Philadelphia. The membership of the Massachusetts Audubon Society already numbers nearly one thousand people, who have agreed "not to purchase or encourage the use of feathers of wild birds for ornamentation." School children become life members on payment of twenty-five cents, and the fee for others is one dollar. The phase of the current fashion especially obnoxious to bird-lovers is the aigrette of white heron plumes which can now be seen in delicate flocks behind the show-windows of the Broadway shops. The snowy heron is a very beautiful and harmless bird, but she does not happen to be numerous enough to exist in a state of animated nature and at the same time in the bonnets of twenty millions of ladies. One excuse for the bird's lack of all-around sufficiency is the fact that these particular

plumes which now ornament Broadway are donned by the parent heron in nuptial gayety and during the period of maternity. So that each fair proprietor of an aigrette has upon her head the slaughter of not only one magnificent heron, but of a whole family. Now that hundreds of thousands of tourists visit each winter the southeastern shores of the United States there should be less difficulty in arousing a righteous indignation against those feather-hunters that have almost exterminated the millions of gorgeous birds which only a few years ago brightened the small semi-tropical islands off the Texas and Florida coasts.

That the effort to save the ornamental bird-species must be based on the growth of a widespread sentiment for their preservation, rather than on the mere enactment of laws against butchery, has been recognized from the first by those people who join with their love for the birds some experience in out-of-door life. And it produces only sadness to read in the circular of these latest reformers the programme for legislative aid. No hope can be had from new prohibitory laws. There are any number of these on the statute books of many States, but there is no pretence of enforcing them.

Mr. George Bird Grinnell and his companions in the earlier crusade brought out some curious facts in regard to the bird-slaughter caused by the exigencies of bonnet making. From one small district in Long Island bird-skins were shipped at the rate of 200,000 a year, and the entire sacrifice of bird life for purposes of adornment is set down at 20,000,000 songsters per year in America alone. Lest readers of a mathematical turn should be perplexed by the consequence of an acceptance of these figures, it should be added that a bonnet is oftentimes considered incomplete with the spoils of a single bird. One correspondent reported the barbaric splendor of a hat bearing the heads of no less than twenty small singing birds, peering in a ghastly row over its brim.

It is a good omen for the success of this newest bird-saving movement beginning in the three great Eastern cities, that its arguments are concentrated honestly on the sentimental reasons for reform—its sufficient and surest reason for existence. It must be purely

a matter of sentiment, and the bird-lovers are out of their element and at a disadvantage if they appeal to other arguments. Some of the most devoted champions of the Audubon Society have sought to make a stronger fight by appealing primarily to the material value of the small birds as insect destroyers, with an added claim that even the larger hawk species are indispensable to agricultural interests in the rôle of rat and mole catchers. But a great many very well-informed people consider that the song-birds have a too decided partiality for fruit to leave them economical agents as fly-catchers, and as there are really sober doubts about their merits which will scarcely be settled with scientific finality, it seems very unwise to make arguments which will challenge opposition when the æsthetic reasons for protection are so adequate and so generally appreciated. The roughest old farmer will become suffused with anger at the wanton slaughter of a robin which has nestled beside his porch and sung him awake in the cool of the June mornings, but if you attempt to persuade Reuben that the destruction worked by a red-breast with epicurean certainty in the very choicest strawberries and cherries is paid for in the worm-killing of a bird that refuses to touch an elm beetle—much less contract for some hundred millions of them—you will have a difficult case in court. If any further proof is needed of the futility of this plea for bird protection, one need only refer to a short letter of self-defence from no other than John Burroughs, who—of all men—had been accused of shooting Baltimore orioles. The author of "Wake Robin" not only admitted the charge, but announced a firm intention to continue his gun practice so long as these gayly colored and mellifluous thieves persisted in making inroads on the fine grapes which he cultivated along the banks of the Hudson. If we want an impregnable position as bird defenders let us say honestly that we obtain more enjoyment from the thrushes singing in the trees than from their carefully cured remains in ladies' bonnets; and if it can be delicately insinuated that birds in the latter condition suffer chiefly by reason of the comparisons inevitable from their situation—perhaps we may be hearkened to.



1

2

3

4

5

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

SEPTEMBER 1896

No. 3

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAFF-LINSON

IT seemed a hazardous experiment to institute a series of international athletic contests under the name of Olympic Games. The sun of Homer, to be sure, still smiles upon Greece, and the vale of Olympia is still beautiful. But no magician's wand and no millionaire's money can ever charm back into material existence the setting in which the Olympic Games took place. It is only in *thought* that we can build again the imposing temples and porch-

es, set up the thousands of statues, make the groves live again, bring back the artists, musicians, poets, philosophers, and historians, who came both to gaze and to contribute to the charm of the occasion. Never again will athletes move in such an athletic atmosphere, winning eternal glory in a few brief moments. The full moon of the summer evening with Pindar's music and wreaths upon the victor's brow belong to the days that are no more, to the childhood of the world free and joyous. We are those "upon whom the ends of the world are come."

Another race hath been and other palms are won.
For most of us life is serious, if not sad.

Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

has no greater glory as long as he lives than what he does with his hands and his feet." Clergymen and professors over fifty years old have been caught in summer-time in the North Woods, or elsewhere, showing more pride in a long jump than in their learning or their standing.

Back of Olympia, against which the philosopher Xenophanes protested, and back of the modern "athletic craze," so feared by some of the serious friends of the colleges, lies the athletic instinct, which has caused history thus to repeat itself. The International Committee was safe in appealing to this instinct, and the first contest at Athens has been a brilliant success.

If it did not have the old setting at Olympia, which was the growth of ages, all that could be done to replace this was provided. The restored Panathenaic Stadion; innumerable bands of music; concerts; illuminations at

Typical Decorations in the city during the Games

But although no athletic contest will ever have the splendor of Olympia, the experiment of international contests was not really hazardous. The athletic *habit* may be in a measure lost, as has been shown especially in Greece, but the athletic *instinct* never dies. Let a man try how far he can jump or throw a weight almost anywhere, in any civilized country, and for aught I know also among savages, and the unoccupied bystanders feel an irresistible impulse to join in an impromptu athletic contest. The desire to outleap, outrun, and outwrestle is just as strong now as it was when old Homer recorded: "A man

Athens and Peiræus; torchlight processions and fireworks; the presence of the royal family of Greece in the Stadion, accompanied by the King of Serbia, the Grand Duke George of Russia, whose engagement to Princess Marie, the daughter of the King of Greece, was announced on the day before the opening of the games, and the widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria with her two daughters; and, more than all, a maximum attendance of sixty thousand people, gave something to replace Olympia, and almost persuaded one that the old times had come around again when there was nothing more

serious to do than to outrun, outleap, and outwrestle.

There were some intellectual accompaniments of the occasion. The "Antigone" of Sophokles was presented twice at Athens and once at the Peiræus, in the original text, with music for the choruses by Mr. Sakellarides, a Greek well versed in Byzantine music, who also with his fine voice and boundless enthusiasm officiated as chorus-leader. The newspapers, which for the most part represented a rival faction in music, had for some time made merriment at the idea of Sakellarides vying as a composer with Mendelssohn. For the first hour of the first presentation the theatre was in a hubbub, but Sophokles, who is always effective, silenced it. The music, which was somewhat uniform, achieved a triumph, in that some of the opposing faction confessed that it was not so bad as they had expected, which is a good deal for a musical partisan to say. The greatest wrong done to Sophokles was that the actors of the two leading rôles, Kleon and Antigone, put little soul into their parts, which made the play a disappointment to one who had seen "Antigone" presented at Vassar College in 1893. A fine opportunity was lost.

The dead also were not forgotten. A procession of native and foreign scholars marched past the Academy to Kolonos, and with appropriate ceremonies placed wreaths upon the somewhat neglected monuments of Karl Ottfried Müller and Charles Lenormont.

But the kernel of everything was the events of the Stadion. Here for a week everything centred. The wiles of the diplomats ceased. There was no

call for "poring over miserable books." Bodily excellence, especially the power to gather all one's forces together for one supreme effort, came to the front. Almost anyone who had gifts of strength or skill had an opportunity to display them and to win generous applause. Young men full of the *gaudium certaminis* were the heroes of the hour.

An ancient Greek, had he come to life again, would have missed some of the events of his old games. The pancration, with its brutalities, was happily lacking. Even boxing was omitted. He might have asked with some reason why the pentathlon was not retained as a test of general athletic excellence. He would hardly have acquiesced in the substitution of the boat-races at Phaleron for the ancient chariot-races, and would doubtless have thought the pistol and rifle shooting a poor substitute for throwing the javelin. Probably he would have approved of the swimming-matches, and looked curiously at the fencing. But of all the additions to his old list of games he would have found lawn-tennis and bicycling most removed from ancient athletics. Considering, however, not the shades of ancient Greeks but the modern world, ought not the patrons of the contest to have persuaded Englishmen and Ameri-

BUYING TICKETS . . .

cans to add to the sports games of football and baseball?

It was a happy thought of the committee to bring the first contest to Greece, the mother of athletics. The visiting contestants were forced into contact with history, and their visit to Greece was an education. The Greek athletes, on the other hand, have received an impulse and a suggestion of higher standards than they had hitherto thought possible. In four years from now they will be among the foremost contestants for athletic honors. The effect will be good on both sides.

Of course it must be conceded that the success achieved at Athens might have been even more brilliant at Paris or New York, but who knows? Two circumstances were adverse to Athens: First, it is a small city of only 130,000 inhabitants, and some of its best citizens felt that a wrong was being done to it in thrusting upon it the burden of an honor to which it was inadequate, and that foreigners would simply come to "see the nakedness of the land." But in spite of the shortness of the time allowed for preparation, Athens responded nobly to the call, and put the doubters to shame. It was, however, chiefly George Averoff, who, by

furnishing the money to restore the old Panathenaic Stadion, contributed to this success. The visitors are unanimous in their praise of the adequate and warm hospitality afforded them by the Athenian people.

The other difficulty was the season of the year, and this difficulty proved in a measure irremediable. The time was prescribed within somewhat narrow limits. Summer was excluded on account of heat, and winter on account of certain bad weather. October was a possibility, but some time in the spring was the natural time if Greece was to be the place. Perhaps a mistake was made in choosing a date a few weeks earlier than was necessary. But even the first part of May would hardly have obviated the difficulty, which excluded, for example, the New York Athletic Club, viz., that it was impossible for the members to get into good form for track athletics, and take the field in a country so distant as Greece so early in the year. The same feeling was expressed by the Germans, who did come. This consideration, to say nothing of some incipient national jealousies, lessened somewhat the number of contestants from several countries. England notably was not well represented.

7

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

For America the time was particularly unfavorable, as it practically excluded college athletes, for whom a visit to Greece was greatly to be desired as an educational stimulus. It was almost impossible for students, especially seniors approaching graduation, to secure leave of absence at this time of the year. Princeton alone of the colleges, perhaps largely through the influence of Professor Sloane, who has been interested in the enterprise from its inception, sent a direct representation of four men: Robert Garrett, Jr., Captain, H. B. Jamison, F. A. Lane, and A. C. Tyler. The Boston Athletic Association sent a delegation composed of Arthur Blake, T. E. Burke, E. H. Clarke, T. P. Curtis, and W. W. Hoyt. J. B. Connolly, of the Suffolk Athletic Club, accompanied them. Blake, Clark,

Hoyt, and Connolly were members of Harvard University, which was thus indirectly represented. In the same way Burke represented Boston University, and Curtis represented the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Columbia College. Thus the athletes who represented America in the Stadion were all college men, making for America a fair and genuine representation. Greece will not soon forget this frank response from so remote a land. In spite of the poor representation of England and the total defection of Italy, Russia, and Turkey, the games took on a fairly international character.

There was also a danger that in the first part of April there might be bad weather. In the first days of May there was certainty of good weather. Still, even in April one might count the dan-

gerasslight. But this year the worst that could be expected actually happened. The multitude present at the unveiling of the statue of Averoff at the entrance to the Stadion, on Sunday, the day before the opening of the games, was drenched by a heavy, persistent rain. Clouds also hung heavy and dark over the Stadion all the afternoon of Monday, in spite of which, however, the games went on without interruption. Wednesday was the coldest day since February, and is likely to have caused much illness in connection with the bicycle races and the lawn-tennis tournament, since a cutting

ZAPPEION.



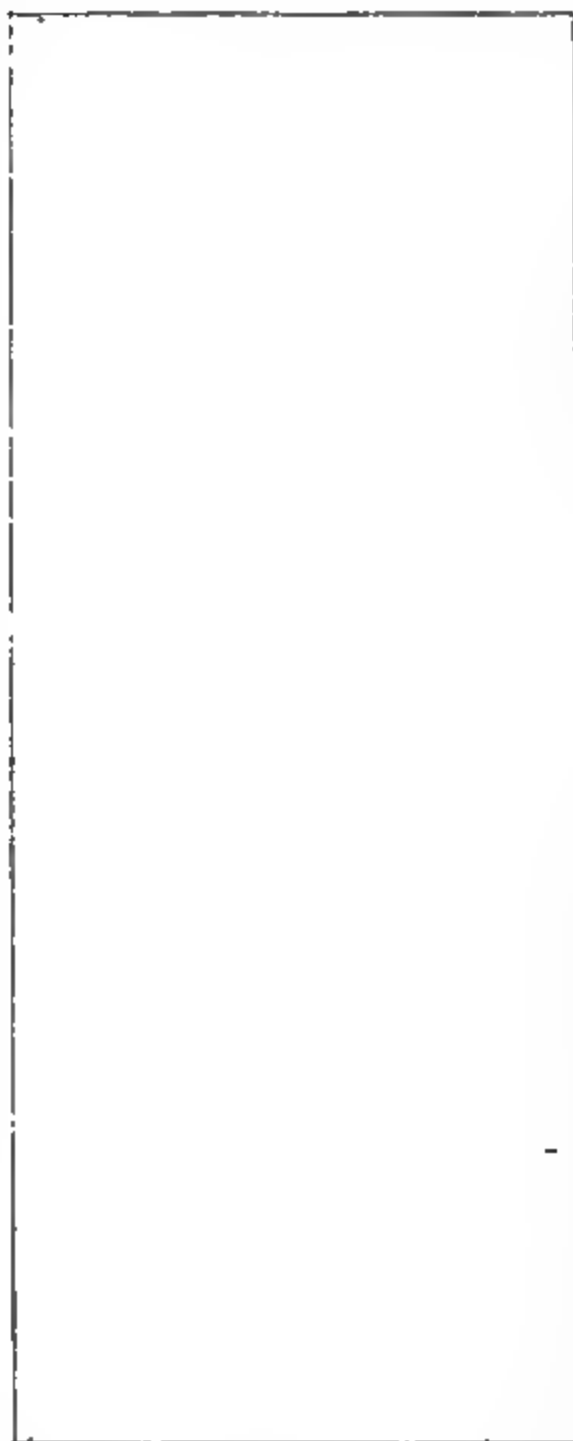
north wind swept over the plain of Phaleron where those contests were held. On Thursday, April 9th, the spite of the elements appeared most conspicuously. Pentelicus was covered with snow nearly down to its base, an event probably unparalleled in the weather record for this time of the year. On the following Monday the boat-races at Phaleron were postponed, and ultimately given up, on account of a steady gale from the south, and the crew of the San Francisco lost their chance in the races, as they had to leave the Piræus the next morning. The distribution of the prizes, which was to take place on the following day, was prevented by a rain like that of Easter. The crowd dispersed after an hour of fruitless waiting under umbrellas. All this more than justified the forebodings of the King, who remarked, when he heard of the time proposed for the games, that we often had bad weather about Independence day; and sent the visitors away with the false impression that Greece did not have much advantage over more northern countries in its spring weather.

For Greece the time was in one way conspicuously, brilliantly opportune. Sunday, April 5th, was the Greek Easter, which on this year coincided with the European Easter. This was as usual celebrated with pomp and noise like our Fourth of July, the law prohibiting the sale of large torpedoes being in abeyance on that day. The next day, the opening day of the games, was the an-

niversary of Greek Independence, when all the army is wont to appear in fine array. This made a congeries of holi-

days almost bewildering to one wishing to be quite sure what he was celebrating, and gave to the period of Easter a character befitting the name given it by the Greeks, "Lambri," the brilliant. Easter itself was made the proagon to the games by the unveiling of the statue of Averoff.

The attendance in the Stadion, in spite of cold weather, ran up to 35,000 on the first day. It was somewhat less on subsequent days until Friday, the last great day, when the Stadion was filled to its utmost capacity, i.e., with 50,000 people. But outside and above the enclosing wall of the Stadion, especially on the west side, where the hill runs up much higher than this wall, were congregated from seven to ten thousand more, poor people, a sea of down-turned faces, reminding one of those old Athenians who, not getting into the theatre, contented them-



T. B. CONNOLLY, Suffolk A. C., U. S. A.
The first man to win a final, on the opening day
(triple jump, 45 feet).

selves with "the view from the poplar." Many more stood outside the entrance to the Stadion, just across the Ilissos, on ground even lower than the floor of the Stadion, where they could see nothing of what was going on inside, but could only catch something of the spirit of the occasion from proximity. On Friday probably nearly one hundred thousand people were massed in and about the Stadion, besides which the whole road to Marathon was lined with spectators.

Entrance to the Stadion was, according to our ideas, cheap enough, being two drachmas for the lower half and one for the upper. The drachma, which at par is a franc, owing to the depreciated currency of poor Greece, has now a value of only about twelve cents. It is significant of the *res augusta domi* in Greece that the newspapers made an appeal to the committee during the games to reduce the price of admission by one-half, on the ground that heads of families could not afford to pay such prices. The reduction, it was claimed, would fill the Stadion, and the committee was reminded that the object of the games was not to make money, but to have a joyous festival for all. Yawning chasms of seats were indeed repellant. There was absolute safety if every seat was filled. Nothing

could give way and cause a panic, inasmuch as the seats of Peiræus stone, wood, and marble were but a lining of the solid hillside beneath. But no reduction was made, and when the interest was strong enough the Stadion was filled without it.

The forty thousand or more people who were present at the opening were enough to stir that deep feeling caused by the presence of a multitude, the

feeling which made Xerxes weep at the Hellespont. When King George entered with his family, and walked the length of the Stadion, accompanied all the way by the acclamations of this mass, he is said to have declared his emotion to have been so great that he could with difficulty compose himself for the great historic act of reopening the Olympic Games after they had remained in abeyance for fifteen centuries.

S. BERSES, ONE OF THE GREEK

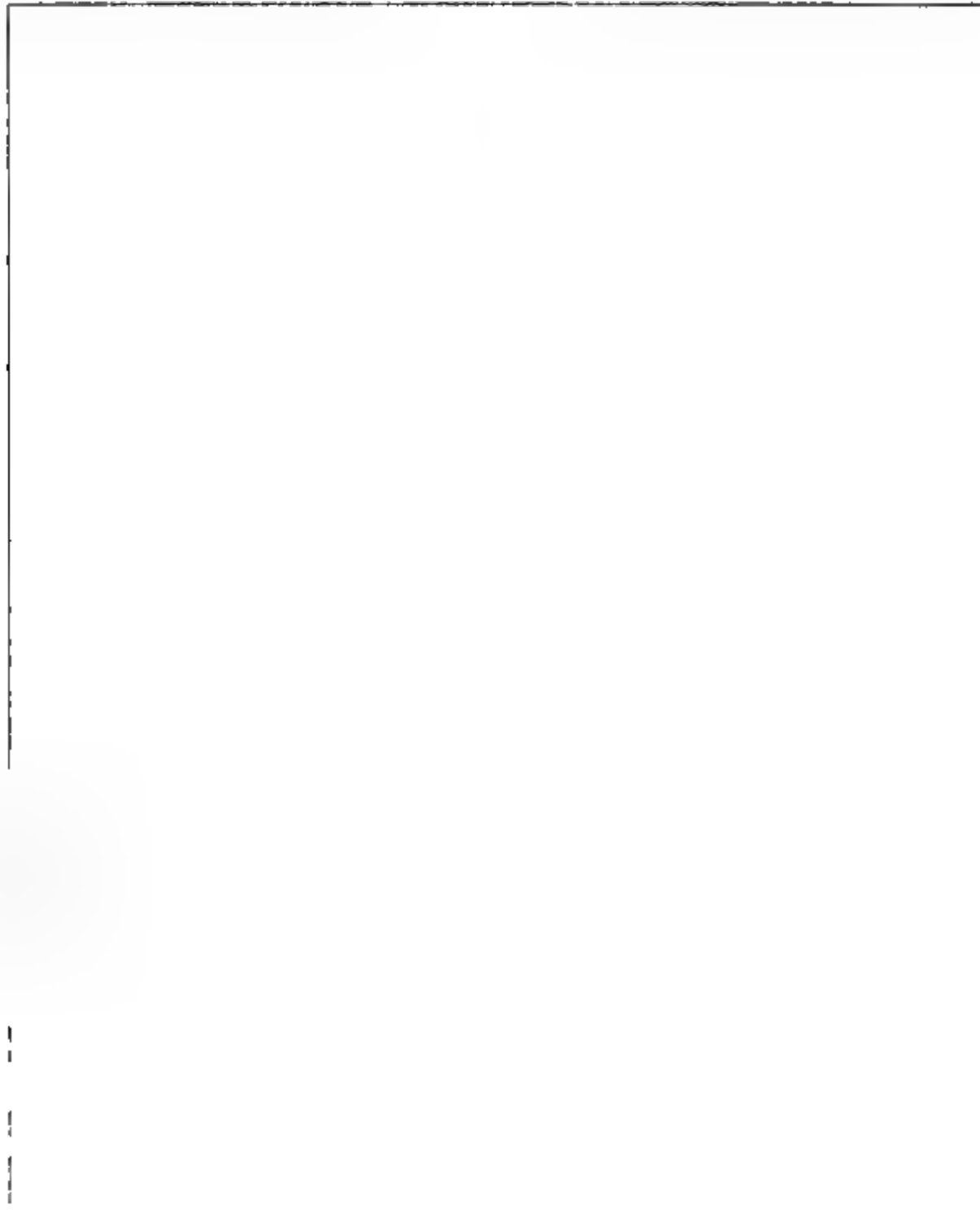
wer
5
76.

The audience, like the athletes, was cosmopolitan. All the tongues of Europe were heard. But all the foreigners together amounted to only a few thousands. At least nineteen-twentieths of the mass were Greeks. For the reason that the greater part of the events of the Stadion were won by foreigners the enthusiasm, which on such occasions is more important than mere numbers or even sharpness of competition, was during much of the time somewhat lacking. The applause was generous, but not wild.

While at Olympia a mass of fellow-townsmen watched each contestant with the keenest interest, in the Athenian Stadion, even if the crowd had been tolerably evenly apportioned ac-

cording to the nationalities of the contestants, it is doubtful whether the intensity of feeling between Frenchman and German, or Englishman and Greek, could have equalled that which was evoked at Olympia between Dorian and Ionian. Indeed the closer the tie and the more intimate the acquaintance the sharper often was the rivalry. A Mantinean could more easily endure defeat at the hands of an Athenian or a Locrian than at the hands of a neighbor from Tegea who might cross his path any day.

In the games at Athens the generous national rivalry was acknowledged by the displaying, after each event, of the flag of the victor's country on a pole erected at the entrance to the Stadion.



ATHLETES, THROWING THE DISCUS.

THE WRESTLING CONTEST. (Friday, late afternoon.)

Our own country became conspicuous at the outset. On Monday, in the first contest of the games, Lane, of Princeton, won the first heat in the 100 metre race. This seemed almost glory enough for one day; but Burke and Curtis proceeded to win the other two heats also. Next came the triple jump, which was won by Connolly, and the first flag that was run up was ours. After the intervention of another event, in which no American was entered, came the throwing of the discus, in which Garrett beat the Greeks at what was regarded as their own game, and again the American flag went up. Next came the 400 metre race, in which both heats were taken by Americans—Jamison and Burke. In the five contests of the day, then, the Americans had won the only two that were decided, and in two of the others they had won all the heats. It is no wonder that the victories of the Americans became

the talk of the town. The Hungarians, who alone of all the athletes wore a distinctive mark on the street—straw-hats with uniform bands—had scored the first point in the favor of the populace by stepping forward and depositing a wreath at the foot of the Averoff statue at the unveiling. And they remained popular all through the festival. But now they were relegated to the second place. The American athletes were the heroes of the hour. They were lionized and followed by enthusiastic crowds wherever they went at evening. One paper accounted for their prowess by the consideration that in their composite blood "they joined to the inherited athletic training of the Anglo-Saxon the wild impetuosity of the red-skin." Even the Australian, who, on the second day won the 1,500 metre race, was set down as one of us. An educated Greek, whose notions of geography being derived from school-

THE BROAD JUMP. (Tuesday)

days were probably a little vague, said to me, "Australian, why it is the same thing." Being busy in watching another American victory I had no time to set him right.

This second day went much like the first. Curtis began by winning one of the two heats in the hurdle race, Hoyt coming in second. Then the long jump narrowed down to three Americans, who finished in the order, Clark, Garrett, Connolly. Then the final heat in the 400 metre race resulted in Burke first, Jamison second. Then, after a close contest, Garrett succeeded in putting the shot farther than his Greek competitor, the favorite of the Stadion, whom the crowd called Hermes, from his fine form and motions.

The Americans were also evidently great favorites with the audience, partly, perhaps, because they lived so far away as

to take the place occupied in Homer by "the blameless Æthiopians," almost beyond the sphere of their jealousies and antipathies. An old priest who sat two seats in front of me kept turning and asking, with smiles, "Is that one of yours?" adding, after an affirmative answer, "Yours are doing well." The danger now was that if the few American spectators made too much demon-

stration this good-will might be turned to envy.

Three times again this second day the American flag went up, and not until the fifth event, the lifting of heavy weights, did another flag reach the masthead during these two days ; then the Danish flag was displayed for the victory in lifting with two hands, and the British flag for the victory with one hand. In the sixth and last event of the second day, the 1,500 metre race, for the first time an American was

beaten by a man of another nation, Blake coming in second, while the first place was taken by Flack, an Australian, but that was "the same thing."

It was almost a relief when Wednesday was given up to contests outside the Stadion, and when on Thursday the Germans came out strong on their favorite "Turn" exercise, their squad excelling the Greeks in the accomplishment of more difficult exercises even when the Greek squads kept better form. The Germans also showed some

brilliant individual practice. On this day the Greeks also succeeded in getting their flag to the masthead.

But the gymnastic exercises did not fill the Stadion as the running matches had done, and the individual contest in vaulting the wooden horse, with twenty contestants, and the horizontal bar contest, with about the same number, nearly emptied it. The victories of this day depended on the judgment of the committee, and however fair it might be, it was, after all, of opinion, and the spectators that the award resulted from discussion and contrary to their own opinion, which was at variance with that which was expressed at the masthead.

The real athletic contest is that which is decided by measurements and time-keeping beyond the possibility of dispute, affording results which the spectators can see for themselves. Such is pre-eminently the run. This, in the present games, as always and everywhere, evoked the keenest interest. It is explicable that for over fifty years at Olympia the games consisted simply of running matches, and that they were always regarded as the central events. It is no wonder that the great apostle, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was so impressed by this feature of the Greek games that he is constantly alluding to it, saying, "So run," "Ye did run well," "I press toward the mark." In the Athenian Stadion the "cloud of witnesses" also was brought vividly to mind.

With the reassembling in the Stadion on Friday came a heightening of the good will between the Greeks and the Americans, caused by the American athletes displaying little Greek flags besides their own and the distinctive marks of orange and black for Princeton and the unicorn's head for the Boston Athletic Association. There came also a repetition of the same story of

A CLERICAL GROUP.

American victories. The first event was the final heat in the 100 metre race, which was won by Burke, with Hoffmann, German, second. Then the competition in the high jump narrowed down, like the long jump of Tuesday, to three Americans—Clark, Garrett, and Connolly, and was finally won by Clark. Then followed the final heat of the hurdle race, won by Curtis in an exciting contest, the Englishman, Goulding, being neck and neck with him at the last hurdle. Then came the pole vault, which was immeasurably drawn out by the bar being lifted inch by inch for Greek competitors, long before the Americans, Hoyt and Tyler, had felt called upon to take off their "sweaters" and really compete. These two finally settled the contest at a height about a foot and a half above that at which the other contestants had struggled. When Hoyt had won, the King requested him to try a still higher notch, 3.30 metres, which he accomplished to the King's evident satisfaction. But even this was below Hoyt's own previous record. It is worthy of note that in the whole course of the games no world record was broken.

Three times already before this the American flag, and no other, had gone up on this day. A detachment of the crew of the San Francisco, who had not, like the other Americans, got tired of cheering on former days, roared lustily everytime the flag was displayed. But with the pole-vaulting America rested its case; and even before its flag went up for this fourth time the great event of this great day came in, preventing envy, and stopping for a time the talk of American invincibility.

The Greeks had waited long for their turn. On Tuesday they thought that in putting the shot their man had won, whereas he had not reached by several inches a mark attained by Garrett in one of his earlier trials. For the first time one then felt the real heaving of the heart of the multitude. Misled by the applause and sharing the general impression, the man intrusted with the posting of the record put up the number of the Greek as the winner. The revulsion of feeling which came with the speedy correction of the error was all the more painful. It was not until a quarter past five on Thursday that the Greek flag was run up, when the judges decided that Metropoulos had surpassed the others in the gymnastic exercise with the rings. Then the difference was made manifest between generous applause hitherto bestowed on foreigners and real delight in victory, all the more intense for the long delay and the disappointment. Then it was that if the seats had not rested upon solid earth they might have come down. The young victor after being carried about on the shoulders of the crowd went to the dressing-room, kissed by his father and brother as he passed them. At last the Greeks had an Olympionikes, although it was only in a minor feat of gymnastics. But greater things were yet to come.

The run from Marathon was felt by all the Greeks to be the principal event of the games. National pride would have been deeply touched at losing it. Some of those who had practised this run in anticipation would have been almost, if not quite, content to reach the goal, and like the ancient runner on the day of the great battle, shout out

with their remaining breath, *χαίρετε, νικώμεν*, and die.

For this run there were eighteen entries, twelve of them Greeks. Germany, France, Hungary, the United States, and Australia were also represented. Stories were circulated regarding the prowess of the Australian and the American, who had come in first and second in the 1,500 metre race. A mile run, to be sure, was a different thing from coursing that long road from Marathon. Still the Greeks were anxious. The men started from Marathon at two o'clock on Friday, to run into the Stadion to a string stretched out at the Sphendone, a distance of forty kilometres, or about twenty-five miles. The one hundred thousand people waiting for them in and about the Stadion could know nothing of the stages of the contest, how three foreigners, the dreaded Australian and the dreaded American, and even before them, the Frenchman, took the lead and held it up to a point within a few miles of Athens; how they one by one then felt the awful strain of the agony, and at last succumbed easily to anyone who seemed to have retained more strength than they; and how others, fiercely laboring, came one by one into the first places—stages afterward so graphically told by those who watched them.

Shortly after half-past four a cannon-shot, the signal that the leading runner was approaching, electrified the mass. The pole-vaulting could not go on. After awhile a man wearing the Greek colors, light blue and white, was seen struggling toward the Stadion amid the yells of myriads of throats, "Elleen! Elleen!" (A Greek! A Greek!), and as he made his way through the Stadion the crowd went mad for joy. The stalwart Crown Prince, the president of the games, and the still more stalwart Prince George, the referee, led, or rather almost carried, this victor before the royal seat in the Sphendone, and the usually quiet king himself had meanwhile nearly ripped off the visor of his naval uniform cap in waving it wildly in the air. Pity it would have been had a foreigner won this race. None felt this more keenly than the

foreign athletes themselves. All who were present will remember the commotion of the crowd in the Stadion in that moment of victory as one of the greatest scenes of their lives. In the gentle light of the sun of Attica, as it inclines toward the horizon, a light not known elsewhere in the world, the magnificent gift of Averoff, the new Stadion—and yet the old—receives its real dedication. Athletics were crowned in it as never before in modern times. Here was inspiration for a painter.

The one coveted honor of the games was fairly won by the Greeks, and held almost beyond the reach of envy. Shortly after the winner's arrival came two other Greeks, and then an Hungarian. The next five in order were also Greeks. It was a Greek victory with a vengeance.

The winner, who accomplished the run in the remarkably short time of two hours, fifty-eight minutes, and fifty seconds, is Spyridion Loues, a well-to-do farmer, twenty-four years old, from Marousi, a village on the road from Athens to Kephissia, and near to the latter

One of the Street Decorations

place. He was one of the latest entries for the race. Just before going out to Marathon on Friday he is said to have taken the sacrament from the priest of his native village, saying that he wished to invoke the aid of heaven in his great struggle.

It is difficult to ascertain just what Loues has been doing since the race. A cycle of myths is already growing up about him. It is not uninteresting to be present at this genesis of myths in which the newspapers play a considerable part. It was reported of Loues that he declined all gifts offered him, and declared that all he wished was the royal clemency for his brother, who was

in prison. But since he has asserted in print that he has no brother in prison, and since others have asserted for him that he has no brother at all, that myth is for the present disposed of as far as Athens is concerned; but who can stop a fiction that is gone out into all the earth? The same may be said of another story published in the papers here in regard to Garrett, to the effect that after his victory in putting the shot he sent home to Princeton this telegram, "Guskos conquered Europe, but I conquered the world." A news-

paper man subsequently confessed that this telegram was a fiction of his, but he took great pride in it; for he said it was what Garrett ought to have sent. It was also reported in the papers that the American athletes just before running and jumping bowed their heads and "said American prayers."

But to return to Loues, what seems to be known about him is that while everybody in Athens wanted to get hold of him and give him something—watches, suits of clothes, freedom of barber

shops and cafés for life, in short, to spoil him—he hurried away to his native village to share his happiness with his most intimate friends. On Sunday, dressed in fustanella, he took breakfast at the royal palace with the other athletes and members of the committee in charge of the games, and bore himself with becoming modesty, but with composure, even in the presence of the King. As he went out he was met at the door by his father, who, as they drove slowly through the streets, enjoyed his son's glory so visibly that one hoped that it might be as continuous as that of one of the old Olympic victors, and that he might re-

main also as modest as before the victory. If he does fulfil the latter wish his victory in this will be even greater than that already won. Of course he has not been able to prevent cafés from being named after him, but he has refused an offer of 25,000 drachmas from one man and of 100 drachmas a month for life from another, partly, at least, from a desire to keep his amateur standing as an athlete, and perhaps run again from Marathon in 1900.

The thorough and unquestioned amateur spirit of the whole contest is most conspicuously shown in this case of Loues; but besides this a charge made in one of the papers that a German, Schumann, who won the wrestling match, was a professional, was thoroughly sifted and disproved. The entire absence of betting also is another pleasant feature in which the games differed from many other athletic contests of the modern world. Athletics moved on a high plane, and were carried on with a dignity that ought not soon to be forgotten.

The amateur spirit of the occasion was emphasized again at the final scene, the distribution of the prizes. Although the bestowal of a prize can never equal in interest the winning of it, still an enormous crowd had gathered in the Stadion on Wednesday morning after the disappointment of Tuesday. It was the gala day of the festival, with no anxious straining of mind or muscle, but pervaded by general gladness. The prizes looked very simple, the committee having decided to award no prizes of value. But there lay one prize which an Olympionikes might well covet, branches of wild olive, fresh from Olympia, to be given to each victor along with his medal and diploma. Those who had won two contests received two branches. When the king had given to each victor his prizes with fitting words and smiles, the crowd appropriated the remainder of the pile of branches. Every twig and every leaf was treasured up as a souvenir of the occasion.

The Crown Prince had offered a silver cup to the victor with the discus. The king for a moment gave place to

the Crown Princess, the sister of the Emperor of Germany, who presented this beautiful cup to Garrett. Loues also must needs have something more than the "corruptible crown." He received the magnificent silver cup given by the Frenchman Breal, as well as an ancient vase portraying a race, which he afterwards, with rare good sense, presented to the museum. The appearance of Loues was again the signal for the crowd to turn frantic with joy. Greek flags appeared everywhere, from the big one at the masthead to the little ones carried up into the air by numerous doves. Flags and flowers literally filled the air.

As the participants and patrons of the games reflect over the events of the ten days their unanimous feeling is well expressed in the phraseology employed by one of their number. "I am an optimist," said he, "and I always expected a success; but I never expected such a success." Greece has not only won the Marathon run, but it has gained a standing among the nations of the world, whose delegates will never forget their reception here. It is a small and poor kingdom, but like ancient Hellas, great in qualities of soul.

During and since the games events have in one way taken an unexpected turn. So elated were the Greeks with the happy way in which everything was going that they early began to think of having the next meet also at Athens. The thought perhaps did not originate with them. It was reported at first as a suggestion of England, coming as an expression of the Prince of Wales. Nobody seems to have thought of the incongruity of England, which was hardly represented in the present contest, being the proposer; but the proposal was eagerly caught up. King George was only voicing the sentiment of which the air was full, when, at the breakfast given to the athletes at the palace, he expressed the hope that, "in view of the success of the games the strangers who have honored Greece with their presence, and who have been so cordially received, will fix upon our country as a European meeting-place of the nations, as the continuous and

abiding field of the Olympic Games." This utterance was seconded a few days later by the following memorial, drawn up and signed by all the American athletes:

To His Royal Highness, Constantine, Crown Prince of Greece.

We, the American participants in the International Olympic Games of Athens, wish to express to you, and through you to the Committee and to the people of Greece, our heartfelt appreciation of the great kindness and warm hospitality of which we have been continually the recipients during our stay here.

We also desire to acknowledge our entire satisfaction with all the arrangements for the conduct of the games.

The existence of the Stadion as a structure so uniquely adapted to its purpose; the proved ability of Greece to competently administer the

games, and above all, the fact that Greece is the original home of the Olympic Games; all these considerations force upon us the conviction that these games should never be removed from their native soil.

This memorial, signed also by many resident Americans, had all the more significance from the fact that America had already been designated by the International Athletic Committee as the place for the games in 1904.

But this movement was especially unwelcome to the French, who had counted upon having the games as an ornament to their great exhibition at Paris in 1900. Baron Coubertin, the member of the International Committee for France, and perhaps more than

The
Prime
Minister

The
Crown
Princess.

Mr. Philoman.

The King

The
Crown Prince.

Loves, the Mara-
thon Winner.

The Athletes.

any other one man the originator of the whole project of the revival of the Olympic Games, was too good a diplomatist to give up this great advantage without an effort. In a semi-official conference with the Crown Prince he proposed what he wished to have regarded as a compliance with the general desire: that Athens

should have its quadrennial games, and that foreign athletes should be invited to take part in them; but that these games should be called the "Athenaia," as a more suitable name, and that they should take place in 1898, 1902, and so on. That the International Games already projected should be held according to the programme originally drawn up by the committee: in Paris, in 1900; in America, 1904; Stockholm, 1908; London or Berlin being suggested as the next place, all the great capitals to have their turn sooner or later.

It did not require much perspicacity on the part of the Greeks to see that

this was only a seeming compliance, and that the "Athenaia" would be overshadowed by the games at the great capitals which would bear the name "Olympic Games." With them it was "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

While Coubertin falls back on an international agreement, the Greeks plead that not only is a neu-

Medal presented to Victors.

tral country the natural gathering-place, but that contrary policy is confronted by a danger threatening to shipwreck the games so successfully launched, viz., that if the games are held in Paris in 1900, Germany will never tolerate waiting twelve years longer for her turn, will perhaps even take umbrage at France being preferred for the first place.

From all this it seems clear that the Olympic Games, wherever they are to be held—and this rests with the International Committee—have become the prize in an international contest, and that it is extremely doubtful whether America secures that prize in 1904.

H. C. BUNNER

By Brander Matthews

ONLY a few weeks ago Death put an end to a friendship that had endured for nineteen years—nearly the half of my friend's life, as it happened, for he was but forty when he died, and only a little less than the half of mine; and in all these years of our manhood there had never been the shadow of a cloud over the friendship. We had lived in the same house for awhile; we had collaborated more than once; we had talked over our plans together; we had criticised each other's writings; we had revised each other's proof-sheets; and there was between us never any misunderstanding or doubt, nor any word of disagreement. I never went to Bunner for counsel or for aid that I did not get it, freely and sympathetically given, and always exactly what I needed. Sympathy was indeed the keynote of Bunner's character, and cheery helpfulness was a chief of his characteristics. To me the companionship was of inestimable benefit; and it is bitter to face a future when I can no more hope for his hearty greeting, for the welcoming glance of his eager eye, for the solid grip of his hand, and for the unfailing stimulus and solace of his conversation.

It was late in the winter of 1877 that I made Bunner's acquaintance, three or four weeks after the first number of *Puck* had been issued in English. In the fall of 1876 Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann had started a German comic paper with colored cartoons, and it had been so well received that they were persuaded to accept Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld's suggestion to get out an edition in the English language also, utilizing the same cuts and caricatures. Bunner had already aided Mr. Rosenfeld in a journalistic venture which had died young; and he was the first man asked to join the small staff of the new weekly.

He was then barely twenty-two years old, but he had already had not a little experience in journalism. Edu-

cated at Dr. Callisen's school, he had been prepared for Columbia College; but at the last minute he had given up his college career, much as Washington Irving had chosen to do three-quarters of a century earlier. When he took his place as a clerk in an importing house—an experience that was to give him an invaluable knowledge of the ways of mercantile New York—he had supplemented his schooling by much browsing along the shelves of the library of his maternal uncle, Henry T. Tuckerman. He had taken Thoreau's advice to "read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all." When he gave up this place and trusted to his pen to make a living he had his British essayists at the ends of his fingers and his British poets at the tip of his tongue. He had been brought up on Shakespeare. He was a fair Latinist, and it is rare to find a lover of Horace whose own style lacks savor. While he was writing for the *Arcadian*, another short-lived journal, he was able to increase his acquaintance with the latter-day literatures of France and Germany. This was an equipment far richer than that of the ordinary young man who becomes an assistant on a comic paper.

The early numbers of *Puck* abound in evidences of Bunner's manifold qualifications for his new position. He had wide reading to give flavor to his writing, he had wit, he had humor, he was a master of parody in prose and verse, he had invention and ingenuity and unfailing freshness, and above all he had the splendid fecundity of confident youth. The staff of the paper was very small, and little money could be spent for outside contributions; and there were many weeks when nearly half of the whole number was written by Bunner. More than half of the good things in *Puck* were Bunner's, as I discovered when I paid my first visit to the office.

I had contributed to Mr. Rosenfeld's

earlier venture, and when the new journal was started I opened communication with him again. One day I was asked to call. The office of *Puck* was then in a dingy building in North William Street, since torn down to make room for the Brooklyn Bridge. Mr. Rosenfeld met me at the street door, and after our first greetings we passed by the printing machinery on the ground floor and began our ascent to the editorial room in an upper story. I complimented Mr. Rosenfeld on something in the current number of *Puck*—I forget now what it was, but I think it was a certain "Ballad of Burdens." "Bunner wrote that," I was informed by Mr. Rosenfeld, who had a hearty appreciation of his fellow-worker's ability. As we toiled up the next flight of stairs I praised something else I had seen in the pages of *Puck*, and Mr. Rosenfeld responded, "That was Bunner's too." On the third landing I commended yet another contribution, only to be told for the third time that Bunner was the author of that also. Then we entered the bare loft, at one end of which the artists had their drawing-tables, while at the other end stood the sole editorial desk. And there I had the pleasure of shaking hands with the writer of the various articles I had admired. He was beardless and slim, and, in spite of his glasses, he impressed me as very young indeed. He had ardor, vivacity, and self-possession, and it did not take me long to discover that his comrades held him in high esteem. As for myself, I liked him at first glance; and that afternoon a friendship was founded which endured as long as his life.

A few weeks later Mr. Rosenfeld and Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann disagreed and he left the paper. Then Bunner succeeded to the editorship. In those days *Puck* was still but an experiment; and it was long doubtful whether or not it would survive, as none of its countless predecessors had been able to do. That it did not die young as *Vanity Fair* had died and *Mrs. Grundy* and *Punchinello*, was due, I think, to the fortunate combination of the caricaturing adroitness of Joseph Keppler, the business sense of Mr. Schwarzmann, and the editorial resource-

fulness of Bunner. To apportion the credit exactly among these three is impossible and unnecessary; the qualities of all three were really indispensable to the ultimate strength of the new weekly. It was not long after Bunner became editor that the circulation of the edition of *Puck* printed in English began to gain on the circulation of the edition printed in German; and after awhile the owners discovered that instead of having a German paper with an offshoot in English they had in fact a paper in English with an annex in German. Bunner it was who acted as a medium between the German originators of *Puck* and the American public. No paper could have had a more loyal editor, and for years Bunner put the best of his strength into its pages. He had been known to say that, after his family, his first thought was for *Puck*.

At first he did not care for politics, taking more interest in literature, in the drama and in art, and having given little thought to public affairs. But he soon saw how great an influence might be wielded by the editor of a comic paper who should accompany the political cartoon with persuasive comment; and with this perception came a sense of his own responsibility. He began at once to reason out for himself the principles which should govern political action. He did his own thinking in politics as in literature; he was as independent as he was patriotic. In Lowell's essay on Lincoln we are told that even at the outbreak of the Rebellion there were not wanting among us men "who had so steeped their brains in London literature as to mistake cockneyism for European culture, and contempt of their country for cosmopolitan breadth of view." To say that Bunner was wholly free from any taint of anglomania is to state the case mildly; his Americanism was as sturdy as Lowell's. He was firmly rooted in the soil of his nativity. He was glad that he was an American and proud of being a New Yorker. He saw that creatures of the type that Lowell scorned still lingered on; and if he were intolerant toward any one it was toward the renegade American, the man without a country.

But Bunner was rarely intolerant. His imagination was quick enough to let him understand why those who opposed him should hold a different view of the duty of the moment; and he set himself to the task of persuading his opponents. He met them, not with invective, but with an appeal to their reason. And this is the way in which he was able to make the editorial page of *Puck* a power for good in the land. In its nature journalism must be ephemeral; and perhaps it was to be expected that the work Bunner did in inciting his readers to independence of thought is already half forgotten, and that it never even received the full recognition it deserved.

Until the nomination of Mr. Blaine in 1884 *Puck* might have been called an independent Republican paper; but after the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, *Puck* was an independent Democratic paper. Bunner greatly admired the stalwart manliness of Mr. Cleveland's character. He was like the President in that he had made no special study of economics until a consideration of the tariff was forced upon him. This seemed to him a question to be solved by common sense; and having found a solution satisfactory to his own mind, he thought he could bring others over to his way of thinking, if he reasoned with them calmly, assuming that they knew no more than he did and that they were as disinterested as he and as intelligent. Perhaps it was even an advantage to him then that he had taken to the study of this problem only a little while before, for he had thus a closer understanding of the frame of mind in which the voters were whom he wished to convince. Certainly nothing less academic can well be imagined than Bunner's discussion of the tariff. He was dignified always, and direct, and plain-spoken; and above all he was persuasive—a great novelty in the dispute between protection and free-trade. Bunner held that hard words, even if they broke no bones, changed no man's opinions; and what he sought was not an occasion for self-display but a chance to make converts. He met the men he addressed on their own level and with neither condescension nor af-

fectionation of superiority; and his manner invited them to talk the matter over quietly. In argument he acted on Tocqueville's maxim that "he who despises mankind will never get the best out of either others or himself." He explained that there was no cause for any excitement and that the subject was really far simpler than most people thought; and having thus won willing listeners, he set forth his own views, very clearly and with every-day illustrations.

Bunner was at first not only the editor of the journal, responsible for all that went into it, for the letterpress and for the cuts and for the mechanical make-up; he was also the chief contributor, as he had been when Mr. Rosenfeld was in charge. What a comic paper needs above all is not a group of brilliant wits sending in their best things whenever the inspiration chances to strike them; it is the steady and trustworthy writers who can be counted on regularly, week in and week out, to supply "comic copy" not below a certain average. Bunner was very much more than a mere manufacturer of "comic copy," but he could act in this capacity also when need was.

Into the broad columns of *Puck* during the first ten years of its existence Bunner poured an endless stream of humorous matter in prose and verse. Whatever might be wanted he stood ready to supply—rhymes of the times, humorous ballads, *vers de société*, verses to go with a cartoon, dialogues to go under a drawing, paragraphs pertinent and impertinent, satiric sketches of character, short stories, little comedies, nondescript comicalities of all kinds. Whatever the demand upon him he was ready and able to meet it; he had irresistible freshness and dauntless fecundity. No doubt very much of this comic journalism was no better than it pretended to be; but, on the other hand, much of it was worthy of rescue from the swift oblivion of the back number. The average was surprisingly high and the variety was extraordinary. And it is to be noted that in even the slightest specimen of Bunner's "comic copy" it was impossible not to see that the writer was a gentleman, that his was not a bitter wit, and that he had al-

ways the gentle kindness of the true humorist.

For one figure especially that Bunner evoked in those days of struggle, I had always a keen liking. That was the character of V. Hugo Dusenberry, the professional poet, prepared to ply for hire, to fill all orders promptly, to give you verse while you wait, and to write poems in every style, satisfaction guaranteed. This was a delightful conception, with a tinge of burlesque in it, no doubt, and perhaps without the restraint of Bunner's more mature art. V. Hugo Dusenberry enlivened the pages of many a number of *Puck*; and more than once in later years I urged on Bunner the advisability of making a selection of the professional poet's verses and of his lectures on the art; but Bunner's finer taste deemed this sketch too broad in its effects, too temporary in its allusions—in a word, too journalistic—for revival between the covers of a book. Yet he had revelled in the writing of the V. Hugo Dusenberry papers, and they gave him scope to develop his marvellous gift of parody.

It has always seemed to me that Bunner was one of the great parodists of the nineteenth century. Not Smith's "Rejected Addresses," not Thackeray's "Prize Novelists," not Mr. Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," not Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club," shows a sharper understanding of the essentials of another author's art or a swifter faculty for reproducing them, than Bunner revealed in these V. Hugo Dusenberry papers, or in his "Home, Sweet Home, with variations" (now included in his "Airs from Arcady"). There are two kinds of parody, as we all know; one is a mere imitation of the external form and is commonly inexpensive and tiresome. The other is rarer and calls for an evocation of the internal spirit; and it was in the accomplishment of this that Bunner excelled. His parodies were never unfair and never unkind; they were not degraded reproductions of what another author had done, but rather imaginative suggestions as to what he might do had he chosen to treat these subjects in this way. In other words, Bunner met

the author he desired to imitate on that author's own ground and tried a fall with him there. I doubt if any passage of Walt Whitman's own verse is more characteristically pathetic than the one in Bunner's "Home, Sweet Home, with variations," in which the return of the convict son is set before us with a few tense strokes. In prose he was equally felicitous, as all readers of this magazine will admit who recall the reproduction of Sterne ("A Sentimental Annex"); and as all readers of *Puck* will declare who remember the imitations of Mr. Frank R. Stockton and of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in which he managed to put himself somehow into the skins of these diverse authors and to spin for us yarns of theirs of which they themselves need not have been ashamed. Readers of "Rowen" may be reminded of the airy little lyric called "Imitation," which begins:

My love she leans from the window
 Afar in a rosy land;
 And red as a rose are her blushes,
 And white as a rose her hand,

and which ends:

This German style of poem
 Is uncommonly popular now;
 For the worst of us poets can do it—
 Since Heine showed us how.

And yet this chameleon gift did not interfere at all with Bunner's own originality. Just as the painter studies his trade in the studio of a master, so the man of letters (whether he know it or not) is bound 'prentice to one or more of his elders in the art, from whom he learns the secrets of the craft. The acute analysis Bunner had made of the methods of other writers, aided him to recognize those most suitable for his own use, and thus his individuality was like the melancholy of Jaques, "compounded of many simples." None the less was it Bunner's own, and quite unmistakable. In verse he was in his youth a pupil of Heine's, and for a season he studied under Mr. Austin Dobson; but he would be a dull reader of "Airs from Arcady" who did not discover that in whatever workshops Bunner had spent his wander-years, he had come home with a style of his own.

So in fiction he was a close student of Boccaccio, that consummate artist in narrative. He delighted in the swiftness and in the symmetry of the best tales in the "Decameron," in their deftness of construction, in their omission of all trivial details, in their sharpness of outline. I have heard him say that when he was turning over in his mind the plot of a new story and found himself in doubt as to the best way of handling it, he was wont to take up the "Decameron," not merely for mental refreshment, but because he was certain to find in it the solution of the problem that puzzled him and to discover somewhere in Boccaccio's pages a model for the tale he was trying to tell. And yet how wide apart are the Italian's sombre or merry narratives and the American's sunny and hopeful "Love in Old Cloathes" and "As One Having Authority" and "Zadoc Pine."

When the late Guy de Maupassant (who was like Boccaccio in more ways than one) suddenly revealed his marvelous mastery of the craft of story-telling, Bunner became his disciple for awhile; and even thought to apply the Frenchman's methods to American subjects, the result being the very amusing volume called "Short Sixes." But so thoroughly had Bunner transmuted Maupassant's formulas, that he would need to be a preternaturally keen-eyed critic who could detect in this volume any sign of the American's indebtedness to his French contemporary. Perhaps a little to Bunner's surprise, no one of his books is more characteristically his own than "Short Sixes;" and perhaps this was the motive that led him afterward to produce "Made in France," in which he undertook lovingly to Americanize some half-score of Maupassant's stories, declaring in his preface that although the venture may seem somewhat bold, it was undertaken in a spirit of sincerest and faithfulest admiration for him who "must always be, to my thinking, the best of story-tellers since Boccaccio wrote down the tales he heard from women's lips." In a spirit of tricky humor that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales, "with a United States twist," is not derived

from the French, but is Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out.

Like Boccaccio, and like Maupassant, Bunner succeeded best in the short story, the *novella*, the *conte*. His longer fictions are not full-fledged novels; they are rather short-stories writ large. From this criticism must be excepted the first of them, an early novel, "A Woman of Honor," which was founded on an unacted play of his. He came in time to dislike the "Woman of Honor" as artificial, not to say theatrical; and it must be admitted that this youthful story lacks the firmer qualities of his later works, yet it proved that he had power to invent incident and strength to construct a plot.

There was nothing theatrical and scarcely anything that was artificial in either of the novels that followed, in "The Midge" or in "The Story of a New York House;" beautiful tales both of them; quite as ingenious as the earlier story, but far simpler in movement, and far finer in the delicacy of character-drawing. Perhaps the salient characteristics of these two brief novels are the unforced pathos the author could command at will, his sympathy with the loser in the wager of life, and his sentiment which never sickened into sentimentality. Perhaps their chief merit, in the eyes of many, was that they were novels of New York, the result of a long and loving study of this great town of ours.

It was one of Bunner's prejudices—and he was far too human to be without many of them—that New York is one of the most interesting places in the world. He enjoyed its powerful movement, its magnificent vitality. He took pleasure in observing the manners and customs of its kaleidoscopic population. He thrilled with the sense of its might to-day; and he gloried in its historic past. For himself he took pride also in that he came of an old New York stock. As he wrote in "Rowen:"

Why do I love New York, my dear?
I do not know. Were my father here—
And his—and HIS—the three and I
Might, perhaps, make you some reply.

Bunner had discovered for himself the truth of Lowell's assertion that "however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of æsthetics, a man may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes over which the Indian summer atmosphere of the past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin." Noisy and restless as New York is, and blatant as it may seem to some, those who have eyes and a willingness to see, can collect specimens not only of the social picturesque, but of the physical picturesque also. Into the "Midge" and into the "Story of a New York House," Bunner put the results of his investigations into the life about us in the great city, to the most interesting manifestations of which so many of us are hopelessly blind. In the "Midge" he sketched what was then the French Quarter, lying south of Washington Square; and in the "Story of a New York House" he showed how a home once far outside of the town was in time swallowed up as the streets advanced, and how at last it was left neglected as the district sank into disrepute; and the story of the edifice wherein the family dwelt that built it is the tragic story also of the family itself.

Not a few of Bunner's two-score short stories were also studies of human nature as it has been developed nowadays in the Manhattan environment. And not a few of them were studies of human nature as it has been developed in the semi-rural region that lies within the radius of an hour's journey from New York. In this territory are the homes of thousands whose work takes them daily to the city, while they spend their nights in the country. Bunner had an extended acquaintance with the manners and customs of the hybrid being created by the immense expansion of the metropolis; and this was in fact only self-knowledge after all, since seven or eight years before his death he had gone to dwell in the pretty village of Nutley, which he came to love dearly—and in which at last he was to die. His sense of humor was singularly acute, and he was swift to

perceive the many shades of difference by which the suburban residents are set off from country people on the one hand and on the other from city folks. But his sympathy was broad here as elsewhere, and his observation of character was never harsh or hostile, whether it was the urban type he had in hand, or the suburban and semi-rural, or the truly rural.

Perhaps the ripest of his books is the most recent, "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane; Urban and Suburban Sketches." The tales and essays in this volume have not the brisk fun and the hearty comicality of "Short Sixes," but they are mellow with a more mature perception of the truth that, as Sam Slick says, "there is a great deal of nature in human nature." He had the sharp insight of a humorist, it is true, and the swift appreciation of the unexpected oddities of character; but he had in abundance also the gentle delicacy of the poet. Not that even those urban and suburban sketches are nerveless in the least, or sappy; "The Lost Child" is as vigorous in its way as even "Zadoc Pine." It is rather that the essential manliness of Bunner's writing is here accompanied by an almost feminine delicacy of feeling. And yet to praise "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane" for possessing this quality is perhaps to suggest unfairly that his other prose was without it. What I wished to convey is rather that in this last book of his the strength and the sweetness are even more harmoniously combined than in any of the earlier volumes. He had come to a mastery of his tools, and his hand worked without faltering. Even at the outset of his career as a man of letters, Bunner was not a storyteller merely by the grace of God—as is many a novelist who now and again may hold the ear of the public for a little while. He was always a devoted student of the art and mystery of narrative. He was born with the gift of story-telling, it is true; but it was by thought and by toil and by unending care that he made of himself the accomplished craftsman in fiction that he became before he died. Mention has already been made of his ceaseless study of the greatest of the old masters,

Boccaccio, and of the strongest of the new models, Maupassant.

Although "Zadoc Pine," with its stalwart Americanism and its needed lesson of independence, has always been a chief favorite of my own, probably the first series of "Short Sixes" has been the most popular of all Bunner's volumes of fiction. And it is very likely that here again the broad public is right in its preference. I can see how it is that "Short Sixes" may strike many as the most characteristic of Bunner's collections of tales. In this book he is perhaps more frankly a humorist than in any other; and Bunner's humor was not biting, not saturnine, not boisterous; it was not contorted nor extravagant nor violent; it flowed freely and spontaneously. Above all, it was friendly; it blossomed out of our common human nature.

I do not think that the widespread liking for these "Short Sixes" was due chiefly to their vivacity, to their spontaneity, to their cleverness, to their originality, to their unfailing fertility of invention, to their individuality—although of course all these qualities were recognized and each helped in due proportion. I think they were taken to heart by the broad public because in them the author revealed himself most completely; because in them he showed clearly the simplicity of his own character—its transparency, so to speak; because in them could be seen abundantly his own kindness, gentleness, toleration—in a word, his own broad sympathy even with the absurd persons he might be laughing at. Being a gentleman and a scholar, Bunner understood the ways of a man of the world and could record the sayings and doings of a woman of fashion; but being a man also and a good American, he had a liking for the plain people as well and an understanding of their habits of living and of their modes of thought. It was his fellow-man who interested Bunner above all else; and this feeling his fellow-men reciprocated.

Perhaps the chief charm of Bunner's verses is also a result of this same sympathy. As Hazlitt tells us, "Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself." Often

vers de société—the English translation "society verse" is painfully inadequate—often *vers de société* which may meet the triple test of being brief and brilliant and buoyant is also hard and narrow and cynical. Some of Prior's best pieces are cold, and some of Praed's are chilly, to say the least. A more human warmth flushes the equally delightful stanzas of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson and of Mr. Austin Dobson. It is with these two and with Dr. Holmes that Bunner is to be classed, I think—with the Locker who wrote "At Her Window" and "To My Grandmother," the Dobson who gave us "Autonoë" and the "Drama of the Doctor's Window," the Holmes who told us of the "Last Leaf" and the "One Hoss Shay." They all three influenced him in the beginning; and so did Heine and Herrick.

And yet if the "Way to Arcady" was inspired directly by any older poet's verse, it is not Holmes's, nor Heine's nor Herrick's, but Shakespeare's—not the mighty Shakespeare of the great dramas, of course, but the Shakespeare of those lover's comedies, "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," the Shakespeare of the sugared sonnets, the Shakespeare who was the most graceful of Elizabethan lyrista. Or if it was not Shakespeare whom Bunner followed when he sang "Robin's Song" and when he took his bell and cried "A Lost Child," it was then those rivals of Shakespeare who wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and "Come live with me and be my love." For a season or two Bunner's muse may have lingered in the Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea; but it was in the Forest of Arden that she soon took up her abode, and there she ranged the woodland in "the fresh fairness of the spring." And in the finest of the poems she inspired there was an out-door breeziness, a woodsy flavor, a bird-like melody. A minor poet Bunner might be, but he rarely sang in a minor key. In his lightsome lyrics there was the joy of living, the delight of loving—and I know of no notes that are less common than these among the lesser songsters of the modern choir. As he wrote me when I was preparing a paper on Mr.

Dobson, the "Autonoë" of that poet "gives us the warm air of spring and the life that pulses in a girl's veins like the soft swelling of sap in a young tree. This is the same feeling that raises 'As You Like It' above all pastoral poetry;"—and I think the praise is as applicable to more than one of his own poems as it is to this lovely lyric of Mr. Dobson's. "Our nineteenth century sensibilities," he went on to say, "are so played on by the troubles, the sorrows, the little vital needs and anxieties of the world around us, that sometimes it does us good to get out into the woods and fields of another world entirely, if only the atmosphere is not chilled and rarefied by the lack of the breath of humanity."

Coleridge hailed it as a promise of genius in a young poet that he made a "choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself." And this must be my excuse for paying attention chiefly to the "Way to Arcady" and its fellows rather than considering the brisk and bright "society verse" which Bunner also wrote with ease and with certainty—"Forfeits," for example, and "Candor," and "Just a Love Letter." But the merits of these polished and pointed stanzas are so obvious that they need no exposition. Yet it may be as well to suggest that even here in the "society verse," of which the formula is so monotonous, Bunner had a note of his own; he ventured his own variations. And his were no hand-made verses, no mere mosaic of chipped rhymes. A gay spontaneity informed all his lighter lyrics and helped to lend them wings. His more serious quatrains, like "To a Dead Woman," and the final four lines of "Triumph," reveal no struggle for effect, no vain striving; they seem to be inevitable.

To Bunner verse was perhaps the most natural form of expression; and it is as a poet that he is most likely to linger in men's memories. I think this is the fame he would have chosen for

himself, and I know how careful he was that his first book of poems should contain nothing unworthy of companionship with the best he had done. The late Frederick Locker-Lampson once asked Mr. Austin Dobson to make a choice of all his verses for a definitive edition of "London Lyrics;" but when this was done, the heart of the poet yearned over the poems Mr. Dobson had omitted, and so these were then gathered into a second volume to be called "London Rhymes." But when Bunner had arranged the poems he proposed to include in "Airs from Arcady," he consulted three friends, and he omitted from the book every line to which any one of the three had any objection to proffer; and no one of the omitted stanzas reappeared in his next volume of verse, "Rowen: Second Crop Songs."

"Airs from Arcady" was dedicated to the friend in partnership with whom he was soon to publish a book of short stories, but the final stanzas were inscribed "To Her."

. . Oh, will you ever read it true,
When all the rhymes are ended—
How much of Hope, of Love, of You,
With every verse is blended. . . .

And a little while before "The Midge" was published he was happily wedded To Her; and the dedication of every successive book of his to A. L. B. testified to the perfect happiness he found in his married life. In time children were born to him, and three of them survived him. Two of them died in infancy, and it was not long after one of these bereavements that "Rowen" was published, with these lines appended to the customary inscription:

To A. L. B.

I put your rose within our baby's hand,
To bear back with him into Baby-land;
Your rose, you grew it—O my ever dear,
What roses you have grown me, year by year!
Your lover finds no path too hard to go
While your love's roses round about him blow.

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE

By August F. Jaccaci—Illustrated by Vierge

II

I WAS fortunate during my first week in Argamasilla in enlisting the services of Ezechiel, an honest old fellow, possessor of a mule cart, and fairly acquainted with the surrounding districts. For two months thereafter Ezechiel and I rambled over this poor land of La Mancha; and if I had to pay for my delightful experiences in some bodily discomforts, they were part of the game and were more than compensated for by constant intercourse with plain, old-time folks, by the superb scenery, with its ruined castles and caravansaries, thumb-marks of feudal and Moorish days, by the ancient customs and the legends which, like ivy on a gnarled oak-tree, cling to every bit of this historical and romantic land.

It is a little before two in the morning when, for the first time, I find Ezechiel at the Posada door loading provisions, hard eggs, loaves of bread, skin bottles of wine and water, and the inseparable companion of every Manchegan, the shot-gun, in his two-wheeled cart. A few steps, and like Panza and Quixote "we sally forth from the village without any

person seeing us," and are in the wide, flat country. In spite of the darkness, a sort of translucence permeates sky and earth, giving to the scene the weird aspect of a country of dreams. The faint, shadowy silhouettes of the escort of two mounted police, "Guardias Civiles," bob up and down before us like intangible images. Our mule vanishes in the gloom; the only things truly alive are two stars—two watching eyes peeping above the horizon.

Ezechiel's Cart.

As day approaches, the country reveals itself in a series of slowly changing panoramas. The dreary plain is left behind, and the savage and picturesque scenery of the "Monte" now surrounds us. How naturally the two pathetic figures of Quixote and Sancho loom up in this admirable setting, and harmonize with the grandiose, severe lines of the rocky hills surmounted by ruins. We pass by scores of batanes (fulling-mills), which Cervantes may have had in mind in his adventure of the Fulling-Hammers (Chapter XX.), for the surroundings of rocks and tall trees chime well with his description. The peasants who manned them in Cervantes's time must have been in appearance, type of face and costume, very like the brawny Arab-looking fellows we meet, and the range of ideas and style of living of these cannot be essentially different from that of their ancestors. The mills themselves, bearing signs of extreme old age, make pretty pictures, with their dripping moss and maiden-hair garments. It would be agreeable to think they are the same batanes which gave such tremendous sensations to the worthy Knight, and frightened his faithful Squire; but the impossible adventures of the hero of romance have been made to agree with the stern facts of geography, and in consequence we know what Cervantes probably ignored, that the batanes he described were located in a precise place east of Ciudad Real.

The roadway begins to skirt the lagoons of Ruidera, the chain of lapis lazuli mirrors set in crowns of luxuriant rushes, formed by the Guadiana, the mighty river of Don Quixote country. Toward nine, while catching a

glimpse of a waterfall, we stumble on a handful of straggling houses singularly dwarfed by the huge ruins of a palace or convent. This is Ruidera. As we enter its one street ("street" by courtesy and for want of a fit name to describe it) I suddenly realize why Argamasillans have reason to be proud of their village. Argamasilla is a modern, civilized city compared to this handful of half-tumbling-down houses, their doors broken or hanging by ropes or propped up by stones, their gates without doors, and their display of dirt everywhere shocking.

The cart is left to sizzle in the sun. While our Guardias hold the court surrounded by effusive villagers, I seek a refuge from the heat in the house which gives shelter to travellers.

A woman-servant, young, faded and wrinkled, her clothes bundled about her hips, her hair a-tangle, sets out to brush away the inches of venerable dust which cover the beaten earth flooring. She moves about with the queer, nervous movements of a mountain goat, and, when I order her to desist, jumps as if struck and gives a wild, frightened look around. Ezechiel has a

hard time to entice her to the courtyard and open-air cooking. The white-washed walls of the show-room, the one room of this hostelry of the lowest order, the ceiling of smoked logs, the jugs and dried skin bottles in the corner, the harness hung on a nail, vie with each other in hiding their identity under alternate coats of dirt, soot and dust. Two impossible sofas parade as ornaments more than as useful objects, their flat cushions and pillows, filled with rags, keeping faithfully the impressions of the last contact. There are no windows, but a cool blue



Ruidera Types

In Ruidera.

light falls from the chimney shaft, and blades of sunlight coming through the holes and cracks of the closed door streak the shadows, making the millions of whirling atoms glisten. While preparations for the dinner are going on, the Guardias drop in and regale me with as pretty a scene from the Spanish picaresque novels as one could wish for. They are, of course, above tips of any kind and are strictly enjoined to partake but of their own fare, which they carry with them everywhere in their journeys. But here what a god-send is the rare traveller able to command meat for his dinner and probably, also, wine in profusion. And how can one help being near the traveller when meal-time approaches and making one's self agreeable, saying all sorts of nice things with a smile which unconsciously shows the rows of short, sharp, white teeth ready for the fray! Honest Ezechiel had warned me against the possible snares indulged in on such occasions, yet I couldn't but take pleasure in giving in at once, telling them that, of course, I hoped they would accept their share of my

meal. It was a mistake. The prey proving so easy, straightway the scope of my new friends' and parasites' operations grew to large proportions. Why shouldn't they rearrange the details of my trip so as to give themselves as little travelling and as many feasts as possible? The most captivating reasons, enlivened with Castilian pearls of rhetoric and flowery and courteous expressions, flowed as naturally from their lips as water from a spring. I enjoyed it for something like an hour, till it became clear that the stranger, who was falling from the dignity of *Excelencia* to that of *Caballero* and finally of plain *Señor*, had reasons (and good ones they were, sure, though my friends couldn't understand them) for keeping to his original plan. They very kindly stood on each side of me during my repast, though, and valiantly helped me fight the swarms of flies which threatened each morsel. I expected my huge skin wine-bottle to be in a state of collapse at the end of their dinner, but was hardly prepared for the Guardias' hasty departure and return with an enormous pan of wine-punch some

villagers had prepared for them, a performance which was repeated several times. The Guardia Civil, this flower of special Spanish growth, half-military and half-police, which has worked by its *esprit de corps* so great a change in the brigand-ridden provinces of Spain, is apt, when in the back country, where communications are difficult and the ignorance and fear of the peasants in-

sure immunity, to relax somewhat from its high estate and indulge in such undignified performance as this.* When I got ready to start off again toward noon my worthy protectors were lying limp in all their imposing military paraphernalia on the just-described sofas, snoring like angry bulls, and I was grateful to start without them.

As we march away from the river we find the country savage and desolate.

Red earth-mounds surround us for hours with peculiar clusters of low, stunted trees, looking like flocks of sheep. The thermometer marks 110 degrees in the shade, yet the furnace air is dry, full of ozone and rich with the pungent aroma of wild mountain plants. In a delicious monotony of surroundings the hours pass, enlivened only by the songs of the whirring, bustling, leaping locusts. How true is the Spanish equivalent for our "dog-days"—"canta la chicharra"—the song of the locusts and cicadas rejoicing in the heat, which serves but to make the silence of the solitude heard. In the good places the springless, unwieldy cart, with its solid iron axle, moves in a constant tremor, enlivened by occasional bumps. In bad places the process is reversed, and occasional rumbling lulls are the momentary diversions to the continual rough, bumping dance. Our wiry little mule bravely marches on at an even pace, and picking her way daintily among the loose stones carries her load over the rough road as if it were mere play. She is a good representative of her class, while her master is a rare specimen of the muleteer fraternity. He has not even a whip, but his mule understands well the meaning of his words. Up the steep hills he keeps up a constant stream of interjections to encourage her—"Hija," "Morena," "Daugh-

*But the fallings of a few do not impair the great value and high character of a body of some twenty-eight thousand men, which, taken in its ensemble, is admirably disciplined and renders the most valuable services.



Entrance to the Cave of Montesinos.

ter!" "Brunette!" "One more, daughter," "Good," "Go ahead!" "Beauty," "Aya," "Ararha"—"There we are," the brave brute making a visible effort at each word. When the top is reached Ezechiel rewards her with "Guapa, Beauty," "Take it quietly now, beauty," and with his quiet voice falls into praising the mule, which is his fortune. He could verily say of her what Sancho said of his ass: "O child of my bowels, born in my very home, the delight of my wife, the envy of my neighbors, the sharer of my burdens, and, beyond all, the support of half my person; for, with six and twenty maravedis, which thou earnest for me daily, do I make half my living." Ezechiel has a wife, and if he does not name her (for that would be contrary to custom), she fills the whole background of his thoughts. I learn that they are very much concerned now, for the pig they are fattening does not come on well. Like all Manchegos, he rents a little field from some rich landowner, which supplies potatoes and wheat to pay the landowner, and enough besides, when all goes well, to keep the wolf from the door. To get an idea of the smallness of their exchequer one has but to know that the only money which comes into the family is earned by Ezechiel's occasional journeys with his cart, doing errands and hauling freight. He has an average of a month out of the year at such work, and about four pesetas a day (less than sixty cents in gold), out of which he must pay for the shelter

and sustenance of himself and his mule during these trips. What little money is made goes toward paying for the rent of the house, buying

the few household and farming implements and the cotton and wool out of which the wife makes their clothes.

Late in the afternoon, having met with no one since leaving Ruidera, we pass through Osa de Monteil, the houses half-hidden in clouds of dust raised by the threshing which was going on all about. An hour after, Ezechiel, who has never been in this direction before, loses his bearings, and we have a painful trudge



across the brush till the yawning chasm of the valley of the Guadiana is again before us. It is not easy to locate the object of our journey, the famous Cave of Montesinos, "of which so many and such wonderful things are" still "told in these parts," and we are about to give up the quest when a goatherd comes to our rescue. It was fitting that such a quaint figure, dressed as in the time of Cervantes, with a great staff in his hand and a horn dangling by his side, should be our guide to the mysterious place. On examination it is evident that Cervantes knew it, for his artistic description, cunningly exaggerated to suit the necessities of the romance, is true to nature and full of local color. Not being equipped with the needful lights, I could not fathom the mysterious recesses of the cave,* which did not surprise Ezechiel or the shepherd, who were sure that no living man ever could go far into it, for there were unsurmountable obstacles in the way—treacherous ground, a fathomless lake and a tempestuous stream, and Heaven knows what! But surely there

must be lots of gold and diamonds there, they said; and thus involuntarily they testified to the persistence of traditions, for the Cave of Montesinos is but an old Roman mine. The weirdness of its surroundings is unimaginable. The mixture of severe character and loveliness makes of these valleys of the Upper Guadiana one of the rarest, most intimate and impressive successions of landscapes I have ever seen. In the early evening, when the tender, delicate blush of the sky after sunset is streaked with veils of light, the earth has a solidity of aspect and a soberness and strength of color which the sunlight takes away from it. Passing by the Castle of Rochafriada, crowning still the rocky inlet which rises solitary from the sea of reeds in the centre of a lake, its hoary walls some fifteen feet thick look so terribly solid and massive as to bring forcibly to one's imagination the days of old. The site has a character of grandeur; the hills on both sides of the lake show-

* I went far enough to find that the "Vagabond in Spain" was mistaken in placing the recess or chamber of which Quixote speaks as on the left hand going down. It is on the right hand, as in the story. The fact is not without value, since the Vagabond infers from it that Cervantes had not seen, but only heard of, the cave.

ing their bare flanks, streaked with strange metallic colors, reds, yellows and purples, in bands and in masses, alternating in ruthless barbaric splendor, emphasized by the few gnarled, dwarfed trees growing crookedly in the crevices. The contrast of all that savage barrenness with the beautiful lake and the rows of centenarian chestnuts with their noble masses of foliage is fine. But above it all, how this castle, "like roosting falcon musing on the chase," focuses the attention! What a strange thing it is to nineteenth century eyes and how forcibly it typifies that period of the development of humanity during which our race stumbled in the traces of the feudal régime. The Carolingian legends

which are entwined about these ancient stones come up to one's memory as a thing not so distant after all. And the damsel Rosafiorida's courtship of brave Montesinos is very "new-woman" like.

We arrive at the Cortijo de St. Pedro, or at the three houses baptized with that florid appellation. We have had our supper on the road and I am too tired to watch the new mood of our friends, the policemen, who look a bit ashamed of themselves. Getting into the hovel, some ten by fifteen feet in size, which is to be my night's lodging-place, I find the luxury of clean sheets over a straw mattress on one of the two stone benches on each side of the fireplace; on the other a youth stretched at full length and sleeping peacefully. The Guardias all dressed but for their boots, which they take off, lie down to sleep on the floor, and, thanks to habit and the glories of the *déjeuner*, succeed. Besides the entrance-door there are two doorless doorways, one leading to the closet monopolized by the amo and his wife, the other to the stable. Sleep is impossible; the very stone under my mattress teems with animal activity. I prefer lying awake to going outside where the cold mist of the neighboring marshes is saturated with malaria. Toward one in the morning some muleteer loudly knocks for admittance. The amo gets up, lights his oil lamp (that of the Romans of old and the Moors of to-day) and in scampers a troop of mules to the stable; but as there is no place there for all, the newcomer stretches on the floor of our room between two of his mules, whose nervously tinkling bells tell tales of martyrdom,

the temper of these people. This man Carlos had a brother Miguel, who one morning lately amused himself by throwing stones at Carlos's dog. Carlos hearing his dog yell, came out, saw what Miguel was doing and told him to stop. Miguel refused to do so, adding that if his brother did not go back to the house and stop talking he would throw stones at him too. Whereupon Carlos went back to the house, got his gun, and coming again to the door-step, shot his brother and killed him. I asked Ezechiel, "What made Miguel torment the dog? Had he been bitten by him?" Ezechiel says: "No; I think not; but you see Miguel had a large family of daughters. You know the proverb: 'Tres hijas y una madre, quatre diablos para un padre. Three daughters and a mother, four devils for the father.'" "Why is the man free?" I asked. He replied: "Well, they'll take him to prison when his trial comes on in a few months." "Aren't they afraid he will run away in the meantime?" "No; where do you want him to run? He can't hide in the Sierras, for the Guardias will find him easily. He can't take a train and go anywhere, for he has never been on the cars in his life any more than I have, and he wouldn't know where to go."

I inquired what the penalty for such an offence was likely to be.

The old man replied, "I don't know; perhaps ten years, but probably less. You see there was provocation!"

This first day was typical of the days that followed. There was necessarily a sameness to much of our travelling, the details of which would be out of place here. Yet each impression confirmed or helped the other, giving me the chance I sought of placing the adventures of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance in their original setting. What a revelation of the old days were the ruins of the famous Castle of Monteil, and how they completed the picture of the Castle of Rochafriada! At the foot of the castle, in the midst of the great mountain-fringed plain, lie eight or ten lesser rocky hills like vassals of the old castle. Such a sight as this, typifying chivalry and the feudal idea, must have made Don Quixote hap-

"The Organs"—Sierra Morena.

as do also the plaintive sounds, the groans and quick motions of the restless sleepers.

At last I can stand no more, so I leave the room and urge Ezechiel to start. A man whom we find prowling about the house offers a helping hand. As we move away Ezechiel says: "You saw that man; he is to go to prison soon. He has killed his brother, the poor fellow." The case is typical of

py. That impregnable fortress, whose walls will withstand the injuries of time as well as the rock on which they are built, is like an eagle's eyrie, the home from which the master, with his tenantry in the hovels of the village at his feet, dominated the whole tributary region around. From there he would start and prey upon vassals and neighbors. Times have changed for the better even in Spain.

Another journey, taken some weeks later, brings a new series of unfading impressions.

Everywhere from the plain of La Mancha the little serrated line on the southern horizon serves as a weather bureau. It is the Morena. One approaches it gradually from the Valdepeñas (Valley of the Stones) region, and the character of the country becomes more and more rocky and denuded.

After descending the first deep spur we find ourselves encircled by mountains, and behind us the great plain, yellow and purplish, fades away like a hazy sea.

Steeper are the rocky slopes, piling upon one another, until after many hours' trudging we stand on a bleak plateau, with a barrier of sharp, serrated fins before us. Between and above them others appear, and in the distance two higher summits, rather faint, raise their lordly heads. This is the characteristic landscape of the roughest part of the Sierras, where in our rambles we came across many places exactly answering

to the vivid descriptions of Cervantes. Certainly nothing has changed here since his time. These bleak slopes, the prey of cold blasts in winter and scorched in summer, do not afford sustenance to any large or prosperous community, and are even bare of castles and convents. There are, besides the mountain villages named by Cervantes and a

The Toreros.

few others, hardly any signs of life. No vegetation meets the eye except in the protected valleys and the gorges. The life of the Morena seems to have centred about the defile of Despañaperros (the Passage of Dogs), by which the Moors left Toledo and the northern province for Andalusia on their retreat toward Africa. This defile is "the Gate of Andalusia," where passes the royal high road that unites Madrid and Seville. In its wildest part old Venta de Cardenas stands solitary, a relic of the times when travelling was done by carriage or on foot; it now looks down on the railroad. What a brilliant, active life it has had, full of contrasts and incidents! How many kings and queens, princes of the church and ambassadors, captains, soldiers, Inquisition monks and rich merchants from the Indies have stopped within its walls, pell-mell with the common fray, the muleteers and soldiers! The abandoned caravansery remains substantial-

ly as it was built over three centuries ago, solid still, telling its pathetic story in its old stones, enormous stables and big gateway, large enough for two royal carriages to pass through.

We have a grand noonday feast in the old place. The ama, a fine type of Martorn, deigns to do the cooking. (True, there are no servants.) The place has a grand air, and troops of hens and chickens, cats and swallows, fill its lordly emptiness with some sort of life. In the enormous hangar where we rest, which is hall, dining-room and carriage-house combined, one hundred of our carts could move about easily. When our little party sits before the low bench, over which a couple of partridges and a rabbit make a brave show side by side with the palatable salad of cucumbers and tomatoes swimming in a big bowl of vinegar and water, we all dip our spoons democratically into the dish, while cats and chickens, trooping around, beg, each after his fashion, and attempt to steal. For them it is like being at the gate of Paradise, yet unable to enter. Two miserable fellows in scanty attire of shirt and trousers, and these not whole, and with gaudy kerchiefs tied on their heads, come in with the defiant, alert look of true Bohemians.

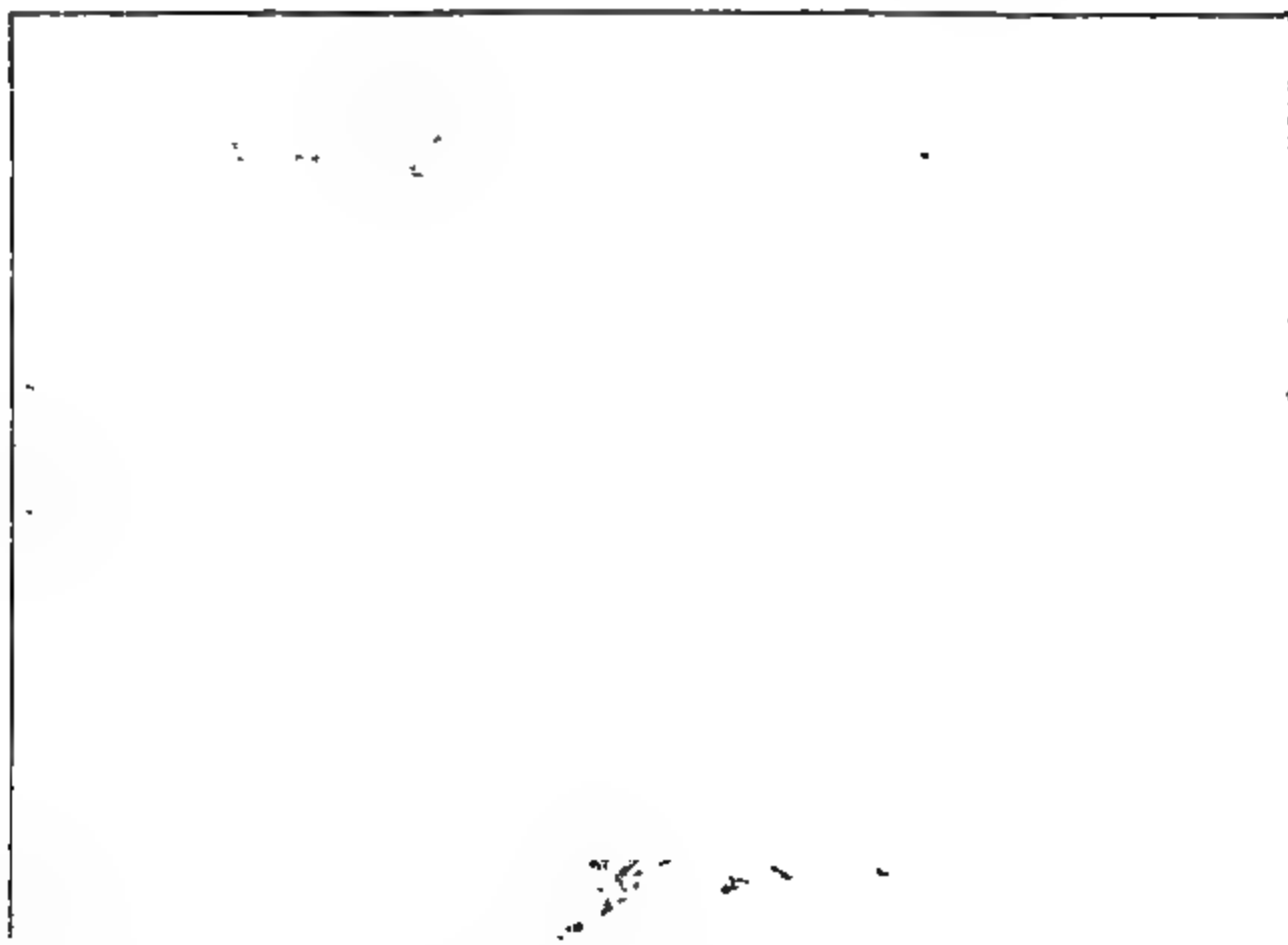
Sleeping-Room in a Morena Posada

They can't succeed in disguising their half-rowdy and half-gipsy looks even before the Guardias. Having saluted every one with a word, they sit down by the wall opposite us, depositing with extreme care a bundle of rags, from which emerges a straight sword, carefully wrapped. "Toreros," Ezechiél said. One is a simple acolyte, some apprenticed bandillero, probably; the other—the espada—has a strikingly wicked face, and stands as handsome and gracefully poised as a Greek figure of Praxiteles. He asks a few questions, answered charily by our guards. It seems that they are Andalusians going to the province of Ciudad Real (La Mancha) to see if they can find out when and where the little local bull-fights take place.

They are blissfully ignorant of the fact that this is the province of Ciudad Real. Apparently they think of nothing besides the

artful tricks of the torero, and how to become so proficient in them that they may become celebrated, wear good clothes, travel in state and have their fill of the best. They look like famished beings or feline beasts of prey, with their noiseless and nimble gestures, the foxy look in their eyes; and they will not give up their hope of being invited to join us till the last chance is gone. The amo, ama, and the children follow us at table, and there is not much left. So I give the toreros a

Manchegan Shepherd Huts.

*Shepherds.*

small silver coin. From their surprised expression it must be the first they ever received in this fashion. The smiles tell plainly that they are not sure but there is something the matter with the giver's wits. But they take it and treasure it in many folds of a handkerchief, and I am sure when it leaves its possessor it will be for more than an ordinarily full compensation. Another typical group comes in, the woman sitting on the top of a load on a donkey's back, the man leading, the two children following behind. They are merchants or fakirs going from village fair to fair

selling trinkets, the woman telling fortunes, the boy—the wickedest little fellow I ever saw—dancing and singing ugly songs. The paterfamilias looks like an ill-humored, villainous scoundrel. One of my guardias says that man would cut one's throat for two cents, or for nothing, and enjoy it into the bargain. They spend two cents for the privilege of using the fire to cook something they have brought with them and for a couple of hours' shelter for their beast and themselves, and away they go about dusk toward Andalusia, the woman singing, the boy imitating the guitar accompaniment.

CUNLIFFE

By Mary Tappan Wright

Oh, a crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,
As a virtue, golden through and through.
—BROWNING.

FOR a long time Cunliffe had been trying to remember something—searching vainly as he lay upon his bed through dim somnolent nights and lingering, restless days, for the lost clew to some tormenting memory, and questioning himself incessantly with a painful sense of harm impending.

In the retrospect the days seemed gray, but the nights, like this one, were shot with fire, which even now was beginning to dance upon the walls and redden the folds of the thin white curtains. He drew a slow breath through his teeth as he watched it, bracing himself anew for the dumb contention with pain that had lasted—how long? Forever it seemed, and yet it could scarcely have been more than a week, two at the most, since he and Florence Macgregor—

Was that what he had been trying to remember?

"Wait a minute," he whispered, as if the fleeting impression might hear in passing. Then, frowning with the effort of concentration, he looked upward. On the shadowy yellow surface of the ceiling directly over his head two enormous spirals, like great curling horns of ruddy purple, were twisting and turning tormentingly. Almost unconsciously, as their wavering outlines caught his eye, the half-grasped recollection slipped from the weakened hold of his memory and another train of thoughts presented itself. Was that a fire on the hearth after all, not a fire of the brain, which flickered in the corners and caused those hideous grotesques to threaten and deride him from the ceiling? Why had it not struck him before—their strong family resemblance to the wrought-iron tops of Edith's last tasteful acquisition in andirons?

"Ah!" He started violently, his

hand pressed hard upon his side. Preceded by a sudden thud, a half-burned log had fallen from the andirons and was rolling, crackling, to the front of the fireplace, where it brought up finally against the fender. Cunliffe sat up in bed.

It was a fire on the hearth then, after all! A good honest blaze of sound, hard maple—no glimmering Jack o' Lantern of a fevered imagination. If he had only known it long ago! Relieved, but panting, he fell back upon the pillow.

How peaceful the room felt now! With the exception of a dull glow from the bed of coals behind the andirons, there was very little light left, and down in the lower hall a leisurely clock was ticking almost inaudibly. "They have neglected to wind it," Cunliffe said to himself, and closed his eyes, still listening. The long, slow sweep of the pendulum seemed to take him with it, swinging idly to and fro, from side to side; until, somewhere between its going and its coming, he lightly fell asleep.

From the smouldering log at the front of the hearth a thin line of smoke crept out for an inch or two and then curled sluggishly upward, filling the air with a faintly acrid odor, and widening Cunliffe's dreamy horizons to those yellow days when the fires in distant forests make incense for half a continent, and, all unconscious, men walk in one vast autumnal cathedral echoing with aspirations and regrets.

In the tender pain of that October melancholy a memory returned to him, a memory of two people in a rough garden that sloped toward the west. It was after sunset. One beyond the other, a dark succession of wooded hills stretched out before them; the far-off valleys were shimmering with mist;

but the sky was still clear and light, shading from the crimson, that formed the background of a distant range of purple mountains, through orange and yellow to a faint cold green that darkened overhead in star-flecked blue. Below them, half way down the rocky slope, a great pile of brush, quivering violet and darting red, blazed against the gloomy twilight of the landscape.

"Our summer is ending in an apothecosis of flowers," said the woman, as a tongue of flame shot upward, feathering to a stream of sparks.

"Better—in a holocaust of dreams!" said the man.

She turned her head, smiling slightly at the bitterness of his tone. "A touch of frost was all that was needed," she said, and jumping from the bowlder upon which she had been seated, she moved toward the entrance of the enclosure and waited for him to let down the bars.

"And then, what happened?" he whispered, his light, uneasy slumber gliding without conscious break into a drowsy wakefulness. "What happened?"

Something—and something that imperiously demanded recall. All day long it had been about him; even now it was close upon him; a touch, a scent, a sound, and from out of the chaos of suffering in which it had been lost to him the memory of it would spring forth clear and persistent. If he could but rest undisturbed to follow out the clew that had come to him in his sleep.

"A holocaust of dreams," he murmured. "Did that end it?" What had he said to Florence Macgregor when, after putting up the bars, they had turned toward the black shadows of the narrow avenue with its over-arching boughs of elm and maple?

But the hissing swish of their own footsteps in the drifts of fallen leaves was the only sound that echoed back to him.

At the fork of the road Edith and Macgregor were waiting for them. Perhaps it had ended there, when, as in a decorous quadrille, the music ceasing, each had turned away with his

legitimate partner. The Macgregors were to leave on the following day. He could hear Florence's laughing good-by as she hurried down the hill with her husband. Edith said she was glad to go; in fact, Edith had said nothing else all the way home. Edith never approved of people who did not like the country in winter. She had resumed the subject at dinner, by way of rubbing it in—and then, did he lose his temper?

Ah! he had it at last. He remembered now: he had gone off in a rage and shut himself up in his study; and had he written something? What had he written?

A sharp blast of keen, cold air blew in from the hall; someone had opened the front door. Cunliffe felt his whole frame relax; he had lost the clew again, and he was too weak to care.

"That is Macgregor himself," he muttered, as a rough, Scottish voice came grumbling up the stairs. "What is he coming here for at this time of night? Now that I come to think of it, he has been in off and on all along." Cunliffe looked troubled. "Is it possible," he murmured, "that in addition to his enormous practice Macgregor has been taking this thirty-mile journey every day on my account? He is not a young man by any means. What is that he is saying about catching the one o'clock train back to the city? Here they are now."

The knob of the door which led into the adjoining room turned softly, there was a flood of light, and the doctor entered with Mrs. Cunliffe, who hurried toward the fireplace with an exclamation of annoyance.

"The room is full of smoke!" she said, taking up the tongs and trying to move the heavy log, which escaped her hold and overturned the andirons.

The doctor, who had gone to the bedside, frowned as the pulse under his fingers leaped in response to the crash.

"Let that alone," he said, impatiently; but with another ring of metal the andirons were dragged into place and the log adjusted.

"I seldom relinquish anything I once undertake," she whispered, complacently.

"An' it's a verra disagree'ble trait o' character," muttered Macgregor.

Cunliffe's eyes, full of laughter, opened upon him for an instant, but immediately closed as Mrs. Cunliffe turned toward him. Releasing the wrist he had continued to hold, the doctor motioned to her to follow him into the next room.

Cunliffe watched them go with an unaccountable feeling of dull shame and self-reproach. "For the life of me," he muttered, "I can't see what I have done, and yet I feel like a felon. How old and worn Macgregor was looking."

"Well, I'm off," he heard him say in the hall. "I'm glad you telegraphed about the nurse, an' I'll send another by seven in the morning. It isn't safe to be without. Be careful about the nourishment, an' mind ye give him the brandy every two hours. Keep your temperance principles for some more auspicious occasion. We'll pull him through yet. To all intents and purposes, the man's on the high road to recovery."

"I am glad you do not feel anxious," Cunliffe heard his wife say, placidly.

"Um-m-anxious," said the doctor, dubiously; "no, I'm not exactly anxious, but at the same time I can't say I'm any too easy about him either."

Cunliffe raised his head in order to hear more clearly, for they were descending the stairs.

"So long as he keeps himself quiet," the doctor continued, "he's as safe as ye are yourself, but if he took it into his head to go downstairs, as he insisted on doin' last week, he'd kill himself. Yes, madam, he'd kill himself—dead as a herrin'."

"Downstairs?" repeated Cunliffe. "Downstairs?" But the doctor was speaking more distinctly than ever, and he turned toward the door again to listen.

"Yes, beyond a doubt he's a strong man, an', as you say, he's got a sound constitution; but nevertheless, in his present state he's at the mercy o' the slightest exertion. The least little shock or strain an', by Garge, he'd snuff out like the wick o' a can'le! An' I don't care if he hears me say so!"

The front door slammed upon this parting shot, and Cunliffe looked thoughtful as he let himself down upon the pillows.

"So that confounded Argus-eyed nurse has gone. And the next one will not arrive until seven—over six hours—and Edith on guard—sure to fall asleep. Why did I wish to go downstairs? I should be a fool to try it after what he has just said—and yet—*What was that?*"

A long, low, rumbling sound seemed to come from the hall below. Cunliffe's heart struck against his breast with a violent thud, followed by a strange breathless flutter. Edith was cautiously trying to open the sliding door of his study, a small room directly beneath and seldom used by anyone except himself.

What was she searching for?

What might she find?

Clear, persistent, terrible, memory at last confronted him.

"*That letter!*" he whispered, every faculty concentrated in an agony of listening. "I left it in my desk."

Edith was coming. How heavily her foot-fall dragged upon the stairs! Had she found it, then? How could he meet her? What should he say to her? Oh, the folly, the folly of it all!

He closed his eyes as she came into the room in order not to see her face, and then he opened them because he could no longer endure suspense.

She was carrying a quantity of writing materials in one hand, and the light from a lamp which she held in the other shone upward, accentuating her usual expression of severe, unmoved, delicate serenity.

She had not seen the letter.

A choking rose in Cunliffe's throat. In his great and sudden relief an astonishing inclination toward tears and laughter almost overcame him, but his wife's presence forced him to self-control.

Putting down her burdens she opened a small cabinet on the mantel-shelf. Cunliffe knew that she was looking for his keys, and his heart sank with apprehension; but after searching drawer after drawer without success she turned away. "I shall be compelled to copy

it to-morrow morning," she said, impatiently. "He must have left them in one of his pockets."

Cunliffe understood: she had wanted to get some of the foolscap paper upon which she usually presented the reports of certain public charities in which she was interested. In the morning she would hunt up the keys, open the desk, and—that letter to Florence Macgregor was lying unfolded just inside the flap. He remembered clearly enough now.

Feigning to be asleep, he watched her through his half-closed eyelids as she moved about the room, her every foot-fall causing the bottles on the table at his bedside to rattle together with a gentle, irritating click.

"Never mind," he said at last, when after throwing a fresh log upon the fire she drew aside the chair which screened his eyes from the blaze. "Never mind."

"But it is no trouble at all," she answered, putting away a large fan that had been placed upon the bureau to hide from him his own reflection in the mirror, "and you will sleep so much better when things are in order."

Cunliffe uttered a half-suppressed groan as his dark, cadaverous face and the sharp, suggestive folds of the bed-clothes above the gaunt outlines of his figure were dimly returned to him from the opposite wall.

"Is there anything more I can do?" she asked, coming to his side and looking down at him anxiously.

"No," said Cunliffe. "No, my dear, I do not think a single thing remains undone."

She hesitated a moment; then, with a little sigh, moved toward the door.

"Good-night," said Cunliffe, gently.

She turned back swiftly, and stooping, kissed him on the forehead. "Get well," she said, in the half-conscious, awkward tone of a person who seldom expresses any emotion. "Oh, get well." Then taking up her lamp and writing-materials she went away, leaving the door open behind her.

By raising himself slightly upon his elbow, Cunliffe could see her as she arranged her books and papers upon her desk at the far end of the next room. The little wrinkles at the corners of his tired eyes deepened slightly

as he smiled, noting her flowing silk wrapper and full lace ruffles.

"Poor dear," he thought with a sort of impatient compassion. "She seems to have gone and got herself up expressly for the occasion. I dare say that is the conventional costume for a ministering angel—an obstinate angel, and—an angel with a touch of temper," reflectively noting the slight tinge of pink that, as she stood above the lamp, distinctly tipped her straight, fine nose. "Pray Heaven that the reports prove not too interesting," he added, anxiously, as she seated herself at her desk and began writing.

For a time her steady pen moved mechanically over the paper, and Cunliffe, following, in imagination, the well-ordered sentences, shrugged his shoulders over their probable facile conventionality.

"What a relief it must be to her," he thought, "to have me safely shelved, and be able to revel in copy-book maxims unrebuked. Nevertheless, when she gets before that committee she will carry her point, and the resentful pauper will be aided in the manner at once best for his welfare and least agreeable to his susceptibilities. She has done the same before, by—other poor devils not so obviously indigent—and yet——"

He did not finish, but bent forward and noiselessly drawing a fur-lined dressing-gown from the foot of the bed put it around his shoulders. Then resting his chin upon his elbow, he stared at the flickering blaze that leaped around the fresh log in the fireplace.

As if in corollary to his thoughts there rose before him the memory of a flying boat; and clinging to its slanting taffrail, facing the dash of the waves, a woman stood fearless and keen-eyed, her wet, dark hair curling from under her close brown felt hat, and a faint red warming the tan on her cheeks. Full of life and health, full of resource and intelligence, she cleated a sheet or gave the skipper a hand at the tiller while he let out a reef in the sail; and then, as they sped along before the wind, standing in the bow with one arm flung around the mast, her reckless figure defined, now in splendid coloring against the deep blue of the sea and

again in dark gray silhouette high on the cloud-flecked sky, he watched her, and listened, as she told strange tales, quoted queer books, and flung forth daring philosophies—and the joy of living filled the universe.

"And yet," persisted Cunliffe, with uncompromising justice—"and yet, if there is any good in me, it is due to Edith's influence, and to Edith's alone. There is something in her bitter honesty and tactless truthfulness that calls out one's best, one's very best. With all her conventionality, too, she cares for me, cares for me a good deal—almost enough to keep herself awake. And she trusts me, *absolutely*. Would to God that letter had never been written!"

Suddenly he sat up and put his hand to his side, with difficulty suppressing a groan. What a wretched wrench in the region of the heart! A twinge like that meant something serious. What if he should "snuff out," as Macgregor said, then and there?

And the letter?

Decidedly, the sooner he went downstairs and destroyed it the better; that was one of the things you could not leave to chance.

Turning slowly, with a caution born of the fear of increasing his pain, Cunliffe looked eagerly into the adjoining room. Edith was leaning back with her eyes closed, her arm resting upon her desk. She was not asleep, for her right hand, slightly raised in the air, still held the pen suspended.

Cunliffe looked at her a moment judicially, and then quite silently made a heap of all the pillows, and half reclining, leaned back upon them, keeping her still in view.

"I give her a quarter of an hour longer," he said to himself. "She is thinking, and thought is fatal—to both of us, by the way. Thank Heaven, that torment is decreasing. I wish I had less faith in Macgregor's medical opinion—I'm really not particularly anxious to die just yet. If there were only someone to send—the new nurse, for example. I couldn't trust the other, but this one perhaps— Ah! how tired I get."

He shifted the heavy gown wearily

from one shoulder to the other. It was a picturesque garment, and Cunliffe took pleasure in the fact that in it he did not look repulsive. A feeling of personal fitness was so essential to his comfort that he had even insisted upon sending for the barber the previous morning. But there was nothing fatuous in the face he turned toward the lighted doorway of the other room; on the contrary, it was full of a certain rough force and vigor, and, in spite of its slight touch of cynicism, was not without sweetness. Although he was a short man, his frame was that of an athlete; his thin hands had the square look and negligent hang characteristic of powerful muscle; he sat very still too, for the habits of strength were those of his lifetime.

At last he shook his head. To send the nurse was out of the question: the risk of her discovery was too great and the prospect of her discretion too dubious. He called himself a fool for thinking of it. "And yet—if I go myself——"

For awhile his thoughts outran their idle expression; then he sighed. "And so men have died," he resumed, dreamily, "and the worms have eaten them—but not for love. There are certain large verities lurking in the background of life that at crucial moments stalk silently to the front, whether we would or no. And love—or shall we call it folly?—goes to the wall. Sometimes, also, it takes us with it, for man's most powerful affinity in this world is an affinity for being a fool. Foreordained for each of us and destined for his destruction is one colossal piece of idiocy which, perhaps, he may never encounter; but if he does, then crash! Everything goes! It is in this respect that folly so strongly resembles love. In fact"—Cunliffe's eyes softened to a smile—"there are times when man cannot tell the two apart; but this is because of his blindness. For we none of us know what love is, although in the course of a long and varied term of years we believe that we have often found it. We pay our vows to the right of it and sigh our sighs to the left of it; we may even die for it, ignorant that since the beginning it has

waited directly in front of us." He raised himself farther upon the pillows, and, looking in at his wife, laughed gently. "Such grim jokes do the *Ulterior Fates* delight in," he murmured.

Just then her hand slid along the desk and fell into her lap; the penholder rolled from her relaxed fingers and fell noisily to the floor, but she did not heed—only turned her head a little and settled herself more comfortably in her chair.

Cunliffe waited a few minutes longer, and then, raising his hand, deliberately knocked a teaspoon off the table at the head of his bed. It struck upon some metallic substance with a loud ring, and on reaching the ground spun wildly around, rattling a sharp tattoo on the bare boards. Cunliffe leaned forward eagerly; Edith did not stir. "I thought so," he said; "she is safe now for at least three hours, if not longer."

He had always considered this heavy slumber a stupid, somewhat plebeian, trait; but now the pink color he so often criticised had died out of her face, which was of that clear and dainty type usually accompanying an abundance of reddish golden hair. Her straight, refined nose and delicate, severe mouth showed as if cut in ivory against the dark cushions of her high-backed chair. She looked so white, so remote and helpless, that Cunliffe was seized with sudden ruth. "I feel as if I were playing her a shabby trick," he whispered; "but there is no time to waste now in splitting hairs.—Better a dead lion than a live dog!"

He pulled the dressing-gown farther over his shoulders, and after struggling with the sleeves, sprang up alertly, only to rock helplessly to and fro the moment he landed upon his feet. Catching hold of the foot-board of the bed as a support, he walked more cautiously toward the closet, where he was sure his clothing must have been placed the first morning of his illness. As he let himself in, he was struck with surprise by the icy coldness of the air that met him.

"Nothing like two weeks in bed to make a man tender," he muttered impatiently, as he felt among the hanging garments, and by sheer good-fortune

found the pocket in which he had left his keys. As he drew them out he chanced to loosen a heavy overcoat, which fell upon him and bore him to the ground with such force and weight that he could not find strength to rise again.

Creeping laboriously he made his way out of the closet and, with a growing sense of the absurdity of his position, began slowly to cross the floor, the keys in one hand and the coat still pressing upon his shoulders; all at once, throwing it off with a furious motion, he staggered to his feet, and reeling forward to the foot of the bed, lay there breathing deep and painfully, like a spent swimmer. "Man is a vain savage," he muttered.

For awhile he remained quiet, nursing himself for the fresh exertion of descending into the lower hall, and trying to conquer the sick tremor of dizziness that assailed him at every thought of the sharp turn at the head of the stairs and the narrow edges of the steps just above the landing.

It was characteristic of Cunliffe that the thought of foregoing his purpose at no time occurred to him. His habit of making up his mind rapidly and surely, and of always keeping his object resolutely in view, had not been in the least affected by his bodily weakness. "I must take something to steady my nerves," he muttered, and turning to the table at the head of his bed, he poured himself a stiff glass of brandy and drank it. The effect was almost magical; rising, he walked securely from the room, and descending the stairs, passed the sharp turn with scarcely a thought of dizziness; reaching the landing in safety, he sat down to rest for a moment on the broad cushioned seat built into the large window that lighted the lower hall.

With an indifferent turn of the hand he drew aside the curtain, and then started with amazement. The ground in every direction was covered deep with snow.

"Winter!" he murmured. "How long have I been ill?"

The light from the moon, already sinking to the west, glittered on the lower half of the window-panes through

every fantastic device that frost could create. The sky arched upward in an infinite depth of dark clear blue, from which the great stars, double their ordinary size, hung spheroidal, pulsing slowly like drops of liquid gold about to fall. The shadows of the fir-trees lay sharp-edged and black in gigantic pointed fronds along the lawn, and all between the delicate branches of the elms were traced upon the snow with the fineness of an etching. There was not a breath of wind in the dry, frozen air; but on turning his eyes eastward, Cunliffe noted a gray indistinctness in the outlines of the hills, blending them by imperceptible gradations with the leaden heaviness of the lower sky. It was a sign of intense cold. He shivered, and rose to continue his way downstairs.

From the wide fireplace of the lower hall a great bed of coals shed a cheerful glow upon the ceiling, gleamed in the brasses, and flickered in the polish of the furniture. Cunliffe crossed the floor and stood in front of the tall clock. Its expressionless face told him many things: the hour, the year, the phase of the moon, the day of the week, the day of the month.

"January!" he murmured. "January? No wonder I have forgotten how to walk. Well, that settles me, I suppose."

He turned feebly in the direction of the study, relieved to find that his wife had not closed the heavy door. Clutching a chair here, a curtain there, steering warily like a man in strange waters with an eye always ahead for the next obstacle, he made his way to his desk, and unlocking the flap, took out the letter. Then slipping the key into his pocket, with his last remnant of energy he floundered into an easy-chair by the window and held the letter up before his eyes. "I mean to read this, whatever happens," he said to himself.

His writing was bold and black, very large and plainer than print; in the bright moonlight, aided by the reflections from the snow, he read with ease. It was not a long letter, and as he finished it his hand dropped in his lap, and he sat looking out of the window.

"Folly again," he murmured, and a

great temptation assailed him; for in those lines there pulsed a living something that for the moment would not be denied; a folly so splendid, so dominant, that its imperious beauty annihilated all sense of shame or of compunction.

Once more he raised the letter and read it through. He would leave it in the desk. He still had strength to seal it. If he put a request upon the envelope that it should be sent privately, he knew that Edith would deliver it unread and alone.

"And I should like Florence Macgregor to know me as I really am," he thought, and then laughed. For his wish was granted. What he really was she knew already. Only what had been hidden, dormant, denied, she knew not.

Whereas Edith—

With a quick sigh, he kissed the paper, then deliberately tore it in two; and forgetting himself completely, rose and walked boldly to the middle of the floor; but here his strength deserted him. He did not fall headlong, but sank slowly to his knees, and then after resting a moment on the palm of his hand slipped gradually sidewise until he lay motionless, his head upon his arm, the torn pages of the letter grasped close to his heart.

The moon dropped down behind the fir-trees, and the light passed from the window. With a soft, rustling crackle the fire died out in the hall. The forgotten clock ticked listlessly, more and more slowly, until it stopped. Sound like a tide ebbed away in the distance, and a gray darkness filled the room with shadows.

Gasping through successive depths of cold and misery Cunliffe returned at last to the consciousness of an insurmountable weakness that left no space for vanity as he painfully dragged himself to the door. Thence it seemed an endless journey before he reached his goal at the foot of the stairway and saw, pale and clear above him, the starlit window on the landing. Drawing long sobs of exhaustion he climbed laboriously up the steps, and supporting himself against the wainscoting, crept along the upper hall. Hitherto, although he had had no conscious

aim but that of finding himself again in his own room, he had never once relaxed his vice-like grasp upon the crumpled papers in his hand. Now, as he stood in his doorway, the faint red glow in the fire-place opposite caught his eye; crossing toward it as if in pursuance of some well-laid plan, he dropped the letter on the smouldering log and then staggered almost senseless to his bed.

There he lay and shivered, battling silently with a sickening sense of sinking and falling through the air, his face turned with a sort of mute appeal toward the door of the room where Edith was sleeping; but although he believed that he was dying, the thought of calling for help did not present itself to his benumbed intelligence. Still, when finally he heard her stir uneasily and push back her chair from the desk, a stinging spray of hot tears burned suddenly on his eyelids, testifying to his desperate relief.

She moved quietly at first, and then with the abrupt decision of a person fully awake and startled at the passage of time. Her lamp had gone out, and Cunliffe heard the sharp crackle of a match. The next minute she came into the room; he could see that she was frightened; her hand trembled as she held the candle. In spite of the doctor's warning she had forgotten the stimulant.

Stumbling over the heavy gown which he had slipped off at the side of the bed, she let fall a little drop of burning grease on his cheek.

"Eros and Psyche," he muttered faintly. "I shall disappear before daylight!"

She shook her head, but he could see that she was slightly encouraged to find in him the mockery of his characteristic mood.

"How could I be so careless?" she murmured.

"Do not be troubled. I drank nearly all there was there about an hour ago."

She turned to the table and lifted the flask. It was very light; Cunliffe saw the relief leap to her eyes. "There is just enough left for this time," she said. "Can you sit up?"

He could not, but he looked at her

lazily and smiled, as if only the will to move and not the strength were lacking. She slipped her arm behind him and, helping him gently to a reclining posture, gave him the brandy. Then propping him up with the pillows she left him a moment while she lighted another lamp and went in search of the nourishment about which the doctor had been so strenuous.

Cunliffe was very weak. He lay moving his hand nervously to and fro along the linen sheet that lay across his lap; suddenly it clinched, and he sat up rigid, with eyes wide open and aghast.

His letter had not burned:—it lay there, still on the log, but not as he had thrown it; gradually uncurling in the heat, both pieces were opened fully to the gaze of the earliest comer. Even from that distance he could see the form of the bold black writing in the first short line. Any line but that! for Edith was returning.

Carefully closing the door into the hall, she sat down upon the bed-side and fed him the steaming bouillon with evident pleasure in the opportunity.

In spite of his frightful exhaustion Cunliffe talked on and on, feebly but incessantly, in order to retain her attention. Plying her with gentle gibes he kept her eyes upon his until she passed through the doorway into her own room, her face wearing a look of timid hopefulness that softened its every asperity.

"Now if I do snuff out," he said to himself, "she will have no cause for self-reproach: I am so evidently better." But his strength was ebbing with every breath he took.

"I may be mistaken," he thought, fingering his oddly fluttering pulse with strange, impersonal curiosity, "but I am afraid I have broken something inside. Well—it justifies my faith in Macgregor; and—also his mistrust of me. That speechifying in the lower hall last night was not without its object. I wonder what he suspected? Between a woman and a doctor, especially one of Macgregor's experience, the best place for a man who means to keep something to himself is a certain grisly bourne toward which I am rapidly

tending. How tired the traveller gets! Fortunately, he is not called upon to return. Am I going to sleep? I cannot go to sleep now—with that letter lying there!" He made a feeble effort to rise, but his eyelids were closing.

"And Edith," he murmured drowsily, "whose favorite boast has always been that we had positively no secrets from each other!" The next instant, mastered by unconquerable languor, he fell into a dull, torpid slumber.

In the shock of bad news and in the haste of her departure the evening before, the nurse had neglected to close the shutters of the window opposite the foot of Cunliffe's bed; later on his wife had drawn up the shade also, forgetting to pull it down again. And now, in the colorless winter's dawn, a dark grayish triangle, bounded by the black, sweeping lines of the curtains, began to gather shape at the sash. Slowly it paled, and as the light increased a hazy net-work of bare twigs and branches formed against the whiteness without.

In the other room Edith noiselessly extinguished her lamp and stretched herself upon the lounge. Everything about was lifeless, pallid, forlorn; she hid her head in the pillows to escape that moment of profound revolt with which the soul instinctively recoils from the first dreary call of coming day.

For awhile it seemed as if both were sleeping. Then translucent, crystalline, a splendid yellow spread and deepened in the sky. Cunliffe opened his eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the window. The black, clear reticulations of the branches seemed to inclose the living heavens like a jewel in an oriental carving.

"No secrets from each other! No other!"

Hitherto he had always heard this statement of Edith's with a comfortable persuasion of his own magnanimity in allowing her to cherish any idea whatever that happened to please her; now, the persistence of its repetition struck him in a new light. Had she wished to stifle a doubt? In the grim widening of his horizon the tolerant amusement of his old attitude seemed mean and

small beside the large, determined trustfulness of hers.

He closed his eyes; and, wrought by an invisible sculptor, the gaunt, stern outlines of his face momentarily deepened.

"I cannot go until I get that letter," he whispered; but when he tried to rise his head seemed riveted to the pillow. For a moment he struggled, and then things grew black before him.

Was someone standing in the doorway? Edith, of course; she was always inopportune, poor girl! Was it time for that brandy again?

And the letter, the letter!

He moaned feebly and turned away his head. There was a pause, a little clink of glass, and then she stole softly from the room. She had gone downstairs to refill the empty flask.—One chance left!

With a terrible effort he succeeded in dragging himself up upon his elbow, and was trying to slip to the floor in the vain hope of finding strength to crawl to the fire-place, when shrill and noisy, from somewhere in the house, came the long, disturbing rattle of an electric bell; the next instant Macgregor's loud, cheery voice sounded in anxious inquiries from below.

Cunliffe's heart gave a fierce, painful bound and then began to flutter violently. Striking his clinched fist upon his forehead with a gesture of despair, he made a last frantic attempt to leave his bed.

Someone in the hall was trying to open his door.

"Do not come in," he called, without ceasing his struggles or even glancing over his shoulder. But the knob continued softly to turn, and the new nurse appeared, terrified, on the threshold; the next instant she was gone, forgetting to close the door behind her.

But Cunliffe heeded neither her advent nor her departure. Abruptly he had ceased all effort, and resting upon his elbow, was staring at the fire-place.

With the opening of the door a light flame had shot up at the base of the smouldering log upon which the hot yellow papers were lying.

Cunliffe held his breath. Uncon-

scious of weakness he rose, inch by inch, as if drawn by some outward power, until, propping himself on one trembling arm, he sat upright—waiting.

A puff of smoke—a fierce, short blaze—the letter was gone!

“Oh, man, man!” cried the doctor, running into the room. “Why didn’t ye heed my warning?”

Cunliffe did not answer. His eyes were fixed upon the flakes of soft, black ash that were lazily floating up the chimney. In front of the window the red, clear disk of the sun was slowly climbing among the bare, graceful boughs of the elm-tree. A moment of peace, of utter gladness, had come to Cunliffe.

“Things have turned out pretty well after all,” he murmured, and then fell back among the pillows.

Self-possessed and resourceful, the new nurse stole forward, seconding the doctor’s vain efforts as one after another he tried his ineffectual remedies. At the foot of the bed stood Edith, breath-

less, her arms bent, her hands drawn rigidly to her sides, in the tense attitude of one about to run a race.

At last, straightening himself from his stooping posture, Macgregor looked across at his assistant and shook his head; almost imperceptibly, assenting, the woman bent hers in return.

Grave and thoughtful, never so wonted to death as to see it without awe, and yet too familiar to meet it with amazement, these two, whose profession was the healing of the living, waited in silent acknowledgment of the end of their usefulness. There was not a sound in the room.

Then Edith threw her hands above her head with a long, mourning cry. “Oh, what shall I do?” she wailed. “I am a widow, a widow indeed! He was all that I had!”

Her voice rang on her ears querulous and self-conscious, rebuked by the mute, austere sincerity of Death.

She wished that she had not spoken. She was glad that Cunliffe could not hear.

HIS STATEMENT OF THE CASE

By James Herbert Morse

“Now half a hundred years had I been born—
 So many and so brief—when made aware,
 By Time’s blunt looks, of hoar-frost in my hair.
 I turned to one of twenty, in the corn,
 At husking time, that blissful autumn morn,
 And said ‘What if the red ear fall to me?’
 I would not for the world have any see
 The look, half doubtful, mazeful, half in scorn,
 That grew through all degrees, then broke in laughter,
 As she ran down among the beardless men.
 I left the husking, nor returned thereafter,
 That autumn morn, nor any morn since then.
 But you shall see gray beards in a long row,
 Upon the rustic roads where I now go.”



HANKS to the patriotic liberality of Mr. William Henry Alexander, the British National Portrait Gallery has at last been provided with a handsome house of its own. While rendering all due thanks to him, it is yet to be regretted that the site granted by the British Government does not admit of any expansion of the present building, which is only large enough to afford bare accommodation to the existing collection. It is also a matter for regret that it occupies the space which would have been most suitable for the much-needed additions to the National Gallery. The two hide-bound institutions now stand back to back, connected somewhat in the manner of the Siamese twins. Nor does it make matters any better that the architecture of one is classical and of the other Renaissance, while the well-intentioned attempt to effect a plausible transition between the two buildings by a portico, which agrees with neither, only draws attention to the discord. The present National Gallery, which occupies what has been called the finest site in Europe, is perhaps the "best-abused" building in that quarter of the globe. Its façade is elegant and would be impressive but for the inadequate superstructures of dome and turrets. If the space now occupied by the National Portrait Gallery had been handed over

to a competent architect, with power to deal, as a whole, with the existing building, and his additions to it, we might have had a really fine National Gallery, and a National Portrait Gallery might have been built in the barrack ground near or elsewhere. But the opportunity has been lost, and when the barrack ground aforesaid is at last diverted from military to artistic purposes, it can only be used for the erection of supplementary buildings, which will increase the present architectural confusion. This, however, is not the fault of the donor, nor should we be hard upon the architect. Like Mr. Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, the late Mr. Ewan Christian, was hampered by conditions. The former had to make use of old materials, the latter to build on a difficult and contracted site. If Mr. Christian's building is not a masterpiece, he has at least given us a fair and elegant elevation on the north side, something like a fifteenth century palace in Florence, and has provided a series of well-lighted and pleasantly proportioned rooms, where some hundreds of pictures can be seen to the best advantage.

It is some forty years ago that the present National Portrait Gallery was instituted, at the suggestion of the late Earl Stanhope, and with the support of the late Prince Consort. Previously to 1856 the nearest approaches to such an institution were to be found in the monuments in Westminster Abbey and

St. Paul's Cathedral, and a very miscellaneous gathering of pictures in the British Museum, which had been presented or bequeathed to the nation from time to time since the middle of the last century. Out of the latter some seventy have been carefully selected, and transferred to the National Portrait Gallery. Of these seventy, no fewer than sixteen were presented by Dr. Andrew Gifford, the Baptist Minister, archæologist, and numismatist, who was Assistant Librarian to the British Museum from 1757 till his death in 1784. They comprise two portraits, both by Paul Van Somer, of the great Lord Bacon and of Elizabeth Vernon (the countess of Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare); others of the great Lord Burghley and of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter (the latter by Marc Gheeraerts); of James, Duke of Monmouth, and Archbishop Ussher (both by Sir Peter Lely); of Charles II. (by James Greenhill), besides many others that are interesting or valuable. The contribution from the British Museum also contained portraits of Thomas Howard, first Lord of Arundel, the great collector and patron of art; of Oliver Cromwell and his page (one of the finest works of Robert Walker); of Queen Elizabeth (two, one of unusual interest on account of the costume and the date, 1567, when the Queen was four-and-thirty); of the great Duke of Marlborough, by Kneller; of the younger Sir Harry Vane, by William Dobson; and, not to extend this list unduly, of Archbishop Cranmer at the age of fifty-seven, by Gerbarus Fliccius. The last is a noble work by a very rare artist, of whose career nothing is known except that he came to England, and was imprisoned in London, possibly on account of his Protestantism. At the time, therefore, of the institution of the National Portrait Gallery the nation possessed a goodly number of interesting portraits, which might have formed the nucleus of the new collection, but for some reason or other they remained at the British Museum till June, 1879. To the late Earl of Ellesmere belongs the honor of starting the present collection by the gift of

what is known as the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, from its having belonged to the first Duke of Chandos (the patron of Gay and Handel, and builder of the "lordly pleasure-house" of Canons), a life-sized picture of whose pompous person, in all the glory of huge wig, crimson mantle, and gold buskins hangs also on the walls of the gallery. The "Chandos" portrait of Shakespeare, though not painted, as was once supposed, by either John Taylor or Richard Burbage, the players, belonged to the former, or a namesake of his, and was probably painted, if not from the life, at least from memory; and no more fitting canvas could have been chosen to inaugurate the National Collection. It was presented in March, 1856, or some months in advance of the formal establishment of the Institution. Since then the Gallery has been growing at the rate, on the average, of about twenty-five pictures in the year, though not without the aid of some extraordinary contributions, as those of the British Museum, already mentioned, thirty pictures presented by the Honorable Society of Judges and Sergeants-at-Law, in 1877, and about seventeen transferred from the National Gallery in 1883 and since.

Chronologically, also, the pictures begin with a poet—none other than Geoffrey Chaucer, that "well of English undefyled." The history of this small panel is unknown, but it is possibly contemporary, and represents the author of the "Canterbury Tales" in a gray ungirdled gown and black leggings, with beads in one hand and knife-case in the other, and a long falling turban-like head-dress. It is one of the portraits transferred from the British Museum, which still possesses a similar representation of the poet drawn on vellum, which is engraved in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations." With the exception of this picture and one of Archbishop Scrope, the portraits in the Gallery are, till the time of Henry VII., confined to royal personages, and chiefly consist of electrotypes of their effigies in Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of Canterbury and Gloucester. The family of Edward III. are represented by engravings by the late Direc-



PRINCESS MARY, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., afterward Queen (Bloody) Mary

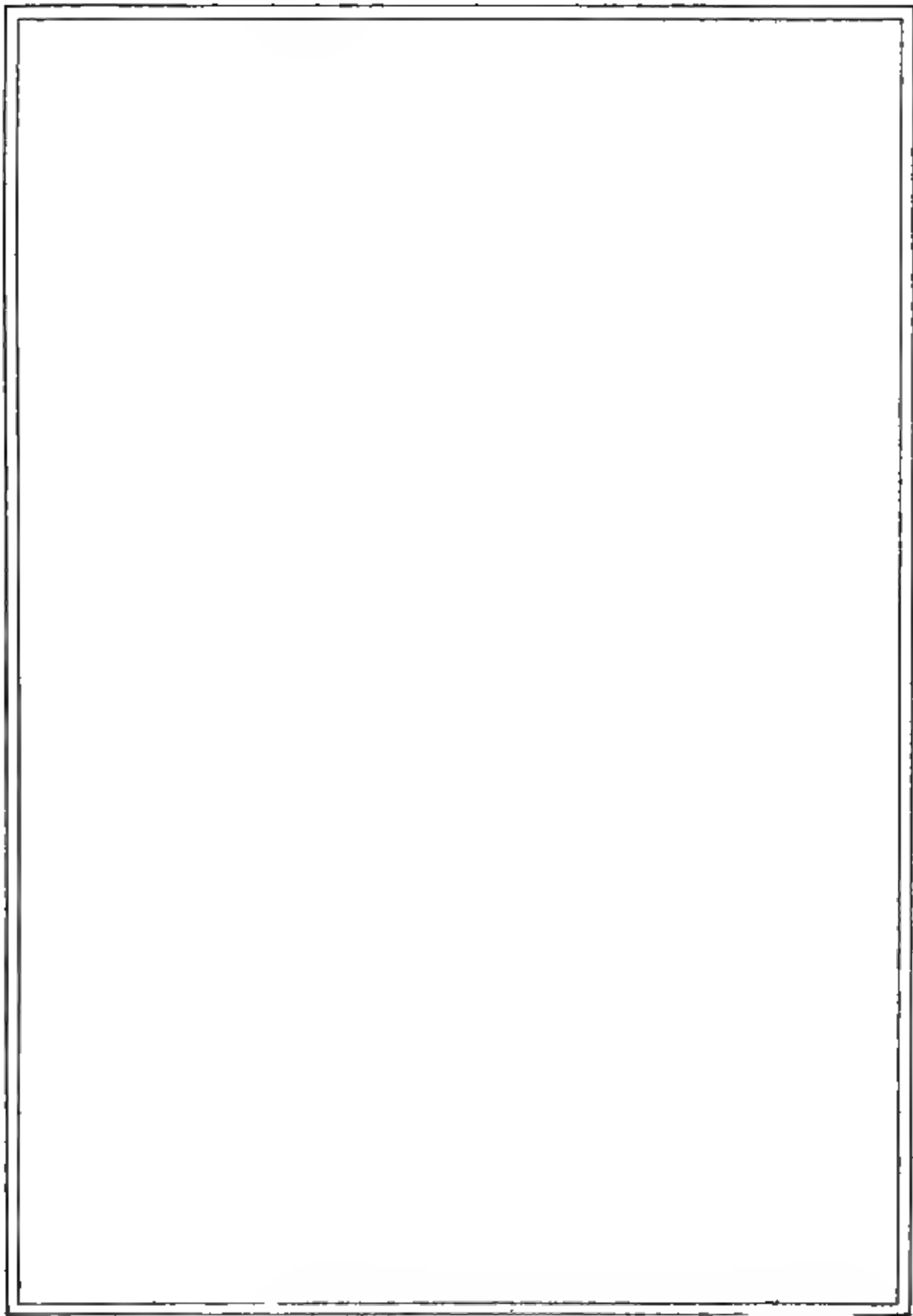
From the painting by Joannes Corvus.

tor, Sir George Scharf, after tracings from drawings once on the wall of St. Stephen's Chapel (the old House of Commons), which perished in the fire that consumed both Houses of Parliament in 1834; but the first easel picture of a king, which is valuable not only for its resemblance but for its artistic merits, is that of Richard III., by some unknown Flemish artist.

It is full of character and was evidently either taken from the life or, as two others similar to it exist, was copied from one so taken. He is richly dressed and ornamented, and is shifting one of three rings which he wears on his right hand. His face is closely shaven and sallow, and his lips compressed.

A very interesting contemporary portrait of Henry VII., and another of his mother, Margaret Beaufort, the Countess of Richmond, mark the end of the long Wars of the Roses and the revival of art and letters in England. From that time to the present there has been a steady demand for portraits in England, and as steady a supply of portrait-painters, good, bad, and indifferent, native and foreign. But anyone who expects that the National Portrait Gallery contains a selection of the best portraits by the best artists will be disappointed. In the first place its object is historical and not artistic, and in the second, there are no portraits to be found of some of the most eminent and interesting men and women. Moreover, when they exist, they are often

unobtainable, for, however patriotic a man may be, he hesitates to part with the most cherished of his family possessions, and when they come into the market they often fetch prices beyond the modest income of the Gallery. Nevertheless, if we have no Holbein, we have several excellent pictures of his "school," and if we have only one Van Dyck (a portrait of Sir Julius Cæsar), we have a number of good copies of his works. Moreover, of fine examples of the best of the later portrait-painters the Gallery is by no means deficient; and it possesses excellent portraits by artists who if not of the first rank were very skilful and faithful limners. Amongst these may be mentioned Marc Gheeraerts, Honthorst, Mireveldt, Van Somer, Zuccherò, and de Heere, while the special student of English art will rejoice to find examples of comparatively rare painters like Aikman, Mary Beale, Riley, Nathaniel Dance, Robert Walker, Arthur Devis, John Greenhill, Francis Hayman, Joseph Highmore, Jonathan Richardson, Hoare, of Bath, and Joseph Michael Wright, while of American artists there are at least two, Washington Allston, whose portrait of Coleridge is so well known, and Gilbert Stuart, by whom there are no less than six admirable portraits, including a small version of his masterpiece—the full length figure of George Washington. Some of the portraits by rare English artists, like that of the philosopher Hobbes, of Malmesbury, by Joseph Michael Wright, and the portraits of



EDWARD VI., at the age of six.

From a painting of the School of Holbein

SARAH JENNINGS, FIRST DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

From the painting by Kneller.

Dobson and Walker by themselves, are of quite exceptional merit even as works of art.

The National Portrait Gallery now contains between 1,000 and 1,100 works (including sculpture and medals), but it may yet be considered in its infancy. It has recently been estimated by Mr. Sidney Lee, the present editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, that since the year 1000 about 30,000 persons have achieved in the United Kingdom such a measure of distinction as to claim the national biographer's attention. Though it may be going too far

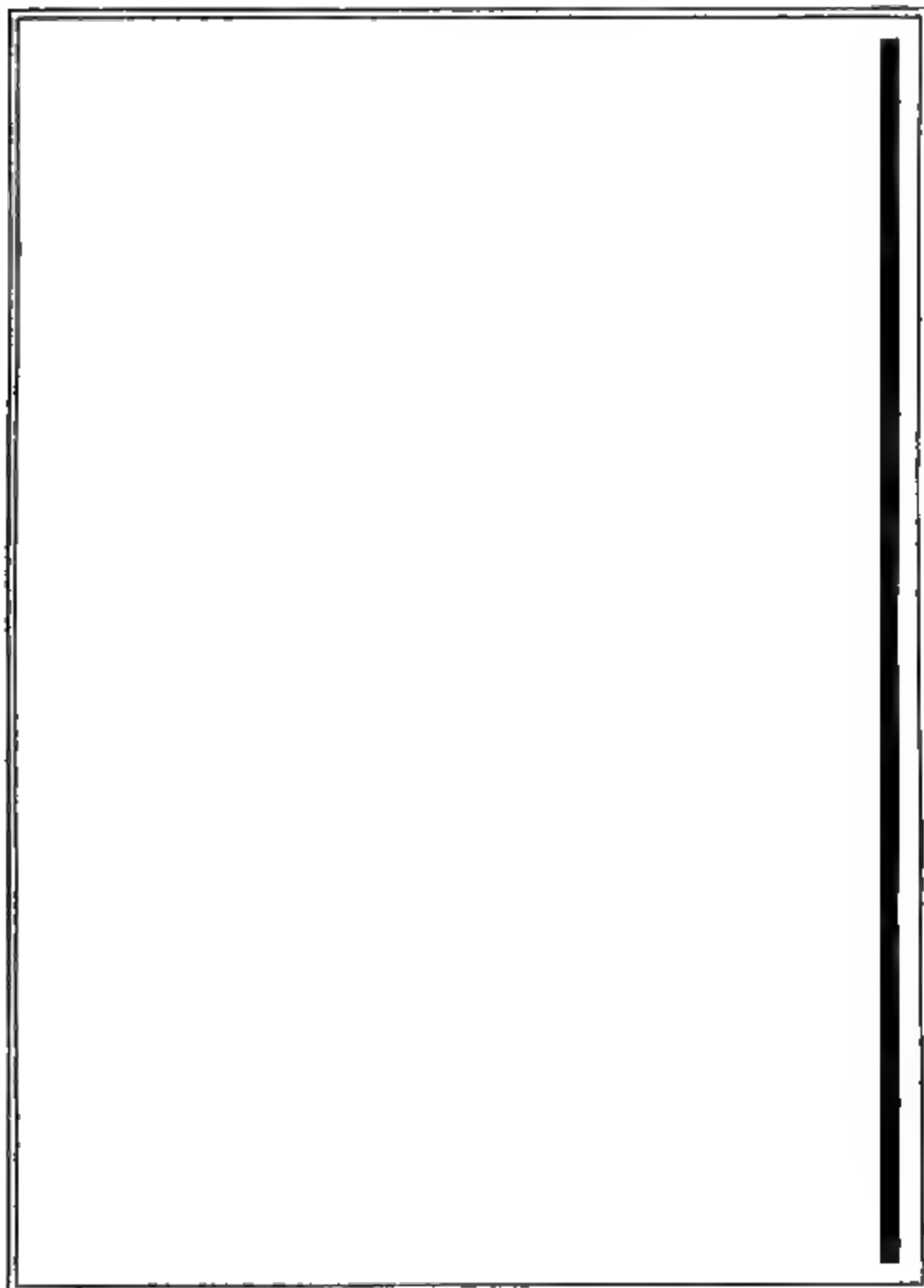
to say that every one of these has established a claim to a portrait in the National Collection, which at present draws the line at criminals and mere eccentrics; and though such claims could not in a very large number of cases be satisfied, because no portraits are in existence, there is still left an enormous margin for the legitimate extension of the National Portrait Gallery, especially as more than one portrait of the same individual, if he has any great claim on the nation's memory, may and should be welcomed within its walls. The three great historical loan collec-

NELL GWYNN.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

tions of portraits which were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in 1866, 1867, and 1868 contained nearly 3,000 pictures, and this at least is far below the proportions which the National Portrait Gallery may be expected to attain. Yet, even at present, though the gaps in it are too numerous for mention in this article, the assemblage gives a good historical summary of the dis-

tinguished personages of British history since the days of Henry VII. We see Henry VIII. presented in two large pictures reproducing what may be called the Holbein type of "Bluff King Hal," the burly potentate, brave with jewels and embroideries, immense in breadth and girth, with full, fleshy face and swaggering air. And there is another portrait of him, of a much rarer



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From a terra cotta bust modelled from the life by Edward Pierce, Jr

type, small and with his face turned to the right, quite human and meditative. Grouped around him, in pictures of various degrees of merit, are two of his queens (Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn), his daughter Mary and his son Edward, Cardinal Wolsey, and Sir Thomas More, his doctor, Sir William Butts, and his friend, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Here, also, are Brandon's son-in-law, the second Duke of Suffolk, and his grandchild, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. The martyrs, Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, with Cardinal Pole and King Philip II., form part of the appropriate setting of the meagre and unhappy visage of Queen

Mary; and near them hang several pictures of her more popular sister, the great Queen Bess, attended by a goodly company of her courtiers and her counsellors, her favorites and foes, her soldiers and her sailors, her poets and philosophers. Here is Mary, Queen of Scots, with her mother, Mary of Lorraine, and her husband, Darnley. Here are Knox and Fox, Burghley and Leicester, Essex and Raleigh, Speed and Camden, Shakespeare and Bacon. The times of the Stuarts are more fully represented than those of the Tudors, and those of the present dynasty than all of the rest put together; or, to state the matter more nearly, according to the official list of August 31, 1894, about 44 works belonged to the sixteenth, 165 to the seventeenth,

194 to the eighteenth, and 349 to the nineteenth century.

Though the portraits of Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn are not very prepossessing, they are well executed and in good preservation. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella does not suggest a Spanish extraction. She wears a square-cut dress with an English pentagonal hood, and a jewelled cross with three pearls pendant hangs at her neck. She has very red lips and full jaws. The face of Anne Boleyn is younger and of a more slender type, but in spite of the large brown eyes and chestnut hair, it is scarcely so pleasant as that of her rival. Her French hood and dress

are embroidered with pearls, and she wears a pearl necklace with the letter B hanging from it. It strikes one as a mark of the incompleteness of the Gallery that out of Henry's six wives two only are represented here. Of his three children who ascended the throne, one (Edward VI.) is motherless; but there is a very pretty portrait of him as a boy of six, of the school of Holbein, delicate and thoughtful, with a rose in his hand and a pearl at his breast, his cap decorated with an ostrich plume, daintily arranged. The very interesting portrait of Henry's eldest daughter, the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen, was painted by Joannes Corvus, a rare Flemish master, whose real name was Jan Rave. Her coiffure is somewhat similar to that of Anne Boleyn, and she also wears a square-cut dress, a pearl necklace and a pendant. Her full-sleeved gown of cloth of gold is decorated with seed pearls. It was painted in 1544 when she was eight and twenty, and probably happier than she had been since her mother's repudiation, for this year her right of succession to the throne had been declared by an Act of Parliament. She danced at a court ball shortly afterwards, and is described by the secretary of the Duke de Najera, as not only pleasing in person but very popular. Neither her happiness nor her charm appear in this portrait.

The imperfection of the Gallery is well illustrated in connection with the earlier poets and dramatists. There is only an indifferent representation of Shakespeare, and only a copy of a portrait of Ben Jonson, while Chapman and Spenser, Webster and Marlowe, are wholly unrepresented. There is a portrait of Fletcher, but none of Beaumont, none of Sackville, but one of Drayton, and, in the absence of Sir Philip Sidney, we have to content ourselves with the face of his sister, for whose entertainment he wrote the "Arcadia." If it were only for William Browne's famous epitaph on this charming lady

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,

JOHN WESLEY

From a marble bust by an unknown sculptor.

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death! ere thou has found another
 Fair and wise and good as she
 'Time shall throw his dart at thee,"

she would deserve a niche in our national temple. She wears a white lace

justify her epitaph. This excellent picture is ascribed to Marc Gheeraerts with some doubt, but the painter of the equally fine portrait of Drayton is frankly stated as unknown. The laborious author of the "Polyolbion," and of

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

From the drawing by Robert Hancock.

cap arranged something like a handkerchief, peaked over her forehead and curving round her head, so as to show her dark brown hair on each side. A black-and-red mantle partly covers her white embroidered jacket, but shows the tightly fitting sleeves and yellow gloves, both of which she holds in her right hand. Her handsome, clever, but very sweet and cheerful face seems to

the stirring ballad of the Battle of Agincourt, is represented almost full face and looking straight out of the picture. This is dated 1599 when the poet was thirty-six years old. The face is handsome and refined, with blue eyes, brown mustache, and peaked beard. The head wears a wreath of bay leaves and berries.

Although she plays but a small part

in the pages of English history, no little national interest attaches to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the sister of Charles I., the mother of Prince Rupert, and the ancestor of Queen Victoria, in the direct line. Of her there are two

but two still larger pearls depend from each of them, and appear from under her hair, against her neck. The already mentioned Hobbes, of Malmesbury, by J. M. Wright, a good picture of Inigo Jones, copied by Stone from

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

From the drawing by Robert Hancock.

good portraits, one by Mireveldt and the other by Honthorst. The latter is the more attractive, and shows a singularly handsome and rather melancholy face. Her unadorned hair is parted on one side and descends in ringlets over her shoulders. She wears a black dress cut square and low, and bordered with deep lace. Her short necklace is of large pearls. Her ears are hidden,

Van Dyck, very fine portraits, by William Dobson, of himself and of Endymion Porter, the friend of Charles I., and the Duke of Buckingham, and a group of the latter and his family, by Honthorst, are among the best of the pictures of this time.

Of the portraits of Oliver Cromwell none are finer than that by Robert Walker, and a bust, modelled from the

life, by Edward Pierce, Junior. It is in terra-cotta, and the marble bust made from it is, or was lately, in the possession of Lady Taunton. Cromwell was indeed fortunate in both the painters and the sculptors at his ser-

by over twenty works. These include portraits of Charles II., Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Buckingham, and of the painter himself, besides several of the "fair and frail" beauties of the time. Of the fe-

CHARLES LAMB.

From the drawing by Robert Hancock.

vice. One of his portraits here is evidently enlarged from one of Samuel Cooper's beautiful miniatures, and though the gallery possesses no work direct from this master's hands, his noble style is very visible in a portrait of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle, in steel armor and square collar. There is another portrait of Monck, by Sir Peter Lely, . . .ainter represented here

male portraits, none is finer than those of Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Middleton. The latter represents the blonde and languorous charmer as a shepherdess in white satin, seated among rocks, indolently resting her cheek upon her hand. It is remarkable for its silvery tones and high finish.

After Lely for awhile the portraits are comparatively depressing. Even

royalty (on canvas) depends greatly on the picturesqueness of costume and the skill of its painters, and the reigning monarchs from Charles II. to George III. suffer accordingly. Kneller was the best of the painters of this period, but he does not show to advantage when painting kings and queens. He is much more successful in his picture of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, who here appears as a young and peevish beauty, and in a very fresh and lively sketch of John Gay. There is an old copy of Addison's portrait by Kneller, but Gay comes off best of all the brilliant writers of the so-called Augustan age, who, as a rule, fare badly in the hands of such painters as Jervas and Richardson. Yet it is something to have credible images of such men as Pope and Prior, Steele and Swift, and also of Newton, Thomson, and Handel. With Hogarth comes a spring of fresh life. We see him painted by himself in green coat and purple cap, mixing his tints while seated in a huge arm-chair before his easel. The picture is known by his own engraving from it. Besides this portrait there is a bust of Hogarth by Roubiliac, which is a spirited translation into French of the very English original. The gallery also contains Hogarth's inimitable sketch of the wily old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and his fine portrait of Bishop Hoadley. Near to Hogarth are to be seen his old enemies Wilkes and Churchill - Wilkes in a sketch by Richard Earlom the engraver, and the author of the "Rosciad" in oil by Schaak, looking very puffy and parsonic. Far pleasanter is the portrait by Arthur Pond, of the charming "Peg" Woffington, lying in bed after her stroke of paralysis, with her sweet and cheerful face seen in profile on the pillow.

Here, too, is her friend Garrick, in paint, by Robert Edge Pine, and in sculpture by an unknown artist, works which make us wish for one of those many livelier portraits of the incomparable "Davy" by Hogarth, Reynolds, and others. In this Gallery historical memories of the latter half of the eighteenth

century naturally cluster round the name of the great Sir Joshua, for he was not only the painter but the companion of all the distinguished men of the time. By his own hand are some fifteen pictures, including those of himself and his friends Keppel, Burke, Sir William Chambers, and Malone. Of these the finest is that of Burke, and the most interesting that of himself when about seventeen, before he went abroad, holding his left hand in front of his forehead so as to cast a shadow across his face; a work which is Rembrandtesque in character and shows how soon his genius proclaimed itself.

There is also a copy by one of his pupils of his famous portrait of Goldsmith, once in the possession of the poet himself. But we must go next door to the National Gallery to see his portraits of Doctor Johnson and the faithful Boswell. By Allan Ramsay, Reynolds's rival in court favor, there is a half-length of Lord Chesterfield which shows his powers at their best. By Gainsborough there are but few pictures, and the most generally interesting of these is the portrait of George Colman, the elder, the author of the "Clandestine Marriage" and manager of Covent Garden and the Haymarket Theatres.

By Romney are portraits of Richard Cumberland, Flaxman, and Lady Hamilton; but his finest work here is his own portrait, which his friend Hayley carried off in an unfinished state for fear the artist should spoil it. Among a few good examples of Raeburn's admirable skill is a portrait of Harry Mackenzie, the "Scottish Addison."

On the whole the class best represented in the National Portrait Gallery is that of the artists themselves. There are portraits by their own hands of some thirty painters, including Barry, Cosway, Haydon, Hogarth, Angelica Kauffman, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Morland, Opie, Reynolds, Zoffany, Wilkie, and Wright of Derby, all good, and in the case of Barry and Wright of Derby probably the finest they ever painted. There are many others of different hands the most notable presence being

Queen Elizabeth

*From a fragment of a
gold piece of the time.*

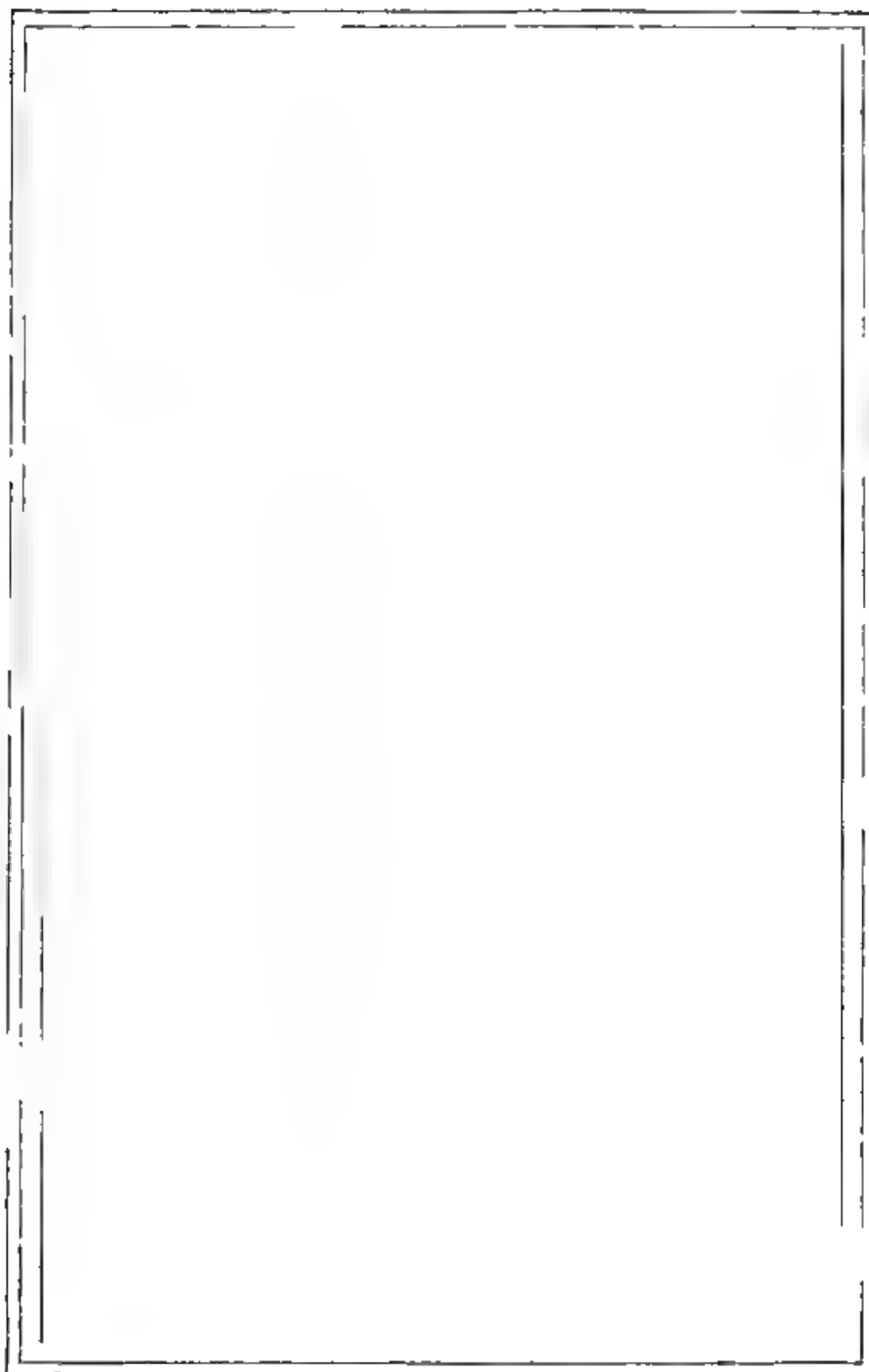
that of Turner. The gallery of poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is fairly complete, though we miss Collins and Shelley. Many of these portraits, like Washington Allston's Coleridge, Phillips's Byron, and Sir William Allan's Scott, are well known by engravings; but this is at all events not the case with regard to four little drawings, by Robert Hancock the engraver, of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge as young men. The portrait of Lamb is the pleasantest we have of him, and that of Coleridge is of special interest from its early date (1796), and the dress, which is that he wore when he preached his first sermon in Mr. Jardine's chapel at Bath.

The rest of the portraits include most of the principal statesmen from Chatham to Bright, and a fair number of great soldiers and sailors, from Marlborough to Lord Napier of Magdala; of churchmen, from Bishop Burnet to Dean Stanley; some philanthropists and philosophers, like Howard and Clarkson, Benjamin Franklin and William Wilberforce, Priestley and Bentham; a few noted evangelicals, like Wesley—of whom there is an excellent bust by an unknown hand—and Whitefield; a few engineers, like Watt and Smeaton, Brunel and Stephenson; men of science, like Jenner and Herschel; and prose writers, from Richardson and Horace Walpole to Dickens and Thackeray. To these must be added a few actors, a few musicians, and a good many more who are difficult to classify. There is no space here to speak of any of these, but a word must be said of one man to whose knowledge and energy the National Portrait Gallery is greatly indebted.

As Secretary from its commencement, and as Director, Keeper, and Secretary also, from 1882 till his death in April of last year, the late Sir George Scharf, K.C.B., was primarily responsible for the selection of the portraits in the Gallery. For this important duty he was specially qualified by his attainments and experience. An artist of no mean acquirements, a facile and accurate draughtsman and etcher, a close student of art and archæology,

he brought to the performance of his duties such an amount of pertinent knowledge, well sifted and arranged, as probably no other man possessed, while his retentive memory, and his habit of careful observation and comparison, were aided by a methodical system of note-taking, both verbal and graphic, which was of incalculable value to the institution of which he was the practical manager. Nor will his usefulness die with him, for he has left to the Gallery his series of note-books and drawings, among which will be found sketches of nearly all the works which from time to time were brought to him as candidates for admission to his Walhalla. If such works were rejected he retained a sketch of them, sufficient to identify them if offered again, as they sometimes were, not always under the same name. I remember his once showing to me his sketch of a so-called portrait of Turner by himself, which he had known in various hands under different names. This particular portrait still continues its career as a genuine portrait of Turner, and but for Sir George Scharf's care and knowledge would possibly have asserted its impudent claims on the walls of the National Portrait Gallery itself. Even Sir George Scharf was not proof against all forms of deception. He once acquired the portrait of an old lady in mourning with a widow-like arrangement of lace on her head and a little book, presumably of devotion, in her hand. This he noted in the catalogue as a portrait of Rachel, Lady Russell (1636–1723), the wife of the patriot, so well known for her devotion to her husband at his trial for complicity in the Rye House Plot. It was really the portrait of a very different personage, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, grown old and devout. A copy of her portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, in the pride of her power and beauty, now hangs beside it in forcible contrast.

He no doubt made mistakes now and again, but to amend them will be the lightest of the duties of his successor, Mr. Lionel Cust. Since his appointment he has indeed had sufficient to occupy his time, in gathering together all the works under his care,



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, at the age of thirteen or fourteen years.

After a bust made from life by an unknown sculptor.

from the Bethnal Green Museum, from the headquarters of the gallery in Great George Street, from the National Gallery, and perhaps other places where they were temporarily lodged ; in having them and their frames put into good condition, and in rearranging them in their new house. Although all must regret that the life of Sir George Scharf was not spared to superintend these arrangements, and to see the col-

lection to which he had devoted so great a part of his life fairly installed in a building of its own, there is good reason to be satisfied with the hands upon which his duties have devolved. The necessary work of cleaning and refurbishing has been done in a skilful and judicious manner, and the hanging of the pictures, having regard to the conditions of size and light, leaves little to be desired. Mr. Lionel Henry



MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER

From the drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Cust is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, has done good service as Assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and is otherwise well qualified to discharge the difficult duties of his office.

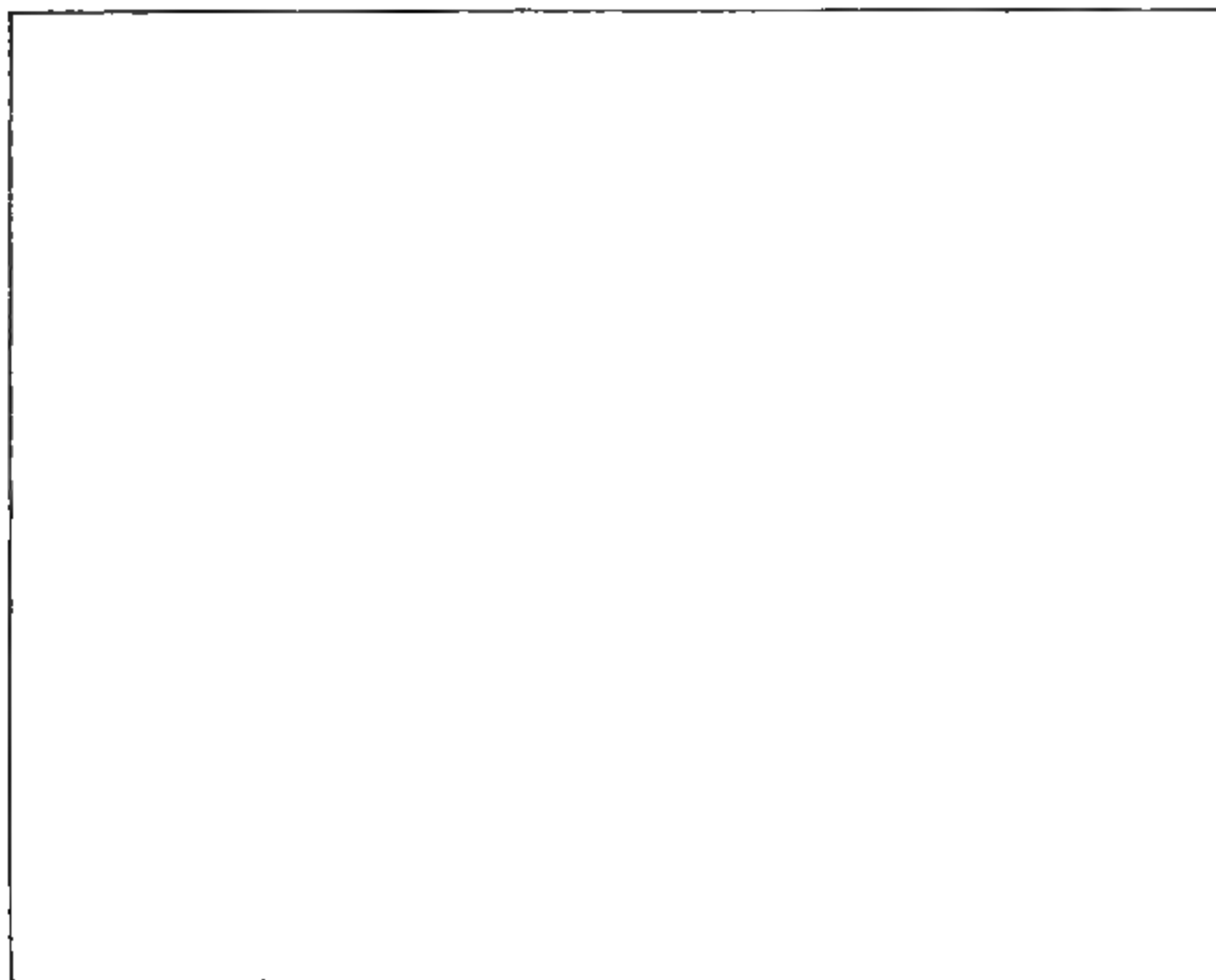
Since his accession to office there has been little time to test his judgment in the purchase of pictures, but he has acquired at least one of remarkable interest, a portrait group of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter, Sir William Chambers, the architect, and Joseph Wilton, the sculptor, painted by John Francis Rigaud in 1782. Since then, also, the collection has been increased by many valuable presentations.

Mr. George Frederick Watts is not only the greatest portrait-painter of the Victorian age, but also the most liberal donor to the National Collection of portraits. Quite recently he has added about fifteen pictures to the Gallery in accordance with what may be called his

life-long purpose. They illustrate the intellectual genius of his time with a sympathy, strength, and completeness that have scarcely been achieved by any other painter. For many years the Gallery has been in possession of his portraits of Lord Lyons and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, both painted, or at least begun, at Constantinople during or shortly after the Crimean War, and of Lord Lyndhurst. To these (all presented by the artist) are now added the statesmen, Lord John Russell, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Lawrence; Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum; Sir Andrew Clarke, the physician; the philosophers, Mill and Carlyle; Manning, the cardinal; Sir Charles Hallé, the musician; and no less than six poets—Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Taylor and Lord Lytton, the younger. Among others of the more recent acquisitions of the Gallery are a noble drawing of Miss Christina

Rossetti and her mother, by Dante Rossetti and another of Ford Madox Brown, by the same. A sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, by William B. Richmond, R.A., a replica of the Hon. John Collier's fine portrait of Charles Darwin, and an oil painting of Cardinal Newman, by Miss Emmeline Deane. It is significant of the difference between the National Portrait Gallery and other collections of pictures that of all the later additions to the former none will

perhaps be so generally appreciated as the joint portrait of Mary and Charles Lamb, though it has little claim to admiration as a work of art. It was painted at the British Museum shortly before the death of Charles by F. S. Cary, during visits paid by the Lambs to the artist's father (the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante). The latter was appointed to the museum in 1826, and Lamb died in the following year.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXX

END OF THE JACOBITE RISING

IN the small hours of the following night the pulse of Thrums stopped for a moment, and then went on again, but the only watcher remained silent, and the people rose in the morning without knowing that they had lost one of their number while they slept. In the same ignorance they toiled through a long day.

It was a close October day in the end of a summer that had lingered to give the countryside nothing better than a second crop of haws. Beneath the beeches leaves lay in yellow heaps like sliced turnip, and over all the strath was a pink haze; the fields were singed brown, except where a recent ploughing gave them a mourning border. From early morn men, women, and children (Tommy among them) were in the fields taking up their potatoes, half-a-dozen gatherers at first to every drill, and by noon it seemed a dozen, though the new-comers were but stout sacks, now able to stand alone. By and by heavy-laden carts were trailing into Thrums, dog-tired toilers hanging on behind, not to be dragged, but for an incentive to keep them trudging, boys and girls falling asleep on top of the load, and so neglecting to enjoy the ride which was their recompense for lifting. A growing mist mixed with the daylight, and still there were a few people out, falling over their feet with fatigue; it took silent possession, and then the shadowy forms left in the fields were motionless and would remain there until carted to garrets and kitchen corners and other winter quar-

ters on Monday morning. There were few gad-abouters that Saturday night. Washings were not brought in, though Mr. Dishart had preached against the unseemly sight of linen hanging on the line on the Sabbath-day. Innes, stravaiging the square and wynds in his apple-cart, jingled his weights in vain, unable to shake even moneyed children off their stools, and when at last he told his beast to go home they took with them all the stir of the town. Family exercise came on early in many houses, and as the gude wife handed her man the Bible she said, entreatingly, "A short ane." After that one might have said that no earthly knock could bring them to their doors, yet within an hour the town was in a ferment.

When Tommy and Elspeth reached the Den the mist lay so thick that they had to feel their way through it to the *Ailie*, where they found Gavinia alone and scared. "Was you peeping in, trying to fleg me twa three minutes syne?" she asked, eagerly, and when they shook their heads, she looked cold with fear. "As sure as death," she said, "there was some living thing standing there; I couldna see it for the rime, but I heard it breathing hard."

Tommy felt Elspeth's hand begin to tremble, and he said "McLean!" hastily, though he knew that McLean had not yet left the Quharity Arms. Next moment Corp arrived with another story as unnerving.

"Has Grizel no come yet?" he asked, in a troubled voice. "Tommy, hearken to this, a light has been burning in Double Dykes and the door swinging open a' day! I saw it mysel', and so did Willum Dods."

"Did you go close?"

"Na faags! Willum was hol'ing and

I was lifting, so we hadna time in the daylight, and wha would venture near the Painted Lady's house on sic a night?"

Even Tommy felt uneasy, but when Gavinia cried, "There's something uncanny in being out the night; tell us what was in Mr. McLean's bottle, Tommy, and syne we'll run hame," he became Commander Sandys again, and replied, blankly, "What bottle?"

"The ane I warned you he was to fling into the water; dinna dare tell me you hinna got it."

"I know not what thou art speaking about," said Tommy; "but it's a queer thing, it's a queer thing, Gavinia"—here he fixed her with his terrifying eye—"that I happen to have found a—another bottle," and still glaring at her he explained that he had found this bottle floating on the horizon. It contained a letter to him, which he now read aloud. It was signed "The Villain Stroke, his mark," and announced that the writer, "tired of this relentless persecution," had determined to reform rather than be killed. "Meet me at the Cuttle Well, on Saturday, when the eight-o'clock bell is ringing," he wrote, "and I shall there make you an offer for my freedom."

The crew received this communication with shouts, Gavinia's cry of "Five shillings, if no ten!" expressing the general sentiment, but it would not have been like Tommy to think with them. "You poor things," he said, "you just believe everything you're telled! How do I know that this is not a trick of Stroke's to bring me here when he is some other gait working mischief?"

Corp was impressed, but Gavinia said, short-sightedly, "There's nae sign o't."

"There's ower much sign o't," retorted Tommy. "What's this story about Double Dykes? And how do we ken that there hasna been foul wark there, and this man at the bottom o't? I tell you, before the world's half an hour older, I'll find out," and he looked significantly at Corp, who answered, quaking, "I winna gang by mysel', no, Tommy, I winna!"

So Tommy had to accompany him, saying, valiantly, "I'm no feared, and this rime is fine for hodding in," to

which Corp replied, as firmly, "Neither am I, and we can aye keep touching cauld iron." Before they were half way down the Double Dykes they got a thrill, for they realized, simultaneously, that they were being followed. They stopped and gripped each other hard, but now they could hear nothing.

"The Painted Lady!" Corp whispered.

"Stroke!" Tommy replied, as cautiously. He was excited rather than afraid, and had the pluck to cry, "Wha's that? I see you!" but no answer came back through the mist, and now the boys had a double reason for pressing forward.

"Can you see the house, Corp?"

"It should be here about, but it's smored in rime."

"I'm touching the paling. I ken the road to the window now."

"Hark! What's that?"

It sounded like devil's music in front of them, and they fell back until Corp remembered, "It maun be the door swinging open, and squealing and moaning on its hinges. Tommy, I take ill wi' that. What can it mean?"

"I'm here to find out." They reached the window where Tommy had watched once before, and looking in together saw the room plainly by the light of a lamp which stood on the piano. There was no one inside, but otherwise Tommy noticed little change. The fire was out, having evidently burned itself done, the bedclothes were in some disorder. To avoid the creaking door, the boys passed round the back of the house to the window of the other room. This room was without a light, but its door stood open and sufficient light came from the kitchen to show that it also was untenanted. It seemed to have been used as a lumber-room.

The boys turned to go, passing near the front of the empty house, where they shivered and stopped, mastered by a feeling they could not have explained. The helpless door, like the staring eyes of a dead person, seemed to be calling to them to shut it, and Tommy was about to steal forward for this purpose when Corp gripped him and whispered that the light had gone out. It was true, though Tommy disbelieved until they

had returned to the east window to make sure.

"There maun be folk in the hoose, Tommy!"

"You saw it was toom. The lamp had gone out itself, or else—what's that?"

It was the unmistakable closing of a door, softly but firmly. "The wind has blown it to," they tried to persuade themselves, though aware that there was not sufficient wind for this. After a long period of stillness they gathered courage to go to the door and shake it. It was not only shut but locked.

On their way back through the Double Dykes they were silent, listening painfully but hearing nothing. But when they reached the Coffin Brig Tommy said, "Dinna say naething aboot this to Elspeth, it would terrify her;" he was always so thoughtful for Elspeth.

"But what do you think o't a'?" Corp said, imploringly.

"I winna tell you yet," replied Tommy, cautiously.

When they boarded the *Ailie*, where the two girls were very glad to see them again, the eight o'clock bell had begun to ring, and thus Tommy had a reasonable excuse for hurrying his crew to the Cuttle Well without saying anything of his expedition to Double Dykes, save that he had not seen Grizel. At the Well they had not long to wait before Mr. McLean suddenly appeared out of the mist, and to their astonishment Miss Ailie was leaning on his arm. She was blushing and smiling too, in a way pretty to see, though it spoilt the effect of Stroke's statement.

The first thing Stroke did was to give up his sword to Tommy and to apologize for its being an umbrella on account of the unsettled state of the weather, and then Corp led three cheers, the captain alone declining to join in, for he had an uneasy feeling that he was being ridiculed.

"But I thought there were five of you," Mr. McLean said; "where is the fifth?"

"You ken best," replied Tommy, sulkily, and sulky he remained throughout the scene, because he knew he was not the chief figure in it. Having this knowledge to depress him, it is to his

credit that he bore himself with dignity throughout, keeping his crew so well in hand that they dared not give expression to their natural emotions.

"As you are aware, Mr. Sandys," McLean began, solemnly, "I have come here to sue for pardon. It is not yours to give, you reply, the Queen alone can pardon, and I grant it; but, sir, is it not well known to all of us that you can get anything out of her you like?"

Tommy's eyes roved suspiciously, but the suppliant proceeded, in the same tone. "What are my offences? The first is that I have been bearing arms (unwittingly) against the Throne; the second that I have brought trouble to the lady by my side, who has the proud privilege of calling you her friend. But, Sandys, such amends as can come from an erring man I now offer to make most contritely. Intercede with Her Majesty on my behalf, and on my part I promise to war against her no more. I am willing to settle down in the neighboring town as a law-abiding citizen, whom you can watch with eagle eye. Say, what more wouldst thou of the unhappy Stuart?"

But Tommy would say nothing, he only looked doubtfully at Miss Ailie, and that set McLean off again. "You ask what reparation I shall make to this lady? Sandys, I tell thee that here also thou hast proved too strong for me. In the hope that she would plead for me with you, I have been driven to offer her my hand in marriage, and she is willing to take me if thou grantest thy consent."

At this Gavinia jumped with joy, and then cried, "Up wi' her!" words whose bearing the schoolmistress fortunately did not understand. All save Tommy looked at Miss Ailie, and she put her arm on Mr. McLean's, and, yes, it was obvious, Miss Ailie was a lover at the Cuttle Well at last, like so many others. She had often said that the Den parade was vulgar, but she never said it again.

It was unexpected news to Tommy, but that was not what lowered his head in humiliation now. In the general rejoicing he had been nigh forgotten, even Elspeth was hanging in Miss Ailie's skirts, Gavinia had eyes for none but lovers, Corp was rapturously examining five half-crowns that had been dropped

into his hands for distribution. Had Tommy given an order now, who would have obeyed it? His power was gone, his crew would not listen to another word against Mr. McLean.

"Tommy thought Mr. McLean hated you!" said Elspeth to Miss Ailie.

"It was queer you made sic a mistake!" said Corp to Tommy.

"Oh, the tattie-doolie!" cried Gavinia.

So they knew that Mr. McLean had only been speaking sarcastically; of a sudden they saw through and despised their captain. Tears of mortification rose in Tommy's eyes, and kind-hearted Miss Ailie saw them, and she thought it was her lover's irony that made him smart. She had said little hitherto, but now she put her hand on his shoulder, and told them all that she did indeed owe the supreme joy that had come to her to him. "No, Gavinia," she said, blushing, "I will not give you the particulars, but I assure you that had it not been for Tommy, Mr. McLean would never have asked me to marry him."

Elspeth crossed proudly to the side of her noble brother (who could scarcely trust his ears), and Gavinia cried, in wonder, "What did he do?"

Now McLean had seen Tommy's tears also, and being a kindly man he dropped the satirist and chimed in warmly, "And if I had not asked Miss Ailie to marry me I should have lost the great happiness of my life, so you may all imagine how beholden I feel to Tommy."

Again Tommy was the centre-piece, and though these words were as puzzling to him as to his crew, their sincerity was unmistakable, and once more his head began to waggle complacently.

"And to show how grateful we are," said Miss Ailie, "we are to give him a— a sort of marriage present. We are to double the value of the bursary he wins at the university—" She could get no farther, for now Elspeth was hugging her, and Corp cheering frantically, and Mr. McLean thought it necessary to add the warning, "If he does carry a bursary, you understand, for should he fail I give him nothing."

"Him fail!" exclaimed Corp, with whom Miss Ailie of course agreed. "And he can spend the money in what-

ever way he chooses," she said, "what will you do with it, Tommy?"

The lucky boy answered, instantly, "I'll take Elspeth to Aberdeen to bide with me," and then Elspeth hugged him, and Miss Ailie said, in a delighted aside to Mr. McLean, "I told you so," and he, too, was well pleased.

"It was the one thing needed to make him work," the school-mistress whispered. "Is not his love for his sister beautiful?"

McLean admitted that it was, but half-banteringly he said to Elspeth: "What could you do in lodgings, you excited mite?"

"I can sit and look at Tommy," she answered, quickly.

"But he will be away for hours at his classes."

"I'll sit at the window waiting for him," said she.

"And I'll run back quick," said Tommy.

All this time another problem had been bewildering Gavinia, and now she broke in, eagerly: "But what was it he did? I thought he was agin Mr. McLean."

"And so did I," said Corp.

"I cheated you grandly," replied Tommy with the audacity he found so useful.

"And a' the time you was pretending to be agin him," screamed Gavinia, "was you— was you bringing this about on the sly?"

Tommy looked up into Mr. McLean's face, but could get no guidance from it, so he said nothing; he only held his head higher than ever. "Oh, the clever little curse!" cried Corp, and Elspeth's delight was as ecstatic, though differently worded. Yet Gavinia stuck to her problem, "How did you do it, what was it you did?" and the cruel McLean said: "You may tell her, Tommy; you have my permission."

It would have been an awkward position for most boys, and even Tommy— but next moment he said, quite coolly: "I think you and me and Miss Ailie should keep it to oursels, Gavinia's sic a gossip."

"Oh, how thoughtful of him!" cried Miss Ailie, the deceived, and McLean said: "How very thoughtful!" but

now he saw in a flash why Mr. Cathro thought Tommy might steal a bursary to stand.

Thus was the repentant McLean pardoned, and nothing remained for him to do save to show the crew his Lair, which they had sworn to destroy. He had behaved so splendidly that they had forgotten almost that they were the emissaries of justice, but not to destroy the Lair seemed a pity, it would be such a striking way of bringing their adventures in the Den to a close. The degenerate Stuart read this feeling in their faces, and he was ready, he said, to show them his Lair if they would first point it out to him; but here was a difficulty, for how could they do that? For a moment it seemed as if the negotiations must fall through; but Sandys, that captain of resource, invited McLean to step aside for a private conference, and when they rejoined the others McLean said, gravely, that he now remembered where the Lair was and would guide them to it.

They had only to cross a plank, invisible in the mist until they were close to it, and climb a slippery bank strewn with fallen trees. McLean, with a mock serious air, led the way, Miss Ailie on his arm. Corp and Gavinia followed, weighted and hampered by their new half-crowns, and Tommy and Elspeth whispered joyously in the rear of the coming life. And so, very unprepared for it, they moved toward the tragedy of the night.

CHAPTER XXXI

A LETTER TO GOD

"Do you keep a light burning in the Lair?" McLean turned to ask, forgetting for the moment that it was not their domicile, but his.

"No, there's no light," replied Corp, equally forgetful, but even as he spoke he stopped so suddenly that Elspeth struck against him. For he had seen a light. "This is queer!" he cried, and both he and Gavinia fell back in consternation. McLean pushed forward alone, and was back in a trice, with a new expression on his face. "Are you

playing some trick on me?" he demanded suspiciously of Tommy. "There is some one there; I almost ran against a pair of blazing eyes."

"But there's nobody; there can be nobody there," answered Tommy, in a bewilderment that was obviously unfeigned, "unless—unless—" He looked at Corp, and the eyes of both finished the sentence. The desolate scene at Double Dykes, which the meeting with McLean and Miss Ailie had driven from their minds, again confronted them, and they seemed once more to hear the whimpering of the Painted Lady's door.

"Unless what?" asked the man, impatiently, but still the two boys only stared at each other. "The Den's no mous the night," said Corp at last, in a low voice, and his unspoken fears spread to the womankind, so that Miss Ailie shuddered and Elspeth gripped Tommy with both hands and Gavinia whispered, "Let's away hame, we can come back in the daylight."

But McLean chafed and pressed upward, and next moment a girl's voice was heard, crying: "It is no business of yours; I won't let you touch her."

"Grizel!" exclaimed Tommy and his crew, simultaneously, and they had no more fear until they were inside the Lair. What they saw had best be described very briefly. A fire was burning in a corner of the Lair, and in front of it, partly covered with a sheet, lay the Painted Lady, dead. Grizel stood beside the body guarding it, her hands clenched, her eyes very strange. "You sha'n't touch her!" she cried, passionately, and repeated it many times, as if she had lost the power to leave off, but Corp crept past her and raised the coverlet.

"She's straitit!" he shouted. "Did you do it yoursel', Grizel? God behears, she did it hersel'!"

A very long silence it seemed to be after that.

Miss Ailie would have taken the motherless girl to her arms, but first, at Corp's discovery, she had drawn back in uncontrollable repulsion, and Grizel, about to go to her, saw it, and turned from her to Tommy. Her eyes rested on him beseechingly, with a look he never saw in them again until she was a

woman, but his first thought was not for Grizel. Elspeth was clinging to him, terrified and sobbing, and he cried to her, "Shut your een," and then led her tenderly away. He was always good to Elspeth.

There was no lack of sympathy with Grizel when the news spread through the town, and unshod men with their gallowses hanging down, and women buttoning as they ran, hurried to the Den. But to all the questions put to her and to all the kindly offers made, as the body was carried to Double Dykes, she only rocked her arms, crying, "I don't want anything to eat. I shall stay all night beside her. I am not frightened at my mamma. I won't tell you why she was in the Den. I am not sure how long she has been dead. Oh, what do these little things matter."

The great thing was that her mamma should be buried in the cemetery, and not in unconsecrated ground with a stake through her as the boys had predicted, and it was only after she was promised this that Grizel told her little tale. She had feared for a long time that her mamma was dying of consumption, but she told no one, because everybody was against her and her mamma. Her mamma never knew that she was dying, and sometimes she used to get so much better that Grizel hoped she would live a long time, but that hope never lasted long. The reason she sat so much with Ballingall was just to find out what doctors did to dying people to make them live a little longer, and she watched his straining to be able to do it to her mamma when the time came. She was sure none of the women would consent to strait her mamma. On the previous night, she could not say at what hour, she had been awakened by a cold wind, and so she knew that the door was open. She put out her hand in the darkness and found that her mamma was not beside her. It had happened before, and she was not frightened. She had hidden the key of the door that night and nailed down the window, but her mamma had found the key. Grizel rose, lit the lamp, and having dressed hurriedly, set off with wraps to the Den. Her mamma was generally

as sensible as anybody in Thrums, but sometimes she had shaking fits, and after them she thought it was the time of long ago. Then she went to the Den to meet a man who had promised, she said, to be there, but he never came, and before daybreak Grizel could usually induce her to return home. Lately she had persuaded her mamma to wait for him in the old Lair, because it was less cold there, and she had got her to do this last night. Her mamma did not seem very unwell, but she fell asleep, and she died sleeping, and then Grizel went back to Double Dykes for linen and straited her.

Some say in Thrums that a spade was found in the Lair, but that is only the growth of later years. Grizel had done all she could do, and through the long Saturday she sat by the side of the body, helpless and unable to cry. She knew that it could not remain there much longer, but every time she rose to go and confess, fear of the indignities to which the body of her darling mamma might be subjected pulled her back. The boys had spoken idly, but hunted Grizel, who knew so much less and so much more than any of them, believed it all.

It was she who had stood so near Gavinia in the ruined house. She had only gone there to listen to human voices. When she discovered from the talk of her friends that she had left a light burning at Double Dykes and the door open, fear of the suspicions this might give rise to, had sent her to the house on the heels of the two boys, and it was she who had stolen past them in the mist to put out the light and lock the door. Then she had returned to her mamma's side.

The doctor was among the listeners, almost the only dry-eyed one, but he was not dry-eyed because he felt the artless story least. Again and again he rose from his chair restlessly, and Grizel thought he scowled at her when he was really scowling at himself; as soon as she had finished he cleared the room brusquely of all intruders, and then he turned on her passionately.

"Think shame of yoursel'," he thundered, "for keeping me in the dark," and of course she took his words liter-

ally, though their full meaning was, "I shall scorn myself from this hour for not having won the poor child's confidence."

Oh, he was a hard man, Grizel thought, the hardest of them all. But she was used to standing up to hard men, and she answered, defiantly: "I did mean to tell you, that day you sent me with the bottle to Ballingall, I was waiting at the surgery door to tell you, but you were cruel, you said I was a thief, and then how could I tell you?"

This, too, struck home, and the doctor winced, but what he said was, "You fooled me for a whole week, and the town knows it; do you think I can forgive you for that?"

"I don't care whether you forgive me," replied Grizel at once.

"Nor do I care whether you care," he rapped out, all the time wishing he could strike himself; "but I'm the doctor of this place, and when your mother was ill you should have come straight to me. What had I done that you should be afraid of me?"

"I am not afraid of you," she replied, "I am not afraid of anyone, but mamma was afraid of you because she knew you had said cruel things about her, and I thought—I won't tell you what I thought." But with a little pressing she changed her mind and told him. "I was not sure whether you would come to see her, though I asked you, and if you came I knew you would tell her she was dying, and that would have made her scream. And that is not all, I thought you might tell her that she would be buried with a stake through her—"

"Oh, these blackguard laddies!" cried McQueen, clenching his fists.

"And so I dared not tell you," Grizel concluded, calmly; "I am not frightened at you, but I was frightened you would hurt my dear darling mamma," and she went and stood defiantly between him and her mother.

The doctor moved up and down the room, crying, "How did I not know of this, why was I not told?" and he knew that the fault had been his own, and so was furious when Grizel told him so.

"Yes, it is," she insisted, "you knew mamma was an unhappy lady, and that the people shouted things against her and terrified her; and you must have

known, for everybody knew, that she was sometimes silly and wandered about all night, and you are a big strong man, and so you should have been sorry for her; and if you had been sorry you would have come to see her and been kind to her, and then you would have found it all out."

"Have done, lassie!" he said, half angrily, half beseechingly, but she did not understand that he was suffering, and she went on, relentlessly: "And you knew that bad men used to come to see her at night—they have not come for a long time—but you never tried to stop their coming, and I could have stopped it if I had known they were bad; but I did not know at first, and I was only a little girl, and you should have told me."

"Have done!" It was all that he could say, for like many he had heard of men visiting the Painted Lady by stealth, and he had only wondered with other gossips, who they were.

He crossed again to the side of the dead woman, "And Ballingall's was the only corpse you ever saw straike?" he said in wonder, she had done her work so well. But he was not doubting her; he knew already that this girl was clothed in truthfulness.

"Was it you that kept this house so clean?" he asked, almost irritably, for he himself was the one undusted, neglected-looking thing in it, and he was suddenly conscious of his frayed wristband and buttons hanging by a thread.

"Yes."

"What age are you?"

"I think I am thirteen."

He looked long at her, vindictively she thought, but he was only picturing the probable future of a painted lady's child, and he said mournfully to himself, "Ay, it does not even end here; and that's the crowning pity of it." But Grizel only heard him say, "Poor thing!" and she bridled immediately.

"I won't let you pity me," she cried.

"You dour brat!" he retorted.

"But you need not think you are to have everything your own way still. I must get some Monypenny woman to take you till the funeral is over, and after that——"

"I won't go," said Grizel, determinedly, "I shall stay with mamma till she is buried."

He was not accustomed to contradiction, and he stamped his foot. "You shall do as you are told," he said.

"I won't!" replied Grizel, and she also stamped her foot.

"Very well, then, you thrawn tid, but at any rate I'll send in a woman to sleep with you."

"I don't want anyone. Do you think I am afraid?"

"I think you will be afraid when you wake up in the darkness, and find yourself alone with—with it."

"I sha'n't, I shall remember at once that she is to be buried nicely in the cemetery, and that will make me happy."

"You unnatural——"

"Besides, I sha'n't sleep, I have something to do."

His curiosity again got the better of the doctor. "What can you have to do at such a time?" he demanded, and her reply surprised him,

"I am to make a dress."

"You!"

"I have made them before now," she said, indignantly.

"But at such a time!"

"It is a black dress," she cried, "I don't have one, I am to make it out of mamma's."

He said nothing for some time, then "When did you think of this?"

"I thought of it weeks ago, I bought crape at the corner shop to be ready and——"

She thought he was looking at her in horror, and stopped abruptly. "I don't care what you think," she said.

"What I do think," he retorted, taking up his hat, "is, that you are a most exasperating lassie. If I bide here another minute I believe you'll get round me."

"I don't want to get round you."

"Then what makes you say such things? I question if I'll get an hour's sleep to-night for thinking of you, confound you!"

"I don't want you to think of me!"

He groaned. "What could an untidy, hardened old man like me do with you in his house?" he said. "Oh, you

little limmer, to put such a thought into my head."

"I never did!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"It began, I do believe it began," he sighed, "the first time I saw you easy-ing Ballingall's pillows."

"What began?"

"You brat, you wilful brat, don't pretend ignorance. You set a trap to catch me, and——"

"Oh!" cried Grizel, and she opened the door quickly. "Go away, you horrid man," she said.

He liked her the more for this regal action, and therefore it enraged him. Sheer anxiety lest he should succumb to her on the spot was what made him bluster as he strode off, and "That brat of a Grizel," or "The Painted Lady's most unbearable lassie," or "The dour little besom" was his way of referring to her in company for days, but if anyone agreed with him he roared "Don't be a fool man, she's a wonder, she's a delight," or "You have a dozen yourself, Janet, but I wouldna neifer Grizel for the lot of them." And it was he, still denouncing her as long as he was contradicted, who persuaded the Auld Licht Minister to officiate at the funeral. Then he said to himself, "And now I wash my hands of her, I have done all that can be expected of me." He told himself this a great many times as if it were a medicine that must be taken frequently, and Grizel heard from Tommy, with whom she had some strange conversations, that he was going about denouncing her "up hill and down dale." But she did not care, she was so—so happy. For a hole was dug for the Painted Lady in the cemetery, just as if she had been a good woman, and Mr. Dishart conducted the service in Double Dykes before the removal of the body, nor did he say one word that would hurt Grizel, perhaps because his wife had drawn a promise from him. A large gathering of men followed the coffin, three of them, because, as you may remember, Grizel had dared them to stay away, but all the others out of sympathy with a motherless child who, as the procession started, rocked her arms in delight because her mamma was being buried respectably.

Being a woman she could not attend the funeral, and so the chief mourner was Tommy, as you could see by the position he took at the grave and the white bands Grizel had sewn on his sleeves. He was looking very important, as if he had something remarkable in prospect, but little attention was given him until the cords were dropped into the grave, and a prayer offered up, when he pulled Mr. Dishart's coat and muttered something about a paper. Those who had been making ready to depart swung round again, and the minister told him if he had anything to say to speak out.

"It's a paper," Tommy said, nervous yet elated, and addressing all, "that Grizel put in the coffin. She told me to tell you about it when the cords fell on the lid."

"What sort of a paper?" asked Mr. Dishart, frowning.

"It's—it's a letter to God," Tommy gasped.

Nothing was to be heard except the shovelling of earth into the grave. "Hold your spade, John," the minister said to the gravedigger, and then even that sound stopped. "Go on," Mr. Dishart signed to the boy.

"Grizel doesna believe her mother has much chance of getting to heaven," Tommy said, "and she wrote the letter to God, so that when he opened the coffins on the last day he would find it and read about them."

"About whom?" asked the stern minister.

"About Grizel's father for one. She doesna know his name, but the Painted Lady wore a locket wi' a picture of him on her breast, and it's buried wi' her, and Grizel told God to look at it so as to ken him. She thinks her mother will be damned for having her, and that it winna be fair unless God damns her father too."

"Go on," said Mr. Dishart.

"There was three Thrums men—I think they were gentlemen—" Tommy continued, almost blithely, "that used to visit the Painted Lady in the night afore she took ill. They wanted Grizel to promise no to tell about their going to Double Dykes, and she promised because she was ower innocent to ken

what they gaed for—but their names are in the letter."

A movement in the crowd was checked by the minister's uplifted arm. "Go on," he cried.

"She wouldna tell me who they were, because it would have been breaking her promise," said Tommy, "but—" he looked around him—"but they're here at the funeral."

The mourners were looking sideways at each other, some breathing hard, but none dared to speak before the minister. He stood for a long time in doubt, but at last he signed to John to proceed with the filling in of the grave. Contrary to custom all remained. Not until the grave was again level with the sward did Mr. Dishart speak, and then it was with a gesture that appalled his hearers. "This grave," he said, raising his arm, "is locked till the day of judgment."

Leaving him standing there, a threatening figure, they broke into groups and dispersed, walking slowly at first, and then fast, to tell their wives.

CHAPTER XXXII

RUNAWAYS



HE solitary child remained at Double Dykes, awaiting the arrival of her father, for the Painted Lady's manner of leaving the world had made such a stir that the neighbors said he must have heard of it, even though he were in London, and if he had the heart of a stone he could not desert his bairn. They argued thus among themselves, less as people who were sure of it than to escape the perplexing question, what to do with Grizel if the man never claimed her? and before her they spoke of his coming as a certainty, because it would be so obviously the best thing for her. In the meantime they overwhelmed her with offers of everything she could need, which was kindly but not essential, for after the funeral expenses had been paid (Grizel insisted on paying them herself) she had still several gold pieces, found in her mamma's beautiful tortoise-shell purse, and there were nearly twenty pounds in the bank.

But day after day passed, and the man had not come. Perhaps he resented the Painted Lady's ostentatious death; which, if he was nicely strung, must have got upon his nerves. He could hardly have acknowledged Grizel now without publicity being given to his private concerns. Or he may never have heard of the Painted Lady's death, or if he read of it, he may not have known which painted lady in particular she was. Or he may have married, and told his wife all and she had forgiven him, which somehow, according to the plays and the novels, cuts the past adrift from a man and enables him to begin again at yesterday. Whatever the reason, Grizel's father was in no hurry to reveal himself, and though not to her, among themselves the people talked of the probability of his not coming at all. She could not remain at Double Dykes alone, they all admitted, but where, then, should she go? No fine lady in need of a handmaid seemed to think a painted lady's child would suit; indeed, Grizel at first sight had not the manner that attracts philanthropists. Once only did the problem approach solution; a woman in the Den head was willing to take the child because (she expressed it) as she had seven she might as well have eight, but her man said no, he would not have his bairns fil't. Others would have taken her cordially for a few weeks or months, had they not known that at the end of this time they would be blamed, even by themselves, if they let her go. All, in short, were eager to show her kindness if one would give her a home, but where was that one to be found, unless her father appeared after all?

Much of this talk came to Grizel through Tommy, and she told him in the house of Double Dykes that people need not trouble themselves about her, for she had no wish to stay with them. It was only charity they brought her; no one wanted her for herself. "It is because I am a child of shame," she told him, dry-eyed.

He fidgeted on his chair, and asked, "What's that?" not very honestly.

"I don't know," she said, "no one will tell me, but it is something you can't love."

"You have a terrible wish to be

loved," he said in wonder, and she nodded her head wistfully. "That is not what I wish for most of all, though," she told him, and when he asked what she wished for most of all, she said, "To love somebody; oh, it would be sweet!"

To Tommy, most sympathetic of mortals, she seemed a very pathetic little figure, and tears came to his eyes as he surveyed her; he could always cry very easily. "If it wasna for Elspeth," he began, stammering, "I could love you, but you winna let a body do anything on the sly."

It was a vague offer, but she understood, and became the old Grizel at once. "I don't want you to love me," she said, indignantly; "I don't think you know how to love."

"Neither can you know, then," retorted Tommy, huffily, "for there's nobody for you to love."

"Yes, there is," she said, "and I do love her and she loves me."

"But wha is she?"

"That girl." To his amazement she pointed to her own reflection in the famous mirror whose size had scandalized Thrums. Tommy thought this affection for herself barely respectable, but he dared not say so lest he should be put to the door. "I love her ever so much," Grizel went on, "and she is so fond of me, she hates to see me unhappy. Don't look so sad, dearest, darlingest," she cried, vehemently; "I love you, you know, oh, you sweet!" and with each epithet she kissed her reflection and looked defiantly at the boy.

"But you canna put your arms round her and hug her," he pointed out triumphantly, and so he had the last word after all. Unfortunately Grizel kept this side of her, new even to Tommy, hidden from all others, and her unresponsiveness lost her many possible friends. Even Miss Ailie, who now had a dressmaker in the Blue and White Room, sitting on a bedroom chair and sewing for her life (oh, the agony—or is it the rapture? of having to decide whether to marry in gray with beads or brown plain to the throat), even sympathetic Miss Ailie, having met with several rebuffs, said that Grizel had a most unaffectionate nature, and, "Ay,

she's hardy," agreed the town, "but it's better, maybe, for hersel'." There are none so unpopular as those who hold their tongue.

If only Miss Ailie, or others like her, could have slipped noiselessly into Double Dykes at night, they would have found Grizel's pillow wet. But she would have heard them long before they reached the door, and jumped to the floor in terror, thinking it was her father's step at last. For, unknown to anyone, his coming, which the town so anxiously desired, was her one dread. She had told Tommy what she would say to him if he came, and Tommy had been awed and delighted, they were such scathing things; probably, had the necessity arisen, she would have found courage to say them, but they were made up in the daytime, and at night they brought less comfort. Then she listened fearfully and longed for the morning, wild ideas coursing through her head of flying before he could seize her; but when morning came it brought other thoughts, as of the strange remarks she had heard about her mamma and herself during the past few days. To brood over these was the most unhealthy occupation she could find, but it was her only birthright. Many of the remarks came unguardedly from lips that had no desire to cause her pain, others fell in a rage because she would not tell what were the names in her letter to God. The words that troubled her most, perhaps, were the doctor's, "She is a brave lass, but it must be in her blood." They were not intended for her ears, but she heard. "What did he mean?" she asked Miss Ailie, Mrs. Dishart, and others who came to see her, and they replied, with pain, that it had only been a doctor's remark, of no importance to people who were well. "Then why are you crying?" she demanded, looking them full in the face with eyes there was no deceiving.

"Oh, why is everyone afraid to tell me the truth!" she would cry, beating her palms in anguish.

She walked into McQueen's surgery and said, "Could you not cut it out?" so abruptly that he wondered what she was speaking about.

"The bad thing that is in my blood,"

she explained. "Do cut it out, I sha'n't scream. I promise not to scream."

He sighed and answered, "If it could be cut out, lassie, I would try to do it, though it was the most dangerous of operations."

She looked in anguish at him. "There are cleverer doctors than you, aren't there?" she asked, and he was not offended.

"Ay, a hantle cleverer," he told her, "but none so clever as that. God help you, bairn, if you have to do it yourself some day."

"Can I do it myself?" she cried, brightening. "I shall do it now. Is it done with a knife?"

"With a sharper knife than a surgeon's," he answered, and then regretting he had said so much, he tried to cheer her. But that he could not do. "You are afraid to tell me the truth too," she said, and when she went away he was very sorry for her, but not so sorry as she was for herself. "When I am grown up," she announced dolefully, to Tommy, "I shall be a bad woman, just like mamma."

"Not if you try to be good," he said.

"Yes, I shall. There is something in my blood that will make me bad, and I so wanted to be good. Oh! oh! oh!"

She told him of the things she had heard people say, but though they perplexed him almost as much as her, he was not so hopeless of learning their meaning, for here was just the kind of difficulty he liked to overcome. "I'll get it out o' Blinder," he said, with confidence in his ingenuity, "and then I'll tell you what he says." But however much he might strive to do so, Tommy could never repeat anything without giving it frills and other adornment of his own making, and Grizel knew this. "I must hear what he says myself," she insisted.

"But he winna speak plain afore you."

"Yes, he will, if he does not know I am there."

The plot succeeded, though only partially, for so quick was the blind man's sense of hearing that in the middle of the conversation he said, sharply, "Somebody's ahint the dyke!" and he caught Grizel by the shoulder. "It's the Painted Lady's lassie," he said when she

screamed, and he stormed against Tommy for taking such advantage of his blindness. But to her he said, gently, "I daresay you egged him on to this, meaning weel, but you maun forget most of what I've said, especially about being in the blood. I spoke in haste, it doesna apply to the like of you."

"Yes, it does," replied Grizel, and all that had been revealed to her she carried hot to the surgery, Tommy stopping at the door in as great perturbation as herself. "I know what being in the blood is now," she said, tragically, to McQueen, "there is something about it in the Bible. I am the child of evil passions, and that means that I was born with wickedness in my blood. It is lying sleeping in me just now because I am only thirteen, and if I can prevent its waking when I am grown up I shall always be good, but a very little thing will waken it; it wants to be wakened, and if it is once wakened it will run all through me, and soon I shall be like mamma."

It was all horribly clear to her, and she would not wait for words of comfort that could only obscure the truth. Accompanied by Tommy, who said nothing, but often glanced at her fascinated yet alarmed, as if expecting to see the ghastly change come over her at any moment—for he was as convinced as she, and had the livelier imagination—she returned to Monypenny to beg of Blinder to tell her one thing more. And he told her, not speaking lightly, but because his words contained a solemn warning to a girl who, he thought might need it.

"What sort of thing would be likeliest to waken the wickedness?" she asked, holding her breath for the answer.

"Keeping company wi' ill men," said Blinder, gravely.

"Like the man who made mamma wicked, like my father?"

"Ay," Blinder replied, "fly from the like of him, my lass, though it should be to the other end of the world."

She stood quite still, with a most sorrowful face, and then ran away, ran so swiftly that when Tommy, who had lingered for a moment, came to the door she was already out of sight. Scarce-

ly less excited than she, he set off for Double Dykes, his imagination in such a blaze that he looked fearfully in the pools of the burn for a black frock. But Grizel had not drowned herself; she was standing erect in her home, like one at bay, her arms rigid, her hands clenched, and when he pushed open the door she screamed.

"Grizel," said the distressed boy, "did you think I was him come for you?"

"Yes!"

"Maybe he'll no come. The folk think he winna come."

"But if he does, if he does!"

"Maybe you needna go wi' him unless you're willing?"

"I must, he can compel me because he is my father. Oh! oh! oh!" She lay down on the bed, and on her eyes there slowly formed the little wells of water Tommy was to know so well in time. He stood by her side in anguish; for though his own tears came and went at the first call, he could never face them in others.

"Grizel," he said, impulsively, "there's just one thing for you to do. You have money, and you maun run away afore he comes!"

She jumped up at that. "I have thought of it," she answered, "I am always thinking about it, but how can I, oh, how can I? It would not be respectable."

"To run away?"

"To go by myself," said the poor girl, "and I do want to be respectable, it would be sweet."

In some ways Tommy was as innocent as she, and her reasoning seemed to him to be sound. She was looking at him wofully, and entreaty was on her face; all at once he felt what a lonely little crittur she was, and, in a burst of manhood,

"But, dinna prig wi' me to go with you," he said, struggling.

"I have not!" she answered, panting, and she had not in words, but the mute appeal was still on her face. "Grizel," he cried, "I'll come!"

Then she seized his hand and pressed it to her breast, saying, "Oh, Tommy, I am so fond of you!"

It was the first time she had admitted

it, and his head wagged well content, as if saying for him, "I knew you would understand me some day." But next moment the haunting shadow that so often overtook him in the act of soaring fell cold upon his mind, and "I maun take Elspeth?" he announced, as if she had him by the leg.

"You sha'n't!" said Grizel's face.

"She winna let go," said Tommy's.

Grizel quivered from top to toe. "I hate Elspeth!" she cried, with curious passion, and the more moral Tommy was ashamed of her.

"You dinna ken how fond o' her I am," he said.

"Yes, I do."

"Then you shouldna want me to leave her and go wi' you."

"That is why I want it," Grizel blurted out, and now we are all ashamed of her. But fortunately Tommy did not see how much she had admitted in that hasty cry, and as neither would give way to the other they parted stiffly, his last words being "Mind, it wouldna be respectable to go by yoursel'," and hers "I don't care, I'm going." Nevertheless it was she who slept easily that night, and he who tossed about almost until cockcrow. She had only one ugly dream, of herself wandering from door to door in a strange town, asking for lodgings, but the woman who answered her weary knocks—there were many doors but invariably the same woman—always asked, suspiciously, "Is Tommy with you?" and Grizel shook her head, and then the woman drove her away, perceiving that she was not respectable. This woke her, and she feared the dream would come true, but she clenched her fists in the darkness, saying, "I can't help it, I shall go, and I won't have Elspeth," and after that she slept in peace. In the meantime Tommy, the imaginative—but that night he was not Tommy, rather was he Grizel, for he saw her as we can only see ourselves. Now she—or he, if you will—had been caught by her father and brought back, and she turned into a painted thing like her mother. She brandished a brandy bottle and a stream of foul words ran lightly from her mouth, and suddenly stopped, because she was wailing "I wanted to be good, it is sweet to be

good!" Now a man with a beard was whipping her, and Tommy felt each lash on his own body, so that he had to strike out, and he started up in bed, and the horrible thing was that he had never been asleep. Thus it went on until early morning, when his eyes were red and his body was damp with sweat.

But now again he was Tommy, and at first even to think of leaving Elspeth was absurd. Yet it would be pleasant to leave Aaron, who disliked him so much. To disappear without a word would be a fine revenge, for the people would say that Aaron must have ill-treated him, and while they searched the pools of the burn for his body, Aaron would be looking on trembling, perhaps with a policeman's hands on his shoulder. Tommy saw the commotion as vividly as if the searchers were already out and he in a tree looking down at them; but in a second he also heard Elspeth skirling, and down he flung himself, from the tree, crying, "I'm here, Elspeth, dinna greet; oh, what a brute I've been!" No, he could not leave Elspeth, how wicked of Grizel to expect it of him; she was a bad one, Grizel.

But having now decided not to go, his sympathy with the girl who was to lose him returned in a rush, and before he went to school he besought her to—it amounted to this, to be more like himself; that is, he begged her to postpone her departure indefinitely, not to make up her mind until to-morrow—or the day after—or the day after that. He produced reasons, as that she had only four pounds and some shillings now, while by and by she might get the Painted Lady's money, at present in the bank; also she should wait for the money that would come to her from the roup of the furniture. But Grizel waived all argument aside; secure in her four pounds and shillings she was determined to go to-night, for her father might be here to-morrow; she was going to London because it was so big that no one could ever find her there, and she would never, never write to Tommy to tell him how she fared, lest the letter put her father on her track. He implored her to write once, so that the money owing her might be forwarded, but even this bribe did not

move her, and he set off for school most gloomily.

Cathro was specially aggravating that day, nagged him, said before the whole school that he was a numskull, even fell upon him with the tawse, and for no earthly reason except that Tommy would not bother his head with the *oratio obliqua*. If there is any kind of dominie more maddening than another, it is the one who will not leave you alone (ask any thoughtful boy). How wretched the lot of him whose life is cast among fools not capable of understanding him; what was that saying about entertaining angels unawares? London? Grizel had more than sufficient money to take two there, and once in London, a wonder such as himself was bound to do wondrous things. Now that he thought of it, to become a minister was abhorrent to him; to preach would be rather nice, oh, what things he would say (he began to make them up, and they were so grand that he almost wept), but to be good after the sermon was over, always to be good (even when Elspeth was out of the way), never to think queer unsayable things, never to say Stroke, never, in short, to "find a way"—he was appalled. If it had not been for Elspeth—

So even Elspeth did not need him. When he went home from school, thinking only of her, he found that she had gone to the Auld Licht manse to play with little Margaret. Very well, if such was her wish, he would go. Nobody wanted him except Grizel. Perhaps when news came from London of his greatness, they would think more of him. He would send a letter to Thrums, asking Mr. McLean to transfer his kindness to Elspeth. That would show them what a noble fellow he was. Elspeth would really benefit by his disappearance; he was running away for Elspeth's sake. And when he was great, which would be in a few years, he would come back for her.

But no, he—. The dash represents Tommy swithering once more, and he was at either end of the swither all day. When he acted sharply it was always on impulse, and as soon as the die was cast he was a philosopher with no regrets. But when he had time to reflect, he

jumped miserably back and forward. So when Grizel was ready to start, he did not know in the least what he meant to do.

She was to pass by the Cuttle Well, on her way to Tilliedrum, where she would get the London train, he had been told coldly, and he could be there at the time—if he liked. The time was seven o'clock in the evening on a week-day, when the lovers are not in the Den, and Tommy arrived first. When he stole through the small field that separates Monypenny from the Den, his decision was—but on reaching the Cuttle Well, its nearness to the uncanny Lair chilled his courage, and now he had only come to bid her good-by. She was very late, and it suddenly struck him that she had already set off. "After getting me to promise to go wi' her!" he said to himself at once.

But Grizel came; she was only late because it had taken her such a long time to say good-by to the girl in the glass. She was wearing her black dress and lustre jacket, and carried in a bundle the few treasures she was taking with her, and though she did not ask Tommy if he was coming she cast a quick look round to see if he had a bundle anywhere, and he had none. That told her his decision, and she would have liked to sit down for a minute and cry, but of course she had too much pride, and she bade him farewell so promptly that he thought he had a grievance. "I'm coming as far as the toll-house wi' you," he said, sulkily, and so they started together.

At the toll-house Grizel stopped. "It's a fine night," said Tommy, almost apologetically, "I'll go as far as the quarry o' Benshee."

When they came to the quarry he said, "We're no half-roads yet, I'll go wi' you as far as Padanarum." Now she began to wonder and to glance at him sideways, which made him more uncomfortable than ever. To prevent her asking him a question for which he had no answer, he said, "What makes you look so little the day?"

"I am not looking little," she replied, greatly annoyed, "I am looking taller than usual. I have let down my frock three inches so as to look taller—and older."

"You look younger than ever," he said, cruelly.

"I don't! I look fifteen, and when you are fifteen you grow up very quickly. Do say I look older!" she entreated, anxiously. "It would make me feel more respectable."

But he shook his head with surprising resolution, and then she began to remark on his clothes, which had been exercising her curiosity ever since they left the Den.

"How is it that you are looking so stout?" she asked. "I feel cold, but you are wiping the sweat off your face every minute."

It was true, but he would have preferred not to answer. Grizel's questions, however, were all so straight in the face, and there was no dodging them. "I have on twa suits o' clothes, and a' my sarks," he had to admit, sticky and sullen.

She stopped, but he trudged on doggedly. She ran after him and gave his

arm an impulsive squeeze with both hands, "Oh, you sweet!" she said.

"No, I'm not," he answered, in alarm.

"Yes you are! You are coming with me."

"I'm not!"

"Then why did you put on so many clothes?"

Tommy swithered wretchedly on one foot. "I didna put them on to come wi' you," he explained, "I just put them on in case I should come wi' you."

"And are you not coming?"

"How can I ken?"

"But you must decide," Grizel almost screamed.

"I needna," he stammered, "till we're at Tilliedrum. Let's speak about some other thing."

She rocked her arms, crying, "It is so easy to make up one's mind."

"It's easy to you that has just one mind," he retorted, with spirit, "but if you had as many minds as I have—!"

On they went.

(To be continued.)

IN SUMMERTIDE

By Rupert Hughes

WHAT time the brazen sun offends the sky,
 She frets in heavy mockery of sleep,
 And feels for him in dreams, as billows creep
 And clutch to reach a seashell dull and dry.
 So he, in town, would fain put business by:
 Her face is all the books his mind can keep;
 And plans are webs wherethrough her fingers sweep.
 The far-off witch weaves every thought awry.
 But with the evening dawns their real day,
 For twilight steals about her like a plea,
 And brings her lover speeding to her side
 With fond demandings that are not denied.
 And summer moonshine builds a new Cathay,
 Wherein they dream beside a summer sea.

SPORT IN AN UNTOUCHED AMERICAN WILDERNESS

By Frederic Irland

MOST of the great solitude which two hundred years ago constituted the peninsula of Acadia, is as undisturbed by civilized men as it was when British ships carried the French settlers away from its border. The interior has never been definitely surveyed or adequately mapped.

In the United States we have seen the forests melt away like snow in an April wind, and have come to look upon them as merely transitory; so that it is difficult for Americans to realize the extent to which, in the region of earliest European occupation of Canada, primeval conditions endure. In the immediate presence of a civilization more than two hundred years old, the wilderness of the Maritime Provinces preserves its perpetual youth, sheltering, in undiminished numbers, its royal inhabitants, the moose, the caribou, the black bear, the partridge, the salmon, and the trout. Nowhere on this continent can be found a more striking example of forest persistence than in the region east of the State of Maine, between the Atlantic Ocean on the south and the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north. The interior of this peninsula is almost entirely undisturbed. The few who have penetrated its depths have found it a veritable land of enchantment.

On an afternoon early in September I was sitting in the writing-room at Young's Hotel, in Boston, awaiting the arrival by express of an extra heavy rifle which had been made to order. At six o'clock that evening I took the cars for Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, which has been well described as "the quietest city of its size north of the Potomac;" and at noon the next day entered the woods, which extend, with scarcely a break, hun-

dreds of miles, up to the Arctic limit of timber.

For, though the New Brunswick capital has for many years been a centre of education and refinement, you could to-day fire a long-range rifle-bullet from the dome of the parliament building into the edge of the forest which stretches away to the north, broken only by the St. Lawrence. The deer wander within an hour's walk of the ancient city, and on the smooth road that makes off to the upper St. John River settlements you may see the partridges run into the brush, within a mile of town. The birds are more innocent than those we know. Ten miles from Fredericton, if you meet a Canada grouse, it will fly unconcernedly up to the nearest branch, from which perch of fancied security it will gaze curiously down upon you, while you cut a slender sapling, attach a looped string to the small end, slowly move it right up to the bird's beak, drop the noose over its neck, and with a slight jerk pull the trusting creature down, fluttering but unhurt. A barn-yard hen would be far more sophisticated.

There is a little railroad which runs from Fredericton to Chatham, along the valley of the Southwest Miramichi River. It possesses two locomotives, each making a daily run of one hundred and ten miles and return. One summer a circus wandered up into that country, exhibiting at St. John, Chatham, and Fredericton. It took one of the locomotives to haul the circus train, and so for two days the regular business of the road was abandoned.

At one of the intermediate stations you may leave the train, cross the river, pass two or three farms, and then plunge into a stunted forest broken only by barrens, beaver meadows, broad lakes, and lofty mountains. A few miles back the last vestige of a road disappears, and if you are fortunate enough to have the services of a guide who knows

On the Little Southwest Miramichi River

the woods, he can conduct you, by much walking, into a land of surprises. Very few, indeed, are the men who have ever seen the tranquil beauty of those lovely solitudes. There is a mellowness about the mountain scenery which makes the purple granite peaks seem in the distance like immense heaps of the ripe blueberries with which they are covered, and the autumnal foliage is unequalled in brilliancy.

The larger and less known portion of this wilderness lies between the Restigouche River on the north, the Intercolonial Railway, paralleling the sea-coast, on the east; the Southwest Miramichi River on the south, and the St. John River on the west, within the extensive counties of Northumberland, York, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska, and Restigouche. The least accessible portion is about the headwaters of the streams which ultimately form the Miramichi, Nepisiguit, and Tobique Rivers. These streams rise in an unmapped mountainous tract, which, though as beautiful as the Adirondack region, is not penetrated by half a

dozen tourists in a season. The reason for this delightful neglect is a commercial one. There is practically no pine timber. Plenty of trees grow, but they are birches, firs, small spruces, and others not attractive to the lumberman. The land, if cleared, would not be good for farming purposes. This is why the game-trails around the lakes, across the barrens, and through the thickets, grow deeper year by year, trodden as they have been by countless generations of animals. On the day when the Hebrew psalmist was singing "Every beast of the forest is mine," that very day the moose and caribou at sunset came down to the shores of the lonely lakes behind those mountains, just as other moose and caribou will come to-night.

I have spent two seasons in the very centre of this wilderness. From Fredericton, by the railroad of two locomotives, ambitiously called the Canada Eastern, it is three hours' ride—the distance is forty miles—to Boiestown. There, thanks to arrangements made by a Fredericton friend, my companion

and myself were met by Henry Braithwaite, of Stanley, one of the very few guides who know how to reach the heart of the interior. A wagon carried our tent and outfit five miles. Then we were at the very last house, and there everything was loaded upon a sled with wide wooden runners. Two horses struggled with this load, urged on by a teamster whose profanity was

steep mountain-sides, and along the shores of unnamed lakes. We went in expecting to remain three weeks. When we had been gone about nine weeks, and two feet of snow had fallen, our friends in the United States began telegraphing to the Boiestown station agent to hunt us up regardless of expense. He could not find a man in all the settlement who knew the way

beyond the Dungan River, where the team had turned back. This detail is mentioned for the purpose of demonstrating that the large game with which that wilderness abounds is practically unhunted.

During the nine weeks of our absence, were we lost and starving? No! We were having the pleasantest time of all our lives, and we fared sumptuously every day. It was an experience to make one feel that civilization does

An Old Camp.

a household word in the settled portion of that valley. For twenty-five miles, over roots, fallen trees, and bare ground, this summer sled proceeded, and then, where the decayed lumber road ended, and the country became very rough, we said good-by to the old teamster, and for fifty-seven days we did not see a human face, or the smoke of another fire; nor did we hear the sound of a rifle-shot, except our own. The rest of the journey to Little Southwest Lake, sixty miles away, was made on foot—as indeed the whole journey from Boiestown had been, after the first five miles. There was no road. The experienced Braithwaite led us on and on, across boggy barrens, through thick swamps, where occasional axe-marks on the trees were the only street signs he needed, up

not matter much, and that our savage ancestors had rather the best of it. When heavy snow came unexpectedly early in November, the guide and cook built a thirty-foot dug-out in a week, hewing it out of a big hermit pine, dragged the craft a mile over the snow to a stream, and after a five days' run, over rapids and around cataracts, we came out on the other side of the province. The first man we met on the lower river sang out, "Hello, Braithwaite, is that you? They're offering fifty dollars to the man who will go into Little Southwest country to hunt you up, and nobody will take it." News of the delayed travellers had spread all over the country.

This article is not intended as a chronicle of game slaughter. No idea

A Load of Antlers.

of that region is complete, however, which does not impress the constant presence of the moose track. The borders of the lakes, the mossy barrens, the deep woods, all the places where hoof-prints can be made, are full of impressions of the tireless feet of moose and caribou. The New Brunswick law allows a man to kill only two moose and three caribou in a season, and only one moose for each member

of a party of three or more. If one is any kind of a shot he can be pretty sure of at least one chance at a moose, especially if his guide is a good "caller." It is in this respect that Mr. Braithwaite is above every other New Brunswick guide. He is, in his way, the musical peer of Ysaye or Paderewski, and his solo instrument is the birch-bark horn.

The future of the moose, oldest and noblest of the game animals on this continent, is a matter that has interested a good many people. Mr. Braithwaite, who has lived among these animals all his life, says there is no danger of their diminution in New Brunswick. They shed their antlers before the snow becomes deep in winter, and the sportsman who endeavors to carry away a hornless moose is always roughly dealt with by the magistrates down in the settlements. The only

relentless enemy of the moose is the lumberman, who in the depth of winter can make good use of the meat. But in the region which is the subject of this article there is little lumber, and so there are few lumbermen. The degenerate Indians of the villages seldom trouble themselves to hunt, and the few moose killed by hunters are as nothing compared with the young ones destroyed by the bears. Bruin gets trapped, because his coat will average twenty dol-

lars to his captor. There are no wolves in this wilderness; so the prospects for the moose are getting better instead of worse. And if there are thousands of moose, there are tens of thousands of caribou.

The males of both species, about the time of the first full moon in October, will come to the deceitful music of the hunter's birch-bark horn. But the imitation of the cow's call must be very

clever, or it will not succeed; and so very few moose are shot in this way. The distance at which the real moose-call can be heard is something wonderful. I have heard it echoing over a lake at least five miles across. But the hunter who, on a perfectly still evening, can provoke a response from the hills a mile away, is an artist, and probably there are not three men in all New Brunswick who can do it well.

On a Raft in Louis Lake.

The horn with which the calling is done is very simple in its construction. The guide can, in five minutes, at any time, find a suitable birch-tree, from which he cuts a sheet of bark about fifteen inches square. This he rolls up in the form of a cornucopia, making the aperture at the small end about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and at the larger end about four inches. A tough spruce root, which can be pulled

Lively Running.

(There are fifty miles like this on the Little Southwest Miramichi.)

from the ground almost anywhere, furnishes a string with which to tie the horn so that it will retain its shape. When the larger end is trimmed the horn is ready for business.

So charming a place did I find the modern Acadia in 1894, that again in 1895, with the same guide, a cook, and a single companion, I spent the greater part of the summer and fall among the mountains and lakes, fishing a little, shooting a little, and resting a great deal. If life on earth had no more for me I should feel that the recollections of those two seasons in the New Brunswick woods had made it worth living.

For the sake of communication with the outside world, we employed a special mail-carrier, who made the round trip to the railroad station and return about once in ten days. We would tell him each time about where our camp should be, and when he struck the stream on which we were temporarily located, he would travel up or down along the banks until he found us. There were no other people within many miles

of us, and if he saw human foot-prints on a sand-bar, or axe-marks on a tree, he knew that we had made them and were in the immediate vicinity. The ease with which he found us on every occasion, travelling through the woods as he did where there were no roads, was one of the most clever feats of woodcraft that I have ever seen.

The wealth of animal life in those woods was constantly forced upon our attention. Impudent moose-birds would alight on our improvised dinner-table, and the red squirrels and white-bellied mice quarrelled for the fallen crumbs, while after nightfall the chattering martens would shriek out their cat-like disputes over the fish-heads in the rear of the camp. Often we heard the short, coughing bark of the fox in the still hours of the night. In the farther depths of the wilderness we saw the beaver's logging operations and river improvements still carried on. At one place we found a beaver-house so big and strong that a bull-moose had walked up on it and pawed defiance from the

top, yet his great weight had not broken the structure down.

A most impressive exhibit of the terrific energy of the angered moose was written on a bushy mountain-side. Two bulls had met and fought. The record of the conflict was plain to all comers. A great swath had been torn down the mountain for half a mile, the uprooted bushes bearing scattered tufts of hair. In some places both moose had slid for several yards. Then there was the evidence of a complete somersault, and finally it was plain that both had run against a dead pine-stub, and knocked it down. One of the moose had dragged the end of it on his back for twenty feet, for the broken lower end, next the stump, had been carried up hill. The fight had ended right there. Two moose tracks, in opposite directions, told of the retreat of the rival woodland monarchs.

Never can a man forget his first sight of a bull-moose in the woods. Mine came in this way: Mr. Braithwaite and I had tramped the country for a week; but while there were tracks everywhere, and we had heard several moose calling, we had only caught a momentary glimpse of one bull. In the presence of so many superior attractions, Braithwaite's musical performances had been scorned by the gentlemen moose. One evening the baffled guide, in talking the matter over before the camp-fire, said: "There is a lake about three miles back here in the mountains that I have had in my mind for ten years as a likely place to call a moose. Tomorrow we will try it."

It should be explained that the bull-moose comes much more readily to the call after dark. All the Indians who attempt calling do so at night. The difficulty about this method is that while the moose may come very near the sportsman, the latter cannot see his intended victim, and the result is that four moose are wounded and lost for every one that is killed on the spot after dark. Braithwaite never calls at night, but trusts to his ability to outwit the moose in broad daylight.

When the guide uttered the remark above quoted we were camped on Little Southwest Lake, a body of water about four miles long. Getting into the canoe the next morning, we paddled up to the head of the lake.

Calling Moose.

On the way up we saw, half a mile away on the shore, the huge, ungainly shape of a cow-moose, swinging clumsily along close to the water's edge. She remained in sight for fully ten minutes and then leisurely disappeared in the thicket.

Fishing for Grouse.

Arrived at the head of the large lake, it was a good three hours' task to climb the mountain and penetrate the dense thickets of spruce and cedar which barred the approach to the small lake of which we were in search. At last we saw the welcome gleam of water through the trees, and pushed on to the brink. A great flock of black ducks rose quacking from the surface and in three minutes had crossed over to the larger body of water which it had taken us so many toilsome hours to leave behind. We sat for a few minutes in the bright October sunshine, with our legs dangling over the steep bank, carefully scanning every bush and rock and stub around the shore. There was no ripple on the water. Around us rose the mountain-sides, resplendent in their autumnal attire. The repose of the wilderness was over everything. One would have thought there was not a living creature within hearing.

Placing the birch-bark horn to his lips, the guide gave the long, wailing bellow of the cow-moose, not loud, but in the same coaxing tone which characterized the genuine article, as we had heard it vibrating in the evening air two or three days before. The echoes had not died away when, across the

narrow water, from a thicket nearly opposite us, came the never-to-be-forgotten hoarse grunt of a bull, repeated every few seconds as the animal rushed toward the water's edge. In less than a minute we caught sight of his broad antlers, glistening in the sun, as he pushed impatiently through the thick branches. Then he broke through the bushes, and as he stood by the water's edge, intently looking and listening, his head thrown high in the air, it seemed to me that he appeared ten feet tall.

It was as easy a shot as one could ask for. Any kind of a marksman could hit a man's hat at that distance, and the animal's black bulk stood out against the rifle sight, as big as the front door of a house. One glance was enough, and at the report of the heavy rifle the moose wheeled suddenly about and plunged along the shore of the lake for fully fifty yards. While he was covering that distance I fired four times more, emptying the magazine of the rifle. Then the moose rushed up the bank and disappeared in the forest.

Five minutes later two panting and wild-eyed men, splashed with mud and water, had run clear around the head of the little lake and reached the point where the moose first appeared.

"Do you think I hit him?" I anxiously inquired.

"Yes, I think you broke his leg," responded the guide, "but it may be an all-day chase to catch up with him."

Full of anxiety over the uncertainty of the result I climbed directly up the bank, while Braithwaite followed the more circuitous trail through the bushes. I had not gone fifty feet when, in a little opening in the balsams and spruces, I suddenly came upon the

similar circumstances, a single bullet killed another moose in his tracks.

Our second hunting trip, in the fall of 1895, was in the Bald Mountains, considerably farther north. In this region there are fewer moose, but more caribou. It is considerably easier of access than the Little Southwest Lake country. One can either go up the Nepisiguit River from Bathurst, or up the Northwest Miramichi from Newcastle. If he goes up the latter stream he cannot use a birch-bark canoe, on account

A Salmon Jumping.

moose, standing rigid among the bushes, within fifteen feet of me. The bristles stood a foot high on his shoulders; his threatening antlers could easily accommodate two men about the size of those in his immediate vicinity, and he was not a pleasant sight to see. But he was in more danger than I was, for the instant I saw him the rifle again spoke, and the poor brute fell crashing to the ground. Four of the bullets had struck him, all in the vicinity of the breast and shoulder, and two had gone clean through him.

The following year, under somewhat

of the extreme roughness of the upper waters. In order to reach the limit of navigation, the canoe-men will be compelled to drag the boat over many miles of shallow bars, wading in the cold water. This they cheerfully do, however, for a dollar and a quarter per day.

For us, the passengers, there was nothing but comfort. My companion on this trip was a slender boy of fourteen, who had never before been outside of the brick walls of a city, and who had never seen anything wilder than an English sparrow, except in the cages of the

zoölogical garden. Some of his friends who did not know about such things thought it a foolhardy thing to let him go into the wilderness, a hundred miles from anywhere. They did not know what a luxurious place it is. On the way into the hunting-ground all he had to do was to sit in the centre of the big canoe, and watch the ever-changing panorama of the stream. He took to sleeping in an open tent, before a big fire, as naturally as though it had been his habit throughout life. I had a little 22-calibre rifle for the benefit of the partridges, and in a week this boy, who had never before fired a gun, could shoot almost as well as I could. The only trouble was, he was not strong enough to hold a big ten-pound 45-calibre rifle steady. He had trout and partridges whenever he wanted them to eat, and plenty of civilized food besides, for we had an excellent cook.

The second day after we got up into the mountains Braithwaite and I started on a long tramp, while the boy, who was not equal to so severe a journey, remained at the camp to reinforce the cook as home-guard. The guide and myself early in the day saw a large bunch of caribou on the farther side of a wide valley, and after climbing around the rocks for two or three miles, to avoid their winding us, we lost sight of them entirely. Disgusted at our ill-fortune, we started back for the stream to "boil the kettle" for a midday lunch, and, on our way there, walked right in amongst the caribou, which were lying down. It was a surprise on both sides, and the caribou, of which we counted sixteen, fairly climbed over each other in their efforts to escape. After three or four wild shots I had the good luck to stop the big bull of the herd.

The next day Duncan, the cook, and Herbert, the boy, took the canoe and went after the caribou's head and hide, and, much to our surprise, came back with two pairs of antlers instead of one.

They reported that they had seen twenty-six caribou, too far away to follow, high up on the mountain-side, but when they reached the place by the side of the stream where we told them we had left the caribou we had shot the

day before, they found a lonesome bull standing within one hundred feet of his dead companion; and Herbert, who had begged the privilege of taking the big rifle along in the canoe, had shot the animal as neatly as though it had been a bull-partridge instead of a bull-caribou, though the recoil of the rifle nearly knocked the breath out of him.

The number of unmapped lakes in New Brunswick is very great. The guides are constantly discovering new ones. Many of them are mere ponds, but some of them are beautiful sheets of water two or three miles across.

These undisturbed waters are a summer paradise for the loons, whose discordant voices can be heard on any quiet day. I asked an Indian once, how many lakes he thought there were within a day's travel of the place where we were camped. His reply was: "Oh, don't know; suppose five hundred."

The guides, by the way, believe that the loon cannot be shot, except by building a fire on the shore and shooting through the smoke, as they think the loon dives at the flash of the rifle.

One day we began wantonly firing at a loon, with the 22-calibre. Every time one of us would shoot, the bird would dive and remain down a long time. Finally we took a raft which we had made for fishing purposes, and pushed out to the centre of the little lake. By watching carefully we could shoot quickly enough to keep the loon under water, and soon it began to show signs of being short of breath. But we marvelled at the great distance that it could swim. Sometimes it would come up a hundred and fifty yards on one side of the raft, and the next time two hundred yards on the other side. Finally it came up close to the raft, and my companion killed it. As we were pushing out to pick it up, we suddenly saw another loon come up on the other side. Without knowing it we had been keeping two loons under water, supposing all the time there was only one. In order to make a complete job of it, we continued the same tactics as to the remaining one, and soon it too was so short of breath that it had to rise at very frequent intervals.

In two or three minutes it was a shot

bird. We hung these two relentless enemies of the trout at the front of the tent, and when the men came back at night they were greatly surprised at the shattering of their traditions.

Another time we saw an old loon, with a young one sitting on her back. When we paddled toward her she dived, leaving the fluffy little fellow on the surface. He could not go under. It was an easy thing to pick him up. After being in the canoe a minute or two, on replacing him in the water, he swam fearlessly back toward us, and we could not drive him away. The mother bird, from a safe distance, was setting up the most heart-breaking lament, so we went away and left the gosling. In a few minutes his mother found him, and expressed her joy as plainly as though she had been human.

The famous interior fishing-grounds of the United States are pretty nearly done for. In fact, nothing is so fatal to the fish as notoriety. But the resources of the remote waters of old Acadia are unimpaired. The mountain lakes contain trout in surprising numbers. The ocean-going streams of this peninsula are the finest salmon waters on the Atlantic Coast. On all the accessible lower reaches of the streams, down near the coast, fishing clubs control the privileges. But back in the distant hills, where travel is difficult, there are pools unwhipped by the angler's fly, where the summer assemblage of aristocratic fishes is a marvellous thing to see. The danger to the salmon, of course, lies in the fact that, like the wild-duck, he is a migratory being. If he would stay up in his summer home all the year, then nothing would disturb him. But every season he must run the gauntlet of the tide-water nets, of which there are a

great number. The fish laws of the Dominion allow each riparian owner on tide-water to put out a pound-net not exceeding in length one-third the width of the channel. For thirty or more miles the tide rushes up from the sea, and some of these streams are very wide as far up as tidal action extends. To the canoeist on these lower reaches it seems incredible that a single fish could escape the manifold dangers of travel through the maze of nets. But a great number do. The summer of 1895, owing to the lowness of the water, was a very bad salmon year. Yet an overland journey to the head of one of the remote tributaries of the Miramichi water system, in July, enabled us to see, in the rocky basins of the river, conventions of salmon which must have numbered thousands of individuals. Camped by the side of one of these big pools, the constant splashing made by the jumping fish was disastrous to sound sleep. The heavy, sloppy blow struck by a fifteen-pound salmon, as he tumbles back against the surface of the pool, after leaping three feet out, is an impressive sound. When it is repeated, on an average, once a minute all night

long, it is calculated to make an angler feel that he is in the immediate presence of his friends.

One's first salmon is an event. I got mine all alone. It was on the Dungarvon, on my way into the more remote interior. In a clear pool we could see the green backs of the fish, big and little, but they were not after our flies. The others went up the stream a considerable distance, and I remained by the pool. It needs two men to land a salmon. Presently I began idly

Writing Home

casting, just to try my new eighteen-foot rod, and the first thing I knew a fish was hooked. He galloped around that pool,



The Boy and the Moose Head.

jumping out, darting back and forth, and I waded right in. After a while I got him pretty tired. I had no landing-net or gaff, but there was a smooth gravel bar forty rods below. After a while I towed the unfortunate fish down there, got him headed for shore, and ran straight back on the bar. Out he came, flopping somersaults on the gravel. The gut leader broke, but I threw myself on top of that salmon and clasped my arms around him. He was slippery and strong and I could not hold him. Finally I got my fingers in his gills, reached for a stone, and gave him three or four merciless whacks over the head. Then I had him. I was a sight to behold, wet and bespattered with mud and slime; but I was too proud, as well as too nearly out of breath, for words.

Most of these streams are not readily navigable for birch-bark canoes. Horses cannot be used for the transportation of camp luggage, because there is scant feed for them. The sportsman who would penetrate to the heart of the old Acadian wilderness must, nearly always, do at least fifty miles of honest walking over blazed trails, through trackless swamps, across bushy mountains covered with fallen timber. He must ford unbridged streams, and his guides must carry the entire camp outfit on their backs.

There are, in the unsubdued fastnesses of the Cow Mountains and other faraway portions of New Brunswick, such dense tangles that the most determined traveller cannot possibly make more than five miles' progress in a day, over the fallen trunks, and through the thick growths. If one could travel as the bear does, on all fours, he would do better.

Last fall, having come down an unfrequented river in a dug-out constructed in the interior, Mr. Braithwaite and myself made an evening camp just at the edge of the sparse settlements which extend for some miles up the stream. The next morning a native, looking for his stray cattle, came upon us and asked: "Didn't you come down here eight years ago?"

Mr. Braithwaite said this was the fact. The farmer then remarked: "My boy saw your canoe in the river last night, and we remembered that you came down in one like it eight years ago." He said further that, so far as he knew, no strange canoe had come down from the unexplored headwaters of the stream in the meantime. This incident illustrates the infrequency of travel on those boisterous mountain rivers, and is also a fine example of the bushman's accuracy of observation and inference.

Undoubtedly some of this unoccupied

domain, in common with other portions of the great Canadian wilderness, will some day be filled with human habitations; but the interesting fact remains that a vast region of surpassing beauty will probably forever continue unmarred by settlement, an impregnable game preserve. Myriads of cataracts and cascades will roar unheard. Thousands of lonely lakes will smile in the summer sun, or sleep quietly under winter's cov-

ering, unvisited, except at long intervals, by man. And as the Acadian forests have survived the possession of the savage, the Gaul, and the Briton, so they will remain unharmed long after the next obvious change in the map of North America; and forest, lake, mountain, and stream will continue a perpetual joy to the hardy sportsman and the gentle lover of Nature for Nature's sake.

AT DAWN

By Charles Edwin Markham

Just then the branches lightly stirred. . .
 See, out o' the apple-boughs a bird
 Bursts music-mad into the blue abyss!
 Rothschild 'would give his gold for this—
 The wealth of nations, if he knew:
 (And find a profit in the business, too.)

LOVE'S HANDICAP

By John J. a'Becket

MISS GERTRUDE ARMSTRONG was in an odd predicament. She had received an offer of marriage from three fine young men, each of whom she liked extremely. Miss Armstrong was unable to tell which of them she wanted as a life partner, though thoroughly convinced that one of the three ought to be her husband.

Yet the three men were unlike in almost every respect. Edmund Warren was a New Yorker, twenty-six years of age, five feet nine, spare, dark, and an all-round athlete; intellect, fair to middling; character, conventionally correct. Holyoke Phillips was a Bostonian, of Mayflower descent, of medium height, fine physique, so handsome as to make his appearance almost a cause of disturbance, clever, and always perfectly groomed. He was twenty-three years of age. Fairfax Fitzhugh was a Virginia Hercules, twenty-four years old, six feet three in his stocking feet, and weighing two hundred and ten pounds. He was boyishly sincere and hearty, had brown hair and mustaches, and a fresh ruddiness which accorded well with the clearness of his hazel eyes. He carried his avoirdupois with the greatest lightness and was one of the most graceful dancers in the country.

Warren had an income of \$50,000 a year, Phillips possessed one of \$10,000, while Fitzhugh had only what sufficed to maintain himself with decent fitness for his social position.

After which statement of their money values it is in order to mention that Miss Armstrong was worth \$200,000, and was the only heir in sight to an old aunt who had three millions. But Gertrude Armstrong was a marvellously advanced young woman, not a "New Woman" but an intensely novel one, with most independent views and ways. People who only knew her superficially, and those who did not like her, were apt to label, and thereby libel, her versatility and force as "crankiness."

Miss Armstrong had spent a fortnight at the White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, in the beginning of July, and there Fitzhugh had offered her his aristocratic hand and the love of his clean, strong nature. She had asked time for reflection. She had passed the last two weeks of July and the first week of August at Newport. It was here that Warren had requested the privilege of putting an engagement ring on her finger. She had confided to him that this was "so sudden," and begged to defer a definite answer for awhile. The last of August she had spent at Bar Harbor, and in that haven of mellow glitter Holyoke Phillips had begged the honor of making her Mrs. Phillips. To whom, with some sense of repeating herself, she had avowed her inability to utter a conclusive monosyllable without the assistance of time for deliberation.

Hence Miss Armstrong's predicament. The points that endeared Warren to her were quite different from those that made her think tenderly of Phillips, while Fitzhugh's hold on her heart was thoroughly unlike that possessed by the two others. It was her uniquely embarrassing fortune to be in love with three perfectly eligible men at once. "If I were a man," Miss Armstrong mused, "and so in love with three different women that I couldn't tell which I loved most, I could become a Mormon and marry them all. That would be a neat solution. If I only cared a little *more* for one of these men than for the other two, or could hope to love some fourth man more than any of the three, it would not be so dreadfully hard. But I feel that one of these three must be my husband. It would look frivolous to ask them to match for it, and I haven't the courage to put their names into a hat and then marry the one I pull out. I must do something. It seems shamefully wanting in character to be equally in love with three men at the same time. And very much in love, too."

At last an idea came to her mind, and one that was in keeping with her feeling that the three men had an equal claim to consideration. She made an appointment for them all to call at exactly half-past four on the afternoon of September the tenth.

The men responded so promptly that the servant had no sooner ushered Mr. Fitzhugh into the drawing-room than he was called on to perform the same duty for Mr. Phillips, which function was hardly concluded before Mr. Warren's ring made it imperative for the third time.

Each of the trio had barely time to get irritated at what he fancied the inopportune call of the other two, before Miss Armstrong entered the room. Each man regarded her with a new thrill of that courtly deference and anticipative joy of possession so natural to the lover. Each hoped that the beautiful girl had had time to evolve a "yes" which she would bestow on him as soon as "those other two fellows" were gone. Three of the most delightful resorts in the country had been enhanced for Miss Armstrong by the devotion and proposal of a charming man. Alas! too charming, she thought, as with a quiet sigh of delicious perplexity she beamed upon them all. Her color, action, and manner told what benefit she had derived from a summer outing so wonderfully seasoned.

"How do you do?" she said vivaciously, without offering her hand to any of them, denying herself the one way of giving it to them all. "Sit down, please. Or wait one moment, won't you?"

She selected three straight-backed chairs, exactly alike, set them side by side, about two feet apart, and in front of them, two or three yards away, planted another.

"Now, if you will kindly seat yourselves in these chairs," she said, sitting down herself, "I will perform rather an embarrassing duty. It looks as if I were the teacher of a small but very select catechism class. But the likeness does not go far, for each of you has done me the honor of asking the same question to which I am still unable to give a catechetical 'Yes' or 'No.'"

There was what the French papers

call a "sensation" on this direct announcement of Miss Armstrong's, and the trio stiffened like one man. With hardly a pause the young woman continued. She had evidently prepared her few remarks, and meant that they all should take their medicine quickly.

"When you each one did me the honor of making me an offer of marriage, I asked for time. I have had time, and time enough if any one of you had been the only one. You are strangers to one another, and far too modest, not to sympathize with me when I tell you that I have been unable to decide to which one I should say 'Yes,' though it took me very little time to feel that it must be this to one of you. I realize fully that such a quandary is not only extraordinary but seems a trifle absurd. It is not a nice one for a girl to be in, I assure you. But I am in it, and the fault, if there is any, is yours. You are all gentlemen, all of good family, all charming. These are the sole points that count with me.

"Now the only way out that I have been able to devise is this," continued Miss Armstrong, straightening herself and speaking more rapidly: "I will see you all again on the second of January. Whichever one shall have done in the meantime what seems to me the finest action for a man to do, I will accept. Between now and then I shall not see any of you, except as chance may throw us together. You are at liberty to invent the action, and you can go out of your way to do it. So the issue need not depend on any good fortune which offers to one opportunity that is denied to another. On Christmas-day you can write to me what you consider the best action of the past three months, and when you come on January 2d, I will give a definite 'Yes' to the one I decide has made the best showing. My relation to you all is an impartial one. It is a fair field and no favor.

"If this course strikes you as bizarre and undignified, please to remember that a girl does not often find herself in such an *embarras des richesses* as three suitors for her hand who have an equal hold on her heart. If you can suggest a better scheme, I am perfectly willing to adopt it."

The three men rose simultaneously and said "Miss Armstrong," as a chorus. Then came to a halt and regarded one another with a proud air of magnanimous abeyance.

"You see, gentlemen," said Miss Armstrong, shaking her head sadly, "you are giving another proof of how perfectly on the same level you are. And this, notwithstanding your pronounced individualities. But as you are ranged Mr. Phillips is at 'the head of the class,' and so there is a reason for beginning with him. What have you to say to this proposition of mine, Mr. Phillips?"

"I can only compliment you on the clever way with which you handle the impossible situation," said the young man, in measured tones. "It is quite natural, of course, that others should feel toward you as I do, but this unlooked-for meeting with two—rivals" (Mr. Phillips showed a chivalrous recognition of the other two men) "is a surprise to me, as, I doubt not, it is to them."

The two men looked their inability to deny this, and Mr. Phillips went on.

"For my part, I think you have acted with perfect candor and fairness to us"—Mr. Phillips here assumed an apologetic air toward the other two as if asking pardon for the familiarity of the first person plural when two-thirds of it were strangers to the third, and enunciative fraction, himself. The other factors gave subtle indications of condoning the liberty, and the speaker resumed.

"Unacquainted though I am with these two gentlemen, knowledge of myself makes me feel that I am somewhat handicapped in this—this—*prix de vertu* tourney, if you will permit the phrase, Miss Armstrong, by a very limited ability for noble achievements. However, 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' and with such a motive for good deeds one may hope that fate will not disdain a willing assistant."

Mr. Phillips bowed, and after his speech instinctively resumed his seat.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Armstrong, heartily. "That was a charming little speech for an impromptu effort on what must have been an un-

familiar subject. I think it is very nice in you to bear one out so generously. But I shouldn't have said that," she added, with a quick smile. "Mr. Warren and Mr. Fitzhugh must be perfectly unprejudiced in what they have to say. What do you think of the idea, Mr. Warren?"

"I am afraid, Miss Armstrong," said that gentleman, rising, with a somewhat forced smile on his face, "that Mr. Phillips has cut the ground from under my feet by his remarks. But you can't expect much eloquence from the average New Yorker. I don't suppose there was ever this condition of things before. Of course, a nice girl often has several offers before she says 'Yes' to one of them. But to have three that she has to toss up for—pardon my putting it just that way—is a little out of the usual. I don't feel that I will pull out as long as there is a fighting chance. I can only echo what this gentleman said about not being very strong in the kind of thing you want. If it had been a long distance running or a swimming match it would have been more in my line. But I want to be entered for the race. No one knows what may turn up."

Acting on Mr. Phillips's precedent Mr. Warren seated himself after his speech.

"I must thank you too, Mr. Warren, for accepting my condition so gallantly," Miss Armstrong remarked, according as gracious a smile to him as she had to Mr. Phillips. "As for eloquence, I don't see that any one of you need envy the other, since you have all been equally eloquent. Mr. Fitzhugh?"

As the towering Virginian rose gracefully to his superb height and stood like a composite of Hercules and Chesterfield, both the other men darted an uneasy glance at him.

"Miss Armstrong," he said, in his great mellow voice, "I am sure each of us regrets your divided mind, just as each of us sees that you wish to be perfectly fair. Whatever your final decision may be, the two unfortunates who are left out will admit that you have done the best you could. I assent, of course, to your wish, and hope the best man wins, for your sake and his."

Mr. Fitzhugh did not resume his seat, as Miss Armstrong arose at the conclusion of his remarks and said: "Thank you, Mr. Fitzhugh. I am comforted that you are all so indulgent to my poor plan. Before you go, I think you should know one another, and then good-by until January 2d."

She presented them, then showed the three out in a body. At the foot of the steps the three men bowed to each other with formality, and started downtown, Mr. Phillips on one side of the street, Mr. Warren on the other, while Mr. Fitzhugh took the side street to get to the parallel avenue. There was the same thought in the mind of each: how fine a thing the other men would do? There was the same doubt in the mind of each; that one of the others would probably do something finer than he could himself. There was the same hope in the mind of each: that neither of the others would.

Not long after this extraordinary reception at Miss Armstrong's came the closing day of the excursion season at Coney Island. The last boat had left the Iron Pier crowded to suffocation. There was the usual jumble of excursionists. Big, burly men, with a sense of liquor and loudness about them, seemed to take up more space than was their due. Obstreperous young fellows made rapid remarks, with the brazen assurance of hollow conceitedness, and varied this by shrill whistling, or attempting to sing popular airs of the day, as a yet more ample field for lung exercise and wearying self-assertion. Stout women, for whom one would have imagined excursions could have no lure with option of as many hours of repose at home, were wedged into the crowd with fat content. Other women, some robust and a little too gay, some thin and far too weakly, were part of the richly assorted passenger list of the craft.

One of the latter kind sat near the rail, worn out and sleepy. She held a scrap of baby on her thin arm, and her bony fingers clutched a paper bag in which there still remained a few peanuts. The baby was quietly slumbering, while the heavily drooping lids of the mother fought against sleep. Near

her stood a huge man with a kindly look on his face, who had placed himself so that his immense proportions might act as a bulwark to prevent the crowd from pressing too heavily against the pair.

The day had been gaspingly hot, and was now culminating in one of those spasmodic thunder-storms which are nature's titanic hiccough when crapulous with heat. Things were getting dun and ominous. The packed steamer pitched and lurched in the tumid waves on which the veil of night was falling. The pleasure trip was ending in more than usual discomfort for the fagged-out "trippers." After their few hours of cooler air, they were returning to the furnace heat of the town and their hot rooms, worn out and peevish.

"Look out there! God! it's over the side!"

Fitzhugh heard these words break suddenly on the stifling air. His attention had been distracted from the woman and her child for a moment, but at this sudden exclamation, close to him, he looked at her instinctively. Her arms were empty! The thing was clear. Through sheer fatigue the worn woman had fallen into slumber. The infant had awakened, and refreshed by its own sleep to new activity had given a convulsive shake to its small anatomy which had dislodged it from the mother's arm. It had wriggled itself over the side! There it was, a white spot on the water, rapidly receding.

Fitzhugh had hardly grasped the situation and reflected on his inability to swim the length of a bath-tub, when a man brushed by him, thrusting a coat and waistcoat into his hands, exclaiming, "Hold those!" The next moment the man had climbed over the rail, and, with one quick look toward the floating child, sprang resolutely into the sea.

The would-be rescuer had not looked at him, but in the glimpse he had of his features Fairfax Fitzhugh at once recognized Mr. Warren.

He watched his movements with a vivid interest. Warren came quickly to the surface, and, with the energetic movements of a practised swimmer, struck out in the direction of the now disappearing blot of white. There was

great excitement among the crowd, and the officers were instantly busy trying to prevent a panic. In her overloaded condition and in such a rough sea the steamer could only be handled with difficulty. After much delay a boat was at last lowered, but the rowers returned after about twenty minutes, wet and disgusted, without having discovered any trace of the man or infant. Some now began to clamor that the boat should go ahead and that many lives ought not to be imperilled for two. Fitzhugh volunteered to be one of a crew to venture forth again and look for the swimmer, while the steamboat went upon its way. But nobody but himself seemed to feel called on to do this, and finally the steamer sped on, leaving the pair to their fate.

It was a great relief to Fitzhugh to read in the evening papers the next day that Warren and the baby were saved. The swimmer had breasted his way to the Long Island shore with the child, who had been restored to its mother unharmed. Warren's name did not come out at all.

Only a few days after this the young Virginian read the announcement of Mrs. Emory Headley's death. She left fifty thousand dollars to several charities. The remainder of her three millions went to her only niece, Miss Gertrude Armstrong. He gave a quick, impatient sigh on finishing the paragraph. He was thinking of the income of his two rivals. Men with money may marry women with money.

In October the young Virginian, whose enjoyment of his lot in life was not augmented by seeing day after day slip by unmarked by opportunity for fine actions, went to visit a friend who had a cottage in one of the charming resorts near the Massachusetts coast. It was much affected by exclusive Bostonians, and had a pretty Country Club. Bowling was the father of half a dozen young children. Mrs. Bowling was one of those live, plump, active, small women who seem to have a genius for maternity. But Fitzhugh did not care. He liked children, and had no nerves.

Sometimes, however, he felt the need of a brief respite from the robust devo-

tion of the four Bowling boys, who liked him altogether too well for his comfort. So one day he hired a dog-cart and drove over to the Country Club, some miles away. *En route* he remarked a small, tumble-down house standing some distance from the road in a lonely fashion. A red flag, fluttering from the door made him wonder if the family was to be "sold out" by auction. Another thought, which quickly succeeded this, led him to give a cut to his horse and get away from the forlorn roof-tree with its baleful banner as fast as he could.

He had a thoroughly enjoyable evening at the club, where he met some nice fellows and played three or four games of billiards. It was nearly twelve o'clock when he started back. He had forgotten the grim nest of small-pox festering on the hillside, until as he approached the locality he marked an ominous red glare in the sky. He whipped up, and when he got nearer saw that the house was in flames. They were already subsiding, as the woodwork was pretty well consumed. A thrill of horror seized him. What if the helpless woman had passed beyond the power of infecting anyone with her foul disease through having the purifying flames burn, not only germs, but the very soul, out of her body!

He lashed his horse and tore forward. As he got nearer he saw three persons on the hillside, brightly illumined by the flames—a man, a girl of nineteen, and a frightful-looking object wrapped in a scorched blanket. She was lying on the ground, her head in the girl's lap. Fitzhugh felt a cold shudder as his imagination supplied the defect of his vision for her loathsome face! A little beyond was a Surrey drawn by a span of horses, hitched to the fence.

The man had started running toward Fitzhugh as soon as he heard the sound of his wheels. When he got within hailing distance he shouted: "Hold up a minute."

Fitzhugh stopped his horse.

"Don't come any nearer," the man shouted again, taking care himself to approach only close enough for his voice to carry. "There's a woman there, sick with the small-pox. I was

driving by and pulled her out of the fire. I'm going to put her in my team and take her into Boston. That's the only chance for her. Go 'round the other way. Will you send a message to my man at Sweet Brier Cottage, to-morrow morning and tell him to come into Boston, and meet me at Young's at ten o'clock? His name is Thomas Matthews."

"All right," Fitzhugh shouted back. "Can't I help you any?"

"No," returned the man. "The best thing you can do is to go 'round the other way as fast as you can. I'm in for it now, but there's no sense in anybody else exposing himself to infection. The woman is *light* enough. Good-night."

The man was turning back when Fitzhugh shouted, hastily: "What's your name?"

"Phillips. Holyoke Phillips. But don't say anything about this. My people would be scared to death if they knew I had been handling a small-pox woman."

"You're sure I cannot do a thing?" urged Fitzhugh, reluctantly gathering up his reins. "I'd be glad to."

"There's nothing to be done. If you will send that message—Sweet Brier Cottage. I must hurry off with her. Good-night."

This time Phillips turned and half ran back to the two in the dying glare of the crumbling house. The thought came to Fitzhugh of Bowling's healthy clutch of children, and their round, cheery little mother. A nice centre into which to inject the germs of small-pox! It was his duty to take no chance of doing that. He wheeled about, and as a light puff of wind blew down the road from the direction of the group, he laid the whip over his horse's flank. As he wheeled off into the side-road he looked back and saw that Phillips was disposing the two women in the Surrey. A moment later and he had started on a brisk trot for Boston with his load of infectious corruption.

Fitzhugh put up at the Inn that night and returned to town the next morning after wiring Bowling that he would write to him from New York. He had sent the message duly to Thomas Matthews.

It was Christmas-day. Not a very gay festivity for Fairfax Fitzhugh. He knew what Christmas presents his rivals could send to Miss Armstrong, and he felt like a mean culprit over his own empty hands. He had heard nothing of Warren or Phillips since the time when fate had made him the witness of their glory. Heavy at heart he sat down and wrote to Miss Armstrong:

"MY DEAR MISS ARMSTRONG: I write to-day to comply with your request in the only degree permitted to me. I have not one fine deed to bring you this Christmas morning! I have not to reproach myself with neglected opportunities; but, on the other hand, I have been unable to counteract this neglect of fate by devices of my own. I regret deeply that I should seem to offer you such inferior homage to that of Messrs. Warren and Phillips. I hope I need not assure you of that. I wish you all the joy in life with the fortunate man upon whom you confer your hand. It is a bitter humiliation that I should have to assist you in your decision by my utter disqualification. You will feel that it is needless for me to appear on January the second. I trust you will not take it ill if I add that, despite my failure to make you mine, I shall always be

"Most devotedly yours,
"FAIRFAX FITZHUGH."

To which he received answer: "I shall expect to see you on the second of January. Do not fail to come. G. A."

A spark of hope flickered for a moment in the young Virginian's breast at this brief command. Hope, as a flash-light, requires very little support from reason. But it was evanescent. Of course, up to the last hour there was a chance that occasion for some glorious achievement might drop from the skies. But when he carefully dressed himself and started for Miss Armstrong's on the afternoon of January the second, hope was dead. He was only going to assist at the triumph of his rivals. He was determined to do so with dignity, at least, though it was a hard ordeal.

As at the first interview, he was the first to arrive. He was on the hour with the punctuality of a king. The servant went to call Miss Armstrong. She might not come down until the others arrived. He remembered how short a time had elapsed between their respective appearances on the first day. He looked grimly at the three similar

chairs which they had occupied on that occasion. There had been a fitness in that uniformity of session then. Now, he was the only one who should occupy one of those chairs. Phillips or Warren should sit with Miss Armstrong under the canopy in the corner, while the unchosen one of these two might be assigned to the stately fauteuil by the window, as an "Honors man," at least.

At this moment the bell sounded and Fitzhugh braced himself to meet the possible husband of Miss Armstrong. The man who entered the room was Holyoke Phillips. As Fitzhugh's eyes rested on his face he suffered a sickening surprise, almost repulsion, for one instant. The next he had sprung to his feet, and was wringing Phillips's hand with intense emotion.

"I see you are distressed by my appearance," said Phillips, calmly. "My face was not such a recreative object at best, and now it would be useful to scare bad children with."

"Or to inspire heroes, and to make men reverence you and feel honored by being in your presence," retorted Fitzhugh, a fiery enthusiasm in his face and almost a break in his voice. "I know why you bear those marks," he went on, in answer to the look of surprise in Mr. Phillips's. "The scars a soldier wins on a hard battle-field are not so glorious. I saw you when you won them, and I think to-day you will reap some reward for them. I am here to assist at your triumph. I know Warren's claim, and yours seems to me to infinitely surpass it. I shall be a very sorry object by the side of two such heroes."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Mr. Phillips. "How do you know anything about this? Why," he added, suddenly, "were you the man in the buggy that night?"

"I was," replied Fitzhugh.

"How singular!" said Phillips, thoughtfully. "But I beg of you," he went on, rapidly, "not to indulge in any such friendly but exaggerated strain as this before Miss Armstrong."

"Here she is," exclaimed Fitzhugh.

Miss Armstrong had quickly entered the room. Fitzhugh's heart gave one

big bound and then sank to his boots. She had never looked so queenly, so brilliantly fair, so womanly sweet. As if in honor of the occasion she had gowned herself as sumptuously as her mourning for her aunt would permit. The two men were standing so that Phillips's back was to her, and when, at Fitzhugh's remark, he wheeled sharply round, his frightfully marked face was close to hers.

She started back with dismay in her eyes, the words she was about to speak numbed on her lips by sudden horror of the deeply pock-marked face of the once strikingly handsome Bostonian. She rallied with a prompt but vigorous effort and greeted him warmly. Then she turned to Fitzhugh and a swift, involuntary expression that made his heart thump again dawned on her face. It may have been the relief of his clear-eyed ruddy visage, with its ingenuous candor, after the shock of Phillips's disfigurement.

"Sit down," she said, gently. "Do not let us be any more formal than the occasion demands. I am glad to see you. Mr. Warren," and she smiled with childlike brightness, as she held up a letter in her hand, "will not be here. He has asked to have his name 'scratched.' I am quoting his words."

"Miss Armstrong," said Mr. Phillips, a slight nervous abruptness in his usually contained manner, "before we go any farther, I have to say something that may simplify the proceedings. The perfectly unwitting but quite natural movement of repulsion——"

"Oh, Mr. Phillips!" cried Miss Armstrong with a shocked expression, "do not say that! I admit I was deeply impressed by your changed features, but it was the pain of sympathy that affected me."

"That is like your generous, noble self," said Mr. Phillips, with feeling. "But I know too well the effect my disfigurement must inspire, and without the slightest fault in the person who feels it. But your expression, not to qualify it more closely, was a help to me in what I wish to say. Perhaps it would have been better to write you this and not to have come to this appointment at all. Yet to do so seemed, in a

way, more advisable. But first, although Mr. Warren has withdrawn, I am sure Mr. Fitzhugh has a claim which will probably settle the point at issue at once."

"Mr. Fitzhugh assures me that he has done nothing fine whatever. Of course, through no fault of his," Miss Armstrong hastened to add, smiling a little faintly.

Mr. Fitzhugh shook his head regretfully.

"And it is quite certain that Mr. Warren will not come?" inquired Mr. Phillips, with a troubled air.

"I will read you this letter which I received from him at the end of November, and will then supplement it with a marginal note of my own. You can in this way judge for yourselves," said Miss Armstrong briskly.

DEAR MISS ARMSTRONG : Do you know, the more I have thought on your singular proposal to the two gentlemen and myself, who were suitors for your hand, the more uncomfortable I have become. It was sprung on us" [Miss Armstrong arched her brows a little and made a *moue* at this expression] "when we were very ardent and not looking for anything of the kind, and it seemed fair enough, since you were in such a jolly queer predicament. But every day it grows harder for me to think of winning my wife by a snap-shot heroism. Besides, it has kept growing on me that a man would be wiser to select a wife who hadn't the misfortune of being in love with two other fellows at the same time. The fellow that wins might not be so far ahead of the other two. If he comes in ahead by only a neck, it does not seem natural that you could instantly lop off your regard for the others, and I confess I shouldn't quite like my wife to have that kind of feeling for two such men as Mr. Fitzhugh and Mr. Phillips.

So, as there really wasn't any engagement, and it seems perfectly honorable to do so, I think I must beg to have my name scratched. I am really doing you a kindness because it will make your choice a simpler thing. My rivals are better fellows than I. Although I haven't done any fine thing, pray don't put this move of mine down to a funk. I am sure I am not misjudging your character in thinking that you will gladly permit me to withdraw, and will still remain a good warm friend of mine, as I shall always be of yours.

Most respectfully and sincerely,
EDMUND WARREN.

Miss Armstrong threw out her hands with a mild gesture that suited her words: "So you see that eliminates Mr. Warren!" Then she smiled again,

and continued, cheerfully: "He is quite right in thinking I shall remain friendly. I have no hard will against him. In fact," said Miss Armstrong, with some emphasis, "although this may not sound so true, I am positively relieved by Mr. Warren's course. The only thing that didn't seem quite fair, and I had to tell him this in my answer to his note, was his not mentioning the other girl. But I learned who she was a fortnight later from a woman friend of hers to whom she had confided, in strict secrecy, that she was engaged to Mr. Warren, only that Edmund didn't want it announced until after January! She is quite a nice girl and I am awfully glad," concluded Miss Armstrong, with an artless sincerity that left no doubt but that she was telling the exact truth. "I intend to make them a handsome wedding present," she added.

Mr. Phillips's pockmarks had not obscured the redness that crept into his face as the young woman scored Mr. Warren's perfidy in not avowing frankly that he had switched off to another girl. When she was through he said, with some hesitation, but resolutely:

"Miss Armstrong, it *would* have been better if I had written instead of coming here to-day. But I shall now speak to you with all simplicity, relying on your sympathy and justice. I had hoped the simple way out would be that one of these gentlemen should have presented himself with a deed that would make him your elected husband. But now, with Mr. Warren out, and Mr. Fitzhugh disclaiming any meritorious action, I must state my position. After this unfortunate malady left me such melancholy and enduring marks of its visitation, I felt at once that, no matter what claim I might establish to your hand, I would never, never consent to any such alliance of Beauty and the Beast. Nothing could alter this determination of mine, and I trust you will believe this, since I want to tell you another thing, which, I know, will keenly touch your warm heart.

"During my illness I was for some time delirious. When I recovered my senses I discovered that a distant cousin of mine, with whom I had been on very

friendly terms always, through a beautiful but Quixotic fear that I might not be properly or sufficiently cared for by the hospital nurses, had come there and insisted on taking charge of me herself! Of course I would not have permitted so needless a sacrifice had I known of it before it was too late. I regret to say," Mr. Phillips resumed after a slight pause, with deep feeling in his voice, "that this dear girl contracted the hateful malady, and she, who was once as beautiful as a dream, is now, thanks to her devotion to me, as disfigured as myself."

Miss Armstrong and Mr. Fitzhugh had listened to this recital with rapt interest. The moment he finished Miss Armstrong bent forward, her eyes dewily soft in their brightness, her lips parted in emotion, and an exquisite exultation pervading her.

"And you are going to marry her?" she cried, softly.

"That is what I hope to do," replied Mr. Phillips, gravely, "though I have not yet spoken to her on this subject. I felt, in a measure, bound, until this meeting had taken place. But I feel sure that you will be glad to have this young woman learn from me that I have had the honor to love two of the finest women I have ever met."

"You would be absolutely ignoble not to marry her, and it would be incredible if you did not love her," exclaimed Miss Armstrong, in ringing tones. "I congratulate her and yourself," she went on rising and crossing to Mr. Phillips. A film came over her beautiful eyes, and her lips quivered as she pressed his hands warmly with both of hers. His poor face was so disfigured, but Miss Armstrong felt no repulsion now.

"Thanks," returned Mr. Phillips. "You are no kinder or nobler than I should have expected. And now, he continued, in a lighter way, as, still holding Miss Armstrong's hand he looked at Mr. Fitzhugh with a twinkle in his eye, "the only thing lacking to make this occasion perfectly harmonious is to be permitted to offer *my* congratulations to our young friend here and to yourself, Miss Armstrong."

The young woman withdrew her hand

and flushed very prettily. Fairfax Fitzhugh presented the incongruous spectacle of a giant blushing like a little school-girl. He did not look altogether happy, while Miss Armstrong, for whatever strange reason, could not quite help doing so.

"I am afraid that might be a little premature," she said, with saucy gayety. "You and Mr. Warren, after so basely deserting me, must not think you can make amends by magnanimously surrendering a twice-jilted girl to Mr. Fitzhugh, who, like Mr. Warren and yourself, hasn't the smallest shadow of a fine thing to declare. I can hardly believe it of three such fine men!"

"And you must not believe it of any but me," exclaimed Fitzhugh, impulsively. "I am in a position to tell you of exceedingly fine actions on both Mr. Phillips's and Mr. Warren's part. I think it only justice to do so. I can appreciate fine things if I cannot do them."

He succinctly but tellingly rehearsed Mr. Warren's exploit. He was about to pass to Mr. Phillips's when that gentleman broke in upon him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fitzhugh. If this must be told I prefer to tell it myself. You are too eloquent a narrator of *others* merits'. The action to which Mr. Fitzhugh, despite my protests, has referred to is simply this. Last autumn I pulled a bedridden woman out of the first floor of a burning building, when, as there was no one else around to do it, my only option would have been to stand by and see her broil to death. It was an act of the most common humanity, and you can see why I forbore to mention it as a fine deed."

"He has not said," cried Fitzhugh, springing to his feet, and speaking with an animation Miss Armstrong had never witnessed in him before, and which seemed to afford her the keenest delight, "that this 'bedridden woman' was suffering from the most awful ravages of virulent small-pox. He has not said that he carried her into Boston at midnight in his own team, as her only chance for life. He has not said that he charged down the road as soon as he heard my buggy to warn me 'round another way that I might run no

risk of contagion. He has not said that the disfigurement for life of as handsome a face as God ever gave to man is the result of this 'common humanity,' to a miserable outcast with no claim upon him but her helplessness. I said disfigurement, but it is a transfiguration, and these marks of his glory are more than the flawless beauty of an Apollo. I thank God," said Fitzhugh, his mellow tones rolling the words out like a benediction, "that he has found a woman who is his peer in sublime well-doing, one worthy of being his wife."

"Now really," exclaimed Mr. Phillips, with a deprecating air, when the young Virginian had poured this forth with the impressive fire of a Cicero, "you have heard it *all*, Miss Armstrong and you will permit me to retire and hide my confusion. I only hope Mr. Fitzhugh may wax as eloquent in his own cause as he does in that of others. I think, after all, this is probably a case of the survival of the fittest. Good-by, Miss Armstrong. I am sure we shall always be the best of friends."

"*Always*, Mr. Phillips," returned Miss Armstrong with deep fervor. "I am so glad Mr. Fitzhugh did tell this that I may assure you of my deep admiration for such splendid humanity in you. Did you think I would be a Shylock and hold you to your bond? You and this noble woman, whom I hope to know as your wife, shall never have a warmer or a truer friend than Gertrude Armstrong."

She smiled bravely, though there were tears in her lustrous eyes as he bent and kissed her hand.

"I leave you with a cheering hope in my soul," he cried, as without relinquishing her hand, he grasped that of Fitzhugh. "You must make him tell you the truth about himself. Good-by."

Miss Armstrong sank into her chair and gave a final touch to her eyes with her handkerchief after Mr. Phillips disappeared.

"I declare," she said, animatedly, "the thought of his marriage with that girl, 'his peer in sublime well-doing' as you so happily expressed it, is positively exhilarating. It is much nicer to have him in a warm niche in my memory instead of feeling half-vexed

with him as I do with Mr. Warren. That fickle man! To actually throw me over for another girl, who isn't half as nice as I am," she added, with placid ingenuousness. "However, these two points are settled, and won't give me another thought. But now, Mr. Fitzhugh, *honestly*, haven't you *some* fine thing concealed about your consciousness, which you ought to tell me? Even if *you* don't think it very fine, give me a chance of judging."

"I haven't a thing," he returned with mournful conviction. "Not even a half-fine thing. I suppose I ought to congratulate myself on having escaped positively ignoble ones. What a shame that I should have seen these two men so splendidly qualify and not be worthy of tying their shoes."

"So splendidly qualify, and then bestow themselves elsewhere," exclaimed Miss Armstrong, merrily. There was nothing forced about her high spirits. She seemed bubbling over with gay joyousness. Such astonishing vivacity in a woman, two-thirds of whose heart should have been shattered, suddenly struck Fitzhugh as an abnormal emotionality.

"You don't seem upset at the turn things have taken, Miss Armstrong," he observed, bluntly. "Perhaps," he exclaimed, abruptly, and then stopped. "Possibly you"—again he halted. The young woman showed no disposition to assist him. "Have you"—he said desperately, only to have his tongue fail him once more. But he looked volumes.

"Have you?" queried Miss Armstrong, with a demurely reproachful intonation.

"Have I *what*?" retorted Fitzhugh, brusquely.

"Have you—what you were going to ask me," she returned, roguishly.

"*I!*" burst forth the Virginian with massive indignation. "No. I am not built that way."

"Yet these two others, who, according to your own testimony, have so far surpassed you in fine actions, *were* 'built that way,'" remarked the young woman, pensively. "Not that I care. I don't blame them. Blame them? I admire Mr. Phillips more than ever

for his course. And I am so glad for what Mr. Warren did that I can almost forgive him the way he did it. Honestly and in all simplicity, Mr. Fitzhugh, I am overjoyed at the way things have turned out."

"That is not flattering to us," he replied, judicially, "whatever might be said about the justice of it. But I suppose, Miss Armstrong, that if two men may change their minds about one woman, one woman should surely be allowed to change hers about three men. It is natural enough. I seem to have fared the worst of all involved, for I am unchanged except to show up so much more poorly in the reflected glory of others. But I still presume so far as to hope that even we shall part friends, Miss Armstrong."

He rose slowly and advanced as if to make his adieux.

"So do I," she answered, chirpily. "But we are not going to part yet. Sit down."

Mr. Fairfax Fitzhugh resumed his seat somewhat with an air that suggested a mastiff who is being teased by a toy terrier with no respect for his dignity.

"I did not suppose there could be any pleasure to you in continuing the interview with me," he said, a little stiffly.

"Are you *sure* you haven't done even some little, *tiny* fine thing?" she murmured, wistfully regarding him with veiled eyes.

"None, that any decent gentleman does not do every day of his life," he responded, grimly.

"You said, I believe, that you *hadn't* fallen in love with any other girl?" she resumed, with a playfully questioning air.

He made a gesture, slight but expressive, as if he disdained verbal repudiation of such monstrous infidelity.

"But possibly," said Miss Armstrong, blushing a little as she looked him full in the eyes—"you are a lawyer you know, and one has to corner you—you may have *withdraun* your regard, without *transferring* it"

"I do not know why you should doubt my fidelity," said Fitzhugh, a little wearily. "It is my hard lot to see

the others, who had a claim, disappear and leave me, an ignominious failure, more intensely in love with you than ever. But it makes it easy for you. The only one left is the only one shut out, and so you are free."

"Well, now that you have said that, though with more calmness than I could desire, I have got a little confession to make. Then you may understand better why I am so pleased at the lovely way in which things have turned out. You will also see how much less painful it is to make the statement to you, Mr. Fitzhugh, than it would have been to the others, though I should have felt obliged to tell the one who had won before I married him. When I proposed this test it was in good faith. I *couldn't tell which* of you three men I wanted to marry. But, being only a woman, as time went on my judgment, or perhaps I should say my affection, began to crystallize into greater definiteness. Mr. Warren's letter was an immense relief, because that ungallant man had been, I am happy to say, crystallized *out entirely*, before his letter arrived. I came into the room to-day, I am afraid, with the crystallizing process gone one step farther. When Mr. Phillips, in that dear manly way, told about the girl who had nursed him and I saw what was in his heart, I could have fallen on his neck through grateful joy. And when you told me, so eloquently—Strange! You have never been as eloquent as that before, to my knowledge, Mr. Fitzhugh!—I would have done so, probably, if you had not been there. I was afraid you might not like it," she added, with captivating simplicity.

"Now, Mr. Fitzhugh, you understand, at least I *hope* you do," she put in with a joyous little laugh, "why I am as happy as a lark, and why I insisted on your coming to-day."

"Do you mean that you will take *me*? That you love *me*, and not the others?" cried Fitzhugh, springing to his feet and taking an impulsive step toward her. He stood towering at his full height, a monument of eager interrogation.

Miss Armstrong rose without taking her eyes from his and manifesting no

alarm over a passion that seemed almost threatening in its intensity, stood with a faint smile on her lips,—stood and said nothing.

The next moment she was crushed in his mighty arms. Fairfax put his hand upon her fair forehead and bending her head gently back till he looked into her upturned eyes, said, with impressive ardor: "My dear one, if such

a woman as you can't bring noble deeds out of your husband, he is of poorer stuff than I think."

"Fairfax," she said, "you couldn't have saved the baby, for you can't swim! And you were a few minutes too late (thank God) to save the woman. But you *were* true to the girl you loved. Those others weren't. Don't you think *that* was a little fine?"

SONG, YOUTH, AND SORROW

(A FRAGMENT)

By William Cranston Lawton

SING to me, elegy, truly, of song, of sorrow, of youthtime;
 Youth that departs as a dream, sorrow that with us abides,
 Song, the bestower of fame, the revealer of hearts, the eternal:
 These Mimnermus has sung, these to Catullus were known.

Körner at twenty and two, on the field of battle is lying.
 Only a single Sword Germany loses in him,
 While in the ears of a nation the tones of his Lyre are resounding,
 Louder and clearer, because he, like a hero, has died.
 Over him, even in tears, we may hearken to words that Tyrtæus
 Set to a Spartan harp, twenty-five centuries old,
 Wingèd and fluttering still: "For the young man all is befitting,
 While in his glorious prime bright is the bloom of his youth.
 Gladly beheld of men is he, and longed-for of women,
 Living: and beautiful still, slain in the van of the fight!"

Shelley, the starry-eyed, who, a child amid men and a stranger,
 Wandered for thrice ten years over our alien earth,
 Under the furious waves, deep down in the peaceful abysses,
 Drifts through the Midland Sea, dear and familiar to him.
 Into his bosom are thrust, yet open, Endymion's pages.
 Still in his ears might ring what of his friend he has sung,
 "He is with nature at one, his voice is heard in her music."
 Youth, grief, life, is a dream: nothing abides—but a song!

Written, Drawn, and Engraved by Frank French



BETWEEN our old homestead at Loudon and that of our nearest neighbor was a level stretch of road of some twenty rods in extent. It was bordered upon one side by a "single" stone wall, and upon the other, my favorite side, by a "double" wall. Between the wall and the road the earth had been scraped up to form the road, but leaving a depression which, after heavy showers, held water. Next the wall was a diversified ridge or bank upon which grew grasses, wayside weeds, flowers, and ferns, casting mazy shadows across the gray and mossy rocks.

During the few tender years in which the New England boy is, or was, considered too young to work from sun to sun, this bit of road was my ideal world. Reclining upon the verdant bank, with head pillowed upon a boulder, I witnessed the passing of the neighbors to and from the distant village, and caught scraps of conversation relating to the outside world, or "down country."

One summer day there came down the road a team, driven by a gentleman accompanied by ladies and children. The horses were genteel in silver-mounted harness, the surrey was dainty and bright in paint and varnish, and hovering about the little group was that indescribable cityfied air so awe-inspiring to the young rustics. True to the secretive instinct, which is almost

as strong in a country boy as in a partridge, I concealed the upper portion of my homely little figure behind a hardhack bush and watched from my vantage-point. I was not destined to remain undiscovered, thanks to my bare feet, which must have been rather conspicuous upon the grassy slope. Pulling up his team, the gentleman addressed me in a manner which flattered me immensely, and drove away my shyness at once.

"Young man, can you tell me if I am on the right road to Concord?"

I promptly told him to take the first right-hand road a half-mile below, at the poplars, and to keep the straight road at the white school-house, and the "main travelled" beyond. My personal knowledge extended a little way beyond the "white school-house." The great city of Concord, with its crowds of "folks," its Capitol, and its steam-cars, was an unexplored mystery to me.

The man thanked me kindly, and the ladies smiled pleasantly as they moved on, while I gazed at them till they passed the bend by the great elm-tree and were lost to sight.

I endeavored, in imagination, to follow them into that mysterious realm to which my awakened ambition drew me. In order to add to the reality of my imaginary journey, I built a miniature road along the uneven bank by that old stone wall; laboring, day after day,

selves in the wooded mystery of the hills they traversed, and awakening a longing to follow them up as opportunity should offer.

It has been claimed that the highways should follow the valleys instead of climbing over the hill-tops, and that they should make the most direct connection possible between objective points. In support of this claim the persuasive argument has been used that the cost of transporting loads of

the idea that an application of the great principles of art to the care of our roads, and, incidentally, to the adjoining landscape, has its importance. There seems to be an impression that art is for the favorite few; that it is in no practicable way applicable to the business of a hard-working farmer, and is not convertible into cash. Its refining and ennobling influence upon the mind is scarcely considered at all.

A different spirit animated the col-

"Gee Buck"

produce to market would be reduced, and the expenses of maintaining such roads lessened to a sufficient degree to warrant radical changes. While I am in sympathy with this proposition, as far as it is practicable, I cannot forget that the hardy settlers of that region chose the hill-tops for their homesteads to avoid the darkness and gloom of the forests. The loneliness of the scene was thus relieved by the sight of neighboring clearings upon surrounding hills. Those roads will necessarily remain as long as the dwellings remain.

The æsthetic side of the subject, too, deserves consideration. Perhaps it is not strange, in a new country, that road reformers should not be impressed with

onists who brought from earlier civilizations beyond the sea an artistic ardor whose classic spirit found utterance in a beautiful meeting-house, and in some fine doorways about the old town which I am describing, adding immensely to the interest of its roads at the present day.

Wilson's Hill, in the neighborhood is crowned at the intersection of two roads by a colonial mansion, above which tower four grand old Lombardy poplars, whose majestic height leads the eye upward from the roofs, and the rounded masses of orchard growth, like the spires of a cathedral, lending to that otherwise commonplace hill-top an exalted dignity. Groups of those beautiful trees from Europe adorn occasional home-

steads throughout New England, but they are always *old* trees, which remain, like the meeting-house and the fine doorways, as decaying monuments to a gentle art aspiration. Now, after a few generations of privation and hardship, these aspirations have given way to the cold, practical New England spirit, which tolerates no poetic conception of hamadryads dwelling in the living trees, and sees in them naught but a certain number of square feet of boards, or cord feet of fire-wood.

Conditions of development in New England are changing. Men whose boyhood was spent upon the home farm are coming back to occupy the abandoned farms and

renew t
with us
bring i
sources
enrich
towns, t
ened co
beauties
scarcely
youth.

Man
drawn
reputed
the reg
summer
make ex
by wago
towns.
interval
no inc
amour
with the
tain the
nual h
these a
signific
comes a

great importance to the land-owner that the country be beautiful as that his soil should produce a large yield of corn or potatoes to the acre.

New England possesses surpassing natural advantages. Her skies are swept by cloud effects which are magnificent, and her blue mountain-peaks form incomparable distances. Her numerous lakes, despite the activity of the destroying lumberman, are still flanked, in many instances, by virgin forests. Her hill-sides, strewn with boulders, and mottled with gray granite ledges, interspersed with purple juniper and sweetbriar, her pine groves and birch-clad knolls, her fertile clear-

ings and pretty vil-
lages, form middle
distances which are
all that could be de-
sired. With this
wealth of natural
beauty, fresh from
the hand of God,
nothing is required
to render her one of
the most beautiful re-
gions on earth but a
sane and decent treat-
ment of her forests
and streams, and the
humanizing touch of
art upon her roads
and homes.

It must be appar-
ent to any intelligent
observer that those
beauties and possi-
bilities are in danger
from existing indif-
ference to, or con-
tempt of, beauty, on
the part of many of
those who own the
soil, and whose duty
it is to foster and pre-
serve them. Most
men have a strong
sentiment of love for
the purely natural in
landscape; but that
is a phase of nature
which one must travel
far from civilization
to find. We cannot
have the purely nat-

A Maple Roadway.

ural and at the same time roads and homes. The choice lies between humanized and brutalized nature. We have the humanized landscape, where flocks browse upon brown pasture-lots or stand upon the hill-side in the cool shade of hemlocks, which have been spared the axe because of their dark, sombre beauty and their shade. We have it in the lush meadow, where cows feed knee-deep in tender grass, or cool themselves in the swale beneath willows which the thoughtful agriculturalist has planted or suffered to remain where they grew. We feel the human touch in the belt of mixed timber trees which, by grace of its owner, sweeps around the curve of the mountain, between rich pasture and fertile field, clothing the valley in mystery, cherishing in its seclusion the fragile blossoms of the woodland, and hiding from the prying and unfriendly the haunt of the squirrel and the nest of the wood-thrush; defending the bickering brooklet which glides beneath the ferns, lapping the

roots of the beeches until it flashes into view at the roadway, and goes singing beneath the bridge.

On the other hand, what could be more forlorn and brutalizing than a great stretch of denuded timber-land, where the trees have been mercilessly hewn down, big and little, old and young! The marketable sticks have been taken away, and the small trees, the limbs and branches are left prone—an unsightly tangle, waiting to take fire on some dry summer day, and to burn the scant soil down to the rock, to remain barren and repulsive forever.

What could be more barbarous than long, leaning piles of cord-wood, hemlock bark, and boards, skirting the wheelway, and menacing the passer-by, while mountains of sawdust, left by the travelling steam saw-mill, lie yellow in the sun?

Often do we see the roadside near dwellings made a dumping-ground for all kinds of rubbish, broken-down carts and wheels, old boards and rotten roof

The Tin Pedler

shingles, wheelbarrows, wagon-tires, old boots and horse-collars. The buildings themselves are often neglected. Pigsties, hen-coops, and other accessories are placed in unnecessary and inexcusable prominence, and so utterly out of key with all that is comely or pleasing as to be offensive in the extreme.

I know so well, from experience, the kindly hospitality of the undemonstrative New Englander, that I am convinced, if he could be made to see the importance to the stranger of first impressions received upon the highway, he would be willing to do for his guests that which he has not found it necessary to do for himself. Once engaged in the work of beautifying the roads, he would find the pursuit profitable, and would continue it to his own lasting pleasure and advantage.

It is of great importance that any action in this direction be governed by correct principles, applied with reciprocal uniformity throughout the towns. To this end, I think it wise for those whose business it is to search for the beautiful, and discover and appropriate her secrets, to offer helpful criticisms and suggestions, to aid the inexperienced in æsthetic matters. It is also the duty of those who have had the advantage of travel, and of superior taste and education—and such men are to be found in every community—to

form societies for interchange of ideas regarding that which is appropriate and consistent, and to promote co-operation between the towns. Many such men are now producing object-lessons upon their own domains, but in a larger sense and on a grander scale much more effective work remains to be done.

I have observed that the average dweller in the country, as a rule, does not see the landscape as a picture, with distance, middle distance, and foreground. If you point out a beautiful vista, with mist-veiled mountain-peak seen through overhanging branches, rendered vague, distant, and aerial by contrast with the rocks and herbage at your feet, he expresses a determination to take you to a place "where you can see something" as soon as he gets through haying. He then conducts you to some barren hill-top, "the height of land," and bids you look away as far as the eye can reach, regretting that he hasn't a spy-glass by the aid of which you could see still farther.

First of all, then, we should look at scenes as pictures, remembering that the foreground is quite as important as the distance. These are elements of beauty which are interdependent, hence chopping down the trees and destroying the foreground may not add to the beauty of the picture but may, on the other hand, totally destroy it. It is just here

New Boston.

that the greatest conservatism should be used. Never cut down a fine tree by the roadway until you have considered its claims to use or beauty from every possible standpoint—at every season of the year.

Do not put the axe to it until you have consulted such of your neighbors as you know love trees. Reflect that it takes many years to produce a fine tree; you will then be willing to give one year to the consideration of its claims upon your fostering care. If, at last, some doubt remains, give the tree the benefit of the doubt, and spare it. Be sure that if you make a mistake in destroying a noble tree you may reduce the value of your adjoining property by more than the worth of your best horse or cow.

Remember, also, that in European countries, where time has shown the economic value of trees to succeeding generations, the best thought has crystallized into laws which forbid their careless destruction, even upon one's own ground. Such laws are eminently wise and humane. Variety in foregrounds is an important element, and in trimming out crowded roadside growth good specimens of various species should be selected for preservation, rather than many of the same.

In view of the wide-spread ignorance of the character and species of trees, and the added interest which a knowledge of them gives, I would suggest to village improvement societies and to private owners the advisability of placing metallic labels upon good and conspicuous specimens, giving the common and botanical names, as is done in our parks.

Lamson's Hill, in the town to which this article refers, presented to me a beautiful and humane suggestion for the planting of shade-trees. The hill

is long and difficult of ascent, but the forethought of some kind soul has bordered the road upon either side with sugar-maples and chestnuts which have grown to maturity; meeting overhead, they afford dense and cooling shade for man and beast the whole day long. The undergrowth was evidently

Rose Cottage

kept down during the early life of the trees. The shade is now sufficient to prevent growth below, and the large, strong trunks rise eight or ten feet above the stone walls to the lower branches, which spring horizontally from pillar to pillar, framing delicious vistas of distant mountain and near pasture-lot, and allowing free play to the cooling breeze. Meantime the little downy woodpecker hops diligently over the furrowed bark, and the robin teaches

her young to care for themselves among the branches.

If you have ever broiled in an open wagon, with the thermometer in the nineties, over a long, barren, and dusty hill, your feeling heart tormented with pity for your panting and sweating horse; the varnish upon the wagon stewing and odorous in the sun; the leather of the cushion upon which you sat too hot to rest the hand upon; the air pulsing with the ascending waves of heat; your discomfort intensified by the hectoring cry of the cicada—you can understand how I blessed that dear heart of a former generation, who unselfishly planted those trees for posterity. Why should not this plan be carried out upon all exposed and barren hills?

Upon the same road I came upon an apple-tree, very near the wheelway, and was surprised to find it had been grafted years before with the Porter apple. How grateful was that ripe and cooling fruit! How heartily did I thank that good Lamson of a past generation for his kindly thought of the wayfarer and the stranger!

Here was another hint: it would cost but little for each farmer to set a graft in every wild apple-tree which grows along his frontage, mocking the stranger whose temerity leads him to test its sour and puckering pulp.

A little care bestowed upon the huckleberry, blackberry, and raspberry bushes which grow naturally along the roads would repay abundantly the effort required. With judicious planting and grafting the roadway should easily produce enough apples and pears and berries to satisfy the sojourner and supply every poor family in the town with all they could use.

There is, perhaps, no single point in the constructive work of roads where artistic design can be more effectively used than in the building of bridges. There are examples of eminently beautiful arched stone bridges in Hillsboro', N. H., in use for generations, which are still in perfect order, showing that an artistic bridge may be a serviceable one as well.

Drinking-fountains are by no means as frequent as they should be about

the towns, and the guide-boards are a constant puzzle. Driving to a neighboring village, the first finger-post I met with said Francistown, seven miles; about two miles farther on, another said six and a quarter miles; the next, four and a quarter miles; the next, five miles. The untrustworthiness of these false guides suggests that a large amount of guesswork has governed their placing, or that different standards have been employed in the measuring. There are various standards, among them the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, the Irish mile of 6,720 feet, the German mile of 24,318 feet, and the Swiss mile of 9,153 yards. It is thus a matter of some importance to the traveller whether he have an American, an Irish, a German, or a Swiss mile to ride or walk. However, these deceiving finger-posts usually point one in the right direction, and are far better than none. It is not pleasant to find one's self at the fork of two roads in a desolate region, at the approach of darkness, with nothing to direct one, and this is not an uncommon experience in New England. If one could always meet a citizen at these puzzling points—But then, the information about the "main travelled," etc., is not always easy to follow.

One day, with a party of "fellow-boarders," I was driving to a glen which bears the dismal name of Purgatory. We became somewhat doubtful if we were on the right road and halted for consultation. A country pedler with his tin trunks hove in sight. Our party was a merry one, and perhaps the old man unjustly surmised that some of the levity which he witnessed was at his expense. I asked him if he knew the way to Purgatory, and he answered—"Y-e-s."

An awkward pause ensued, followed by a burst of laughter at my expense. I then begged him to impart the desired information to us, and he said, "You'll git there if ye keep right on 'bout's your goin'."

Returning along a roadway made extremely narrow by the encroachments of the bushes, which contracted it to the width of a single vehicle, and turning a bend, we were confronted by a loaded ox-team, which completely

blocked up the narrow way. The driver of the oxen, who was still some distance from us, at once began a vigorous "*Gee, Buck—who hish, Duke!*" forcing the heavy load into the bushes and giving us nearly all the road. Trembling at thought of the consequences, had he been less obliging, we thanked him heartily for his kindness as we passed on.

"What do you want ter *thank* me for? Do you think a man's agoin' ter make a hog of himself jist b'cause he's gut a good chance?"

I attribute the rapidly increasing growth of bushes, which, in long reaches, crowd upon the wheelway, shutting out the breezes of summer and the splendor of hill and mountain and meadow, to the modern road-machine. No doubt, if properly used, this machine saves labor. The tendency, however, is to depend too much upon it. It is usually made to scrape along close to the wheelway only, returning from the gutter the loose material washed down by showers. This material does not unite with the solid roadbed, and is washed back again by the next rain. The always aggressive bushes, now undisturbed, gain a foothold, and will quickly monopolize the soil. The old-fashioned plough and scraper, aided by spade and hoe, used to range all the way from the road to the fences in search of good serviceable road material.

Bushes and shrubs should be so thinned out that the entire roadway from fence to fence would be discernible between groups, preserving its breadth and airiness. Conspicuously beautiful shrubs, like the shad-bush, the barberry and black alder, and the wayside flowers, should be encouraged, at the same time the entire wayside growth should be kept under proper restraint.

The old stump fences, of which remnants remain, are weirdly picturesque relics of the early days, when the settlers cut down the primeval forests and cleared the land.

They will soon vanish entirely. The stone walls of New England are eminently appropriate and picturesque. The individual boulders which form them are

fine exponents of the law of variety, both in form and color. So many elements of beauty, of interest, of utility and appropriateness dwell within them, that I earnestly protest against their neglect, which is apparent everywhere. It may be easier to stretch a barbed wire above than to repair their gaps, but how degrading the effect!

I would also call attention to the fact that many of the cemeteries throughout rural New England present a picture of inattention which is painfully repulsive and out of tune with all that is humane and tender.

I am constrained to believe that the removal of door-yard fences, which has been advised by village improvement societies, and carried out by many, has proved a detriment to the beauty of New England roads and homes. White painted picket-fences used to protect a wealth of iris, larkspur, day-lilies, hollyhocks, Boston balsams, and climbing roses which arched about the door, where now is bare and unattractive space. Feminine love of blossoms still asserts itself in potted plants, which shrink for protection upon the piazza, fearing the trampling hoof of horned cattle or the blighting visits of the omnipresent dog.

When an artist paints a good picture he endows it with a leading motive, or idea, which runs through the whole performance, concentrating at some focal point, where the enlightened eye and mind may rest satisfied. From the very nature of roads, and the uses for which they exist, the leading idea, or motive, is the human element. In developing their picturesque beauty, each landed proprietor should bear this in mind, and see to it that every rod of his frontage reflects his humanizing and refining care, while all that is tender and human in his living roadway picture should converge and focalize at a flowery doorway and rose-embowered entrance.

The wayfarer would pause to admire, and to hope that his weary feet might some day find rest at such a placid haven. If he should be disposed to knock, and ask for a pink or a pansy, he could do so with confidence, for love and gentleness would have hung their perfumed banners upon the outer wall.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE author of "Thirty-two Ballades in Blue China" some time ago took advantage of the announcement of Mr. Henley's new edition of Byron to express the opinion that Byron is forgotten. "A country bookseller" had recently told him that Byron was "not so much asked for as the other poets." Mr. Lang had no tears to shed. On the contrary, he exulted in the situation, which he ascribed to the *Zeitgeist*. He remarked that as a boy Byron had "bored" him "dreadfully," and appeared to him "tedious, false, theatrical, and inharmonious"—a curious crescendo of censure. "Of course, Byron, like Shakespeare, was

Culture and
Byron.

'a clayver man,'" he admitted, but such an admission needs too much qualification really to count. Finally, he exclaimed that he knew what Mr. Stevenson meant in calling Byron a "cad," though he deplored such language. As to this, it may be remarked that if I should call Mr. Lang's *causerie* "prattle" every one would know (or rather "feel," as Arnold, who invented this happy turn, has it) what was meant, but that would not make the epithet an apposite one, unless there were other and decidedly stronger reasons for its appositeness. That, however, is unimportant. What is interesting is to consider whether Mr. Lang is right in believing that Byron's vogue and fame are really smitten by the *Zeitgeist* with eternal frost, and why he takes the view of Byron that he does.

As to the first, when Mr. Henley's and Mr. Murray's editions appear we shall see. The demand for them, if considerable, will outweigh the evidence of "a country bookseller." And they will be likely, in any event, to provoke expressions of opinion, from which the *Zeitgeist's* real opinion of the matter may be inferred more accurately than from Mr. Lang's

guesswork. Meantime, I should be inclined to wager that the *Zeitgeist*, alive to his own interests, as we know him to be, will prove rather friendly to Byron than otherwise. Byron certainly had his ephemeral side. He was undoubtedly, to a certain extent, a dandy, and the *Zeitgeist* is unfavorable to dandies. But he was not all a dandy, nor intellectually speaking, was he a dandy at all. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne, whom Mr. Lang cites as "apparently" agreeing with him about Byron against "Mr. Henley and the Poet Laureate," has testified to his "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength." Besides, Mr. Lang would not be likely to object to him as a dandy. His main charge is that, owing to a premonitory intimation from the *Zeitgeist*, he was bored by Byron as a boy, and even then found him "inharmonious." But, then, Mr. Lang was probably not a very representative boy, and it is highly likely that he interpreted the oracle less wisely than the ordinary boy, who is apt now and then to hit it off very happily with the *Zeitgeist*. As the kind of man naturally developed from the boy bored by the inharmoniousness of Byron, he is a still less representative witness, I should think, to testify to the enduring fame of "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," because "inharmoniousness" grows on that kind of a boy out of all proportion to its influence upon boys and men in general.

Now, we can only judge of what the *Zeitgeist* really thinks by observing what boys and men in general think and how they feel after a sufficient lapse of time. No conceivable amount of culture is as good a guide. Culture is, indeed, peculiarly liable to be mistaken about the *Zeitgeist's* real sentiments in

just this matter of sincerity and strength. For sincerity and strength it has itself no especial savor. Its critical value consists rather in its sensitiveness to other qualities—qualities such as delicacy, grace, precision, penetration, form, perfection, and so forth—qualities, certainly, which it is impossible to estimate too highly, and which yet appeal so little to the Paphlagonian man that but for the criticism of culture they would run great risk of being overlooked or depreciated by him. Culture has first and last winced a good deal at Byron for offending its taste, and this is entirely proper, of course. It is impossible to defend bad taste. But one should bear in mind that to overestimate the importance of taste is to be lacking in it one's self, and when Mr. Lang attributes his youthful yawnings over the "Siege of Corinth" to the monitions of the *Zeitgeist*, and argues from them that Byron's poetry is superficial and ephemeral, one may say that his taste lacks, at least, the element of catholicity. On the whole, the only remedy for culture that errs through eclectic limitedness is, perhaps, more culture, and it may very well be one of the ironies of the *Zeitgeist* that the critic, once subject to the thrall of culture, must keep on cultivating his mind and taste as well as his art if he would avoid remaining in the Enchanted Land of dilettanteism instead of reaching the serene heights of the Celestial City. It is to be remembered that such authoritative apostles of culture as Goethe and Matthew Arnold agree with "Mr. Henley and the Poet Laureate" rather than with Mr. Lang as to Byron: that Goethe called him "the greatest talent of the century," and that Arnold prophesied "We shall turn our eyes again, and to more purpose, upon this passionate and dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope, who, ignorant of the future and unconsolated by its promises, nevertheless waged against the conservatism of the old impossible world so fiery a battle."

Perhaps, after all, it is Mr. Lang's interest in that "old impossible world" and his disgust at the disrespect with which Byron treated it that is at the bottom of his feeling for Byron. This, at any rate, would explain his satisfaction with Mr. Stevenson for calling him a "cad." But if Toryism and "taste" are to stand and fall together, he can rest assured that the *Zeitgeist* will spare the latter as little as it has the former.

AFTER all, there is really no dull season in all the year; for what is the dull season for one lot of people is the busy season for another, and the dullest month in town is the liveliest in the country. Take the very dog days, when advertising is slack in the newspapers, and no lawyer who respects himself goes near his office, when the dressmakers fold their hands in their laps, and water runs low in the streams, and the mills shut down or shorten time. It seems a dead month to the superficial observer, but there is some sort of harvest going on in most parts of the country: builders are building, architects are looking after them more or less, factories are hustling to get their fall orders filled out, the excursion business is at its height on the railroads, and, this year, the great national industry of electing a new President is beginning to get under way. August is a busy month, after all. If the exigencies of the calendar demanded that we should spare it now and then out of the year, we should come to realize its value, and think of it with greater respect. What, for one thing, would courtship do without it? Courtship requires some leisure and a reasonable degree of propinquity. In August, vacations abound, and in town hours of labor are short for many of those who cannot get away; so that young men and maidens meet for longer periods and under circumstances less adapted to distract their minds from one another than at other times. Courtship is the natural incident of holidays, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. After that, summer habits begin to grow fixed, matrimonial purposes begin to grow more intelligent and less sentimental, and possible partners who have passed their twenty-fifth year without becoming engaged are liable to pursue detached courses for several years longer, until they are actually ready to marry, and can see their way to the keeping of a house. The late Senator Conkling once began a famous political speech with an allusion to the experience of a certain old woman, who said that she had found that when she lived through the month of February she always lived through the rest of the year. It would be over-rash to assure the parents of marriageable children that if their offspring get through the month of August unentangled they are proof for another year against an unsuitable match. Young people do fall in

love in other months than August; but, still, August is a dangerous time, and should be planned for with discretion by heads of families who wish that the alliances of their children should be to their taste. The details of their precautions must be left to themselves, but of course they will bear in mind that absence does not make the heart grow fonder, except when it follows a more or less continuous presence; and that it is a much simpler matter to avert an entanglement by dodging it beforehand than by nipping it after it has gone even so far as to be in the bud. Fortunate are those parents who have grown children of such discrimination that they can be trusted to choose wisely for themselves. August need have no anxieties for them, and all their care will be to provide a proper field for a serene capacity for judicious selection to accomplish its perfect work.

IN thinking over the important English and American novels of the last ten years, one wonders why the heroes and heroines are so unreal. Small measure of life is granted them. We look for human beings, and find mental attitudes. Any philosophic, economic, or scientific opinion suffices for a public that apparently does not discriminate between people and arguments. There may be feeling about feeling or about a way of thinking, but simple emotion is nearly obsolete. One feels a kind of chill at the end of the modern novel where two intellectual convictions meet to go hand in hand down the long discussion misnamed life, or separate to wander forever along different lines of thought.

It is significant that the novelists who grasp life through a notion of life are for the most part women. To a woman we owe the scientific determinism embodied in the curly-headed Tito. To a woman we owe the incarnate dogmatic doubt in "Robert Elsmere." It was a woman who personified disease in "The Heavenly Twins." It was a woman who dramatized the "Westminster Shorter Catechism" in John Ward. It was a woman who created "Marcella."

"Now clear-eyed Athene shaped a phantom fashioned in a woman's form."

One wonders at times how the passion *motifs* of past ages would look if translated into terms of the fiction of to-day. Othello would be maddened by the consciousness that he was jealous of an idea. A lover would be the last thing to be feared. It would be a notion, something that he could not smother nor yet refute, that would rob him of his peace. Juliet would probably disapprove of Romeo's ideal of love and would find some way of committing emotional suicide. Perhaps she would study philosophy. As for poor Lear, his daughters would be away on a philanthropic mission, and would be offering up a sacrifice of filial neglect on the altar of duty.

Is there already a reaction against our severely intellectual view of life? One story whose lyric style caught something of the throbbing of pure emotion has been eagerly devoured by a hungry generation. In *Trilby* there are men and women human to the touch. Hall Caine dares cope with human passion. But the spectacular emotions of his heroes have in them something too remote to win our sympathy. We cannot all have platforms on which to pass the crises of our lives. Meredith still preaches his gospel that life is greater than any one idea of life. But at times the eagerness of the preacher weakens the message. His people, though not incarnate notions, are too often incarnate impulses.

If it were not for these signs of change one could almost think that in real life too, not fiction only, personality is fading into the abstract. It is possible that these impalpable heroes and heroines represent an actual loosening of grip on reality on the part of people supposed to be alive.

"There aren't any real women in the world any longer," said a clever critic the other day. "They are just ideas. You might fall in love with a half dozen of them and not know it."

The remark carries with it a warning to a generation more interested in questions about life than in living.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE COLOR REPRODUCTIONS OF MR. BLASHFIELD'S DECORATIVE PANELS—THE SHERMAN MONUMENT COMPETITION—EVOLUTION OF ARTISTIC TASTE.

A BEAUTIFUL example of contemporary art applied to a utilitarian object is the decoration recently made by Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield for a piano, the property of Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel. A critical description of it, accompanied by black and white illustrations, will be published in the FIELD OF ART for October. The charm of this work has induced The Magazine also to reproduce, or rather to translate, in color, four of the rectangular panels, which illustrate allegorical music, and are an important part of Mr. Blashfield's scheme of decoration. The first of these panels is the frontispiece to the present number, and the series will be continued in succeeding issues. It is needless to say that in these translations, as in the smaller ones in black and white, the purpose and environment of the original decorations are wholly changed. It is necessarily a peculiarity of a good piece of decorative work that transportation to strange surroundings is more or less fatal (such art being in this respect quite unlike the easel picture, which may accommodate itself anywhere), and it was therefore much to ask of these allegories and personifications that they should leave, not only the almost barbaric splendor of their gold framing and their sympathetic, self-completing arrangement, but also all that atmosphere, that *milieu*, which the painter had in view when he so carefully elaborated them as decorations for a golden piano in a modern drawing-room. To carry out these translations successfully in the black and white pages required most

careful consideration of many technical problems, much as the sculptor has to modify very materially his processes when he is modelling for bronze or carving wood instead of chiseling marble. It is evident that black and white reproductions give a certain greater truthfulness of "values" than color prints, and that the latter naturally are truer in a more obvious manner. But this color could not be a fac-simile of the original. To make head against the gold of his environment on the piano the painter put in his back-grounds in very rich blue and greenish-blue mosaic, but in the reproductions for the frontispieces he had to find some new harmonious medium. Therefore the backgrounds have been changed to gold, and a tint has been spread around the whole panel to soften the transition to the white margins. The colors had to be modified, heightened or lowered, so that the *ensemble* might tell as harmoniously in The Magazine as it did on the piano. All the changes made were worked out under the direct supervision of the artist himself. These pictures are particularly striking exemplifications of one of the most necessary attributes of good art; although they stand alone here, instead of being in conjunction with their companion panels, each, by virtue of its individuality, presents itself as a well-ordered, complete, and decorative composition.

THE Sherman monument competition furnishes much food for reflection upon the management of public art matters here in the United States. The threshed-out story need not be repeated here. The committee of the Society of the Army of Tennessee, having in charge the erection of a monument to General Sherman in Washing-

ton, pushed aside the advice of the jury of experts who had been invited to pass judgment on the designs and made a selection thoroughly their own. The committee probably did this for one of two reasons—it thought the preferred designs of the jury were bad art, or it thought the characterizations were bad portraits. Either objection would be well taken if proved to be well founded. But was either of them well founded? And who is the better judge of this—the jury of experts or the committee of the Society of the Army of Tennessee? Evidently the committee thought at first that the jury of experts was the better judge, else why did it seek its advice? And the first thought of the committee was better than its second thought. There can be no doubt in this age of the world of the superior value of expert knowledge. The whole progress of mankind is based on differentiation and the study of separate branches by special students, and the knowledge of a specialist is absolute where that of an outsider is merely relative. A clergyman differing with a surgeon about an operation for appendicitis would not be more ludicrous than an army committee differing with a committee of sculptors about the design for an equestrian statue. It is certain that a body of artists who have made a life affair of art knows more about it than a body of ex-army officers who have considered it sporadically or not at all. It is almost as certain that a body of sculptors, whose business it is to study faces and make likenesses, knows more about what constitutes a portrait than a body of laymen, familiar as those laymen may be with the original. The sculptors know what are the enduring and salient features of a likeness; they know the limitations of materials; they know what can and what cannot be done. The chances are ten to one in favor of their selecting the better and the nobler likeness, and a hundred to one in favor of their selecting the better art. Why, then, was their sought-for advice not accepted? Evidently because the brave ex-generals and ex-colonels finally concluded that they knew more about art and portraiture than the artists. Had the sculptors asked the advice of the ex-generals and ex-colonels about the planning of a battle, and then had they rejected that advice, carrying out a plan of their own to disaster, we all know what the world would say. We all know, too, what the world has

said about sculpture in the United States erected by congressional, municipal and society committees. And it may be insisted upon just here that the world is a largely interested party in matters of this kind. The Society of the Army of Tennessee is not to please itself alone. The Sherman monument is to be erected to a public man; it is to be placed in a public street, in front of public buildings, in the national city of Washington. The Society of the Army of Tennessee is not the sole proprietor of General Sherman's name and fame; they belong to the nation. The Society is not the owner of the street or the buildings in the capital; they also belong to the nation. It has no right to erect a monument to a public man in a public place unless in so doing it performs a public act in a fitting and permanent manner. The Society of the Army of Tennessee will pass away, but the monument should last for a thousand years. Who, then, should be the satisfied ones—the hundreds of the Army of Tennessee or the millions who shall pass that monument in the years to come? Has the Society, through its committee, pursued the right course to satisfy the public? We think not. It has relied upon its own questionable judgment, and rejected the best expert knowledge that this country could produce. It has virtually said that the artist does not know his art, and that the portraitist is ignorant of portraiture. It had been hoped that here in America we had outlived such folly, but it seems that the committee of the Society of the Army of Tennessee is disposed to perpetuate it. The principle that general information is better than special knowledge is the king-pin of all foolishness.

SMALL straws show which way the wind blows. And nothing more truly indicates a people's advancement in matters of artistic judgment than its attitude toward the little things of life, the details of its surroundings. The average citizen is timid of asserting his "inalienable right" to a vote in disposing of the larger public art-commissions. Accordingly, by giving its works of this sort into the hands of men of large reputation, and by entrusting them with complete liberty in design, a community sometimes gets a substantial bit of good art in spite of itself. But this same average citizen is "bumptious" enough in tyrannizing over the

architect and the furnishers of his own home, and the result has been that, in this Nation of Homes, the artist, to whom bad taste in furnishings is the most discomforting of all inhospitalities has been a social outcast from almost the whole country.

The evolution of artistic judgment in a people passes, more or less gradually, through these stages: First, there is a scramble for the bare necessities of life; herein, of course, artistic matters must go by the board in practical entirety. Then follows the lust of gain; and finance is the chief art practised. At length comes the realization that the community is rich. With this rises the passion for ostentation. The wealth of the community is advertised more or less blatantly, and artists are summoned primarily to display the opulence of their client. After the barrenness of the first estate, the sordid neglect even of comfort in the second, and the noisy splendor of the third, comes a generation born into commercial stability and into a leisure that opens the eye to refinement, to culture and to the ugliness of the paternal gewgaws. This generation seeks its graces in a large simplicity and a perfect fitness of each thing for its function. It recognizes the eternal compromise between utility and beauty.

The salutary decrease in bric-a-brac is a case in point. The usual drawing-room grew, from a funereal and awesome mystery opened only on state occasions, to an inextricable mass of curios, heaped up without rhyme or reason on cabinets, whatnots, tables, door-frames, mantles, brackets—everywhere; until the general appearance of the place resembled a junk-shop more than a reception-room for friends, and the slightest movement was actually dangerous. The eye found no satisfaction, the body no comfort; and even the bric-a-brac was at a disadvantage from its very superabundance. But now, unfortunately for the curio-dealer, though happily for the nerves of the artistic, a soberer sense is bringing order out of the wreck, and the beauty of free space, the charm of unencumbered roominess, and the elegance of a rich simplicity, assert themselves increasingly in American homes.

Office and club-house furniture is showing the same wholesome spirit. Where desk-chairs, lounging-chairs, and divans were once as ornate, as stiff, and as hard as a Gothic cathedral—and about as comfortable to sit

on—one now finds a tendency to substitute great arrangements in buxom leather, inviting and soothing. Even the street-cars and ferry-boats show the evolution. Formerly they were upholstered in garish stuffs and elaborated with complex friezes and gaudy panels. Many an artist, struggling then for his very life, though now grown into prosperity—one might mention even a recently elected Associate of the Royal Academy—many an artist of present fame executed these artistic burdens that cumbered the old boats and street-cars and the old Broadway stage-coaches.

The ferries and street-cars are now built more sensibly of light woods, managed with great simplicity, yet with eminently satisfactory effect. Indeed, there are many pretentious works of art—or, at art—that have less grace and taste than the Broadway cable-cars with their plain light woods, their undecorated interiors, their simple lettering and their severe outlines conformed primarily to directness and utility. Our sleeping-cars, unfortunately, have hardly yet emerged from the stratum of knick-knackery and gloom, though, to relieve the tedium of travel, they have especial reason to display good taste.

The large hotels of the larger cities are a tremendous power for evil, where they might be missionaries for all that is good in art. The *nouveaux-riches* from the smaller cities, and the well-to-do of the larger towns, coming to the metropolis, put up at the widest-famed hosteleries and accept as the gospel of best taste—"art," they call it—whatever manifestations of apocryphal judgment they see there. A massive pile of architectural gingerbread is the exterior to an interior of equally meaningless frippery. Gaudy ceilings, beds and chairs groaning with embellishments, dining-rooms of riotous design, offices of divers marbles and over-much gilt, parlors of oppressive elegance—these are set up at once as the ideals of beauty, the summit of good art. When the pilgrim goes back home he carries perverted standards that will prove a huge impediment to the judgment of many a later generation.

Still, the new movement for better standards is in the air, and a better day is on the horizon of American art-life. Its full coming will be marked by a general appreciation of the value of simplicity, breadth, and honest utility.

ABOUT THE WORLD

INTO several generations of American youth has been pedagogically instilled the belief that the use of the metric system in place of our present hybrid standards of weights and measures would inaugurate a period of unprecedented prosperity; that it was a consummation as devoutly to be wished as Universal Peace, or the disappearance of drunkenness. At least that was the impression left on one boy's mind after a startling tabular exhibition in his "Arithmetic" of the time, the energy and the money that would not have been spent if we had been metrical ever since the Declaration of Independence. The figures were something enormous. If there be any truth in them at all, it is not so difficult to understand the contention of several members of the National Academy of Sciences that Congress has in the coming session no more important task, from the stand-point of material gain to the nation, than the passage of a bill, held over from the last session, for the compulsory adoption of the Metric System throughout the United States. This bill, introduced last December, furnished material for a deal of debate and some little humor. In its present amended form it provides for the substitution of the metric system immediately in all departments of the government of the United States except in the building, the survey, and the public lands, from and after the first of July, 1898. The second and most important section provides that from and after the first day of January, 1901, the metric system of weights and measures shall be the only legal system recognized in this country. The ultimate standard of weight was to be the kilogramme established at the International Convention of May 20, 1875, with the ultimate standard of length the metre, of the same bureau.

It is a rather curious psychological fact that this bustling race of Yankees, intent enough on short-cut, labor-saving methods, and with small respect for the "argument from authority"—should have discussed this question of weights and measures during more than a century without finding it possible to overcome the inertia of the present mixed system. It was a pet project with Thomas Jefferson, as early as 1790, to introduce the general use of a decimal system. When Secretary of State, his wonderfully brilliant and ingenious mind evolved a system almost identical with that subsequently adopted by French scientists after a vast deal of cogitation and labor. Jefferson urged his plan on the Senate; while the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures considered it, news came of the movement in Europe toward a uniform international system, and the American legislators decided to wait and see what the Frenchmen would do. Though they saw, we are still waiting, these one hundred and six years. Every decade or so, some well-meaning reformer in Congress has brought forward the manifest disadvantages of the system we now labor under, and quoted the figures which express our heritage of laziness in the matter; his colleagues treat his harmless hobby with good-natured amusement or fierce opposition according to their mood, and confine their enthusiasm to questions which are attended with more picturesque issues. Perhaps it will not be until a presidential candidate is nominated on a metrical platform that relief will come to the irritated metrologists and the legions of handicapped clerks. But the physicists seriously maintain, irrespective of their politics, that there is more to be gained in the reform they advocate than in any currency legislation ahead of the Fifty-fifth Congress.

Jefferson was not the only Father of the Republic to burn the midnight oil over this wildly vexing subject. In 1820 John Quincy Adams put an extraordinary quantity of labor in a report on weights and measures, ending a panegyric on the metric system with a recommendation to forego its benefits because of the nuisance of changing everything. Considering that there were then something more than one-tenth the number of citizens that must suffer now, and something less than one-hundredth the amount of disturbance that might possibly be created, it is plain that Mr. Adams made a costly mistake. Congress has seemed, indeed, strikingly loth to avail itself of the luxurious privilege accorded by the Constitution, of regulating the standards of weights and measures. Not a single act appears until 1828, when the ultimate authority of the pound troy was very lamely invested in a pear-shaped lump of brass copied from the imperial troy pound taken from the House of Commons for that purpose. We say lamely, because the adjustment of this sacred object was attained by the addition of certain fine wires introduced in a cavity in the upper part. This brilliant arrangement prevented any determination of the density of the weight, and it has no value as a standard. After this achievement our Senators rested beneath their laurels, so far as weights and measures were concerned, until 1866, when John A. Kasson and Charles Sumner, by dint of carefully refraining from delivering the speeches they had prepared, secured the passage of an act legalizing the use of the metric system throughout the country. The bill had no obligatory clause, however, and its only actual effect was the introduction of metrical tables in text-books on arithmetic.

So the antecedents of this question, which will aid "free silver" in making work for the next Congress are, briefly: In 1790, Thomas Jefferson proved that the decimal system would save an unconscionable amount of labor; in the same year Congress decided to wait to see what France would do; in 1820, John Quincy Adams also thought that the metric system was incomparably the best, but decided that it was too much trouble to make a change; in 1866 Congress enacted that if anybody wanted to use the metric system they might do it with impunity. Let us hope that 1896 will bring a decided addition to this meagre record of legislative endeavor.

THREE hundred and odd summer schools! The Bureau of Education is the authority; and a really formidable array of circulars, programmes and curricula which have reached the writer would furnish conviction to any who needed visible support for the backbone of these statistics. This new method of occupying and edifying one's self in the vacation months is very new—a growth of the past ten years—and it has only reached these surprising dimensions in 1896, though Harvard began systematic summer work in 1869. Some of the schools are private ventures, others are run by corporations or universities, some are conducted for gain, others purely in the cause of knowledge. Some give instruction in a particular branch of science or art; some are only for teachers; some are for the general public. This combination of the picnic and the lecture-room has its forerunner in the school founded by Louis Agassiz in Penikese Island in 1873. In the next year Bishop Vincent laid the metaphorical corner-stone of Chautauqua, and to-day there are, in addition to the Alma Mater, and her tens of thousands of students, no less than fifty-nine lesser Chautauqua assemblies scattered from California to Maine and from Florida to Oregon. Nor is the summer fever for knowledge cooled by the Atlantic and Pacific; England, and Europe, including Russia, Norway, and Sweden; Japan, and even the unspeakable Turk, have gone into camp under the banners of Minerva. A goodly number of summer-school prospectuses were collected that this paragraph might inform the public, after reference to the schedules of studies, of the special subjects discussed in these assemblies. But a mere enumeration would require several instalments of the entire department, and it is safe to say that one may find represented every line of research—save those which require cumbersome laboratory appliances—from dancing and violin-playing to Kant and the Hindoo epics. The most picturesque programme, not set down in the Bureau of Education report—not yet come into fulfilment at all, indeed—provides for the summer cultivation of æsthetics, pure and simple. The projector has come to the conclusion that vacations are spent idly, or extravagantly, or both; that the beauty is gone out of them. He is a serious-minded man of a reforming tinge,

Three Hundred
Summer Schools.

and he regrets that the loveliness of the mountains, the sky, and all that in them is, passes by the average vacation-taker with no adequate or true appreciation. His form of summer school is designed to train people into a practical and outspoken sensitiveness to the beauties of nature, and the order of exercises, as actually outlined in his preliminary circulars provided, for instance, for morning walks in the pleasant secret places of the woods, under the convoy of, say, the author of "Wake Robin." Instead of passing by the dozen or more species of birds which the pilgrims might see with no more recognition than of a bunch of feathers of this hue or that, each pretty trait, song, and tint would be intelligently explained by the conductor, with, doubtless, some elucidation of the poetic thoughts which should be aroused in each instance in a well-trained mind. One can imagine and admire the opportunity offered by the discovery of a bird's nest and its store of eggs, and the point where the less ethereal discourse of the natural historian, *pur et simple*, might begin. In like manner, the afternoon might be devoted to the co-operative consideration of a mountain sunset, and there were ambitious thoughts of persuading Mr. Ruskin to interpret thus rhetorically the spiritual beauties of the White Mountains to the band of summer scholars which such a plan, with judicious advertising, could scarcely fail to gather. The flowers, of course, would come in for their share of exploitation, and the prospectus hoped to obtain the services of a very well-known artist, with a penchant for floral subjects, to accompany the peregrinations and show each blossom that was beautiful and why it was beautiful. It requires little imagination to fill in the details of the work of a so-much-needed-institution.

But the majority of the hundreds of summer schools whose sessions are now in full blast make no such delicate demands on the energies and intellects of their members. Most of them, like the great Martha's Vineyard Institute and the National Summer School at Saratoga, are for teachers exclusively. The benefits which the school-ma'am may receive from a three months' sojourn in pleasant vacation surroundings, with opportunity ever open to gather new ideas from other school-ma'ams, are obvious. No profession leads into such a deep and long rut as the teacher's, and this is the first systematic

endeavor to afford any and all teachers the easy chance to know what their fellows in all parts of the world are doing and thinking. In any case, the vacation of three or four months is more than any reasonably ambitious teacher is willing to take up in pure loafing; it is a relic of the times, not wholly left behind, when the occupation of teaching was looked upon as a makeshift, a temporary misfortune preparatory to better things, or as a heartbroken recourse after final disaster. The teacher of to-day, whether of the public or private school, is coming to be a man of very different kidney. He is much more apt to hope for constant advancement in his chosen occupation; he has a sense of its dignity, and reads, or even writes, discourses on his "place" in the most serious magazines. If he is in the public school he has a consciousness that the better part of the world is behind him in defying the arts of the small politician, and the unworthy colleague who has a "pull." He flocks together at stated intervals with others of his kind, and develops almost as much *esprit de corps* as a bicyclist. Such a live young man cannot afford to let his wits luxuriate in idleness for three consecutive months, and it is he who furnishes the legitimate and most necessary material for the summer school.

The educators best qualified to judge make some criticisms of the summer-school work as it is now being carried on, while they heartily approve of the general idea. The programmes are too ambitious, they say. The work of each assembly ought to be more carefully specialized; it is impossible for one slight staff in three months to offer effectively a scheme of general culture for laymen and special training for both experienced and untrained teachers. The promise of ultimate success lies in the concentration on one of these three purposes or the teaching of a single subject. Whatever be their shortcomings, their popularity is a very much accomplished fact, and questions of Hindoo Swamis, theosophists and sociological celebrities are coming to take the place, in summer-resort desirability, of fresh eggs, rich cream, and the absence of mosquitoes.

✓

Lord Kelvin's jubilee furnished very little fun for that dissenting side of human nature which generally has its secret innings during the contemplation of purely ornamental and congratulatory oc-

casions. Not many hundred years have elapsed since the men who were giving up their lives to such scientific endeavor were classed with the odds and ends of humanity, with court fools and shady priests; and the chances were decidedly better for an admiring audience before the bonfire which was to roast them, than for such an assemblage as gathered to do Lord Kelvin honor. And so far from inducing, by a full sense of his achievements, any slightest opposite current in the sympathies of his auditors, Lord Kelvin was never more striking than in the large modesty of his acknowledgments—not mere polite disclaimers, of course. With the earnestness and dignity of the philosopher he said: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly during fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force or of the relation between either electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as Professor. Something of sadness must come of failure; but in the pursuit of science, inborn necessity to make the effort brings with it much of the *certaminis gaudium*, and saves the naturalist from being wholly miserable, perhaps even allows him to be fairly happy in his daily work." These words Lord Kelvin spoke to the six hundred banqueters come together to do him honor at the jubilee celebration by the University and City of Glasgow of the fiftieth anniversary of his Professorship. Thousands of visitors from the uttermost parts of the earth took part in the three days of festivities. The grand old University buildings were decked in holiday attire, and an exhibition was made of the hundreds of inventions and physical appliances which Lord Kelvin has given to the world. A single one of these, the apparatus for deep-sea sounding, has certainly saved thousands of lives, not to speak of hundreds of millions of

dollars, to the human race. One of the spectacular incidents of the celebration was the transmission of a cablegram around the world, via San Francisco, in seven and a half minutes. The great ocean cable companies, which largely owe their existence to the Professor's discoveries, were much represented from all parts of the earth; and, indeed, it was rather a tribute from humanity to the man whose life is practically identified with half a century of the progress of science than a mere compliment from a university to a professor. Not the least quality of his wonderful mind is his ability to grasp both the theory and the application of scientific truths. When this rare fact is taken into consideration, it is difficult to name another living man who means as much as he does to the world of science. He is a living defense of precocious attainments against the common idea that an early maturity of the intellectual faculties portends an equally early decline. At eleven he was already attending university classes and attracting attention to his brilliant work; and before he had reached his fifteenth year he had, in the intervals of a fortnight's trip to Germany, mastered Fourier's Theory of the Flow of Heat—which, by the way, he, while still in his teens, defended against the attacks of authoritative critics. He is now seventy-two, but his clear, active brain shows no signs of needing rest, nor of resting satisfied with the imposing array of degrees, which were lengthened considerably during the jubilee celebration.

Add to Lord Kelvin's magnificent record of scientific achievements the charm of a thoroughly lovable nature, modest, courteous, and unaffected—Professor Huxley, after their great controversy, introduced him as his successor to the presidency of the British Association with the words, "gentler knight never broke lance"—and it will not be difficult to sympathize with the enthusiasm which filled Glasgow and its visitors. It is a pleasure to every man to see honor so well bestowed, so magnificently earned.

MILITARY MUSIC

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

OCTOBER 1896

No. 4

SIENA

THE CITY OF THE VIRGIN

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield

SIENA, like a true daughter of Rome, is throned superbly upon many hills, but the wolf and the twins watch over a mediæval city, and the ancient *Colonia Julia Senensis* holds, higher than any other Italian town, save Florence, the double symbol of Church and State in the Middle Ages, the towers of the cathedral and of the public palace.

We have seen the city in many phases, under black clouds with hailstones, shining in stormy, struggling sunlight against the sculptures of Fonte Gaia and the rain-streamlets rushing down its steep streets; and we have seen it set like a town in a missal-border against a still, flat, blue background of sky; we have seen it from the terraces of the Osservanza, rising above its walls, which overhung the intermediate valley, and from distant southern Monte Oliveto its towers of the Mangia and the cathedral dwindled to mere pin-points. We have strolled through its narrow streets at all times and at all seasons, have blinked at the dazzling façade of the Duomo in the glare of noon, and lingered in the great Campo when it lay white and still in the chill moonlight. We have watched the gray, bleak hills on which the town is pedestalled turned to freshest, tenderest green; we have climbed the slopes of the olive orchards and looked through skurrying snowflakes at the ramparts rising above us; and from every point,

from without her gates and within her walls, from the towers above and the valley below, Siena makes one impression only upon us: Etruscan town, Roman colony as she was, the Middle Ages set their seal upon her, and she is the typical Gothic city of Tuscany, almost of Italy.

Verona is Siena's only rival, but Verona is rosy and smiling; Siena is brown and truculent. She has clutched sword and shield so tightly that she can never quite lose the cramped look of the defensive attitude. Unlike Florence, she has not unclasped her knightly girdle of battlements, and the gates, with port and ante-port complete, are far finer than those by the Arno; the Romana and the Pispini look to this day as if Monluc were still defending within and Duke Cosimo besieging without.

Gothic Siena was, not only in her outward appearance, but in her spirit, in her ideals, and in her art; Gothic in her triple aspect of warrior, saint, and sybarite. She fought with spiritual arms as well as with actual weapons; she wore the cowl over the helmet, and the hand which held the sword had grasped the scourge. She was not truculent only. Under the steel hauberk was the embroidered surcoat of knight and minstrel, and under the nun's rough hair-cloth the mystic ecstasy of St. Catherine. The *Civitas Virginis* was also the *Molles Senoe* of Beccadelli's poem, the city of soft de-

Copyright, 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

lights, of the pleasure-seekers of Folgore's sonnets, of the rakes and bruisers of Sermini's and Fortini's tales. It was the home of the love-story (*la novella amorosa*), and it was in this stronghold of saints and popes, of pietistic painters and devout conservatives, that the latent hedonism which underlay all the apparent asceticism of mediæval thought and life took artistic form.

There is a story told by the Sienese

chroniclers which seems prophetic of the city's attitude toward the Renaissance. In the early fourteenth century an antique statue of Aphrodite was found in an orchard near the town—a relic, probably, of the ancient Roman burg. Enthusiasts ascribed it to Lysippos, and when the new conduits were finished and water flowed for the first time in the great square the image was set above the fountain, which was called Fonte Gaia, because of the joy

the people felt at the sight of it, some said, though others affirmed that it was named to honor the goddess of love and laughter.

For fourteen years the statue stood, with the water flashing at its feet, and during these years faction waged more hotly than ever before; the Campo was a field of slaughter, and the fountain ran red as bleeding partisans crawled to its margin to drink and die. It seemed as though strife were mingled with its ripples and discord welled from its brim. It was whispered that these contentions were due to the honor paid to a heathen idol which had usurped the place of Siena's celestial suzerain, and that peace would not be restored to the city until the goddess was cast out. The mediæval citizen knew his classics well enough to remember the mischief Dame Venus had wrought in Troy-town.

The whispers became murmurs, the murmurs ominous growls; finally the Council of the Twelve decreed the removal of the statue, and in order that its maleficent powers might be utilized for Siena's welfare it was buried with thrifty hatred on *Florentine soil*.

Thus was antiquity banished from Siena, and when all Italy welcomed the Renaissance she shut her gates against it; her painters turned with pious horror from the study of nature and sprinkled holy water on heathen sculpture; her inspired saints looked with contempt on the wisdom of the pagan, and her fierce, luxurious nobles had no mind to dim their bright, hawk eyes over "brown Greek manuscripts."

It is difficult, almost impossible, to explain the unique attitude of Siena toward the new movement. Was it because in the fore-

front of the Renaissance marched those hated Florentines, her hereditary foes? Was it the natural conservatism of the mountaineer, or the mental immutability of the devotee who regarded all innovations as sacrilegious? Was it the old civic jealousy taking a new form? Did Siena feel instinctively that the vertical, irregular, picturesque Gothic architecture was more suited to a hill town than the porticos and pediments of the Renaissance? Had mediæval painting become so identified in men's

nades Siena's builders still clung to the Gothic ; Orvieto sent to them for master-workmen for the cathedral until 1450, and Gian Galeazzo Sforza summoned Francesco di Giorgio to compete for the façade of the great church of Milan as late as 1490.

Finally, when all Italy was permeated with the new spirit and Siena was forced to open her gates to Pinturicchio, and Sodoma, and Rosellino, it was too late ; the creative power of the mighty impulse was exhausted, and among the great artists of the sixteenth century we do not find one Siennese. Siena had but a brief span of time in which to accustom herself to the new or-

minds with the religion it served that to abandon the one seemed like renouncing the other as well ?

Perhaps all of these considerations consciously and unconsciously influenced the action of the Siennese toward the revival of culture. At first they resisted it as fiercely as they had the invading Florentine armies ; and while contemporary Tuscan painters were eagerly studying nature and antiquity they were reproducing the old, bedizened Byzantine Madonnas. When every Italian architect elsewhere was designing cupolas and colon-

Snow-balling.

der of things, for in 1555 she fell, sword in hand, bravely defending her liberty. After her fall, utterly broken in spirit, she had neither the money nor the inclination to follow strange fashions, and in her many misfortunes was fortunate in this, that no tawdry and pretentious seventeenth century, no rococo and pedantic eighteenth century, marred her stern grandeur and her delicate grace.

The history of Sienese art began with the victory of Montepertoso (1260) and ended in the middle of the sixteenth century, with the extinction of Sienese independence (1555). It has three distinct phases of development: Gothic, Gothic modified by foreign influence, and Renaissance art, the work of strangers or of Sienese masters imitating the work of strangers. These different stages of growth may be studied in the public palace, filled with frescos, where Sienese painting is most at home; in the cathedral, where the mediæval artist begins to yield to external pressure, and in the private palaces and lesser churches,

where the Renaissance eventually triumphs over the native style. Finally the complete evolution of local painting from the early Byzantine to the late Roman manner may be seen in the municipal picture-gallery.

The city itself is a gallery of pictures. The walls form a triangle, with its base to the south, and near the centre of this triangle rises the Duomo upon the crest of the highest hill. Below it, to the east, is the civic heart of the city, the Campo, strangest of squares, shaped like a great oyster-shell, with the communal palace at its lower lip, and holding one precious pearl, Fonte Gaia.

Between the cathedral and the town-hall cluster palaces with the famous names of Nerucci, Spanocchi, Saraceni, Piccolomini, and Tolomei, while the conventual churches are, as usual, nearer the walls, where the brethren might have gardens and orchards. Saints Dominick and Francis are honored mightily in Siena in huge piles to west and east of the city's centre, and a daughter of Dominick has made "the noble district of the Goose"

almost as famous as the Porziuncula of the Assisan saint. The Concezione and Sant' Agostino to south and southwest are imposing masses of church, and convent, and cloister. Peruzzi's Campanile of the Carmine, and the towers of San Francesco and San Domenico, are simple in line and fine in effect. The town-walls, these churches and campaniles, with the two focal and ever-present points of the cathedral and the soaring Mangia tower, make up the general outline of Siena.

For the detail we must climb twisting streets with clean, flat pavements and never a sidewalk, where there are no rough walls, as at Perugia, but all the masonry is neatly faced, and no sally as of German oriel or French overhanging stories; not even the protruding, grated windows of Florence break the smoothness of the Tuscan Gothic. Here the iron shuts down flatly and sternly within the shallow, pointed recess, but on every side there is a wealth of exquisitely wrought torch- and banner-rings.

Excellent restoration is being done in these Sienese palaces and streets. It consists mainly in removing the panels or the bricks which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were used to hide good Gothic work. Nowhere else in Italy have we heard so much talk of restoration. Even the conservative Franciscan brother at the Osservanza and the Benedictine *Padre* at Monte Oliveto shared this interest. "Those saints are well enough in Paradise, but here with this fifteenth-century architecture they are out of place," said the latter, pointing to some haloed eighteenth-century sentimentalists simpering in their rococo frames. "Ah," sighed our driver, "if they would only take away all the ugly things stupid people have put here, Siena *sarebbe bellissima*."

Siena is *bellissima* in spite of this occasional veneer of later times, and among her most charming features are her fountains. There is Fonte Nuova lying a still sheet of silver under its Gothic arches; Fonte Ovale, crowned with green, and Fonte Branda, clear as crystal.

Perhaps one's most vivid impressions of Siena as a whole are these fountain-side visions of the uplifted city. To close the eyes is still to see the narrow ways climbing the slopes and piercing brown arches; the close-set houses sweeping like billows, now downward, now upward, tossed here and there into higher jet of palace or church, breaking into a spray of towers, till all are crested by the marble foam of the Duomo.

4-31.

The Sword Dance.

And the fountains themselves, lying flat and mirror-like with still depths and glistening surface, dancing in reflection upon the brown, groined vaulting above. They are wholly different from any others, these grottoed wells of Siena, strange presences in a city, bringing within the walls the sense of caverned, mountain-springing waters. Each with its crown of verdure is an Egeria to whom the mediæval Numa might come for counsel and for peace; a Gothic Egeria under her pointed arches, for from Siena antiquity is thrust out. Here the nymph is haloed; close-draped from throat to heel she passes, and the idyl itself is fixed upon a background of gold.

If we return with the mediæval law-

giver to his palace, we shall find ourselves in the vast curving Campo. Geologists say that Siena is built on an extinct volcano, and that this square occupies the place of the old crater. Any student of the city's political history will find a singular appositeness in this site, for the old fire blazed perennially in the hearts of the citizens and within the walls of the municipal palace. For here it sits in state with its graceful Mangia tower and a solemn assembly of palaces fronting it in amphitheatre. Before it once stood the monumental virtues of Jacopo della Quercia's fountain, now mere battered fragments in the Museum; beside it soars the Mangia, not as audacious as the bell-tower of the old palace of Florence, it is a

more aspirant, and equally individual with its shooting stem, its bracketed battlements, its pillar-surrounded bells, and its sculptured wolves.

The little chapel before the palace, an *ex voto* of the plague of 1348, though graceful in itself, is an excrescence, and the huge building is far finer seen from the rear.

Within it is more unchanged than is the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence. There Michelozzo and Benedetto remodelled Arnolfo's hall, but Siena seems to have instinctively understood that her glories came earlier, and she clung to them. These rooms are mediæval; the original construction is hardly changed, and the prevailing impression is one of half-savage, clumsy grandeur, made more emphatic by the pure Gothicism of their decoration—a Gothicism which is rather belated for the time. There is little of the thoughtful and balanced ornament of the contemporaneous chapel of the Spaniards in Florence, and little of the austere elegance of the Bargello.

During the turbulent life of the old commonwealth, generation after generation of artists was called to embellish this house of the people. It was the central jewel of the city's civic crown, the theatre of her municipal dramas, the focus of her political life. As such it was loved and respected

by all the different factions which, each in its turn, ruled and misruled Siena. The decoration of the palace went steadily on, no matter who held the reins of government. Defeated candidates might be thrown from the windows, riot might break up the council, strife disperse the magistrates, the painters' stipends were punctually paid. Minorities flew to arms and majorities abused their victories; delation whispered in dark corners and party hatred hunted its victims through these echoing chambers—the *frescanti* labored quietly on, celebrating the republic's triumph, the glories of her popes, or the coronation of her heavenly sovereign. Through the dissensions which made Siena a byword for civic discord, the famous artists of the school, Martini, and Lorenzetti, and Quercia, and Lando, left their handwriting on these walls and made of this the typical town-hall of Italy.

In the Sala del Gran Consiglio, divided nearly down the centre by a line of heavy arches, Sienese painting may be seen at its best and worst; at its best in a great lunette, filled by a charming and astonishingly decorative composition. There is beauty of a delicate character in the heads of the saints, and the narrow-lidded, purse-mouthed Madonna has a grace and distinction

On the Church Steps.

unknown to Giotto. But in Ambrogio di Lorenzo's Battle of Turrta (1363), where the little jointed lay-figures move across a flat, map-like background, showing every hill, and stream, and hamlet conscientiously labelled, the painter becomes a child with a big slate, and his picture is as *naïf* and confused as a battle on an Egyptian pylon.

But Gothic painting can show us something finer than this. Passing through the left nave or ante-chapel, we find ourselves in the Sala della Pace, the Hall of Peace. In 1337 Ambrogio Lorenzetti began to work on these walls. His business was to demon-

strate the principles and blessings of good government and the evils of mis-rule and to express them in that figurative language that could be read by all the citizens alike, even the peasant and the wool-carder. Lorenzetti, who was somewhat of a philosopher, Vasari tells us, put the symbolism of his time to good use, and though to us the thread of allegory may seem too finely spun, the didactic purpose did not exclude beauty of a noble and monumental character, and the frescos are a mural decoration as well as a painted treatise.

Among these attendant virtues of the

well-governed state, each one gowned to the feet, sitting grave and stately in a solemn row like the sculptured figures on a mediæval reliquary, there is one which reclines her wreathed head resting on her hand; helmet and shield lie under her feet, she holds the olive branch like a sceptre, and her semi-transparent robe hangs ungirdled like an antique tunic.

This is the celebrated Peace which seems to have floated hither from a Pompeian wall—a Pagan goddess—perhaps a Venus Victrix consorting with these Christian virtues. How came she

here? Symonds suggests that this figure was copied from the mischief-making Aphrodite of Lysippos. Ambrogio had made a fine drawing from the statue, which Ghiberti admired many years afterward. By an irony of fate the goddess, banished from the square, sat in the council-chamber. And if her influence was indeed malign, if her own apple of discord had been flung down among the magistrates, she could not have looked upon wilder deeds than those that were constantly enacted here in the name of the Republic.

Republic, commonwealth—the terms are misleading, and suggest to the modern mind something akin to our own form of popular sovereignty. A nominal vassalage to a German Cæsar, a struggle for independence, a governing body or *Monte*, composed of patricians, a popular revolution, a *Balia* of merchants, an uprising of the artisans, native despotism, and finally submission to a foreign tyrant—this is a fair synopsis of the history of the Sienese republic, nay of many Italian republics as well. "*C'est la ville qui se gouverne plus follement que toute ville d'Italie*," wrote grave de Comines, a century and a half after Ambrogio finished his fresco, and mad indeed Siena must have been to merit this distinction.

Imagine a state governed by miracles, a state which sent ecstatic nuns and socialistic painters on important embassies; where the saints themselves became politicians and the celestial court terrorized or bribed voters by visions and prodigies; where a rain of blood, or some such manifestation of divine displeasure about election-time, would upset the existing government, and carry the entire opposition into office at one sweep. Where, when the victors had murdered, confiscated, and exiled sufficiently to produce a popular reaction of feeling, a third party would appear to repeat the same blunders and excesses. Sometimes a holy personage would have a revelation, and, in obedience to the divine mandate, the whole city would turn out in penitential procession. Radicals and conservatives, aristocrats and artisans, their shoulders bleeding from the lash, knelt together on the cathedral pavement and swore on the great crucifix to live in peace together forever after. Eight pages of blood-curdling maledictions were then read, wherein he who should break his oath was cursed thoroughly and comprehensively (for cursing was a fine art in the Middle Ages, with a vigorous vocabulary). Afterward the notaries of the rival factions wrote down the names of those who had sworn to maintain public tranquillity, and the adverse parties fell on each other's necks. But the penitential torches were hardly spent, the swords which religion bade

men leave at the church door were scarcely sheathed when, in spite of anathema, they were out again, and all parties were fighting once more.

The acts of the popular government (*Noveschi*) were prophetic of the darkest days of the Reign of Terror in France. There were clubs like the *Jacobins*, secret societies, lists of the suspected, spies in the prisons and revolutionary tribunals, and yet, amid all this disorder, the virtues of self-sacrifice, fidelity to friends and comrades, devotion to an ideal, fortitude and courage, all those qualities that are developed by the militant attitude of the soul, flourished as they never can in an industrial republic.

A faint echo of the old contests has lasted even to our own times, and on every fifteenth of August, the Campo is again the theatre of strife. The annual horse-race, the *Palio*, is run here in honor of the city's patron, the Blessed Virgin, and Siena, who is frugal and sober enough for the rest of the year, becomes a boisterous, ruffling spendthrift during the *festa*.

This is no ordinary race, with professional jockeys, lean, glossy horses, and a quiet, fashionable crowd of spectators betting in a bored and decorous way; this is a family affair of palpitating domestic interest. The cattle are the thick-necked, stout little nags that Beppo the butcher-boy drives in his cart, and that Gigi, the green-grocer's son, rides out to the hillside farm, and the jockeys are Beppo and Gigi themselves and their ilk; the onlookers are their friends and relatives and rivals, the whole town of Siena, and every able-bodied peasant in the *contado* as well. It is only in Tuscany, where there are no "brutalized lower classes," that such a workaday, popular affair could be a ceremony and a spectacle. Perhaps, too, the fact that the same thing has been done annually for the last five hundred years has much to do with its picturesque quality. These races are a contest between the seventeen different wards of Siena, a survival of the old party feuds. Each district contributes a horse and ten men dressed in mediæval costume. A few hours before the race each horse is blessed in the parish

church of the *contrada* to which it belongs. One is rather impressed with the sporting character of the local saints; they are *débonair*, these celestial potentates, and sometimes even playful, so that, to the modern shopkeeper, it seems as natural to ask their good-will for the horse that is to run for the honor of Madonna and the district as it was for the mediæval noble to hang the wax image of his pet hawk before their altars.

The little company which enters the church with the plunging, rearing horse, looks as though it were contemporary with the hawk's master. There is the captain of the district, elderly, bearded, in full armor, the rider wearing the helmet which later he will change for a metal jockey-cap, the standard-bearers, the drummer, the dear little, solemn pages who might have come hither from some altar-piece of Botticelli or some pageant of Gozzoli; all are splendid in satin trunks, brocaded doublets, velvet mantles, and the tightest of pink fleshings, while each tiny red cap is perched on a mass of fuzzy hair. The fine costumes are worn with ease and grace, though the beauty of the Italian youth is rather that of the faun than the athlete. Everybody is very much in earnest, and quite lacking in the self-consciousness which would paralyze a Northerner tricked out in tights and long curls.

When the horse reaches the high-altar he is blessed and sprinkled with holy water, and led away with much cheering. The Church has lent its aid to help him win the banner, which, if he is successful, will hang with many others, some of them centuries old, in the sacristy.

The Campo is also in gala dress. The grim palaces are all aflame with banners, and shields hang from every window, brilliant colors float from every balcony. Over the pavement a track of earth had been laid for the *Palio*, going entirely around the piazza; barriers have been placed along the inner side of the half-circle thus formed, and on the outer edge there are tiers of seats built up against the surrounding house-walls.

Toward the *Ave Maria* every balcony, window, and bench is filled; even the

roofs are crowded, and into the central space behind the barriers some twenty thousand peasants have wedged themselves, the braided gold of their huge straw hats flapping with anticipatory excitement.

The course is cleared by mounted carabineers, and the procession begins. First, in orthodox festival fashion, comes the town band, in dark blue uniforms, then, trumpeting loudly, nine heralds, who surely must have figured at some mediæval tournament; the companies of the various districts follow, a stream of rich color against the palace-walls; the standard-bearers, playing graceful tricks with their flags, the Captain, with his escort of four pages armed with lances, the *figurino*, most gorgeous of all, carrying the ward banner, with its emblem, and lastly, the *fantino* on horseback. The pageant is closed by a modern *fac-simile* of the *Caroccio*, or battle-car, taken from the Florentines at Montapertoso (1260) by the victorious Sienese, who, in witness thereof, set up its poles in their cathedral, and in many other ways keep the memory of this ancient victory green, and Florence in a proper state of retrospective humiliation. Meanwhile the bare-backed horses have been driven into a pen formed of ropes, and each rider has received his *nerbo*, or whip, made of ox-sinew, a redoubtable weapon which he is permitted to use not only on his own horse, but on the rival jockeys and their horses as well. This brutal custom is undoubtedly a survival of earlier contests.

Finally all are mounted, a gun is fired, the rope drops, there is a rush, a many-colored flash, horses and riders shoot out on the track and are off at last. One pony trips over the rope and falls like a stone with his rider, who lies motionless, while something redder than a blush streams over his cheek. "It is nothing, nothing," your neighbor on the balcony assures you, "those boys are made of India-rubber; to-day they are mangled and killed, and to-morrow they will be amusing themselves."

The horses, meantime, are tearing around the palpitating piazza; the jockeys are flogging right and left with the cruel *nerbo*, and a wave of excitement

follows them. It is a fine sight; the riders have neither saddles nor stirrups, and are one with their mounts, but Sienese youth is guileless; there are no turf tricks here, no dark horses, no husbanding of speed until the decisive moment. Bear gets the lead early in the race, keeps it, and wins by two lengths, amid deafening cries of *Orso, Orso*. There is a deep growl from the conquered *contrade*, and a rush for the winner, but the Italian policemen, those lions of martial aspect and fierce mustachios, those lambs of gentle courtesy and softest speech, have already closed around him. They protect him until his company rallies and escorts him in triumph to the church again, where he hangs up the prize-banner.

The athlete who brought home the wild-olive crown from the Olympian games, the young Roman who hung up a trophy in the Capitol, were probably not lacking in a proper appreciation of their own merits, but their bumptiousness was as the humility of cloistered maidens compared to the vainglory of the youth who wins the *Palio*, if one may believe the local gossips. No wonder that Bazzi, that adopted son and spoiled child of Siena, who had gained many *palii* with his Barbary horses, was prouder of his prizes than of his paintings, and "would exhibit them to every one who came to his house, nay, he would frequently make a show of them at his windows," to the astonishment and disgust of that shrewd business man and conventional bourgeois, Giorgio Vasari.

The Sienese painters distinguished themselves in fiercer contests than those of the race-course. They were active politicians, and sometimes party leaders, and their lives were as dramatic as their work was contemplative. Of the artists of the early time, of Lorenzo Maitani, architect of the cathedral of Orvieto, whom the grateful Orvietans allowed to bear arms in their city; of Guido da Siena, whose Madonna rivals Cimabue's; of Duccio da Buoninsegna, the first master to show "feeling" and "expression" in his heads, we know little, save their names and their work.

Thanks to the labors of Milanese in

the wonderful store-house of Sienese archives, wherein are preserved all the contracts made by the republic since the twelfth century, we can calculate to a *soldo* what Simone Martini and Ambrogio Lorenzetti were paid for their work, and lynx-eyed modern criticism has discovered that the frescos of the Campo Santo, long ascribed to them, were done by other hands; but of the personality of Simone, Petrarch's friend, and painter of Madonna Laura; of the character of Lorenzetti, whom Vasari records as leading the life of a gentleman and a philosopher rather than that of an artist, we know nothing.

Apparently it was not until after the great plague had levelled all ranks (1348) and the rise of the popular party that the painters dropped the brush for the sword and began to march under the banners they had painted. Sons of the people, members of one of the lesser crafts, they were naturally factors in the political revolutions of 1368 and 1483, and were not only democrats, but demagogues. Documents show us a certain type of populist painter directing public affairs, age after age, like that Andrea Vanni, who was a correspondent of St. Catherine. He expelled the nobles in 1368, was ambassador to the Florentines and to the Pope, became architect of the Duomo and captain of the people; at the same time he followed his profession, painting the gonfalon of liberty for the republic and the portrait of St. Catherine, now in San Domenico, setting the blazon of the Duke of Milan on the public palace, and filling orders for altar-pieces.

The Demos in Siena was a good art patron to the artist partisans, and a cruel master to a political opponent, as Jacopo della Quercia found to his cost. The government had plenty of commissions to bestow, and we find a political agitator like Benvenuto di Giovanni illuminating the choir-books of the cathedral and decorating the cupola; a practical politician, Giovanni Cini, painted the standard of Liberty, and, forty years later, still in favor, restored his own work, which had been roughly handled. After the victory of Camollia, where he had fought as flag-bearer

of his quarter, he was chosen to paint the votive picture, which commemorated the triumph of the republic. It would be tedious to multiply examples; all through the history of Siena the artist is prominent as magistrate, innovator, soldier, often as conspirator. Even in the sixteenth century, when the older type of the citizen-painter was supplanted by the court-painter, the Sienese still remained the turbulent burgher. The biography of Pacchiarotto, one of the last of the native painters, reads like a romance of the French revolution. He was in every tumult; when, in 1520, the city was convulsed by an outbreak of party hatred, he was one of the faction which strangled Alessandro Bichi in the archbishop's palace, defeated the Pope's troops at Camollia, and defied Clement VII. by tearing the bull launched against Siena. Through him we have a glimpse of the populist clubs, those hot-beds of lawlessness. At first a member of the *Libertini*, he became later a leader of the *Bardotti* (the Scot-free), composed of Socialists, or rather Communists, of an advanced type, which for some time terrorized the town.

The *Bardotti*, who called St. Catherine their patroness, met on Sundays to read Livy's "Roman History" or Machiavelli's "Art of War," and to perfect themselves in fencing, for every man was bound to defend the institution at the sword's point, and to challenge any one who spoke ill of it. Apparently they fenced to some purpose, for the insolence of these swashbucklers became so unbearable that the magistrates broke up the club. Pacchiarotto was imprisoned, ruined, exiled from Siena, with a price upon his head and a promise of a free pardon to whomsoever should put him to death. While trying to reach the church of the Osservanza for sanctuary, to escape pursuit he was forced to hide himself for two nights and days in a tomb with a corpse. After many other misadventures he died in poverty and exile. Unfortunately his most remarkable work has perished. On the walls of his own room he painted a multitude of figures kneeling, bowing, prostrating themselves in various attitudes of deference and admiration. Here, surrounded

by the homage so stimulating to the orator, amid a silence which was equally grateful, he rehearsed his political speeches, and triumphantly confuted his opponents' arguments. This art-work of poor Pacchiarotto may commend itself to a later age, an age of many clubs and over-much oratory, of willing talkers and reluctant listeners.

The ardent temperament which urged the artist into public life sometimes sought other forms of expression, and the Sienese painters were often zealous devotees. Many of them were workers in the noblest of the city's charities, the great hospital. Vecchietta left all his property to it, and Matteo di Giovanni, painter of hideous massacres, had charge of a ward there, and is styled "*il fervoroso fratello*" in the records.

But the painter-saint of Siena, the "*Pictor famosus et homo totus deditus Deo*," was Sano di Pietro. He was a gentle spirit, moving quietly among those sons of Thunder, his fellow-craftsmen. Some of the scanty records of his blameless life are pathetic; thus the books of the parish church prove that, though very poor, with a wife and three children to support, he had adopted an orphan "for the love of God." Sano, whose life was "one long hymn to the Virgin," was an innovator in his way, while the fire-eaters were as conservative in art as they were radical in politics.

To the readers of Rio and Lindsay, to the student of the evolution of art, the gallery of Siena possesses a unique interest. To the lovers of painting who admire a dexterous or scientific manipulation of material or a pictorial and personal treatment of well-worn subjects, it will not appeal.

The first bewildered question it suggests is, where were the eyes of those art-writers who compared this gallery with those of Florence, and who considered the Sienese as rivals of the early Florentine masters? The dates of the pictures show that these men were in the nursery stumbling over the rudiments while Filippino and Ghirlandajo and Botticelli were painting their frescos. No wonder that the Sienese held fast to the Lombard Sodoina when he came a-visiting. Until then (1501) they

had not seen an artist who had mastered his material.

While the Florentines were unearthing antiquity, discovering the laws of perspective, drawing from the nude and studying anatomy, their Sieneſe contemporaries were tranquilly copying Byzantine motives. The artists of Siena, dear to the writers on so-called Christian art, never passed through a period of experiment and investigation. They never originated, but were imitators always, taking their knowledge at second-hand, following first the Byzantine tradition and later the Lombard school under Sodoma's influence; leaping at once from immaturity in Francesco di Giorgio and Matteo di Giovanni to decadence in Baccafumi and Peruzzi.

What, then, was their contribution to art?

The Sieneſe painter detached the Byzantine mosaic from the wall of the Basilica; borrowing the old motives and types he translated them into painting, and produced the altar-piece. This triptych or diptych, which was not only set over the shrine, but found its way into oratory and bedchamber as well, brought art into contact with daily life. He humanized Madonna; the stern, black-browed goddess of the churches of Ravenna became a gracious, fair-haired lady; the attendant angels, instead of standing stiffly on either side of the golden throne, grew graceful and suppliant; the rigid, staring saints unbent a trifle, and occasionally there was an attempt at a dramatic gesture or a tender expression. Working in a more flexible medium, freedom of treatment grew little by little, until the painter had loosened the golden fetters of Byzantium, and Art began to move. He could only loosen them, however. He still clung to the old forms for the brave soldier, the daring politician was a timid conservative in his studio. Why, after taking the first step, did he stop short? Why, after having attained dramatic expression with Duccio, grace with Simone Martini, and grandeur with Lorenzetti, did he not march on with Giotto, with Masaccio and Lippo? Why, for two hundred years, did he move in a vicious circle?

The answer to this question may be

found in a glance at the environment of the painter. In Siena the two influences which powerfully affected Florentine art, the scholar's enthusiasm for antique beauty, the burgher's love of facts and exact detail were lacking. Out of these apparently conflicting tendencies grew the great art of Florence and the Renaissance based on the study of antique sculpture and the observation of nature. But if Hellenism and shop-keeping obtained in Florence, mysticism and freebooting were characteristic of Siena. She was as proud of her saints and her popes as her rival was of her poets and her historians and her wool-lens; the intelligent curiosity, the love of scholarship, the keen appetite for knowledge of the Florentine were, in the Sieneſe, replaced by an ardent piety and an equally keen appetite for pleasure. The positive common-sense and the burgher virtues of Florence were despised in credulous and impassioned Siena. She had spurned antique beauty; although two great sculptors, Jacopo della Quercia and Vecchietta, called Siena home, they had no influence, apparently, on her painters. Nor did these painters study Nature, for their environment acted upon them in a yet more direct and practical way. What the pious and unlettered Sieneſe required of them were images of devotion, not objects of art, something to pray to, not to criticise, a vision of Paradise, not a glimpse of every-day life.

From a collection of altar-pieces in the gallery we can form a very clear idea of how the painters supplied this want.

The triptych was a favorite form, a *Maestà* or Majesty (i.e., a Madonna and Child sitting in state, surrounded by saints and angels), the most popular subject. The Virgin, as befitted the sovereign of Siena, is always represented as an aristocrat, a potentate, a feudal princess. The Coronation and Assumption are painted again and again, but we look in vain for a Nativity, an Adoration of the Shepherds or of the *Magi*, subjects dear to the Umbrian and Florentine schools.

"To the Sieneſe the golden background was always inseparable from a

devotional picture," wrote Rio, in his "*Art Chrétien*," adding, "this must not be attributed to the narrowness of their views, but to the extreme orthodoxy of their taste." The background then behind the Queen of Heaven is of dazzling, unshaded gold, wonderful intricate patternings wander over the jewelled robes, real gems shine in the "rich fret of gold" on Madonna's head, the Saints are gorgeous in surcoats "embroidered like a mead," and the peacock-winged angels are no whit less fine. The Siennese had given the Byzantine Madonna life, the naturalistic Florentines made her human. They took the diadem from her brow, they despoiled her of her regal robes, they bade her rise and walk. In their hands the bejewelled patrician became a proud young mother; the divine Child, the little jointed puppet, who sat stiffly blessing a contemplating universe, a human baby, who played and crowded and wondered at his own dimples, while meek St. Joseph, who in Ravenna and Siena was banished altogether from the celestial court, enjoyed a sort of honorary papaship, and helped the dear little attendant angels, just out of the nursery, to mind the baby. In a word, the Holy Family became the Human Family.

The Florentine treatment of secondary figures, the introduction of portraits, of domestic animals, man's humbler brothers in the *Presepio*, the landscape backgrounds with their flower-enamelled meadows and winding streams, were almost as distasteful to the Siennese devotee as was the vulgarization of the Madonna. There was no feeling for out-door Nature in the gilded altar-piece; there a Midas touch had turned the flowers to goldsmiths' work, and stiffened the glistening robes on the rigid limbs. Occasionally an artist made a timid effort to acquire a freer manner, but he was too weak to persevere, and he soon returned to the type that "extreme orthodoxy of taste," which was such a different thing from "narrowness of views," had fixed for him. Thus deprived of the influence of antiquity, of the study of Nature, nothing remained but the Byzantine tradition, qualified by touches of personality in unimportant details;

thus Sano di Pietro was considered an innovator, because he painted round instead of almond-shaped eyes.

And yet in these pictures, with their flaring gold and ultramarine, their plaster crowns, and applied ornaments, there is an unmistakable decorative quality. There are exquisite conventional designs in the haloes and orfrays, and in the heads a certain stiff grace and awkward tenderness which possess undeniable charm, a charm which appeals even to those who do not believe that a painter's feeling is always in the inverse ratio to his technical ability, and that absence of knowledge implies the presence of sentiment.

With the dawn of the sixteenth century Pinturicchio, the Umbrian, and Sodoma, the Lombard, came to Siena, and the artists and their patrons awoke to a comprehension of the grand, free art of the Renascence and "orthodoxy of taste," and golden "Majestys" vanished forever into the limbo of things that were.

And what manner of men were they, the patrons for whom these solemn altar-pieces were painted? For whom Madonna must be glued fast to her throne and the divine Child stiffly displayed in his jewelled robes, like the Sacrament in its monstrosity?

What was the theory of life, the moral standard, the ideal of these buyers of gilded triptychs?

These are difficult questions to answer, and, complex as the Siennese were, it is easier to define their dominant trait, *i.e.*, intensity; their overflowing vitality wreaked itself on so many different forms of effort, the old volcanic fire ran in the veins of sinner and of saint, now devouring and destroying, now rising in a pure flame, but glowing alike in ascetic, patriot, and sybarite. Austere as the brown town looked on its bare hill-top, it was famed for delicate living, and the novels of Illicini and Sermini, the poems of Beccadelli and Folgore depict an artificial and corrupt society given over to pleasure-seeking, a society which, though elegant and luxurious, lacked the principles of true refinement. It possessed neither moderation, self-control, nor mental poise; under the veneer of courtesy and high-

flown sentiments were the untamed instincts, the puerile superstitions of ruder times, ready to break bounds at any moment. The young knight who bore down all the lances in the tourney and looked a very St. Michael as he knelt in the cathedral, would burn and slay like a brutal mercenary, and the youth who fasted until he fainted, in Lent, and tore his bare shoulders with the scourge, would serenade his neighbor's wife at Easter.

The time not spent in praying and fighting was passed in a joyous fashion, the fingers that could grasp the sword-hilt and count the chaplet were cunning at the lute-strings. Pleasant sinning led, naturally, to unpleasant repenting. After a season of long prayers and short commons, ginger was hotter than ever in the mouth, and they who had plunged deepest into the emotional excesses of penitence, were foremost in brawl or revel. Nor was this surprising. The exercise of certain forms of piety is apt to coexist with worldliness and religious aspiration is not necessarily associated with moral rectitude. The rigid observance of *formulae* was no restriction on impulse or desire, and the Sienese undoubtedly repeated his morning prayer before going out to sack his neighbor's house.

And he was not merely a fighter and a free-liver, he was an exquisite as well. "The Sienese are as vain as the French," wrote Dante in the thirteenth century, and, though he was not distinguished for the impartiality of his opinions, the criticism was just. They loved magnificence in dress; their weakness for millinery left its impress on their art; they bought the rich brocades which sober Florence manufactured but rarely wore, and, no doubt, were wont to "lie awake o' nights carving the fashion of a new doublet"; the embroiderers and goldsmiths of Siena were famous throughout Italy, and we can still see their work on the celestial dandies and jewelled saints of the picture gallery. They had a pretty taste for dainty trifles and imported musical instruments from Germany, pearls and perfumes from Venice and from France ivory caskets and mirror covers, delicately carved. They curled their hair

and shaped their eyebrows like Chaucer's Alison, and admired a delicate pal-lor. Nor were they wanting in mental artifices. When not ferocious, they were courteous; it was indispensable that a lady should be sentimental, and a little languor was considered becoming to a lover.

They were fond of novels, not of the cynical, cruel Florentine tales, but of stories of gentler jests and light loves tinged with dreamy voluptuousness, set in familiar backgrounds of gardens and arras-hung chambers. They had their ethical code, too, and agreed "that the three most eminent virtues of a generous nature are courtesy, gratitude, and liberality." They had but a poor opinion of learning; among all those Greek and Latin manuscripts for which their neighbors, the Florentines, were paying such prices, there was not a single treatise on hawking or dog-breaking. The minute and laborious scholarship of the time had as few charms for the devotee as for the ruffling gallant, who was as intellectually apathetic as he was physically active. The learned churchman was a *rara avis* in Siena until the day of Æneas Sylvius. Why study with the philosopher when one could dream with the mystic? Why plod with the humanist when one could rise heavenward on the wings of ecstasy with the saint?

They were not unaccomplished, however. They could improvise poetry of a thin, impressionist quality, write stories, not well, but in an unprofessional, fashionable manner; they played and sang like people of quality; they could dispute, or rather argue, as we say nowadays (though perhaps the older term was the truer one), principally on questions of sentiment, and sometimes even convince a lady that reputation was an excellent substitute for honesty. Pious observances and a fantastic code of honor did not prevent people from enjoying themselves; on the contrary, these restraints lent piquancy to much that a more liberal age has robbed of savor.

And yet these pleasure-seekers set an example of heroism to Europe, this luxurious folk, exquisitely susceptible to pain, starved to death by thousands,

rather than sacrifice its civic liberty. It was of these coquettish, squeamish ladies that Monluc, the great French captain wrote, "I would rather undertake to defend Siena with her women, than Rome with her men." And if we would learn what human beings can endure for a beloved cause, we must read the story of the Siege of Siena.

That these admirers of minute designs and florid detail could appreciate grandeur as well, no one can doubt who has seen the plans of the Siennese cathedral. Its history is one of a grand result, and of far grander, though thwarted endeavor, and it is hard to realize to-day that the church as it stands is but a fragment, the transept only, of what Siena willed.

The façade of the present church is amazing in its richness, undoubtedly possesses some grand and much lovely detail, and is as undoubtedly suggestive, with its white marble ornaments upon a pink marble ground, of a huge, sugared cake. It is impossible to look at this restored whiteness with the sun upon it, the dazzled eyes close involuntarily and one sees in retrospect the great, gray church front at Rheims, or the solemn façade of Notre Dame. It is like remembering an organ burst of Handel after hearing the florid roulades of the mass within the cathedral.

The interior is rich in color and fine in effect, but the Northerner is painfully impressed by the black and white horizontal stripes which, running from vaulting to pavement, seem to blur and confuse the vision and the closely set bars of the piers are positively irritating.

But this fault and many others are forgotten when we examine the detail with which later men have filled the church. Other Italian cathedrals possess art-objects of a higher order; perhaps no other one is so rich in these treasures. The great masters are disappointing here. Raphael, as the collaborer of Pinturicchio, is dainty, rather than great, and Michael Angelo passes unnoticed in the huge and coldly elaborate altar-front of the Piccolomini. But Marrena, with his doors of the Library, Barelli, with his marvellous casing of the choir-stalls, Beccafumi with

his bronze and *niello*—these are the artists whom one wonders at; these wood-carvers and bronze-founders, creators of the microcosmic detail of the Renaissance which has at last burst triumphantly into Siena. This treasure is cumulative, as we walk eastward from the main door, where the pillars are a maze of scroll-work in deepest cutting, and by the time we reach the choir the head fairly swims with the play of light and color. We wander from point to point, we finger and caress the lustrous stalls of Barelli, and turn with a kind of confusion of vision from panel to panel; above our heads the tabernacle of Vechietta, the lamp-bearing angels of Beccafumi make spots of bituminous color, with glittering high-lights, strangely emphasizing their modelling; from these youths, who might be pages to some Roman prefect, the eye travels upward still farther, along the golden convolutions of the heavily stuccoed pilasters to the huge, gilded cherubs' heads that frame the eastern rose.

Beneath the feet is labyrinth, that pictured pavement which, so bad in principle, is yet so splendid in reality.

One cannot sufficiently praise the beauty of this *niello* work, which, wrought by Federighi and Beccafumi, and worn by the feet of three centuries, has been ably restored by Maccari and Franchi. Here we found the old block-pictures of earliest printed books, enlarged a thousand fold, stretching from pillar to pillar in their black and white marble. Fortitude, Justice, and Prudence in their *tondi*, austere decorative in their simple lines; divided battle-pieces, where the knights had pillaged half their armor from the tents of Scipio, and half from the camp of Fornovo; sieges where antique profiles looked from the mediæval sallet; decorative, thick-leaved trees; veritable tapestries in stone, with dangling Absalom or conquering David; the seven ages of man; all framed by lovely conventional borders and friezes, medallions and pater-nings, one more pleasing than the other.

And, as if this were not enough, suddenly, at the intersection of nave and transept, the glorious pulpit of Niccolò Pisano rises before one, a nude an-

tique athlete among these mediæval princes.

On the left is the Piccolomini Library with its gorgeous antiphonals and its frescos. As we enter the sculptured doors, it seems as though we had opened a huge missal, and that the gold and ultramarine, the flat landscape, the ill-drawn but richly costumed figures, and the floriated borders of one of the great choir-books which line the room, had, in some mysterious way, been transferred to its walls.

It is incredible that these frescos are four hundred years old. Surely Pinturicchio came down from his scaffoldings but yesterday. This is how the hardly dried plaster must have looked to pope and cardinals and princes when the boards were removed, and when the very figures on these walls—smart youths in tights and slashes, bright-robed scholars, ecclesiastics caped in ermine, ladies with long braids bound in nets of silk, crowded to see themselves embalmed in *tempera* for curious after-centuries to gaze upon.

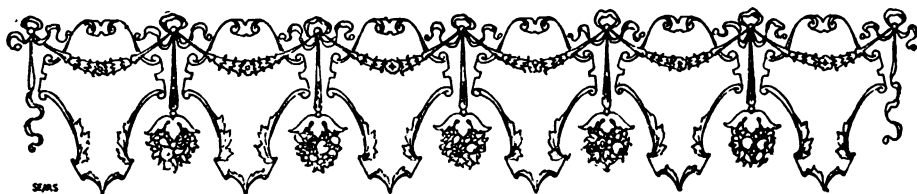
The whole library, too, is interesting as an example of homogeneous decoration; the wainscoting is enriched with the antiphonals, the vaultings shine with the grotesques of John of Udine, at one end of the room are the Piccolomini shields all arow under the red hats, while just above the doorway Quercia has placed his muscular, nude Adam and Eve, whom the angel is very properly ejecting from the presence of all these finely dressed folk, and whom we find again on Fonte Gaia, where they are more at home.

To follow the triumphant progress of the Renaissance which entered Siena so brilliantly with Pinturicchio and Sodoma, would be a pleasant task; to retrace, step after step, their wanderings about the town from their homes in the

Via dei Maestri, over the "Contrada Pictorum" to the churches where they worked, and to the palaces they painted, would be an easy one. For they were ubiquitous folk, and permeated the whole city, from the shrine of its saints to its outer gates. Pleasant, too, it would be to study the works and lives of Siena's youngest sons, Peruzzi and Beccafumi; pleasant to follow reverently in the footsteps of that impassioned daughter of St. Dominick and the people St. Catherine; pleasant, also, but hardly as edifying, to wander with the novelists through the olive-orchards and those groves and gardens which Æneas Sylvius dedicated to Venus.

Pleasantest of all it is to dwell awhile with the memories that crowd these streets and haunt these walls—memories tragic, dramatic, romantic—for the perfervid Ghibelline city was the home of romance, from the days of Dante's minstrel, singing in the Campo for his friend's ransom, to our own times when Alfieri could be seen galloping outside the Camollia gates in a whirlwind of dust. It is, perhaps, this romantic past, perhaps the splendid *élans* of self-sacrifice, the spontaneous acts of generosity in which her history is so rich, the ardent faith in God and man which never deserted her, and the grandeur of her martyrdom that lend Siena an irresistible feminine charm. "*Il y a de la femme dans tout ce que l'on aime.*" Her contradictions are full of fascination, and remind us that if, in her hour of need, the town gave herself to the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Beauty has tarried within her walls as well.

All those who know Siena have felt this subtle coercion, and have opened their hearts to the beautiful city which wrote upon her gate, "*Cor magis tibi Sena pandit.*"



THE GOVERNMENT OF THE GREATER NEW YORK *

By Francis V. Greene

HE uniting into one municipality of a large portion of the population residing around the harbor of New York affords an opportunity for constructive statesmanship which has not been equalled in importance since the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789; and the responsibilities imposed upon the Greater New York Commission—to form a charter for this great city—are but slightly inferior in far-reaching effect to those resting on the delegates to the Convention of 1787. Their task is in some respects more difficult, because more novel. At that time the sovereign States already existed, and they were the best types of self-governing communities, the product of centuries of the Anglo-Saxon struggle for liberty and representative government, deriving their advantages by direct and unbroken descent from Magna Charta. The problem was to form a union of these existing States, with a government of limited powers for common defence and for administering those affairs only which were common to all. All other affairs were left to the States themselves, and to the people, as the source of political power. On the other hand, the problem now is to provide for the government of the modern great city, a creation and growth of barely two generations, comparatively without traditions or antecedents, quite unlike the great cities of antiquity or the Italian and German cities of the Middle Ages; and to the solution of this problem history affords little or no guidance.

In the article which Mr. Gladstone wrote nearly twenty years ago, under the title of "Kin beyond Sea," he com-

pared the British and American Constitutions as follows: "But, as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from the womb and the long gestation of progressive history, so the American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." There is a fine and just discrimination in these carefully chosen words. It might be added that the American States, in their individual capacity, were, quite as much as the British Constitution, the product of the "long gestation of progressive history." But the Federal Constitution was made to order, on short notice, at a specific moment. It has undoubtedly proved more efficient as the basis of a working political system than even Hamilton or Madison ever imagined in their most enthusiastic moments. It dealt with two things: the Federal Government for external affairs and matters of general welfare, and the State government for internal and local affairs, and it adjusted the relations between the two with such extraordinary skill that it has served its purpose for more than a century without important modification, except in one direction, viz., the abolition of slavery. It is the oldest political system in existence to-day, with the single exception of that of China; for since the Constitution was written and adopted every other nation in the world has introduced the most fundamental changes in its form of government and shifted the source of its political power; whereas the Constitution, except in the matter of slavery, has remained unchanged.

But the framers of the Constitution dealt with the facts before them, after the manner of practical constructors; and these facts did not include great cities, which then had no existence in America. The small cities which did exist formed part of the States (as they are now, and must continue to be), and

* It is proper to state that this article was written early in July, prior to the publication of the Draft of the New Charter by the Greater New York Commission.

they were left to the States to deal with. It must be confessed that the States have not dealt wisely with them; their sudden and unexpected growth has been far more rapid than the provisions for their government. The management of our great cities is the one feature of our Government of which we have least reason to be proud; by many people it is regarded as no less than a complete failure, and the improvement of it as the most important political question of the day. If, as is well known, the cities are increasing in population at the rate of seven per cent. a year, while the population of the entire country is increasing at less than three per cent. a year; if their wealth is increasing at a still greater ratio; and if, as is alleged, their government is constantly growing more incompetent and corrupt, then surely there is no subject which requires more careful thought and earnest effort, none which is so big with possibilities of danger or success.

The growth of cities is so phenomenally rapid that a reference to the figures is not out of place. The census authorities have defined a city as having 8,000 or more inhabitants. This is an arbitrary definition, but answers its purpose. The growth of urban population, as thus defined, at intervals of about one generation, is shown in the following table:

Census Years.	Population of U. S.	Urban Population.	Percentage.
1790....	3,929,214	131,472	3.35
1830....	12,866,020	864,509	6.72
1860....	31,443,321	5,072,256	16.13
1890....	62,622,250	18,235,672	29.12

From 1880 to 1890 the growth of the entire population was a little under twenty-five per cent., and of the urban population over sixty-one per cent. At this rate the total population at this date is 72,000,000, and of cities 25,000,000. In other words, more than one-third of the entire population of these United States now live in cities. In some States it is much greater: in Massachusetts, seventy per cent.; in New York, sixty per cent.; in Connecticut, fifty-four per cent.; in New Jersey, fifty-two per cent. In 1790 there were but six "cities"—i.e., having a

population of more than 8,000—in 1890 there were four hundred and forty-eight such cities. In 1840 there were but three cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants; in 1890 there were twenty-eight such cities. In 1870 there was no city having 1,000,000 inhabitants; in 1890 there were three such cities. In 1896 the new New York is estimated to contain 3,200,000 inhabitants, or nearly as many as the thirteen United States when George Washington took the oath of office as first President.

It may be said that the classification of towns of 8,000 and more inhabitants under the name of cities is misleading, because the problems of government in such towns have nothing in common with those in great cities like New York and Chicago. But if we take the ten largest cities of 1890, viz., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, San Francisco, Cincinnati, and Cleveland—each of which had more than 250,000 inhabitants in 1890—the increase in population is quite as remarkable as in the "cities" of the Census classification. These ten great cities had an aggregate population in 1840 of 711,652; in 1890 of 6,660,402. The population of the United States increased in the same period from 17,069,453 to 62,622,250, or about three and a half times, whereas the great cities increased nearly ten times. In 1840 these ten cities contained but four per cent. of the entire population; in 1890 they contained eleven per cent.

This shifting of the population from the country to the towns is accompanied by a profound change in the habits, thought, and mode of life of a large portion of the population. The wits are sharpened and the moral sense is dulled by the excitement and variety of city life. There is a feverish activity arising from the struggle of so many human beings in such keen competition and such close contact with each other. The crowding of the population increases with the value of real estate, and the injury to health and morals increases in the same ratio. The effort to mitigate these evils and to improve the conditions of city life brings forth a series of problems of the utmost

complexity, with which rural residents have nothing to do and to the solution of which they do not contribute. These problems are entirely novel, and while of great importance, they are quite outside of either Federal or State politics, and the experience and traditions of the latter are of little or no value in studying them.

The cause of this migration to cities is found in the marvellous results of applied physical science, which are the chief distinguishing characteristics of the nineteenth century. The partial annihilation of time and space by the application of electricity and steam has made possible vast commercial enterprises, which are all managed from cities, and the wealth which these enterprises have created has brought in its train the encouragement of literature, art, and the refinements of civilization, whose home is naturally at the centres of population and thought. These various causes are not only still in action, but they are increasing in force, and the growth of cities is destined to increase rather than diminish. The difficulties of food-supply, which hindered this growth in the Middle Ages, have all disappeared, and the depopulation of cities from time to time by fire and the plague is no longer possible, in consequence of the improved methods of subduing fires and the advance of sanitary knowledge and science. So that there are now no physical obstacles to check their growth. Whether, therefore, we like it or not, whether it is for good or ill, the rapid increase of great cities is a fact which must be dealt with. It is no more possible to check or retard it than it is possible—even if it were desirable—to restrict universal suffrage or to send the Southern negroes back to Africa. The problem of governing these cities is one which must be faced and solved.

Nor is it in the matter of population alone that the cities derive their importance. In wealth the increase is even greater than in number of inhabitants, and the tendency to concentration in great centres is even more marked.

In the ten chief cities above named the true valuation of property was estimated in the census of 1890 at

\$8,530,253,659, and this is only of visible property, and does not include the stocks and bonds of railroads and factories whose property lies outside of these cities, but whose ownership is with the residents of them. There are no means of accurately estimating the amount of these, but probably it is at least equal to the sum above named. The census gives no valuation of municipal wealth prior to 1880, and hence it is impossible to state how rapidly this has increased in the last forty years. But it is significant to note that the wealth of the ten chief cities above named in 1890 exceeded that of the entire United States in 1850. The receipts and expenditures on the same colossal scale. For the ten cities named they amounted in 1890 to about \$120,000,000, or more than the aggregate receipts for state purposes of the forty-eight States and Territories. The current and ordinary expenditures of New York and Brooklyn in the census year were about \$50,000,000, or as much as the entire Federal revenue at the outbreak of the Civil War.

These statements of figures to show the magnitude and rapid growth of the great cities could be continued almost indefinitely, but it is enough to recall the salient facts in regard to the greater New York, viz., that it has a population nearly equal to that of the original thirteen States at the time the Constitution was adopted, and greater than any one of forty-one of the forty-five States as they exist to-day; its taxable property is assessed at nearly three billions of dollars, and its invisible property is probably as much more, making its total wealth over six billions, or nearly one-twelfth of that of the entire country; its public income of \$50,000,000 a year is five times greater than that for state purposes in the most wealthy State in the Union.

Unfortunately it is not a homogeneous population. Only twenty per cent. of its inhabitants are American by birth and parentage, and of these fully one-third were born outside of the State of New York, so that the New Yorkers of New York descent are barely one in eight of the entire population. The number of those born in foreign coun-

tries is forty-two per cent. of the whole. There are 700,000 persons of German parentage in Greater New York, and nearly as many of Irish; 100,000 of Russian, and as many of Italian, and 300,000 of other foreign parentage. There are more Germans than in any city in Germany except Berlin, more Irish by twice than in any city in Ireland. Large portions of the population cannot speak or read the English language; vast numbers of them never saw the Constitution of the United States or of the State of New York, and have little or no knowledge of our history or form of government.

Such are the conditions existing in this community — a large and dense population (in some spots the most dense on the globe), vast wealth, enormous revenues, and a heterogeneous community representing nearly every nationality on earth. To three-fourths of them the city government is the only government they know or feel; the only one to which they pay direct taxes, the only one which affects their liberty or property except when they come into the civil or criminal courts. The formation of a charter for their government is a problem of novelty and perplexity, in many respects absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world.

In attempting to solve this problem aid can be sought from experience in three different directions, viz., the Federal and State political systems, the government of great cities abroad, and the management of large business corporations. For the city government is not politics alone, nor business alone as some contend. It is politics and business both. It bears on the lives, liberty, and property of the citizen, and at the same time it administers large estates. On the one hand it can call out the police and the armed militia to suppress riot and disorder and inflict death or injury if resistance is made; it can restrain individual liberty in a thousand ways for the general good; and it can restrict the use of property and take a portion of it for taxes. On the other hand, it has a princely income from its docks and other property which it owns in fee, and in its administration of water-works, sewers, bridges, street

improvements, and other public works it is one of the largest business corporations in existence.

City governments in America have usually grown out of the town-meeting system established by the early settlers of New England. As the population became too large for all the citizens to meet in common, their powers were delegated to a council, with a mayor as presiding officer. To this council were committed all the powers of the municipality, including the confirmation of the mayor's appointments, the levying of taxes, making appropriations of money, auditing bills and granting franchises. The settlers in the West carried these principles with them and organized their town governments on this basis; and the development of this system on the largest scale ever attempted may be seen in Chicago to-day. The government of New York has grown upon somewhat different lines. When first settled by the Dutch it received from the West India Company the municipal system which the Dutch had derived from the cities of the Hanseatic League, consisting essentially of a Mayor and Burgomasters, and these officers were at first appointed by the Governor and afterward elected by the votes of the owners of more than a certain amount of property. When the city finally and permanently passed into the hands of the English it received its first definite charter, viz., that granted by Governor Dongan in 1686. It was created a body corporate under the name and style of "The Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York," and this designation it has continuously retained during the intervening two hundred years. The mayor, or chief executive officer, was appointed by the governor, and the recorder or chief judicial officer was similarly appointed. There were six aldermen and six assistants who were elected in their respective wards, and any three of them acting with the mayor and recorder formed the common council. The mayor, recorder, and two or more aldermen, also exercised judicial functions, both civil and criminal. This charter was slightly amended in 1708, and again amended and reaffirmed in

1730 under Governor Montgomerie; and this time it received the King's signature. Except that the power to appoint the mayor and other officers was transferred after the Revolution from the King and the King's Governor to the State Governor, the city was governed by this Montgomerie charter for one hundred years, from 1730 to 1830. In the latter year a new charter was passed by the Legislature. It provided for city courts and terminated the judicial functions of the mayor and aldermen, prohibited the corporation from borrowing money without the consent of the Legislature, authorized the Common Council to organize departments for transacting the city business, and required a separation of city from State elections, the former to be held in April. In 1834 an act was passed taking away from the Governor the power to appoint the mayor, and providing for the election of that officer by the qualified voters of the city. In 1849 another charter was passed. The council was divided into two boards of equal powers and equal numbers, the aldermen to be elected for two years and the assistants for one year; the city departments were named in the charter, and the power to organize or change them was taken away from the council; spring elections were abolished on the ground that they had failed to accomplish what was expected of them, and city elections were directed to be held on the same day as the general elections in November. In 1857 a new charter was passed, the chief features of which were the Metropolitan Police Board under commissioners appointed by the Governor, the election of the comptroller by popular vote, and the re-enactment of separate elections, those of the city to be in December. In 1870 Tweed's charter was passed, by which the comptroller again became an appointive officer, separate elections were abolished, the police were restored to city control, and the Departments of Public Works, Docks, and Parks were organized. In 1873 the charter drafted by the Committee of Seventy was passed, in which the comptroller again became an elected officer, other objectionable features of the Tweed Charter were repealed, the coun-

cilmen were abolished, and the council reduced to one chamber, viz., the Board of Aldermen. In each succeeding year the Charter has been more or less amended, chiefly in the direction of taking away, one by one, all the important powers of the Board of Aldermen. In 1882 a codification of these amendments was made in what is known as the Consolidation Act, and this in turn has been amended at every session of the Legislature, necessitating a new edition of the Consolidation Act from time to time.

From this brief historical statement it will be seen that New York, starting with a charter based on the system of the German cities of the Middle Ages, in which the chief executive officers as well as the legislative council were either appointed by the governor or chosen by a small electorate of property-owners, has gradually been transformed into a government in which the mayor is elected by universal suffrage; the legislative assembly has been reduced to one chamber and shorn of all its important powers, which in turn have been transferred to the State Legislature, in which the city has only a minority representation; and the current business of the city is transacted by a number of independent and unrelated boards and commissions, a few of whose members, like the comptroller and the president of the board of aldermen, are elected, but most of whom are appointed by the mayor—and all of whom are liable to be legislated out of office at any moment by the State Legislature. It is certainly an anomalous system, which finds no counterpart in any other city, either at home or abroad, and which has been built up not on any concerted or definite plan, but in haphazard fashion by changes made from time to time to meet the supposed dangers or necessities of the moment. Not infrequently the reforms of one period have become the abuses of the next—as, for example, in the matter of bipartisan commissions and separate municipal elections.

The chief distinguishing characteristic of the city government as it now exists is the legislative power exercised by various commissions. The board of

street openings exercises enormous power over the property of individuals, and the sinking fund commission equally great power over the property and finances of the city. There is another board which manages the city printing, and still another which directs the deposits of city moneys in banks; a separate board directs the building of armories, and another regulates the lighting of the streets.

All of these boards exercise what are ordinarily considered as legislative functions, and without unity of purpose or control except in so far as they may be guided by the mayor, who is chairman of each of them. The greater part of his time is taken up with their meetings. On the other hand, his executive powers are limited by the fact that he cannot remove his appointees; the head of a department, once appointed, is legally no more bound to heed the advice and suggestions of the mayor than those of any other citizen. There is no courtesy which requires the resignation of a head of department when not in accord with the mayor; on the contrary, their terms of office are not coterminous with his, and they have been frequently appointed by his predecessor of a different party, and in such cases they deem it their duty to hold on to their offices with the utmost tenacity, and to administer them for the express purpose of thwarting the plans of their chief. The mayor, who is in theory the chief executive officer, thus has no executive functions beyond the power of appointment when a vacancy occurs, and his time is chiefly occupied in legislative business. The most important of these legislative commissions over which he presides is the board of estimate and apportionment. This consists of himself, the president of the board of aldermen, the comptroller, the president of the department of taxes, and the corporation counsel. The last two are appointed by the mayor, and their votes added to his make a majority. To this board is committed the raising of taxes, amounting to \$35,000,000 a year, and the appropriation of them to the different departments for carrying on the business of the city. Probably in no

other part of the globe, however autocratic its government, is such power of taxation and appropriation committed to so unrepresentative a body as in this foremost city of the land of liberty, whose Government originated in a protest against taxation without representation. And it is a still more curious anomaly that this system, which was established as one of the results of the overthrow of the Tweed regime and has been in operation for twenty-three years, is the most successful feature of the present form of city government—the only one of which criticism is seldom heard. Though administered by more than a dozen mayors and nearly forty other individuals, it has never given rise to scandal nor to any of those abuses to which under our theory of government it would seem to be peculiarly liable. This board, however, while possessed of such great powers of taxation, has no power to borrow money. This can only be granted by the Legislature, which gives such authority by passing acts introduced frequently without the request and against the opposition of the city authorities.

We thus see that in the city government as it now exists the chief legislative authority is vested in the State Legislature, which is dominated by State and National politics, in which the city as a corporate body has no concern; its minor legislative functions are confided to a number of independent boards; and its executive powers are divided between the mayor, who has the power of appointment, and the various heads of departments, who, once appointed, are responsible to no one.

It is undoubtedly true that a system of government which deals with so large a population and such enormous wealth is not to be lightly disturbed nor changed without good cause. Yet this system is subjected to incessant change with every recurring session of the Legislature, and often for no other cause than the whims or ambitions of political leaders; it is not in accord with the fundamental principles of our State and Federal Government; it does not correspond with the administration of great corporations in commerce and finance; it lacks the unity of design

and the system of responsibility which distinguish the government of the great capitals of Europe. The Greater New York Commission has the opportunity to consider it fundamentally, and to decide whether it shall be continued, the other cities being merged into it with the least possible change; or whether, as in 1787, a new system can be devised, largely discarding precedent, but based upon reason and the existing facts; a system so adapted to these facts and the probable future development from them, that like the Federal Constitution it shall endure for a hundred years with only one important change, and shall be the model and type for the government of hundreds of other cities, containing two generations hence as many people as now live in the entire United States.

In considering this fundamental proposition certain unalterable facts must not be forgotten. The chief of these is that the suffrage cannot be restricted. In view of the heterogeneous nature of the population it is thought by many that a property or educational restriction on the suffrage might be desirable. But so long as human nature remains what it is no people will ever vote to diminish or surrender their political power. Hence such restriction is not to be thought of. Even if it were desirable—which it is not—it is not possible. The suffrage may, or may not, be extended by conferring it upon women, but it will never be peaceably restricted.

The next most important fact is that the city is the creature of the Legislature, and always must remain so. If a system can be devised which provides a government for the city complete in itself and providing for minor changes from time to time by the city itself or by its citizens, then the mischievous intermeddling of the Legislature in details can be prevented, because there will be no occasion or demand for it. But if such a system cannot be devised, then the State will continue to exercise all the chief legislative functions of the city.

The cities of Europe, while they can teach us much in the practical, or, as it might be called, the physical results of

city administration, such as the care of streets and parks, the beautifying of the city, and the encouragement of art and music as features of the city administration, can yet give us but little instruction as to the proper form of city government, because their political conditions are so essentially different from ours.

What is called London, is an aggregation of boroughs which have slowly grown up in close proximity to each other during a period of more than twelve centuries. Until about forty years ago, these boroughs retained absolute independence of each other; they levied their own taxes; paved and lighted their own streets, and regulated their own affairs; the government being lodged in a vestry chosen by the ratepayers of the borough. When cesspools were abolished and the modern system of sewers was introduced, it was manifestly necessary that these sewers should be built under some central authority which extended over all the boroughs, and for this purpose the Metropolitan Board of Works was created to take charge of the drainage and certain other public works of great magnitude and general importance. As the water and gas works are and always have been the property of private corporations, the sewers were the only public works for which a central authority was necessary. About the same time the Metropolitan Board of Police was established, with powers extending over the entire Metropolitan area. It was only about eight years ago that a body was formed under the name of the London County Council which had general and political powers over the entire community. But these were and are still very limited in extent, and there is no central government for the entire city in the sense in which we understand it. A royal commission has lately considered the possibility and advisability of such a central government, but no definite action has been taken looking to its formation. This aggregation of local governments, each managing the affairs of a small community, has many advantages as well as certain defects, but the system is so radically different from that existing in New

York and Brooklyn that its adoption here would be out of the question.

In Paris, the chief authority is lodged in two officials with almost equal powers, one known as the *Préfet* of the Seine, and the other the *Préfet* of Police, both of whom were formerly appointed by the Emperor and are now appointed by the President of the Republic, and both of whom are responsible to the Minister of the Interior. The heads of departments are in turn appointed by the *Préfet* of the Seine, and their subordinates by the heads of departments. The chain of executive authority is thus complete, and the responsibility well defined. On the other hand, the power of taxation and appropriation rests absolutely with a municipal council, consisting of eighty members, each elected from a certain district and holding office for three years. The division between executive and legislative functions is clearly and sharply defined, and in addition there is an admirable provision for subdividing the routine of business and administering purely local affairs. This is effected by dividing the city into twenty sections or *arrondissements*, in each of which there is a mayor with three adjuncts or assistants, and a large force of clerks. The payment of taxes, and the registration of births, deaths, and marriages are made at the mayor's office in each *arrondissement*, and here also are managed the administration of charity, the preparation of voting lists, supervision of polling-places and other affairs affecting only the inhabitants of this *arrondissement*. At each mayor's office are also to be found subordinate officials of the department of Public Works, Police, and Fire, and other city departments who have the administration of the affairs of their department in this particular *arrondissement*. To them complaints and requests can be made, and from them information can be obtained. This decentralization is one of the chief characteristics of the Paris municipal government, and probably the one which more than any other has contributed to its success. With its division and subdivision of authority it corresponds to the method of administration which has prevailed in

military organizations from time immemorial, and which, with certain modifications, has been similarly applied in the management of railways and other large corporations. No such subdivision of authority exists in any American city, and the lack of it is one of the chief defects in American municipal government.

In Germany, the system of municipal government is essentially different from that existing in any other country. It was established in the early part of this century, and it has been but little changed in its general principles. It must certainly have intrinsic merits, for the growth of cities in Germany has been on a par with that in America, and the municipal system has proved entirely adequate to deal with this rapid increase. The government of Berlin consists of the chief burgomaster, or mayor, a body of magistrates, who are experts in the science of city affairs, and a council. The members of the latter are residents of Berlin, but the mayor and magistrates may come from any part of Germany. They are treated as a part of the civil service of the state, hold their offices practically for life, and are transferred and promoted from one city to another in recognition of their abilities and their success as administrators. The council has the power of taxation and appropriation. Its members are elected for six years, one-third retiring at the end of every two years, but re-election is the rule and not the exception. The councillors are elected by voters under a property qualification, and the voters are divided into three classes, each of which elects an equal number of councillors; the first class comprises a comparatively small number of large taxpayers; the second class a larger number of average taxpayers, and the third a still larger number of small taxpayers. The total number of voters is stated to be between eighty and ninety per cent. of the adult male population. The police is a branch of the state government, and its expenses are paid by Prussia and not by Berlin. The council is the seat of all political power, and can legislate in reference to all city affairs. The magistrates are the heads

of departments and form a sort of cabinet for the mayor. The line of demarcation between the executive and legislative function is as sharply and clearly defined as in Paris.

In framing a permanent charter for the chief city in America—the second city in the world in size and wealth, and in fact the first and largest city in the world under a central government—and possibly at the same time inaugurating a new municipal system for all American cities—it is essential that the plan should conform to the American political system, political habits, and political thought. It must rest on universal suffrage, and at the same time it must afford protection to property, without which civilized government cannot exist. One of the fundamental principles of American politics is that taxation and representation shall go hand in hand, and it is difficult to see why this principle should not be applied to city government as well as to State and Federal government. We also find that it exists in the great European cities, in every one of which the taxes are levied by a representative legislative body, chosen by qualified electors. While the board of estimate and apportionment in New York has apparently been successful for many years, yet unless all our political ideas are wrong, it will not prove permanently successful. We also find that in our State and Federal governments, and equally in the Continental cities of Europe, the line of demarcation between executive and legislative functions is sharply and clearly defined. In New York City this is not the case. Legislative powers are exercised by executive boards. There is no local legislature, and the city is governed by the representatives from other parts of the State, who have no interest in its affairs and no knowledge of its needs. All experience would seem to prove that there can be no permanent and successful city government unless it is based upon a legislative body of ample powers, chosen by its own electors for the sole purpose of legislating upon its own affairs. It is also essential that this body should be composed of men of high character and ability, and if the Charter Commission

is to improve upon the existing system, it must find a method to attract such men to the city's service, and give them large powers.

The purpose of this article is to state some of the fundamental conditions of the problem of modern city government rather than to attempt to formulate a solution of it for New York. Certain suggestions, however, may not be out of place for consideration in the wide discussion which will take place, and which it is desirable should take place, before a new charter is adopted. The city government should maintain a clear distinction between executive authority and legislative powers. The chief executive officer should be a mayor elected by universal suffrage for a term of not less than four years, and having absolute power of appointment and removal of heads of departments. The various departments should be administered without exception each by a single head, appointed by the mayor, having the same term of office as himself, and responsible solely to him. The legislative power should be vested in an assembly of two houses; the upper house to consist of not exceeding twenty-one members, elected on a general ticket for a term of six years, one-third of them going out of office at the end of every two years. They should receive large salaries, or, preferably, should be paid a fee, say \$50 for every day's service in the house or in committee. They should give the greater part, if not all, of their time to the city's service, and have powers corresponding to those of the directors or trustees in a private corporation. The lower house should be more numerous, consisting of sixty or more members, elected annually, on a district or ward ticket, and each should be a resident of the district or ward which he represents. They should receive small salaries. All legislative power extending to every detail of the city's affairs should be vested in this municipal assembly. It should have power to levy taxes, make appropriations, borrow money—not exceeding the constitutional limit—on the credit of the corporation, with the approval of the qualified voters at a general or special election, and in every

way legislate upon the affairs of the city without interference from Albany. The present legislative boards and commissions should be abolished and their powers transferred to this legislative assembly. The powers of the two houses should not be equal, and on all matters affecting franchises, taxes, appropriations, and loans the decision of the upper house by a two-thirds vote should be final as against the vote of the lower house on the one hand or the mayor's veto on the other. In addition provision should be made, on lines similar to those in Paris, for the subdivision of the city into sections, districts, or wards, not more than ten in number, and designated by names rather than numbers. In each of these there should be a municipal office building, containing a representative of each of the city departments, charged with the administration of the affairs of that department within the boundaries of his district or ward. The police and fire departments are already organized on this basis, and the street cleaning department is being similarly organized. But nothing of this sort has been attempted in the department of taxes, assessments, public works, health, and parks. Citizens having business with these departments have to travel miles to reach the central office of the department, only to find the chief of the department overburdened with a mass of details which no one man can properly attend to, and quite ignorant of the condition or needs of the district in which he resides. As an instance of the waste and inefficiency arising from such extreme centralization, it may be stated that until the adoption of the present organization of the street cleaning department all its horses, machines, and carts were kept in one central stable, distant several miles from certain sections of the city which had to be cleaned every day. A large part of the time of the men and animals was consumed in travelling back and forth each day from the stable to the place of work. There is even now a waste of time and effort of the same kind, although smaller in amount, in connection with the public works and tax and other departments which have no sub-offices. It is

impossible to transact with efficiency and economy any large business extending over a large territory unless the business is subdivided, with a local agent in charge of each locality.

The position of mayor of the consolidated city is and must be, under any system which may be adopted, one of great power and influence, much greater than that of the governors of any but a few of the States, of a cabinet minister, or a senator or representative in the Federal Congress. The position will be, in fact, second in responsibility and importance only to that of the President of the United States. It should receive a corresponding compensation, and should be surrounded with every possible dignity. Similarly, a position in the upper house of a legislative body, having full control of city affairs, will far exceed in importance that of a director in any commercial enterprise. While it cannot bring the same pecuniary reward, yet what it lacks in this respect it can make up in public estimation and reputation if once a system can be established which will attract first-class men to these positions.

The positions in the executive departments should constitute a life service, the subordinate officers being appointed by the head of the department, and holding their offices during good behavior. But in order to give the head of a department proper control over his subordinates, the power of removal should not, as now, be subject to the technicalities of proving a case in court. It would seem to be not impossible to devise a system under which the head of the department should have the right to remove any of his subordinates by filing written charges with the mayor, and at the same time the rights of the subordinate be protected without giving him the power to inflict upon the city the expense of a long trial and the possible escape of the culprit on mere technicalities.

A system of municipal government based on the principles above indicated—in outline only and all too crudely—would concentrate the powers of government in a representative body where the responsibility would be clearly defined. If this body were composed of bad men,

the government would be bad ; but this is true of every system which can be devised. The saying is often quoted, but it is none the less true, that water will not rise above its source ; and if the moral tone of a community is bad, its government will inevitably be bad, no matter what the system. On the other hand, if the moral tone is good, it must be provided with a system through which it can act and become effective, and it is the business of statesmen and politicians to devise such systems. It is undoubtedly true that the ablest and best men in New York have not been willing to give their time and services to the city. Men of commanding ability will submit to the petty drudgery of business, and the sordid methods which are only too common in it, because success brings wealth, and with it power, ease, and comfort. Similar men will devote their whole energies to national politics, renouncing all hope of wealth, because success there brings

fame and power of another kind. But the city governments of America as hitherto administered have offered no attraction to men of first-class ability. They yield neither wealth nor fame, and those who have engaged in city politics have done so either to use their success in it as a stepping-stone in State and national politics, or else have gone into it temporarily as reformers, sacrificing their time and means—only too often without success—in the effort to meet and overcome some pressing necessity or some scandal of more than usual magnitude. To administer the affairs of such a community as the Greater New York a system should be devised which will attract men of the highest ability and character, who will be willing to devote their life service to it, and who will find in it adequate rewards, such as are offered on the one hand by national politics and on the other by corporate management in private business.

THE BRONZES OF EPIRUS

By Edith M. Thomas

WHEREFORE, Athena, with the brows severe,
Wherefore forever lackest thou the spear?
O sacred Zeus, thy sceptre—vanished where,
And, Delphic One, thy bow high-poised in air?

With scornful lip the Bronzes seemed to speak :
“And ask ye this, of us? Those soldiers seek
(If ye in dust may find their base-knit clay),
Who our eternal symbols bore away.
Go, ask the Roman hireling why we stand
Devoid of gifts and of the giving hand!

“What deity could yield, their sordid grasp
Did for, a little lifetime vilely clasp ;
But us they left, in mouldering earth forgot
Until an age that knows and worships not
Hath reared us up, and bade its world behold
What dreams of beauty brake the sleep of them of old!

“See that ye do not thus, yourselves, to-day—
Ignore the God, while ye his gifts purvey.”

NOTE.—The symbols which these statues bore in their hands, were of silver, and were therefore a temptation to the soldiers, who made prize of them, often striking away the hand, with its symbol.

THE SCULPTURE OF OLIN WARNER

By W. C. Brownell

I REMEMBER vividly the first piece of Warner's sculpture I ever saw. It was the bust of a lady shown at the opening of Cottier & Co.'s rooms in Fifth Avenue, seventeen or eighteen years ago. "Just pass your hand over that back," said Mr. Cottier to me. "Did ye ever feel such modelling?" Certainly I never had. Cottier, who "understood himself" remarkably in such matters, had indicated in his quaint way Warner's most obvious distinction. So far as technical expression is concerned, and in comparison with other sculptors—with all other American sculptors—the chief idiosyncrasy of his endowment is his modelling, pure and simple. In the degree in which he possesses it, this faculty is a gift of the gods; it is certainly not to be acquired, and most practitioners of his art must be content to do without it. It is this that gives the sense of elasticity and variety to his simplest planes and largest masses. A cheek, a chin, a forehead, a coat, a chair has each its quality, its texture, sensible to the touch as well as to the eye. And how agreeably! There is a sensation of satisfaction and placid

delight in following with the hand the modulations of such sensitive modelling and feeling one's self thus intimately in the realm of the sculptor instead of that of the cameo-cutter or die-sinker—not to say the cane-carver.

And this tactile subtlety is accompanied in Warner by an instinct for the monumental of unfailing sureness. The general treatment certifies the modelling as truly sculptural instead of merely plastic. The sculptural potentialities in a baby's head and shoulders, a woman's tremulous lips, a young girl's fluffy hair are not frittered away into triviality but delicately informed with the dignity that, in quality at least, if not in proportion, is fitly to be called monumental. Thus a "clock-top" by Warner would, in its own degree, wear this stamp as plainly as a work of more importance; just as one of Barye's smaller bronzes demonstrates that a piece of sculpture to be monumental need not be majestic also.

This it is to be a born sculptor; to have a talent for sensitive modelling combined with an instinct for the monumental, and to have them in such meas-

ure as makes it clear that one was not born to the exercise of general artistic aptitudes on the one hand, or for the business (say) of selling thread and needles on the other. Sculpture is a particularly individual art, and to pursue it with any lasting distinction (as to observe it with any special intelligence) one must be sensitive to the conditions and characteristics that set it off sharply from other plastic expressions. Warner's sculpture is not pictorial, it is not picturesque, it is only indirectly and derivatively decorative. It is form rather than line, and substance as well as form, and has weight as well as substance. It is, in a word, eminently sculptural, and conforms to what are in a sense limitations, at the same time that it works within them so freely as to demonstrate that they are opportunities as well.

His temperament, however, is as interesting as his title is clear. There is practically a marked difference between the artistic temperament instinctively drawn to the representation of beauty and that instinctively drawn to the expression of character. Warner's is eminently the former. He is, in virtue of this fact, not quite in sympathy with the art most in vogue, perhaps, at the present day. But he is in line with the true tradition, and one may safely say that unless some modification is made in the present practice of considering everything that is to be beautiful because of the fact that it is, because it has points, features, elements of interest, the art of to-morrow will be very different, and increasingly different, from the art which in the main has hitherto charmed the world. It is a perfectly defensible theory that if the character of any subject is thoroughly seized and capably expressed the result will possess as much derivative charm and beauty as are secured in any work of art where these qualities are uppermost in the artist's mind and are sought immediately and directly. But the charm and beauty are not secured merely by losing all thought of, and feeling for, them, and concentrating the faculties upon what is understood as character, unless the character itself is felt and considered as beautiful and charm-

ing. The artist who is in love with character will create something charming because he feels the charm of char-

acter. If he reproduces it simply as character he will infallibly lose charm.

Warner's temperamental distinction is that he discovers beauty in character. His work shows that it is character that interests him rather than any abstraction or convention of beauty, as beauty is understood by the traditional artist who merely loses character in invertebrate insipidity. But it interests

him in virtue of its potentialities of beauty. What pleases him most intimately is to release the charm and

ject, or remarked less their relations, his production often seems caricature, because to such an observer he seems, even in being wholly truthful and rigorously representative, to insist upon traits characteristic indeed but unfamiliar. Even when he carries his representation to the degree of ideality, and illustrates Taine's suggestive definition of a work of art, the representation, namely, of a character more perfectly than it is found in nature, he still may not speak the universal language as the indisputable masters of art speak it. Rodin, to my mind, does, with equal power and charm; and if anyone does not see that he does, it is, I think, because of defective powers of appreciation. Manet, on the other hand, admirable as he is, does not, as a rule—inadvertently beautiful as many of his canvases are. The difference between the two is hardly characterizable, but it certainly resides in their respective temperaments, whereby one is concentrated upon what is characteristic in his subject—upon those elements that constitute it, that make it what it is—and the other upon the more or less abstract qualities of power and charm that these elements contain.

The latter temperament, of course, is shared by widely different artistic minds, an admission one must immediately make after associating Warner with so masterful a spirit as Rodin, who is, I fancy, often antipathetic to the American sculptor. But the poet of it sets off the possession it in commensurate very marked degree the pure "character." To discuss which is worthier, the more able, would be time unprofitably spent. Who shall say that prose is not as admirable as poetry—especially when the concrete expres-

grace, the sweetness and nobility lying imprisoned within an exterior that has mere aspect and physiognomy. The "characterist"—to adopt M. Raffaelli's useful barbarism—neglects this, or tends to neglect it. Consequently he is always in peril, and frequently on the verge, of caricature. To one less observant than himself, one who has noted fewer traits in his sub-

ings of a mind whose spiritual side is uppermost. To find something sweet and pleasant in phenomena that strike most men merely on account of their relief, is to betray an agreeably sympathetic personality. In such hands, even what would otherwise appear in artistic translation as ugliness or awkwardness becomes spiritualized. It is shorn of its weaknesses and other accidental aspects and qualities, and stands out in its winning and attractive essence: everyone will recall the moving beauty of the so-called "Æsop" of the Villa Albani. It is a commonplace that in everything we find what we look for. And one may almost go so far as to say that in successfully poetic art, such as Warner's, the measure of our pleasure is the quality of the artist rather than of the subject. At least it is the quality which the artist's personality has known how to elicit and elucidate, whatever and however forbidding the superficial aspects of the subject.

I am thinking chiefly perhaps of Warner's portraits, and it is in portraiture—where character claims consideration imperatively—that Warner has been especially eminent. It cannot be said that he is more at home there than in purely imaginative work. But circumstances have in considerable measure concentrated his attention upon the portrait bust and medallion. Where in

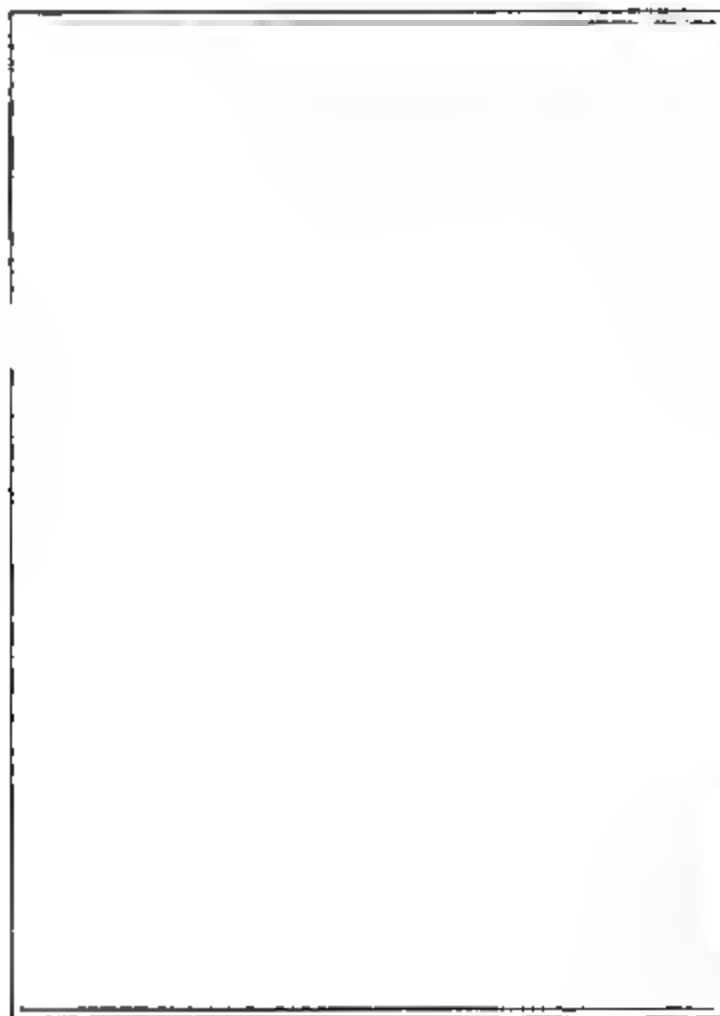
sion that one is mainly called upon to consider is more apt to be good when it is prose than when it is poetry? And the superiority of good prose over bad poetry is immense. I am only concerned to point out that Warner's art is poetic in its quality and illustrates the artist's disposition to find what is beautiful, graceful, rhythmic, and agreeable in the character that he represents, just as another's may be in quite as distinguished degree to realize and vivify character in itself.

Nevertheless, when one considers the art of the present day and notes its traits and tendencies, and how these are become the head of the corner, it is particularly interesting, I think, to observe the production of an artist who runs counter to the prevailing practice enough to illustrate the poetic point of view. In the case of most men who do this, certainly in Warner's case, one has the advantage of observing the work-

America is the market for purely imaginative sculpture? In mere number the array of busts and medallions that Warner has modelled is imposing. It mounts into the hundreds, and is of astonishing variety. And in quality and mass, taken together, I know of no one sculptor's work that compares with it since David d'Angers's. The catalogue of it is too long to repeat, and contains too many notable works even to make a selection from. What impressiveness there is in such busts as the Flower, and Blair, and Mozart, what picturesqueness in those of Weir and Cottier, what charm in the heads of Miss Morgan and a score of women's and children's among the many he has modelled! No trait is too rude in the original to elude sympathy in the rendering, too gross for the dignity, too insipid for the force, too fleeting for the acuteness of the art that apprehends and expresses it. The ease uncouthness takes on, the vitality that infuses the commonplace under Warner's sensitive handling are eloquent witness of his faculty for generalizing character into beauty and transmuting nature into art. His busts may stand beside Houdon's, and if his medallions show less crispness and decision of edge and line, and less variety of presentation than David's, it is because of a temperamental preference for character in its softer manifestations; they

are never unsculptural, either as the cameo with its emphasis of outline and neglect of modelling, or as the low relief that sacrifices sculpture to pictorial effect.

Warner has made three portrait statues: of Buckingham, the war-governor of Connecticut, of Garrison, and of General Devens. The first two are seated figures, that of General Devens standing. Each is as markedly characteristic of the sculptor as his imaginative work—simply and nobly conceived, truly expressive of the personality embodied, directly and sympathetically treated, worked out from the centre, and independent of the distracting accessories in which mere cultivated taste so often seeks escape from the difficulties of larger design. They were modelled in the order given, and each of the two latter is maturer than its predecessor—the Garrison more complicated than the Buckingham, but



Portrait of the Artist's Father.

Portrait of Daniel Cottier.

carrying easily its greater elaboration, and the Devens more effective, perhaps more statuesque and imposing, than either. It is, indeed, an ideal figure of the citizen-soldier—the soldier who is also a lawyer, and whose martial bearing is noticeably modified by the individual character underlying the type transitorily illustrated. It stands beautifully poised between repose and alertness, full of the suggestions of arrested movement, quite without pose and yet full of force, the whole attitude expressive of the ease of characteristic habit. The face in each of these statues is as noteworthy as the physique—particularly, owing to the greater opportunity afforded in the subject, in the Garrison. Had Warner made merely a bust of Garrison he would not have modelled it otherwise, with more completeness, with more searching scrutiny, with more sense of the subject's mental and moral traits. But more remarkable than this is his success in deducing this sense, so to speak, in the physique, so that, headless, these statues would still be personal as well as sculpturally admirable.

That, I think, is their chief, their special quality—their personal effect. What is personal in the subject is what Warner feels, and he feels it so personally. His portraits thus have a dual idiosyncrasy. They are eminently and essentially of some particular person, and they have the seal of an extremely characteristic set of perceptions and faculties that together constitute the sculptor's talent. And this is as true of Warner's work in general. However imaginative the subject, it possesses him in virtue of its intrinsic qualities, and not solely as an excuse for illustrating his own, which, however, in executing these naturally and legitimately are, in their turn, delightfully illustrated themselves.

But beauty is of various orders as well as of myriad aspects, and to say that Warner is its devotee does not characterize him very positively, however it may distinguish his work from much, perhaps the mass, of contemporary sculpture. More definitely, it may be said that his personal conception of beauty is not a sensuous but a spiritualized one. Thus he chooses Diana rather

Portrait of Henry Wolcott.

than Venus for an ideal figure, and thus his Diana is sweet and soft and pure rather than coldly alert and consciously chaste. In this instance indeed he has refined in treatment upon his already refined conception almost to the point where characterization loses its definiteness in delicacy. The charm is there; it permeates the figure—its pose, its movement, its construction, its modelling. But would it lose anything of its quality if it were a shade more accentuated, if it radiated from a more complex and further differentiated substance, if the physical basis that exhales it were expressed in more detail, and the various parts of the graceful figure were constructed as caressingly as they are composed? In this instance I should have liked the sculptor to "bear on" a little harder in the matter of articulations and attachments. Then its beautiful and spiritual imaginativeness, its natural and agreeable composition, its just and sensitive modelling, the structure of the back, the soft droop of the muscles around

Portrait of Mrs. Clarence Cook.

the shoulders and upper arms, the yielding elasticity of the flesh would be even more evident than they are. Less than anyone does Warner need to cultivate restraint, and if here he had pursued his ideal of beauty and refinement a little more indirectly he would, I think, have attained it just as securely, and it would have gained in force by association with what is not necessarily brutal for being thoroughly substantial.

The "Diana" is in some respects an advance upon the two ideal figures modelled by Warner some years ago—his "Dancing Nymph" and the female figure called "Night." It is done with more zest, apparently with a more certain touch, it is more subtly modelled, it is a larger thing, and, above all, solves a more difficult problem. But the earlier statuettes have great freshness and spontaneity. The "Night" has a charming pose, and the way in which its somewhat complicated drapery, a cloak used also as a hood, is simplified in illustration of the idea of gathered shades and

noiseless nocturnal obscurity is very successful—I was about to say clever, but the word is a jar in description of Warner's art. The "Dancing Nymph" is without drapery, and delightfully modelled. She is poised on the right foot, the left raised and advanced in the first step of her dance. The arms are bent at the elbow and the hands clasped with the palms outward, a delightful movement, in delicate harmony with the action of the whole figure, and as original as it is happy. The suavity of the silhouette, from whatever point of view, given character by the complexity of the varied disposition of the arms, legs, and torso, the beauty of the torso, and the nice poise of the movement just be-

tween action and repose, combine to create a very winning effect. To these figures should be added a rather high relief of "Venus and Cupid," modelled with great vigor as well as grace, thoroughly sculptural in its neglect of the prudent avoidances of low relief and in spirit sympathetically reminiscent of the antique—as are also the "Diana," the "Night," and the "Dancing Nymph."

The Union Square Fountain, on the other hand, is an excursion into the realm of the Renaissance, where, I think, Warner is less at home. At least his talent, his temperament, even his conscious aims, are much more nearly in harmony with the Greek æsthetic spirit than with the Renaissance. It is the

Renaissance spirit that is uppermost in contemporary sculpture to-day, as everyone knows ; certainly in French sculpture, which is substantially the same thing. It is the spirit that inclines to the construction of art rather than the interpretation of nature. Such exceptions as Rodin, and, at his best, Dalou, both in their attitude toward and rendering of nature, illustrate the Greek rather than the Renaissance inspiration, as in his own day Donatello, and Donatello almost alone, did so specifically as well as so powerfully. But in these instances, with their modern intensity and complexity, it is mainly the antique point of view and the antique absorption in nature as opposed to construct-

ed art—such as Michael Angelo's—that one notes. Warner suggests rather such an exception as Chapu, in whose work the subject is conceived and treated with the antique singleness and simplicity, its qualities dealt with rather than the multiform manifestations of these in their various characteristics, and in a direct way expressing their essence rather than elaborately exhibiting their phenomena.

Such a temperament is so unusual since the Renaissance that we are apt to think of it as indicating restraint ; but the fact is that service of its ideal is, on the contrary, perfect freedom. And so far from witnessing restricted sympathies, or a narrow interest, as we

Renaissance and its inspiration that we owe the great æsthetic force of the modern world—taste; taste, that is to say, as an active, militant, controlling force, and not as a mere element of artistic production. The absurdities of Pre-Raphaelism, and of later and current schisms from the true tradition, are there to warn us. Especially in America, one may take leave to say, nothing is more needed as nothing is more lacking, and the esoteric dilettanteism which is one result of our artists' present apotheosis and emulation of French art is a small price to pay for the salutary cultivation it has measurably secured. But speaking absolutely, taste is more salutary still as a servant than as a master, and it is hardly contestable that since the great revival of art and letters its despotism has in some degree tended to obscure the immense, the lovely, and the lofty potencies locked in the bosom of that nature to which art is merely a handmaid, and to rivet attention upon the way in which the material of art has been taken and treated by the established artistic hierarchy.

It is Warner's impatience with, or rather his instinctive and temperamental disregard of, the claims of mere taste that, to my notion, prevents him from expressing himself as freely and fully in his Union Square fountain as elsewhere. The Union Square fountain is a fine thing, and it is also indisputably Warner's own. The little boys with garlands are beautifully blithe and gay, and charmingly free in movement. The dolphins are delightfully decorative. But I fancy his mouldings and flutings and volutes, his base and pilasters, and his architectural factor in general, gave him more or less trouble. All this constructive treatment is educated and harmonious, and nicely subordinated; but anyone who appreciates his true genius may excusably feel that *il s'est bien tiré d'affaire* and stop there. It has franker and more monumental qualities than a sculptor purely a devotee of taste could produce. But compare it with his caryatides of the Portland fountain. These figures, and Warner's doors for the new Congressional Library, represent, I think, the

Statue of GENERAL DEVENS (bronze), Boston, Mass.

are prone to think, its singleness and simplicity really attest so absolute a concentration upon any artistic theme as to involve of necessity carelessness of its artistic associations. Its associations, on the other hand, are often the chief preoccupation of Renaissance sculpture and the sculpture inspired by Renaissance sculpture; one may say, indeed, that in the hands of many sculptors thus inspired the associations of a theme become its accessories in which the theme itself is dissipated and disappears.

Never let us forget that it is to the

high mark of American imaginative sculpture. They are the work of an artist thoroughly penetrated with the sense of beauty, and of beauty in its final analysis, independent of association and serenely self-explaining. Doubtless to-day the sculptor would vary the treatment here and there. The drapery might possibly tease him less. Perhaps he himself, in speaking of them, would lament the absence of wholly satisfactory models in this country. Indeed the superiority in some respects, chiefly external, of the

later modelled of the two shows a development of the sense of mastery, and so implies that this might be carried still farther. On the other hand, it is possible to prefer the earlier for certain untechnical qualities. The sincere and spontaneous spirit in which the two are composed and modelled, the sense they attest of perfect satisfaction with the æsthetic opportunities afforded by so simple and so hackneyed a subject as a caryatid, the serene acquiescence, in the absence of accessories, on which the Renaissance-inspired sculpture leans so

VENUS AND CUPID (marble).

heavily, are at the bottom of the elastic impression, vibrating between elevation and winningness, that they make on the beholder. Such, certainly, was the kind of inspiration of the virgins that sustain the Erechtheum porch, however far removed in æsthetic accomplishment these may be from any modern achievement. It is the business of criticism to characterize rather than to measure, and to that end this association is not misleading. And the fact that Warner's figures look calmly down upon buggies and buck-boards, and shirt-sleeves and slouch hats in Oregon, instead of decorating the Central Park is grotesquely "significant of much."

He has been more fortunate in his latest work, thanks to the enlightened direction of the new Congressional Library. One of the doors assigned him is already substantially finished, and is an elevated composition treated with per-

fect originality. The Muse of Tradition presides in the centre of the tympanum (relieved by a background of mountains and clouds that conveys admirably a sense of prehistoric vastness and solitude, so to say), and repeats, with a charming gesture, unwritten history to a child at her knee, while seated on a lower plane, on either hand, two seated figures of primitive civilization representing the Indian, the primitive man, the nomad, and the Norseman, listen in silence. The group is composed from the centre and illustrates its idea explicitly and naturally. The central figure is very noble, the child thoroughly winning, and the lines and masses of the foreground figures repeat and relieve each other with felicitous harmony. The two panels of the door beneath contain figures of Memory and Imagination, modelled with all the sculptor's sensitiveness and incarnating the ideas they

impersonate with the directness and simplicity habitual with him. If the companion portal, representing Written History, is as successful, the two will furnish a sculptural illustration of *Wahrheit und Dichtung* worthy of any modern building.

In associating Warner's with the antique temperament, moreover, it is not the equipoise of his talent, its foreignness to the factitious, its independence of the criteria of the gospel of pure taste that I have altogether in mind. It is also that side of it which is betrayed by his fondness for man and nature in their least differentiated aspects—which is perhaps another way of saying that he is drawn toward the elemental and is impatient of the sophisticated. The difference between Athens and Alexandria is greater than we are apt to remember. In our environment one can easily fancy the sculptor of the fifth century B.C. taking the same interest in the red man, for example—not to speak of Rocky Mountain trout-fishing—that Warner does; as well as feeling the same lack of interest in the academic æsthetic formula, or the art canons of an unpoetic civilization. He would at all events thoroughly appreciate the freedom and zest displayed in the vigorous medallions of Joseph, Yatineahwitz,

Lot, Moses, and the rest of Warner's Indian gallery, which constitute an absolutely original contribution to modern art.

And yet, admirable and admirably artistic as these aboriginal portraits are, and genuine as is the sculptor's enthusiasm for the primitive and untortured man and the unarranged, undeveloped, and radical in nature, I confess it seems to me he is at his best in dealing with more highly differentiated material. No one can escape the influences of time and place that modify every temperament, and in saying that Warner's talent is antique rather than Renaissance in its inspiration, I do not at all mean that the now classic modern material, which is very different from the antique material, is not handled by him with native sympathy and notable success. On the contrary, if he would only model a figure from his little sketch of a Chioggia girl with her distaff, standing and spinning, her draperies blown by the wind into graceful lines and masses, he would perhaps express himself more completely than he has yet done in the field of the imagination. That is to say, we should then have a thoroughly modern theme treated in the antique spirit, a combination that, I assure him, is worth trying.

NOTE.—This article was in course of printing, when Mr. Warner's untimely death occurred on August 14th.

AND BEHIND THE TEACUPS. MARGERY
IN HER OLD BLUE MUSLIN GOWN

Drawn by William Hatherill

He ran them down within a mile of Tilledrum.—Page 445.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THERE IS SOME ONE TO LOVE GRIZEL AT
LAST

CORP was sitting on the Monypenny dyke, spitting on a candlestick and then rubbing it briskly against his orange-colored trousers. The doctor passing in his gig, both of them streaked, till they blended, with bits of Look-about-you road (through which you should drive winking rapidly all the way), saw him and drew up.

"Well, how is Grizel?" he asked. He had avoided Double Dykes since the funeral, but vain had been his attempts to turn its little inmate out of his mind; there she was, against his will, and there, he now admitted to himself angrily or with a rueful sigh, she seemed likely to remain until someone gave her a home. It was an almost ludicrous distrust of himself that kept him away from her; even then his admiration for the girl championed her; and he feared that if he went to Double Dykes her lonely face would complete his conquest. For oh, he was loath to be got the better of, as he expressed it to himself. Maggy Ann, his maid, was the ideal woman for a bachelor's house. When she saw him coming she fled, guiltily concealing the hated duster; when he roared at her for announcing that dinner was ready, she left him to eat it half cold; when he spilled matches on the floor and then stepped upon them and set the rug on fire, she let him tell her that she should be more careful; she did not carry off his favorite boots to the cobbler because they were down at heel; she did not fling up her arms in horror and cry that she

had brushed that coat just five minutes ago; nor did she count the treasured "dottels" on the mantelpiece to discover how many pipes he had smoked since morning; nor point out that he had stepped over the door-mat; nor line her shelves with the new *Mentor*; nor give him up his foot for sitting half the night with patients who could not pay—in short, he knew the ways of the limmers, and Maggy Ann was a jewel. But it had taken him a dozen years to bring her to this perfection, and well he knew that the curse of Eve, as he called the rage for the duster, slumbered in her rather than was extinguished. With the volcanic Grizel in the house to egg her on, Maggy Ann would once more burst into flame, and the horrified doctor looked to right of him, to left of him, before him and behind him, and everywhere he seemed to see two new brooms bearing down. No, the brat, he would not have her, the besom, why did she bother him, the witches take her, for putting the idea into his head, nailing it into his head indeed. But nevertheless he was for ever urging other people to adopt her, assuring them that they would find her a treasure, and even shaking his staff at them when they refused; and he was so uneasy if he did not hear of her several times a day that he made Monypenny the way to and from everywhere, so that he might drop into artful talk with those likely to have seen her last. Corp, accordingly, was not surprised at his "How is Grizel?" now, and he answered, between two spits, "She's fine; she gae me this."

It was one of the Painted Lady's silver candlesticks, and the doctor asked sharply why Grizel had given it to him.

"She said because she liked me,"

Corp replied, wonderingly. "She brought it to my auntie's door soon after I loused, and put it into my hand; ay, and she had a blue shawl, and she telled me to gie it to Gavinia, because she liked her too."

"What else did she say?"

Corp tried to think. "I said, 'This cows, Grizel, but thank you kindly,' " he answered, much pleased with his effort of memory, but the doctor interrupted him rudely. "Nobody wants to hear what you said, you dottrel; what more did she say?" And thus encouraged Corp remembered that she had said she hoped he would not forget her. "What for should I forget her when I see her ilka day?" he asked, and was probably about to divulge that this was his reply to her, but without waiting for more, McQueen turned his beast's head and drove to the entrance to the double dykes. Here he alighted and hastened up the path on foot, but before he reached the house he met Dite Deuchars taking his ease beneath a tree, and Dite could tell him that Grizel was not at home. "But there's somebody in Double Dykes," he said, "though I kenna wha could be there unless it's the ghost of the Painted Lady hersel'. About an hour syne I saw Grizel come out o' the house, carrying a bundle, but she hadna gone many yards when she turned round and waved her hand to the east window. I couldna see wha was at it, but there maun hae been somebody, for first the crittur waved to the window and next she kissed her hand to it, and syne she gaed on a bit, and syne she ran back close to the window and nodded and flung mair kisses, and back and forrit she gaed a curran times as if she could hardly tear hersel' awa'. 'Wha's that you're so chief wi'?' I speired when she came by me at last, but she just said, 'I won't tell you,' in her dour wy, and she hasna come back yet."

Whom could she have been saying good-by to so demonstratively, and whither had she gone? With a curiosity that for the moment took the place of his uneasiness, McQueen proceeded to the house, the door of which was shut but not locked. Two glances convinced him that there was no one here, the kitchen was as he had seen it last, except

that the long mirror had been placed on a chair close to the east window. The doctor went to the outside of the window, and looked in, he could see nothing but his own reflection in the mirror, and was completely puzzled. But it was no time, he felt, for standing there scratching his head, when there was reason to fear that the girl had gone. Gone where? He saw his selfishness now, in a glaring light, and it fled out of him pursued by curses.

He stopped at Aaron's door and called for Tommy, but Tommy had left the house an hour ago. "Gone with her, the sacket; he very likely put her up to this," the doctor muttered, and the surmise seemed justified when he heard that Grizel and Tommy had been seen passing the Feus. That they were running away had never struck those who saw them, and McQueen said nothing of his suspicions, but off he went in his gig on their track and ran them down within a mile of Tilliedrum. Grizel scurried on, thinking it was undoubtedly her father, but within a few minutes the three were conversing almost amicably, the doctor's first words had been so "sweet."

Tommy explained that they were out for a walk, but Grizel could not lie, and in a few passionate sentences she told McQueen the truth. He had guessed the greater part of it, and while she spoke he looked so sorry for her, such a sweet change had come over his manner, that she held his hand.

"But you must go no farther," he told her, "I am to take you back with me," and that alarmed her. "I won't go back," she said, determinedly, "he might come."

"There's little fear of his coming," McQueen assured her, gently, "but if he does come I give you my solemn word that I won't let him take you away unless you want to go."

Even then she only wavered, but he got her altogether with this: "And should he come, just think what a piece of your mind you could give him, with me standing by holding your hand."

"Oh, would you do that?" she asked, brightening.

"I would do something to get the chance," he said.

"I should just love it!" she cried. "I shall come now," and she stepped lightly into the gig, where the doctor joined her. Tommy, who had been in the background all this time, was about to jump up beside them, but McQueen waved him back, saying, maliciously, "There's just room for two, my man, so I won't interfere with your walk."

Tommy, in danger of being left, very hot and stout and sulky, whimpered, "What have I done to anger you?"

"You were going with her, you black-guard," replied McQueen, not yet in full possession of the facts, for whether Tommy was or was not going with her no one can ever know.

"If I was," cried the injured boy, "it wasna because I wanted to go, it was because it wouldna have been respectable for her to go by herself."

The doctor had already started his shawl, but at these astonishing words he drew up sharply. "Say that again," he said, as if thinking that his ears must have deceived him, and Tommy repeated his remark, wondering at its effect.

"And you tell me that you were going with her," the doctor repeated, "to make her enterprise more respectable?" and he looked from one to the other.

"Of course I was," replied Tommy, resenting his surprise at a thing so obvious; and "That's why I wanted him to come," chimed in Grizel.

Still McQueen's glance wandered from the boy to the girl and from the girl to the boy. "You are a pair!" he said at last, and he signed in silence to Tommy to mount the gig. But his manner had alarmed Grizel, ever watching herself lest she should stray into the ways of bad ones, and she asked, anxiously, "There was nothing wrong in it, was there?"

"No," the doctor answered, gravely, laying his hand on hers, "no, it was just sweet."

What McQueen had to say to her was not for Tommy's ears, and the conversation was but a makeshift until they reached Thrums, where he sent the boy home, recommending him to hold his tongue about the escapade (and Tommy of course saw the advisability of keeping it from Elspeth); but Grizel he took

into his parlor and set her down on the buffet stool by the fire, where he surveyed her in silence at his leisure. Then he tried her in his old armchair, then on his sofa; then he put the *Mentor* into her hand and told her to hold it as if it were a duster, then he sent her into the passage, with instructions to open the door presently and announce "Dinner is ready;" then he told her to put some coals on the fire; then he told her to sit at the window, first with an open book in her hand, secondly as if she was busy knitting; and all these things she did wondering exceedingly, for he gave no explanation except the incomprehensible one, "I want to see what it would be like."

She had told him in the gig why she had changed the position of the mirror at Double Dykes; it was to let "that darling" wave goodby to her from the window; and now having experimented with her in his parlor he drew her toward his chair, so that she stood between his knees. And he asked her if she understood why he had gone to Double Dykes.

"Was it to get me to tell you what were the names in the letter?" she said, wistfully. "That is what everyone asks me, but I won't tell, no, I won't;" and she closed her mouth hard.

He, too, would have liked to hear the names, and he sighed, it must be admitted, at sight of that determined mouth, but he could say, truthfully, "Your refusal to break your promise is one of the things that makes me admire you."

Admire! Grizel could scarce believe that this gift was for her. "You don't mean that you really like me?" she faltered, but she felt sure all the time that he did, and she cried, "Oh, but why, oh, how can you!"

"For one reason," he said, "because you are so good."

"Good! Oh! oh! oh!" She clasped her hands joyously.

"And for another—because you are so brave."

"But I am not really brave," she said, anxiously, yet resolved to hide nothing, "I only pretend to be brave, I am often frightened, but I just don't let on."

That, he told her, is the highest form of bravery, but Grizel was very, very

tired of being brave, and she insisted impetuously, "I don't want to be brave, I want to be afraid, like other girls."

"Ay, it's your right, you little woman," he answered, tenderly, and then again he became mysterious. He kicked off his shoes to show her that he was wearing socks that did not match. "I just pull on the first that come to hand," he said, recklessly.

"Oh!" cried Grizel.

On his dusty book-shelves he wrote, with his finger, "Not dusted since the year One."

"Oh! oh!" she cried.

He put his fingers through his gray, untidy hair. "That's the only comb I have that is at hand when I want it," he went on, regardless of her agony.

"All the stud-holes in my shirts," he said, "are now so frayed and large that the studs fall out, and I find them in my socks at night."

Oh! oh! he was killing her, he was, but what cared he? "Look at my clothes," said the cruel man, "I read when I'm eating, and I spill so much gravy that—that we boil my waistcoat once a month, and make soup of it!"

To Grizel this was the most tragic picture ever drawn by man, and he saw that it was time to desist. "And it's all," he said, looking at her sadly, "it's all because I am a lonely old bachelor with no womenkind to look after him, no little girl to brighten him when he comes home dog-tired, no one to care whether his socks are in holes and his comb behind the wash-stand, no soft hand to soothe his brow when it aches, no one to work for, no one to love, many a one to close the old bachelor's eyes when he dies, but none to drop a tear for him, no one to——"

"Oh! oh! oh! That is just like me. Oh! oh!" cried Grizel, and he pulled her closer to him, saying, "The more reason we should join thegither; Grizel, if you don't take pity on me, and come and bide with me and be my little housekeeper, the Lord Almighty only knows what is to become of the old doctor."

At this she broke away from him, and stood far back pressing her arms to her sides, and she cried, "It is not out of charity you ask me, is it?" and then

she went a little nearer. "You would not say it if it wasn't true, would you?"

"No, my dawtie, it's true," he told her, and if he had been pitying himself a little, there was an end of that now.

She remembered something and cried joyously, "And you knew what was in my blood before you asked me, so I don't need to tell you, do I? And you are not afraid that I shall corrupt you, are you? And you don't think it a pity I didn't die when I was a tiny baby, do you? Some people think so, I heard them say it."

"What would have become of me?" was all he dared answer in words, but he drew her to him again, and when she asked if it was true, as she had heard some woman say, that in some matters men were all alike and did what that one man had done to her mamma, he could reply, solemnly, "No, it is not true; it's a lie that has done more harm than any war in any century."

She sat on his knee, telling him many things that had come recently to her knowledge but were not so new to him. The fall of woman was the subject, a strange topic for a girl of thirteen and a man of sixty. They don't become wicked in a moment, he learned; if they are good to begin with, it takes quite a long time to make them bad. Her mamma was good to begin with. "I know she was good, because when she thought she was the girl she used to be, she looked sweet and said lovely things." The way the men do is this, they put evil thoughts into the woman's head, and say them often to her, till she gets accustomed to them, and thinks they cannot be bad when the man she loves likes them, and it is called corrupting the mind.

"And then a baby comes to them," Grizel said, softly, "and it is called a child of shame. I am a child of shame."

He made no reply, so she looked up, and his face was very old and sad. "I am sorry too," she whispered, but still he said nothing, and then she put her fingers on his eyes to discover if they were wet, and they were wet. And so Grizel knew that there was someone who loved her at last.

The mirror was the only article of value that Grizel took with her to her

new home ; everything else was roused at the door of Double Dykes ; Tommy, who should have been at his books, acting as auctioneer's clerk for sixpence. There are houses in Thrums where you may still be told who got the bed and who the rocking-chair, and how Nether Drumgley's wife dared him to come home without the piano ; but it is not by the sales that the rousp is best remembered. Curiosity took many persons into Double Dykes that day, and in the room that had never been furnished they saw a mournful stack of empty brandy bottles, piled there by the auctioneer who had found them in every corner, beneath the bed, in presses, in boxes, whither they had been thrust by Grizel's mamma, as if to conceal their number from herself. The counting of these bottles was a labor, but it is not even by them that the rousp is remembered. Among them some sacrilegious hands found a bundle of papers with a sad blue ribbon round them. They were the Painted Lady's love-letters, the letters she had written to the man. Why or how they had come back to her no one knew.

Most of them were given to Grizel, but a dozen or more passed without her leave into the kists of various people, where often since then they have been consulted by swains in need of a pretty phrase ; and Tommy's school-fellows, the very boys and girls who hooted the Painted Lady, were in time—so oddly do things turn out—to be among those whom her letters taught how to woo. Where the kists did not let in the damp or careless fingers, the paper long remained clean, the ink but little faded. Some of the letters were creased, as if they had once been much folded, perhaps for slipping into secret hiding-places, but none of them bore any address or a date. "To my beloved," was sometimes written on the cover, and inside he was darling or beloved again. So no one could have arranged them in the order in which they were written, though there was a three-cornered one which said it was the first. There was a violet in it, clinging to the paper as if they were fond of each other, and Grizel's mamma had written, "The violet is me, hiding in a corner because I am

so happy." The letters were in many moods, playful, reflective, sad, despairing, arch, but all were written in an ecstasy of the purest love, and most of them were cheerful, so that you seemed to see the sun dancing on the paper while she wrote, the same sun that afterward showed up her painted cheeks. Why they came back to her no one ever discovered, any more than how she who slipped the violet into that three-cornered one and took it out to kiss again and wrote, "It is my first love-letter, and I love it so much I am loath to let it go," became in a few years the derision of the Double Dykes. Some of these letters may be in old kists still, but whether that is so or not, they alone have passed the Painted Lady's memory from one generation to another, and they have purified it, so that what she was died with her vile body, and what she might have been lived on, as if it were her true self.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHO TOLD TOMMY TO SPEAK ?

MISS ALISON CRAY presents her compliments to — and requests the favor of their company at her marriage with Mr. Ivie McLean, on January 8th, at six o'clock."

Tommy in his Sabbath clothes, with a rose from the Dove Cot hot-house for buttonhole (which he slipped into his pocket when he saw other boys approaching), delivered them at the doors of the aristocracy, where, by the way, he had been a few weeks earlier, with another circular,

"Miss Alison Cray being about to give up school, has pleasure in stating that she has disposed of the good-will of her establishment to Miss Jessy Langlands and Miss S. Oram, who will enter upon their scholastic duties on January 9th, at Roods Cottage, where she most cordially," and so on.

Here if the writer dared (but you would be so angry) he would introduce at the length of a chapter two brand-new characters, the Misses Langlands and Oram, who suddenly present themselves

to him in the most sympathetic light. Miss Ailie has been safely stowed to port, but their little boat is only setting sail, and they are such young ones, neither out of her teens, that he would fain turn for a time from her to them. Twelve pounds they paid for the goodwill, and, oh, the exciting discussions, oh, the scraping to get the money together! If little Miss Langlands had not been so bold, big Miss Oram must have drawn back, but if Miss Oram had not had that idea about a paper partition, of what avail the boldness of Miss Langlands? How these two trumps of girls succeeded in hiring the Painted Lady's piano from Nether Drumgley—in the absence of his wife, who met it in a cart on her way home from buying a cochinchina—how the mother of one of them, realizing in a klink that she was common no more, henceforth wore black caps instead of mutches (but the father dandered on in the old plebeian way), what the enterprise meant to a young man in distant Newcastle, whose favorite name was Jessy, how the news travelled to still more distant Canada, where a family of emigrants which had left its Sarah behind in Thrums, could talk of nothing else for weeks—it is hard to have to pass on without dwelling on these things, and indeed—but pass on we must.

The chief figure at the wedding of Miss Ailie was undoubtedly Mr. T. Sandys. When one remembers his prominence, it is difficult to think that the wedding could have taken place without him. It was he (in his Sabbath clothes again, and now flaunting his buttonhole brazenly) who in insulting language ordered the rabble to stand back there. It was he who dashed out to the 'Sosh to get a hundred ha'pennies for the fifty pennies Mr. McLean had brought to toss into the air. It was he who went round in the carriage to pick up the guests and whisked them in and out, and slammed the door, and saw to it that the minister was not kept waiting, and warned Miss Ailie that if she did not come now they would begin without her. It was he who stood near her with a handkerchief ready in his hand lest she looked like crying on her new brown silk (Miss Ailie was mar-

ried in brown silk after all). As a crown to his audacity, it was he who told Mr. Dishart, in the middle of a noble passage, to mind the lamp.

These duties were Dr. McQueen's, the best man, but either demoralized by the bridegroom, who went all to pieces at the critical moment and was much more nervous than the bride, or in terror lest Grizel, who had sent him to the wedding speckless and most beautifully starched, should suddenly appear at the door and cry, "Oh, oh, take your fingers off your shirt!" he was through either till the knot was tied, and then it was too late, for Tommy had made his mark. It was still Tommy who led the way to the school-room where the feast was ready and put the guests in their places (even the banker cringed to him) and winked to Mr. Dishart as a sign to say grace. As you will readily believe, Miss Ailie could not endure the thought of excluding her pupils from the festivities, and they began to arrive as soon as the tables had been cleared of all save oranges and tarts and raisins. Tommy waving Gavinia aside, showed them in, and one of them, curious to tell, was Corp, in borrowed blacks, and Tommy shook hands with him and called him Mr. Shiach, both new experiences to Corp, who knocked over a table in his anxiety to behave himself, and roared at intervals "Do you see the little deevil!" and bit his warts and then politely swallowed the blood.

As if oranges and tarts and raisins were not enough, came the Punch and Judy show, Tommy's culminating triumph. All the way to Redlinton had Mr. McLean sent for the Punch and Judy show, and nevertheless there was a probability of no performance, for Miss Ailie considered the show immoral. Most anxious was she to give pleasure to her pupils, and this she knew was the best way, but how could she countenance an entertainment which was an encouragement to every form of vice and crime? To send these children to the Misses Langlands and Oram, fresh from an introduction to the comic view of murder! It could not be done, now could it? Mr. McLean could make no suggestion. Mr. Dishart thought it would be advisable to substitute another

entertainment; was there not a game called "The Minister's Cat?" Mrs. Dishart thought they should have the show and risk the consequences. So also thought Dr. McQueen. The banker was consulted, but saw no way out of the difficulty, nor did the lawyer, nor did the Misses Blair. Then Tommy appeared on the scene, and presently retired to find a way.

He found it. The performance took place, and none of the fun was omitted, yet neither Miss Ailie—tuts, tuts Mrs. McLean—nor Mr. Dishart could disapprove. Punch did chuck his baby out at the window (roars of laughter) in his jovial time-honored way, but immediately thereafter up popped the showman to say, "Ah, my dear boys and girls, let this be a lesson to you never to destroy your offsprings. Oh, shame on Punch, for to do the wicked deed; he will be caught in the end and serve him right." Then when Mr. Punch had wolloped his wife with the stick, amid thunders of applause, up again popped the showman, "Ah, my dear boys and girls, what a lesson is this we sees, what goings on is this? He have bashed the head of her as should ha' been the apple of his eye, and he does not care a—he does not care; but mark my words, his home it will now be desolate, no more shall she meet him at his door with kindly smile, he have done for her quite, and now he is a hunted man. Oh, be warned by his sad igsample, and do not bash the head of your loving wife." And there was a great deal more of the same, and simple Mrs. McLean almost wept tears of joy because her favorite's good heart had suggested these improvements.

Grizel was not at the wedding; she was invited, but could not go because she was in mourning. But only her parramatty frock was in mourning, for already she had been the doctor's housekeeper for two full months, and her father had not appeared to plague her (he never did appear, it may be told at once), and so how could her face be woful when her heart leapt with gladness? Never had prisoner pined for the fields more than this reticent girl to be frank, and she poured out her inmost self to the doctor, so that daily he discovered

something beautiful (and exasperating) about womanhood. And it was his love for her that had changed her. "You do love me, don't you?" she would say, and his answer might be "I have told you that fifty times already;" to which she would reply, gleefully, "That is not often, I say it all day to myself."

Exasperating? Yes, that was the word. Long before summer came, the doctor knew that he had given himself into the hands of a tyrant. It was idle his saying that this irregularity and that carelessness were habits that had become part of him; she only rocked her arms impatiently, and if he would not stand still to be put to rights, then she would follow him along the street, brushing him as he walked, a sight that was witnessed several times while he was in the mutinous stage.

"Talk about masterfulness," he would say, when she whipped off his coat or made a dart at the mud on his trousers; "you are the most masterful little besom I ever clapped eyes on."

But as he said it he perhaps crossed his legs, and she immediately cried, "You have missed two holes in lacing your boots!"

Of a morning he would ask her sarcastically to examine him from top to toe and see if he would do, and examine him she did, turning him round, pointing out that he had been sitting "again" on his tails, that oh, oh, he must have cut that buttonhole with his knife. He became most artful in hiding deficiencies from her, but her suspicions once roused would not sleep, and all subterfuge was vain. "Why have you buttoned your coat up tight to the throat to-day?" she would demand sternly.

"It is such a cold morning," he said.

"That is not the reason," she replied at once (she could see through broadcloth at a glance), "I believe you have on the old necktie again, and you promised to buy a new one."

"I always forget about it when I'm out," he said, humbly, and next evening he found on his table a new tie, made by Grizel herself out of her mamma's rokelay.

It was related by one who had dropped in at the doctor's house unexpectedly,

that he found Grizel making a new shirt, and forcing the doctor to try on the sleeves while they were still in the pin stage.

She soon knew his every want, and just as he was beginning to want it, there it was at his elbow. He realized what a study she had made of him when he heard her talking of his favorite dishes and his favorite seat, and his way of biting his underlip when in thought, and how hard he was on his left cuff. It had been one of his boasts that he had no favorite dishes, etc., but he saw now that he had been a slave to them for years without knowing it.

She discussed him with other mothers as if he were her little boy, and he denounced her for it. But all the time she was spoiling him. Formerly he had got on very well when nothing was in its place. Now he roared helplessly if he mislaid his razor.

He was determined to make a lady of her, which necessitated her being sent to school; she preferred hemming, baking, and rubbing things till they shone, and not both could have had their way (which sounds fatal for the man), had they not arranged a compromise, Grizel, for instance, to study geography for an hour in the evening with Miss Langlands (go to school in the daytime she would not) so long as the doctor shaved every morning, but if no shave no geography; the doctor to wipe his pen on the blot-sheet instead of on the lining of his coat if she took three lessons a week from Miss Oram on the pianoforte. How happy and proud she was! Her glee was a constant source of wonder to McQueen; she seemed to be born afresh every morning. Perhaps she put on airs a little, her walk, said the critical, had become a strut; but how could she help that when the new joyousness of living was dancing and singing within her?

Had all her fears for the future rolled away like clouds that leave no mark behind? The doctor thought so at times, she so seldom spoke of them to him; he did not see that when they came she hid them from him because she had discovered that they saddened him. And she had so little time to brood, being convinced of the sinfulness of sitting

still, that if the clouds came suddenly, they never stayed long save once, and then it was, mayhap, as well. The thunderclap was caused by Tommy, who brought it on unintentionally and was almost as much scared by his handiwork as Grizel herself. She and he had been very friendly of late, partly because they shared with McQueen the secret of the frustrated running away, partly because they both thought that in that curious incident Tommy had behaved in the most disinterested and splendid way. Grizel had not been sure of it at first, but it had grown on Tommy, he had so thoroughly convinced himself of his intention to get into the train with her at Tilliedrum that her doubts were dispelled—easily dispelled, you say, but the truth must be told, Grizel was very anxious to be rid of them. And Tommy's were honest convictions, born full grown of a desire for happiness to all. Had Elspeth discovered how nearly he had deserted her, the same sentiment would have made him swear to her with tears that never would he have gone farther than Tilliedrum, and while he was persuading her he would have persuaded himself. Then again, when he met Grizel—well, to get him in doubt you would have required to catch him on the way between these two girls.

So Tommy and Grizel were friends, and finding that it hurt the doctor to speak on a certain subject to him, Grizel gave her confidences to Tommy. She had a fear, which he shared on its being explained to him, that she might meet a man of the stamp of her father, and grow fond of him before she knew the kind he was, and as even Tommy could not suggest an infallible test which would lay them bare at the first glance, he consented to consult Blinder once more. He found the blind man by his fire-side, very difficult to coax into words on the important topic, but Tommy's "You've said ower much no to tell a bit mair," seemed to impress him, and he answered the question,

"You said a woman should fly frae the like o' Grizel's father though it should be to the other end of the world, but how is she to ken that he's that kind?"

"She'll ken," Blinder answered after

thinking it over, "if she likes him and fears him at one breath, and has a sort of secret dread that he's getting a power ower her that she canna resist."

These words were a flash of light on a neglected corner to Tommy. "Now I see, now I ken," he exclaimed, amazed; "now I ken what my mother meant! Blinder, is that no the kind of man that's called masterful?"

"It's what poor women find then and call them to their cost," said Blinder.

Tommy's excitement was prodigious. "Now I ken, now I see!" he cried, slapping his leg and stamping up and down the room.

"Sit down!" roared his host.

"I canna," retorted the boy. "Oh, to think o't, to think I came to speir that question at you, to think her and me has wondered what kind he was, and I kent a' the time!" Without staying to tell Blinder what he was blethering about, he hurried off to Grizel, who was waiting for him in the Den, and to her he poured out his astonishing news.

"I ken all about them, I've kent since afore I came to Thrums, but though I generally say the prayer, I've forgot to think o' what it means." In a stampede of words he told her all he could remember of his mother's story as related to him on a grim night in London so long ago, and she listened eagerly. And when that was over, he repeated first his prayer and then Elspeth's, "O God, whatever is to be my fate, may I never be one of them that bow the knee to masterful man, and if I was born like that and canna help it, O take me up to heaven afore I'm fil't." Grizel repeated it after him until she had it by heart, and even as she said it a strange thing happened, for she began to draw back from Tommy, with a look of terror on her face.

"What makes you look at me like that?" he cried.

"I believe—I think—you are masterful," she gasped.

"Me!" he retorted, indignantly.

"Now," she went on, waving him back, "now I know why I would not give in to you when you wanted me to be Stroke's wife. I was afraid you were masterful!"

"Was that it?" cried Tommy.

"Now," she proceeded, too excited to heed his interruptions, "now I know why I would not kiss your hand, now I know why I would not say I liked you. I was afraid of you, I——"

"Were you?" His eyes began to sparkle, and something very like rapture was pushing the indignation from his face. "Oh, Grizel, have I a power ower you?"

"No, you have not," she said, passionately. "I was just frightened that you might have. Oh, oh, I know you now!"

"To think o't, to think o't!" he crowed, wagging his head, and then she clenched her fist, crying, "Oh, you wicked, you should cry with shame!"

But he had his answer ready, "It canna be my wite, for I never kent o't till you telled me. Grizel, it has just come about without either of us kenning!"

She shuddered at this, and then seized him by the shoulders. "It has not come about at all," she said, "I was only frightened that it might come, and now it can't come, for I won't let it."

"But can you help yoursel'?"

"Yes, I can. I shall never be friends with you again."

She had such a capacity for keeping her word that this alarmed him, and he did his best to extinguish his lights. "I'm no masterful, Grizel," he said, "and I dinna want to be, it was just for a minute that I liked the thought." She shook her head, but his next words had more effect. "If I had been that kind, would I have teachd you Elspeth's prayer?"

"N-no, I don't think so," she said, slowly, and perhaps he would have succeeded in soothing her, had not a sudden thought brought back the terror to her face.

"What is't now?" he asked.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, "and I nearly went away with you!" and without another word she fled from the Den. She never told the doctor of this incident, and in time it became a mere shadow in the background, so that she was again his happy housekeeper, but that was because she had found strength to break with Tommy. She was only an eager little girl, pathetically ignorant about what she wanted most to under-

stand, but she saw how an instinct had been fighting for her, and now it would not have to fight alone. How careful she became! All Tommy's wiles were vain, she would scarcely answer if he spoke to her; if he had ever possessed a power over her it was gone, Elspeth's prayer had saved her.

Jean Myles had told Tommy to teach that prayer to Elspeth; but who had told him to repeat it to Grizel?

CHAPTER XXXV

THE BRANDING OF TOMMY

GRIZEL'S secession had at least one good effect: it gave Tommy more time in which to make a scholar of himself. Would you like a picture of Tommy trying to make a scholar of himself?

They all helped him in their different ways: Grizel, by declining his company; Corp, by being far away at Lookabout-you, adding to the inches of a farm-house; Aaron Latta, by saying nothing but looking "college or the herding;" Mr. McLean, who had settled down with Ailie at the Dove Cot, by inquiries about his progress; Elspeth by—but did Elspeth's talks with him about how they should live in Aberdeen and afterward (when they were in the big house) do more than send his mind a-galloping (she holding on behind) along roads that lead not to Aberdeen? What drove Tommy oftenest to the weary drudgery was, perhaps, the alarm that came over him when he seemed of a sudden to hear the names of the bursars proclaimed and no Thomas Sandys among them. Then did he shudder, for well he knew that Aaron would keep his threat, and he hastily covered the round table with books and sat for hours sorrowfully pecking at them, every little while to discover that his mind had soared to other things, when he hauled it back, as one draws in a reluctant kite. On these occasions Aaron seldom troubled him, except by glances that, nevertheless, brought the kite back more quickly than if they had been words of warning. If Elspeth was present the warper might sit moodily by the fire, but when the man and the boy were left together one or other of them soon re-

tired, as if this was the only way of preserving the peace. Though determined to keep his word to Jean Myles liberally, Aaron had never liked Tommy, and Tommy's avoidance of him is easily accounted for; he knew that Aaron did not admire him, and unless you admired Tommy he was always a boor in your presence, shy and self-distrustful. Especially was this so if you were a lady (how amazingly he got on in after years with some of you, what agony others endured till he went away!), and it is the chief reason why there are such contradictory accounts of him to-day.

Sometimes Mr. Cathro had hopes of him other than those that could only be revealed in a shameful whisper with the door shut. "Not so bad," he might say to Mr. McLean; "if he keeps it up we may squeeze him through yet, without trusting to—to what I was fool enough to mention to you. The mathematics are his weak point, there's nothing practical about him (except when it's needed to carry out his devil's designs) and he cares not a doit about the line A,B, nor what it's doing in the circle K, but there's whiles he surprises me when we're at Homer. He has the spirit o't, man, even when he boggles at the sense."

But the next time Ivie called for a report—!

In his great days, so glittering, so brief (the days of the penny Life) Tommy, looking back to this year was sure that he had never really tried to work. But he had. He did his very best, doggedly, wearily sitting at the round table till Elspeth feared that he was killing himself and gave him a melancholy comfort by saying so. An hour afterward he might discover that he had been far away from his books, looking on at his affecting death and counting the mourners at the funeral.

Had he thought that Grizel's discovery was making her unhappy he would have melted at once, but never did she look so proud as when she scornfully passed him by, and he wagged his head complacently over her coming chagrin when she heard that he had carried the highest bursary. Then she would know what she had flung away. This should have helped him to another struggle with his lexicon, but it only provided a

breeze for the kite, which flew so strong that he had to let go the string.

Aaron and the Dominie met one day in the square, and to Aaron's surprise Mr. Cathro's despondency about Tommy was more pronounced than before. "I wonder at that," the warper said, "for I assure you he has been harder at it than ever thae last nights. What's mair, he used to look doleful as he sat at his table, but I notice now that he's as sweer to leave off as he's keen to begin, and the face of him is a' eagerness too, and he reads ower to himself what he has wrote and wags his head at it as if he thought it grand."

"Say you so?" asked Cathro, suspiciously; "does he leave what he writes lying about, Aaron?"

"No, but he takes it to you, does he no?"

"Not him," said the Dominie, emphatically. "I may be mistaken, Aaron, but I'm doubting the young whelp is at his tricks again."

The Dominie was right, and before many days passed he discovered what was Tommy's new and delicious thrill.

For years Mr. Cathro had been in the habit of writing letters for such of the populace as could not guide a pen, and though he often told them not to come deaving him he liked the job, unexpected presents of a hen or a ham occasionally arriving as his reward, while the personal matters thus confided to him, as if he were a safe for the banking of private histories, gave him and his wife gossip for winter nights. Of late the number of his clients had decreased without his noticing it, so confident was he that they could not get on without him, but he received a shock at last from Andrew Dickie, who came one Saturday night with paper, envelope, a Queen's head, and a request for a letter for Bell Birse, now of Tilliedrum.

"You want me to speir in your name whether she'll have you, do you?" asked Cathro, with a flourish of his pen.

"It's no just so simple as that," said Andrew, and then he seemed to be rather at a loss to say what it was. "I dinna ken," he continued presently with a grave face, "whether you've noticed that I'm a gey queer deevil? Losh, I think I'm the queerest deevil I ken."

"We are all that," the Dominie assured him. "But what do you want me to write?"

"Well, it's like this," said Andrew, "I'm willing to marry her if she's agreeable, but I want to make sure that she'll take me afore I speir her. I'm a proud man, Dominie."

"You're a sly one!"

"Am I no!" said Andrew, well pleased. "Well, could you put the letter in that wy?"

"I wouldna," replied Mr. Cathro, "though I could, and I couldna though I would. It would defy the face of clay to do it, you canny lover."

Now, the Dominie had frequently declined to write as he was bidden, and had suggested alterations which were invariably accepted, but to his astonishment Andrew would not give in. "I'll be stepping, then," he said, coolly, "for if you hinna the knack o't I ken somebody that has."

"Who?" demanded the irate Dominie.

"I promised no to tell you," replied Andrew, and away he went. Mr. Cathro expected him to return presently in humbler mood, but was disappointed, and a week or two afterward he heard Andrew and Mary Jane Proctor cried in the parish church. "Did Bell Birse refuse him?" he asked the kirk officer, and was informed that Bell had never got a chance. "His letter was so cunning," said John, "that without speirling her, it drew ane frae her in which she let out that she was centred on Davit Allardyce."

"But who wrote Andrew's letter?" asked Mr. Cathro, sharply.

"I thought it had been yoursel'," said John, and the Dominie chafed, and lost much of the afternoon service by going over in his mind the names of possible rivals. He never thought of Tommy.

Then a week or two later fell a heavier blow. At least twice a year the Dominie had written for Meggy Duff to her daughter in Ireland a long letter founded on this suggestion, "Dear Kaytherine, if you dinna send ten shillings immediately, your puir auld mother will have neither house nor hame. I'm crying to you for't,

Kaytherine; hearken and you'll hear my cry across the cauldriif sea." He met Meggy in the Banker's close one day, and asked her pleasantly if the time was not drawing nigh for another appeal.

"I have wrote," replied the old woman, giving her pocket a boastful smack which she thus explained, "And it was the whole ten shillings this time, and you never got more for me than five."

"Who wrote the letter for you?" he asked, lowering.

She, too, it seemed, had promised not to tell.

"Did you promise to tell nobody, Meggy, or just no to tell me," he pressed her, of a sudden suspecting Tommy.

"Just no to tell you," she answered, and at that,

"Da-a-a," began the Dominie, and then saved his reputation by adding "gont." The derivation of the word dagont has puzzled many, but here we seem to have it.

It is interesting to know what Tommy wrote. The general opinion was that his letter must have been a triumph of eloquent appeal, and indeed he had first sketched out several masterpieces, all of some length and in different styles, but on the whole not unlike the concoctions of Meggy's former secretary; that is, he had dwelt on the duties of daughters, on the hardness of the times, on the certainty that if Katherine helped this time assistance would never be needed again. This sort of thing had always satisfied the Dominie, but Tommy, despite his several attempts, had a vague consciousness that there was something second-rate about them, and he tapped on his brain till it responded. The letter he despatched to Ireland but had the wisdom not to read aloud even to Meggy, contained nothing save her own words, "Dear Kaytherine, if you dinna send ten shillings, your puir auld mother will have neither house no hame. I'm crying to you for't, Kaytherine; hearken and you'll hear my cry across the cauldriif sea." It was a call from the heart which transported Katherine to Thrums in a second of time, she seemed to see her mother again, grown frail since last

she looked upon her—and so all was well for Meggy. Tommy did not put all this to himself but he felt it, and after that he *could* not have written the letter differently. Happy Tommy! To be an artist is a great thing, but to be one and not know it is the most glorious plight in the world.

Other fickle clients put their correspondence into the boy's hands, and Cathro found it out but said nothing. Dignity kept him in check; he did not even let the tawse speak for him. So well did he dissemble that Tommy could not decide how much he knew, and dreaded his getting hold of some of the letters, yet pined to watch his face while he read them. This could not last forever. Mr. Cathro was like a haughty kettle which has choked its spout that none may know it has come a-boil, and we all know what in that event must happen sooner or later to the lid.

The three boys who had college in the tail of their eye had certain privileges not for the herd. It was taken for granted that when knowledge came their way they needed no overseer to make them stand their ground, and accordingly for great part of the day they had a back bench to themselves, with half a dozen hedges of boys and girls between them and the Dominie. From his chair Mr. Cathro could not see them, but a foot-board was nailed to it, and when he stood on this, as he had an aggravating trick of doing, softly and swiftly, they were suddenly in view. It was a July day, when he was so sleepy himself that the sight of a nodding head enraged him like a caricature, and he was on the footboard frequently for the reason that makes bearded men suck peppermints in church. Against his better judgment he took several peeps at Tommy, whom he had lately suspected of writing his letters or at least of gloating over them on that back bench. To-day he was sure of it. However absorbing Euclid may be, even the forty-seventh of the first book does not make you chuckle and wag your head; you can bring a substantive in Virgil back to the verb that has lost it without looking as if you would like to exhibit them together

in the square. But Tommy was thus elated until he gave way to grief of the most affecting kind. Now he looked gloomily before him as if all was over, now he buried his face in his hands, next his eyes were closed as if in prayer. All this the Dominie stood from him, but when at last he began to blubber—

At the black-board was an arithmetic class, slates in hand, each member adding up aloud in turn a row of figures. By and by it was known that Cathro had ceased to listen. "Go on," his voice rather than himself said, and he accepted Mary Dundas's trembling assertion that four and seven make ten. Such was the faith in Cathro that even boys who could add promptly turned their eleven into ten, and he did not catch them at it. So obviously was his mind as well as his gaze on something beyond, that Sandy Riach, a wit who had been waiting his chance for years, snapped at it now, and roared "Ten and eleven, nineteen" ("Go on," said Cathro), "and four, twenty," gasped Sandy, "and eight sixteen," he added, gaining courage. "Very good," murmured the Dominie, whereupon Sandy clenched his reputation forever by saying, in one glorious mouthful, "and six, eleven, and two, five, and one, nocht."

There was no laughing at it then (though Sandy held a levee in the evening), they were all so stricken with amazement. By one movement they swung round to see what had fascinated Cathro, and the other classes doing likewise, Tommy became suddenly the centre of observation. Big tears were slinking down his face, and falling on some sheets of paper, which emotion prevented his concealing. Anon the unusual stillness in the school made him look up, but he was dazed, like one uncertain of his whereabouts, and he blinked rapidly to clear his eyes, as a bird shakes water from its wings.

Mr. Cathro first uttered what was afterward described as a kind of throttled skirl, and then he roared "Come here!" whereupon Tommy stepped forward heavily, and tried, as commanded, to come to his senses, but it was not easy to make so long a journey in a moment, and several times, as he seemed

about to conquer his tears, a wave of feeling set them flowing again.

"Take your time," said Mr. Cathro, grimly, "I can wait," and this had such a helpful effect that Tommy was able presently to speak up for his misdeeds. They consisted of some letters written at home but brought to the school for private reading, and the Dominie got a nasty jar when he saw that they were all signed "Betsy Grieve." Miss Betsy Grieve, servant to Mr. Duthie, was about to marry, and these letters were acknowledgments of wedding presents. Now, Mr. Cathro had written similar letters for Betsy only a few weeks before.

"Did she ask you to write these for her?" he demanded, fuming, and Tommy replied demurely that she had. He could not help adding, though he felt the unwisdom of it, "She got some other body to do them first, but his letters didna satisfy her."

"Oh!" said Mr. Cathro, and it was such a vicious oh that Tommy squeaked tremblingly, "I dinna know who he was."

Keeping his mouth shut by gripping his underlip with his teeth, the Dominie read the letters, and Tommy gazed eagerly at him, all fear forgotten, soul conquering body. The others stood or sat waiting, perplexed as to the cause, confident of the issue. They were much finer productions than Cathro's, he had to admit it to himself as he read. Yet the rivals had started fair, for Betsy was a recent immigrant from Dunkeld way, and the letters were to people known neither to Tommy nor to the Dominie. Also, she had given the same details for the guidance of each. A lady had sent a teapot, which affected to be new, but was not; Betsy recognized it by a scratch on the lid, and wanted to scratch back, but politely. So Tommy wrote, "When you come to see me we shall have a cup of tea out of your beautiful present, and it will be like a meeting of three old friends." That was perhaps too polite, Betsy feared, but Tommy said, authoritatively, "No, the politer the nipper."

There was a set of six cups and saucers from Peter something, who had loved Betsy in vain. She had shown the Dominie and Tommy the ear-rings

given her long ago by Peter (they were bought with Sosh checks) and the poem he had written about them, and she was most anxious to gratify him in her reply. All Cathro could do, however, was to wish Peter well in some ornate sentences, while Tommy's was a letter that only a tender woman's heart could have indited, with such beautiful touches about the days which are no more alas forever, that Betsy listened to it with heaving breast and felt so sorry for her old swain that forgetting she had never loved him, she all but gave Andrew the go-by and returned to Peter. As for Peter, who had been getting over his trouble, he saw now for the first time what he had lost, and he carried Betsy's dear letter in his oster pocket and was inconsolable.

But the masterpiece went to Mrs. Dinnie, baker, in return for a flagon bun. Long ago her daughter, Janet, and Betsy had agreed to marry on the same day, and many a quip had Mrs. Dinnie cast at their romantic compact. But Janet died, and so it was a sad letter that Tommy had to write to her mother. "I'm doubting you're no auld enough for this ane," soft-hearted Betsy said, but she did not know her man. "Tell me some one thing the mother used often to say when she was taking her fun off the pair of you," he said, and "Where is she buried?" was a suggestive question, with the happy tag, "Is there a tree hanging over the grave?" Thus assisted, he composed a letter that had a tear in every sentence. Betsy rubbed her eyes red over it, and not all its sentiments were allowed to die, for Mrs. Dinnie, touched to the heart, printed the best of them in black licorice on short bread for funeral feasts, at which they gave rise to solemn reflections as they went down.

Nevertheless, this letter affected none so much as the writer of it. His first rough sketch became so damp as he wrote that he had to abandon his pen and take to pencil; while he was revising he had often to desist to dry his eyes on the coverlet of Aaron's bed, which made Elspeth weep also, though she had no notion what he was at. But when the work was finished he took her into the secret and read his letter to her,

and he almost choked as he did so. Yet he smiled rapturously through his woe, and she knew no better than to be proud of him, and he woke next morning with acold, brought on you can see how, but his triumph was worth its price.

Having read the letter in an uncanny silence, Mr. Cathro unbottled Tommy for the details, and out they came with a rush, blowing away the cork discretion. Yet was the Dominie slow to strike; he seemed to find more satisfaction in surveying his young friend with a wondering gaze, that had a dash of admiration in it which Tommy was the first to note.

"I don't mind admitting before the whole school," said Mr. Cathro, slowly, "that if these letters had been addressed to me they would have taken me in."

Tommy tried to look modest, but his chest would have its way.

"You little sacket," cried the Dominie, "how did you manage it?"

"I think I thought I was Betsy at the time," Tommy answered, with proper awe.

"She told me nothing about the weeping-willow at the grave," said the Dominie, perhaps in self-defence.

"You hadna speired if there was one," retorted Tommy, jealously.

"What made you think of it?"

"I saw it might come in neat." (He had said in the letter that the weeping-willow reminded him of the days when Janet's bonny hair hung down kissing her waist just as the willow kissed the grave.)

"Willows don't hang so low as you seem to think," said the Dominie.

"Yes, they do," replied Tommy, "I walked three miles to see one to make sure. I was near putting in another beautiful bit about weeping-willows."

"Well, why didn't you?"

Tommy looked up with an impudent snigger. "You could never guess," he said.

"Answer me at once," thundered his preceptor. "Was it because——"

"No," interrupted Tommy, so conscious of Mr. Cathro's inferiority that to let him go on seemed waste of time. "It was because, though it is a beautiful thing in itself, I felt a servant lassie wouldna have thought o't, I was sweer,"

he admitted, with a sigh; then firmly, "but I cut it out."

Again Cathro admired, reluctantly. The hack does feel the difference between himself and the artist. Cathro might possibly have had the idea, he could not have cut it out.

But the hack is sometimes, or usually, or nearly always the artist's master and can make him suffer for his dem'd superiority.

"What made you snivel when you read the pathetic bits?" asked Cathro, with itching fingers.

"I was so sorry for Peter and Mrs. Dinnie," Tommy answered, a little puzzled himself now. "I saw them so clear."

"And yet until Betsy came to you, you had never heard tell of them?"

"No."

"And on reflection you don't care a doit about them?"

"N-no."

"And you care as little for Betsy?"

"No now, but at the time I a kind of thought I was to be married to Andrew."

"And even while you blubbered you were saying to yourself, 'What a clever billie I am!'"

Mr. Cathro had certainly intended to end the scene with the strap, but as he stretched out his hand for it he had another idea. "Do you know why Nether Drumgley's sheep are branded with the letters N. D.?" he asked his pupils, and a dozen replied, "So as all may ken wha they belong to."

"Precisely," said Mr. Cathro, "and similarly they used to brand a letter on a felon, so that all might know whom *he* belonged to." He walked to the empty hearth and having rubbed his finger on the soot of the chimney wrote with it on the forehead of startled Tommy the letters "S. T."

All were so taken aback that for some seconds nothing could be heard save Tommy indignantly wiping his brow; then "Wha is he?" cried one, the mouthpiece of half a hundred.

"He is one of the two proprietors we have just been speaking of," replied Cathro, dryly, and turning again to Tommy, he said, "Wipe away, Sentimental Tommy, try hot water, try cold water, try a knife, Sentimental Tommy, but you will never get those letters off you; you are branded for ever and ever."

(To be concluded in November.)

AUTUMN

By Helen Hay

THE ruddy banners of the autumn leaves
Toss out a challenge to the waiting snows
Where Winter stalks from o'er the mountain rows.
This fiery blaze his onward march receives;
A mock defence his coward heart believes
And turns him sulking to his moated close.
Now Man the confidence of Nature knows
And feels the mighty heart that loves and grieves.
Not as in rude young March or hoyden June
Hard in their beauty, laughing thro' their days—
Their fine indifference is out of tune.
In the dark paths we tread in hope and fear
Look we to Autumn and her gracious ways,
The great last swan-song of the dying year.



FROM LIGHT TO LIGHT

A CRUISE OF THE ARMERIA, SUPPLY-SHIP

By Kirk Munroe

NOT one of the white squadron! Not a war-ship! What is she then? She is certainly a Government vessel of some kind."

Such are some of the remarks likely to be overheard at the Maine coast resorts, upon the appearance in the harbor of the United States steamship *Armeria*. Nor is it any wonder that the big white steamer, with her yellow funnel, many boats, gleaming brass work, and uniformed officers and crew, should be mistaken for a war-ship, or that she should at once suggest pleasing visions of receptions, hops, and the various interesting possibilities of a naval vessel in times of peace. But the *Armeria* is not a man-of-war, nor does she belong to the Navy. She is merely the largest and most important of the great fleet of Government vessels controlled by the Treasury Department, and devoted to the peaceful service of commerce. She is the lighthouse supply-ship, the only one of her kind owned by the United States, and the finest of her class in the world. Her duty is to pay an annual visit to every light station on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States, from Calais, Me., to Point Isabel, Tex., and to deliver at each a year's supply of oil and the other articles necessary for the maintenance of its light. In addition to visiting the coast lights, she supplies the numerous post lights of the Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Potomac, James, Cape Fear, Savannah, St. John's, and Indian Rivers, shipping the re-

quired stores by rail, or by river steamers, to those points that her draught, of thirteen feet, will not permit her to reach. In thus making her annual rounds the *Armeria* visits about 700, and supplies about 850, light stations.

The supply-ship was built on the Delaware by John Dialogue in 1890, and went into commission the following year. From June 30, 1891, to the same date in 1892, she steamed 14,000 miles, and delivered at light stations 250,000 gallons of mineral oil, 220 tons of paints and paint oils, 3,735 boxes of lamp-chimneys, and 10,735 packages of miscellaneous supplies.

Prior to 1860 all light stations were supplied with sperm-oil from New Bedford, by a contractor named Howland. When sperm was superseded by lard-oil, the business reverted to the general Government, and the old customs station at Tompkinsville, on Staten Island, being transferred to the Lighthouse Department, became the central supply station for the entire country. From here the eastern coast lights, which at that time were practically the only ones in existence, were supplied by the schooners *Pharos* and *Guthrie*, the latter of which was commanded by Captain William Wright, the present master of the *Armeria*. In those days the lard-oil was carried in great casks, from which it was pumped through a line of hose into the lighthouse tanks; and many a thrilling tale of hardship, adventure, and narrow escape is told concerning the landing of those unwieldy casks, through the breakers of the rock-bound New England coast, or the combing surf of

Southern beaches. Innumerable are the records of overturned boats and of brave swimmers battling with the waves, while painfully pushing the heavy oil-casks through them to the beach. On such occasions the broadside of a cask would be presented to an inflowing sea that might help it along, and then it would be quickly turned so as to present an end to the reflux waters. Oftentimes it was found necessary to carry surf-lines to the beach, becket the casks, and thus with infinite labor drag them ashore one at a time.

In 1876 lard began to give place to mineral oil, and the schooners *Pharos* and *Guthrie*, the former of which is still in the service as a tender attached to the sixth district, were replaced by the supply-steamer *Fern*, with Captain Wright as master. The *Fern* had a capacity for 30,000 gallons of oil, and the business of supplying lights, while steadily increasing in volume with the rapid establishment of new stations,

was greatly simplified by the introduction of the new illuminant, which is carried and delivered in small cases. For fifteen years the *Fern* performed her important duties with unbroken regularity, but at the end of that period the demands of the service had so far exceeded her ability to meet them, that a new and much larger ship was an imperative need. So the present supply-ship was built, and named, as all but eight of the forty-four light-house tenders now in the service are, after a flower. The *Armeria* is the only one of the floral fleet to which is given a botanical name, and but few persons would recognize the common sea-pink or thrift under its more learned appellation. *Armeria* is also the Latin name for Sweet William. It was a somewhat unfortunate choice, as *Armeria* so nearly resembles *America* that the ship is often reported under the latter name, while she sometimes figures in the papers as the "*Amelia*," or the "*Armaria*," much to her cap-

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

tain's disgust. However, *Armeria* she is, and the device on her bows is a lighthouse surrounded by sprays of her name-flower in gilded carving.

All the light stations of the United States are grouped in sixteen inspection districts, to each of which is assigned an Army officer as engineer, and an officer of the Navy as Inspector. Eight of these districts are allotted to the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh cover the Great Lakes; the twelfth and thirteenth extend from southern California to Alaska; while the remaining three embrace all navigable waters of the Mississippi Valley, on which are displayed some 1,400 stake or post lights. There are about 150 light stations on the Pacific coast, about 265 on the Great Lakes, and about 850 in the eastern districts; or between 2,600 and 2,700 in all. It is impossible to state the exact number, as new stations are constantly being established. Of all these the oldest is Boston Light, on Little Brewster Island, in Boston Harbor, which was established in 1716 and last rebuilt in 1859. The next oldest is on Brant Point, at the entrance to Nantucket Harbor, which was established in 1746 and last rebuilt in 1856; while the third in point of age is the Gurnet, off Plymouth, established in 1769.

For the Pacific coast light stations all supplies are shipped from Staten Island in sailing-vessels around the Horn to San Francisco, whence they are distributed by the tenders belonging to the twelfth and thirteenth districts. For the Great Lakes and Mississippi Valley districts, oil is purchased in the West, but all other supplies are

Heron's Rock, Penobscot Bay Me.

furnished from Staten Island; while to the eight eastern districts everything necessary to the maintenance of lights is supplied by the *Armeria*.

In order to pay an annual visit to every light station along this vast extent of coast, the supply-ship must make three trips during each year. The first, or eastern cruise, which covers the territory between Staten Island and Calais, in Maine, is undertaken in the summer and occupies the greater part of August and September. Upon its completion two months are allowed for cleaning, overhauling, repairs, and reloading, before the winter cruise, which is from Cape Lookout in North Carolina to the mouth of the Rio Grande, is begun. Coming north in April, the ship is immediately reloaded for her spring or middle cruise, which is from Cape Lookout to New York. After this cruise she is again docked and overhauled. From the dry dock

in Brooklyn she steams across to Staten Island glistening in fresh paint, with her bottom freed from every trace of the barnacles and grass accumulated during her long Southern trips, and begins to take in supplies for her forthcoming cruise along the New England coast.

Now nearly, or quite, 100,000 gallons of the best refined petroleum, that has successfully passed the 170° flash-test of the lighthouse proving-room, are stored in her hold. This oil is contained in five-gallon tins, each protected by a stout wooden case, to which is affixed a strong bail or handle. While this most important item of lighthouse supply is being snugly stowed below, the great storehouse of the station is being drawn upon for as miscellaneous an assortment of articles as would furnish a country store.

As these multifarious supplies are received on board the *Armeria*, they find their allotted places in the capacious store-rooms that occupy the after-parts of the maindeck and hold. Here they are under the supervision of a chief clerk, an assistant clerk, and a yeoman.

The *Armeria* carries a crew of forty-

one officers and men, or rather, forty-two all told; for it would never do to omit from the list the captain's wife, who accompanies him on all his cruises and shares many of his anxious watches on the bridge in seasons of fog and storm.

Captain Wright himself is a typical American shipmaster; ruddy-faced, deep-chested, with a voice to be heard above the roar of a gale, cool and self-possessed in times when these qualities are most needed. He has been master of lighthouse supply-ships for twenty-five years, and is probably the only man living who is a pilot to every harbor on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States. Not only this, but he knows and remembers the location of every lighthouse, lightship, beacon, and buoy, from Maine to Texas.

As the white ship sets forth from Staten Island on her summer's cruise to the perilous New England coast, she is deeply laden with supplies for the three hundred and odd light stations she is to visit before her return, for the tenders of the several Eastern districts, and for a number of buoy stations. She does not begin her work

United States Lighthouse Supply-Steamer *Armeria*.

at New York, but proceeds directly to the Maine coast, making her first stop at Portland. Even after leaving that point she passes, without notice, the lights of Portland Head, Half-way Rock, Seguin, at the mouth of the Kennebec, Pemmaquid, Monhegan, far out at sea, which held the first white settlement made in Maine, Marshall's Point, Tennant's Harbor, and half a dozen more, until Whitehead light, at the extreme western point of Penobscot Bay, is reached.

As the *Armeria* approaches Whitehead she is welcomed by a hoarse salute from its deep-toned, steam fog-horn, and the few inmates of the lighthouse gather on the rocks to witness this most interesting arrival of the year. She rounds the bold headland into a haven of glassy, forest-bordered waters, and her ponderous anchor rushes to the bottom, with a deafening roar of chain. Almost at the same moment the capacious freight-boat in which the supplies are to be carried ashore is lowered from the forward davits, and dropped back to an open port opposite the main

hatch, from which the cases of oil are passed by a dozen members of the crew clad in working suits of brown canvas.

As Whitehead is a third-order light, it is entitled to 275 gallons of mineral oil, with 40 more for use in the keeper's dwelling, or 63 cases in all. Besides these, the boat receives a miscellaneous freight of paints, cases of lubricating oil, cans of tallow, brooms, mats, shovels, hoes and rakes, lamps, boxes of chimneys, one of window-glass, and another of soap, and last of all a good-sized tin chest known as the "supply-box," and filled to overflowing with the linen, stationery, brushes, cleaning materials, and numerous other minor articles of supply. Down the ropeside-ladder, into the boat, slide the second and third mates, the assistant clerk, the yeoman, and a crew of eight or ten stalwart Scandinavian sailors. If there is a favorable breeze a lug-sail is hoisted, if not the boat moves off under the impulse of lusty oars. A long experience has taught the mate, who holds the tiller-ropes, where to find the best landing. He

Pumpkin Island, Penobscot Bay, Me

steers straight for it, and in another minute, to the sharp orders of "Way enough! In oars! Stand by with the boat-hook!" the boat shoots into a basin between two low ledges, bow and stern lines are made fast, and a plank is run ashore. The light-keeper in full uniform, hastily donned at the first intimation of the *Armeria's* approach, stands at the water's edge, to give these welcome visitors a hearty greeting, and lend them what assistance he may. He reports the amount of oil that he has still on hand, and the number of empty cases to be returned. Possessed of this information, the second mate directs the third to deliver such a number of full cases as will stock the little isolated brick oil-house with a thirteen months' supply. Then in company with the keeper he visits the latter's house, whither the assistant clerk and the yeoman, bearing the supply-box between them, have preceded him.

The grounds about the neat dwelling-house are in perfect order, its exterior is bright with fresh paint and whitewash, and every inch of its interior is as scrupulously clean as soap, water, and persistent effort can make it. The assistant keepers appear in uniform, the women, if there are any, show to advantage in fresh calicoes, and the bashful faces of the children, dressed in their Sunday best, shine

above clean collars as though they too had been polished for the occasion. In the best room of the house, the walls of which are decorated with the keeper's marriage certificate, or honorable discharge from the army, in a neat frame, with photographs of light-houses or brilliant marine lithographs, the mate and clerk, pens in hand, seat themselves at a table and unfold portentous-looking

papers. At the same time the yeoman opens his supply-box on the floor, and displays its treasures as a pedler would those of his pack.

The mate's paper is a voluminous form filled in by the keeper with a list of articles remaining on hand from the supplies of the preceding year. The clerk's is a blank form of the same character, in which he will note the articles delivered on the present occasion. "One broom, give three," says the mate. "Two linen towels, give ten. One sponge, give two. Sandpaper, none, give twelve." This is continued through page after page of the long lists, while the yeoman places the articles to be delivered on one side of his box and those to be returned to the ship store-room on the other. As the box gradually becomes emptied, and the floor covered with its varied treasures of linen, glass, cutlery, brushes, stationery, etc., the yeoman's resemblance to a pedler displaying his wares becomes stronger than ever. At one side sits the keeper, nervously fingering his cap and hoping that he has made no mistake in his list. His wife also hovers near, determined that he shall not be allowed to forget the old hand-lamp that leaks, and which she means to have exchanged for a new one; while the bashful children, whispering excitedly to each other, crowd the open doorway. When

the lists are finished, and an extra one of articles to be procured from the boat has been made out, the keeper is called upon to produce all his worn-out brooms, brushes, mops, and broken tools, decrepit lamps, or dust-pans, which must be gathered up and taken to the boat before they can be replaced

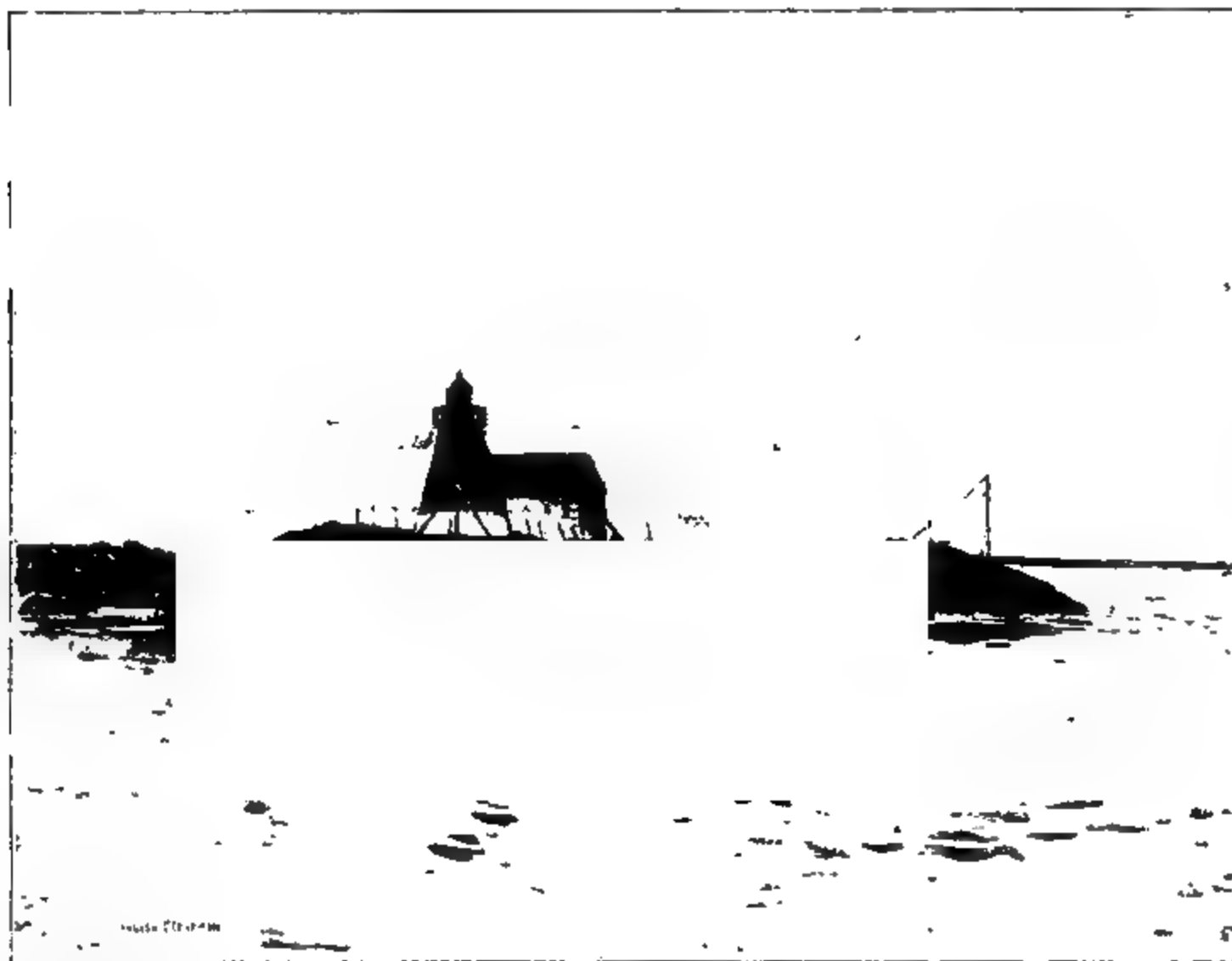
by new utensils of the same character. Eventually these worn-out articles are thrown overboard when the lighthouse from which they came has been left so far behind that there is no chance of their drifting back to it, and being picked up to be again offered in evidence the following year. While this

portion of the supply business is being transacted at the dwelling, the boat's crew is carrying oil, two cases at a time, up over the slippery rocks to the oil-house. Each of the men is provided with a wooden shoulder-yoke, such as are used by farmers for carrying milk-pails. From each end of the yoke depends a chain terminating in an iron hook. These hooks catch on to the stout wire bails of the oil cases, and thus a man is enabled to carry two cases, or about 120 pounds, at a trip. On his return from the oil-house he brings two "empties," which are ultimately returned to Staten Island to be refilled. To each of these is attached a tag bearing the name of the light station, the date on which the case was emptied, and a note as to its condition signed by the light-keeper.

During these proceedings the captain's gig has come ashore, bringing the member of the Lighthouse Board who happens to be making this particular cruise. He is received with due

deference by the keeper, and conducted through the buildings to the top of the tower, where he carefully examines the mechanism of the light, and into the engine-room of the fog signal. He listens attentively to the keeper's complaints or suggestions, and makes a note of them. He is so affable and expresses such a lively interest in all that he sees, that even the keeper's wife plucks up courage to enter a plea for a new porch over her front door as a protection against the driving storms of winter, or an addition to the dwelling to meet the needs of her growing family, all of which is readily promised, provided the appropriation holds out—which it rarely does.

After supplying Whitehead, the ship lies quietly at anchor all night, but if the weather be favorable she is off for Matinicus Rock, 18 miles out at sea, by early daylight. At six o'clock, with the sun an hour high, she is at anchor on the inner side of the grim rock-pile that stands as outer sentry to Penobscot



Saddleback Rock, Maine.

Bay. It is a bleak and rugged place, cleft with deep fissures and piled high with huge boulders, but supporting in sheltered nooks a few acres of rich grass that afford pasturage to a lonely cow. Its two light towers are of gray granite as grim and forbidding as the Rock itself, while the principal keeper's house, nestled at the foot of one of them, is of the same sombre but substantial material. The engine-house for the steam fog-signal, standing in front of the same tower, is a low building of granite and brick, with immensely thick walls, founded on the everlasting rock, fifty feet above the mean water-level, and apparently able to withstand any natural force short of an earthquake shock. Yet, a few years ago, during a furious winter gale from the southeast the huge seas uplifted themselves until they were hurled with irresistible force over every portion of the island, sweeping away everything movable, and shattering the stout outer wall of the engine-house as though it were but a wooden shell. Huge boulders, weighing many tons, were rolled hither and thither; while one great cube of granite, measuring $20 \times 8 \times 6$ feet, was tossed from the base nearly to the summit of the Rock. In the midst of this wild war of elements, the keeper's little daughter, seeing a coop containing her two pet chickens about to be washed away, ran out and brought them back in safety to the tower in which she and her parents had taken refuge. Captain Isaac Grant, who was then the principal keeper, and who in his seafaring years commanded thirty-four different vessels, declares that he never witnessed another gale of equal fury, and hopes never to again. He is now a hale veteran of ninety, and only recently resigned his position as keeper in favor of one of his sons. Now three generations of Grants contentedly occupy this little granite dwelling, and call this bit of storm-swept rock in the open sea their home. One advantage possessed by Matinicus is its great natural rock cistern, which receives a large portion of the island's rainfall and thus stores an ample supply for use in the boilers of the fog-signal.

On the inner side of the island

stands a little slanting boat-house, from which stout timber-ways, well greased for the sliding of boats, extend down over the rocks into the restless waters. The freight-boat from the supply-ship, coming in on the top of a long roller, is headed to a nicety for these, a stout cable that runs to a winch in the boat-house is hooked on the instant she touches, and in a minute more the heavily laden boat is drawn clear of the water, and half-way up the ways, where its unloading is a matter of comparative simplicity. When the supplying of the station is finished, the crew tumbles into the boat, the cable is cast off, and she slides down the greased incline into the water with the exciting rush of a toboggan.

The supplying of Matinicus is hardly completed before a sea-fog begins to roll in, and the captain is glad to turn his ship's head landward toward the in-shore stations that the fog may not yet have reached. So the lonely rock is quickly lost to sight, and only the hoarse booming of its ten-inch fog-whistle, uttering a warning note every half-minute, gives proof of its existence. The course now laid is for Heron Neck, on the most southerly of the Fox Islands, from which granite has been quarried for half the public buildings of the country. As this is a fifth-order light, and only requires twenty cases of oil, its supplying is quickly accomplished, and the Armeria is headed for Saddle-back Ledge, within three miles of the highlands of the Isle au Haut. Saddle-back Ledge, as seen last summer, was a bare rock absolutely devoid of vegetation, save for three sickly pea-vines, two hills of potatoes, and a dozen spears of oats, which, with a longing to look upon something green, the keeper had coaxed into life in his trash heap, though with the certain knowledge that the first heavy gale would sweep them away.

At this station the rocks rise so abruptly, and the break of the sea upon them is so constant, that an anchor is dropped over the stern of the freight-boat, a line from her bows is made fast ashore by the light-keepers, and, as she lies thus, moored in tossing white wa-

ters, within a few feet of the sullen coast, her cargo is transferred to the Ledge by means of a stout iron derrick, securely planted in the solid rock high above her.

This is one of the wildest and bleakest of light stations of that savage region, and, according to a story told there, it was once the scene of a remarkably plucky adherence to duty on the part of a fifteen-year-old boy. He was the son of the keeper, and on this occasion was left alone in the tower while his father went ashore for provisions in their only boat. Before the latter could return a violent storm arose, and for the next three weeks there was no time in which the keeper's boat could have lived for a moment in the wild seas that raged about the lonely rock. Still the light was kept burning by that fifteen-year-old boy, who had little to eat and but scant time to sleep. Night after night, for three weeks, its steady gleam shone through the blackness of the pitiless storm and gladdened the father's straining eyes. When the ordeal was ended the boy was so weak from exhaustion as to be barely able to speak. At the same time there was no prouder father, nor happier young light-keeper on the Maine coast, than those who met on the storm-swept Ledge of Saddleback that day.

After supplying several smaller lights the *Armeria* is again headed seaward toward Mount Desert Rock, twenty miles southward from the nearest point of Mount Desert Island. So truly does the white ship steer for this distant bit of rock, barely four acres in all, that when the solemn tolling of its fog-bell comes to the ears of the anxious listeners on board, it is dead ahead. In another moment the Rock looms grimly out of the fog, not half a dozen lengths away, the great anchor plunges overboard and the ship becomes motionless amid a fleet of bobbing buoys that mark the location of the keeper's lobster pots and trawls.

Here, as at Matinicus, the freight-boat, borne in on the swell of a long roller, is run high up on the boat-house ways before the task of unloading can be undertaken. Her arrival is greeted with vociferous barkings of a

fine dog, who even plunges into the water to welcome the new-comers and afterward frisks about them in a state of the wildest excitement. For years this dog has kept the station supplied with drift firewood dragged out on the rocks from the surrounding waters. One pleasant summer afternoon the keeper's only child, a little five-year-old boy, played outside the house while his mother was busy within. Unnoticed he wandered away. Half an hour later the mother's attention was attracted by the dog, which bounded into the house barking, whining, and trying in every way to tell her of what he had just done. He was wet, and the woman, thinking he had only captured another bit of driftwood, ordered him out to dry in the sun. He went, but in another minute returned and laid her child's hat, draggled and water-soaked, at the mother's feet. Taking instant alarm, she ran from the house and followed the excited animal, until he led her to the place where her little one lay, cold, wet, and unconscious. He had evidently fallen into the sea and the dog had plunged in after him. The child's clothing was torn to shreds by the dog's teeth and the sharp rocks over which he had been dragged, and the tender body was bruised from head to foot. Otherwise he was uninjured, and he soon recovered from the effects of the accident that had so nearly turned the lonely light station into a place of mourning.

On Mount Desert Rock there is no soil, save such as has been brought, with great labor, in barrels from the mainland. With this a tiny flower-garden has been made in a sheltered corner. In it, and in a number of boxes, a few hardy plants bloom brightly, and afford a new source of joy with each opening bud. In the windows, too, as is the case at nearly all the light stations on the coast, a few pots of flowers receive assiduous care. The tiny garden is carefully fenced in to protect it from the flock of fowls that constitute the sole live stock of this rocky farm. Having no soil in which to scratch, these poor birds have struggled with the unyielding rocks until their scratching apparatus is entirely

worn away, and there is every prospect that the situation will sooner or later evolve a breed of toeless chickens. A number of tame gulls, and a stately heron, live peacefully with the barnyard fowls, and in the house many cages are filled with song sparrows, robins, and other land birds that have been picked up exhausted or with broken wings on the rocks, after nights of storm and intense darkness. Besides these, dead birds of all descriptions, including hundreds of ducks and geese during the migratory seasons, have been found at the foot of the tower, against the glowing lantern of which they have dashed themselves during bewildered night flights. Some of the best specimens of these have been skillfully mounted, and now adorn the keeper's parlor; for even in a light-house far out at sea, and remote from a possibility of formal visits, the New England parlor or "best room" is a sacred and carefully guarded institution.

At Mount Desert Rock the *Armeria's* crew is always allowed an hour for fishing, with the result that a score of lines over the sides, baited with herring, serve to fill any number of tubs with cod, hake, haddock, pollock, and cusk; while dogfish and sculpins cumber the deck in every direction. At the end of the fishing hour, the anchor is again lifted, and with a parting salute to the fog-bound rock, the supply-ship starts on a sixty-mile run through the impenetrable mist banks for Moose Peak light, on Mistake Island, which marks the western entrance to the Bay of Fundy.

In these fog runs the captain and first mate strain their eyes and ears from opposite ends of the bridge; the second mate is stationed in the foremast crosstrees; the third and one of the crew peer anxiously ahead and listen for breakers, whistles, or bells from the point of the bows; and the quartermaster at the wheel steers the designated course to a nicety. The silence is only broken by the hissing swash of parted seas from the ship's sides, the deep tones of the steam-whistle blown at two minute intervals, occasional answering notes from some-

where, far away, and the sharp stroke of the ship's bell announcing, with startling distinctness, the passage of hours and half-hours. On top of the pilot-house, ready to the captain's hand, lies his own book of sailing directions, compiled during former cruises of the *Armeria* or *Fern*, containing all the courses, and the time occupied in running from light to light, and from buoy to buoy, at both full and half speed, along the entire Atlantic coast. By a glance at this he knows just how long he ought to run before picking up the whistling buoy off Moose Peak. He also knows the exact course to be steered, and by frequent glances at the bridge compass he detects the slightest carelessness of the quartermaster at the wheel. Thus when he calls out to the various persons on watch to keep a sharp ear open for the whistling buoy, they know for a certainty that it must be close at hand. Yes! there it is! One of the forward lookouts has detected a faint moaning sound coming from the sea almost dead ahead, and reports it. "How does it bear?" demands the captain. "A point on the port bow, sir," answers the man, at the same time pointing in the direction thus indicated. All at once the abrupt moanings of the restless buoy are heard by all hands, then the swaying beacon itself emerges from the fog and glides by, not a biscuit toss away. Instantly the course is changed, and in a few minutes the clanging of a hand-bell, rung from Moose Peak light, comes clearly through the heavy atmosphere. Directly afterward the ghostly form of a white tower, and a wall of black rocks fringed with dashing spray, loom into view so close at hand that one catches his breath at the sight; then, as the ship rounds an abrupt point and glides in to a safe anchorage behind it, the fog seems suddenly to tire of its efforts at bewilderment and destruction. It draws back and hangs in sullen folds just outside, leaving the *Armeria* and her immediate surroundings in pleasant sunlight.

Moose Peak is a second-order light, and as such demands one hundred and forty cases, or seven hundred gallons, of

oil. As the rocks here are very slippery and very steep, the task of transporting the supplies from the wave-tossed freight-boat at their base to their summit, and thence to the distant oil-house, is so great that it occupies two full hours. Several of the crew slip on the kelp-covered rocks and roll, with their burdens, into gullies or salt-water pools. In these mishaps a case or two of oil is broken and the contents spilled; but beyond a few bruises and cuts, which no one seems to mind, the men are uninjured, and the ship finally receives all hands safely on board again. Once more she plunges into the fog, this time for a twenty-five mile run to the light station of Little River. Now there is another whistling buoy to be listened for and picked up, but when it is found the heavy, machine-rung bell of the Little River station is plainly heard at the same time. Slowly, but surely and safely, the white ship makes her way through a narrow, rock-bound entrance into an exquisitely beautiful harbor. Here, as at Moose Peak, the fog rolls sullenly back after the haven is reached, and leaves the anchorage bathed in the crimson and gold of an undimmed sunset. It is dark by the time the supplying of the station is finished, and so the *Armeria* remains in this pleasant place for the night in company with a fog-bound fleet of yachts and fishermen.

The following day is Sunday, when no work that can be avoided is done on board the supply-ship. Even the fog has retired from business, and the day is of that dazzling beauty known only to a northern sea-coast in summer-time. The officers of the ship appear in their newest uniforms, and the brown canvas working-suits of the crew are replaced by the natty blue shirts, trousers, and hats, and the black silk neckerchiefs of men-of-war's men. Although the business of supplying light stations is interrupted by the day, the sunlight on that wild coast is too precious to be wasted. So about noon the white ship steams out of the harbor and, still headed eastward, passes West Quoddy Head, on which is located the most easterly coast light station of the United States, skirts the outer shores of the Canadian island

of Campobello, and rounds East Quoddy, where, from the light station, she is saluted by a dipping British ensign, into Passamaquoddy Bay.

Stretching far into the bay from either shore are scores of fish-weirs from which millions of small herring are taken during the summer season for the supply of Eastport sardine (?) factories. Leaving Eastport on the left the ship sturdily breasts the outrushing flood of an ebb-tide that will fall twenty feet before turning, and enters the mouth of the St. Croix River. This broad waterway forms the boundary-line between Maine and New Brunswick, and on it, just below Calais, nearly ten miles up, is the stake light that marks the most easterly station of the United States Light-house Department. The light is only a lantern hung to a tree; but it must be supplied with oil as regularly as the Dohet Island lighthouse, five miles below, which is the most easterly of the lighthouse establishments.

The next six days are like the boy's diary, in which every entry for a week was "Same as yesterday;" for when the great Fundy fog mill gets well to work it continues to grind out fog until the supply of raw material is exhausted. In spite of the fog, guided by the roar of breakers on unseen rocks and dripping ledges, the ship slowly retraces her way, as though by instinct, along the perilous coast.

Fogs of this character, trying as they are to visitors, are little minded by the light-keepers of that enshrouded region. One of them, in fact, reported, with evident pride, that his steam fog-horn had been in uninterrupted operation for twenty-seven days, and declared that he dreaded the silence which would come with clear weather. The fog is as nothing when compared with the wild storms of winter, that cut off their communications with the mainland. Then, indeed, the dreary monotony of the light-keeper's life on one of the outlying Maine islands becomes well-nigh unbearable. For weeks at a time he is confined to his isolated rock, or tiny islet, as absolutely as a prisoner to his cell. He receives no tidings from the world, no letters nor papers, and he reads his few books over and over until he knows

them by heart. He cannot go fishing, for, even if the weather would permit, the fish have sought deeper and warmer waters. His children are away at school on the mainland, and, of the many visitors, whose coming and going through the summer has created a constant ripple of excitement, not one is left. Even the light-house tender does not visit him more than once or twice during the winter. So, compared with such a condition of affairs, a mere fog, which does not interrupt the fishing, nor keep visitors away, nor even delay the mail-boat to any great extent, is a very minor evil.

As the ship creeps down the coast the saturated solution of humidity may be precipitated in a downpour of rain that partially clears the heavy atmosphere, and enables her to proceed at full speed through a bewildering maze of ledges, sheep-covered islands, and jagged rocks resonant with the shrill screams of countless sea-fowl, to Moose-a-Bec Reach, on which is located the straggling, fish-scented town of Jonesport, and a lighthouse.

After leaving Moose-a-Bec, another seaward plunge into the invisible is taken for a run out to 'Tit (Petit) Manan. But for its powerful steam fog-signal, 'Tit Manan would be hard to find; for when the Armeria anchors within a biscuit toss of its snarling rocks, its tower still is hidden from the deck.

There is no safe anchorage for any length of time near 'Tit Manan, and a haven for the night must be found. Prospect Harbor, only ten miles away, is the nearest, but the way to it is so narrow and so beset with deadly ledges, that to attempt the run seems little short of suicidal. Nevertheless, by proceeding with infinite caution, and bringing into play every detail of his absolute knowledge of the coast, Captain Wright successfully accomplished the feat, and after two hours of the most anxious and delicate work, anchored his ship in the exact centre of the Prospect Harbor inner basin. This bit of seamanship draws forth the hearty plaudits of a group of weather-beaten Yankee coasting skippers, whose schooners are fog-bound in the harbor. One of them declares there wasn't "airy

nuther cap'n would have dared tackle the job, or could have put it through of he had," and this is the unanimous verdict of the assemblage.

Prospect Harbor light station is supplied without being seen from the ship, which lies but two hundred yards away, and with this the week's labor ends. Only nine lights supplied in eight days beats the record for slow work since the business was undertaken by a steamer.

But there is a limit even to Fundy fogs, and one morning the sun rises in the teeth of a snapping northwest breeze such as no fog can withstand for a minute. Two hours later, under the bluest of skies and ploughing the most sparkling of waters, the white Armeria, having already visited the lights at Winter Harbor and Egg Rock, was saluting the white warships anchored off Bar Harbor and steaming toward the head of Frenchman's Bay, to supply Crabtree Ledge light on Hancock Point, the station that all Mount Deserters know so well.

That same night finds her on the other side of the island, anchored in Southwest Harbor, with the stations on Baker's and Great Duck Islands supplied and left behind. From this point, as the swift steamer speeds from light to light, she seems to feel the exhilarating influence of glorious weather as keenly as do any of her crew. Bear Island is supplied at daylight, and Bass Harbor Head, the last of the Mount Desert lights, by sunrise. Then comes the station of Blue Hill Bay, and a run amid the exquisite scenery of Egge-moggin Reach, past great coasting schooners loading with ice or granite, dashing yachts, and flying fishermen, past tiny islets, each with its crown of evergreens, and bald headlands, past Sedgwick on the mainland, and Isleboro on Deer Island. At the western end of the Reach she lies off and on for an hour before Pumpkin Island light station, and its cluster of pretty cottages owned by Keeper Babson, which forms a summer rendezvous for one of the brightest and jolliest circles of emancipated school - teachers to be found on the New England coast. The next stop is at Eagle Island, where

the lighthouse, perched on a lofty height, commands the most superb view of any in the district. From it the course is again inshore to Dice's Head, at the entrance to Castine Harbor, and thence still farther up Penobscot Bay to the mouth of the river, where the Fort Point light stands in front of a great summer hotel, the guests from which always flock to the beach to witness the unloading of the freight-boat. Down the island-dotted bay again goes the busy steamer, to where the white tower on Grindel's Point, sharply outlined against the dark green of a spruce forest and looking like a toy structure, shines in the full glory of sunset. From here a quick run through the long shadows of the Camden Mountains takes her to Negro Island, where the laden freight-boat is dropped; and then, slowing down as though weary with her day's work, the *Armeria* swings into the beautiful harbor of Camden and anchors for the night. The light station on Negro Island is the ninth supplied since daybreak, and thus the record for this one day is the same as for the whole of the preceding week.

So the white ship moves on from light to light, her coming always anticipated with pleasure, and her arrival always warmly welcomed, until the circuit of her Eastern trip is complete, and she is again moored off the Staten Island station, making ready for her long winter cruise to the southward.

While on the Maine coast she leaves at the Seguin station 2,200 gallons of oil for use in its light, which is of the first order, and the first of its class to be encountered on the Atlantic coast. At Thatcher's Island, off the point of Cape Ann, in Massachusetts, she leaves double that quantity of oil; for here are shown two lights of the first order. Fortunately, first-order lights are not nearly so numerous as is popularly supposed, for if they were, several *Armerias* would be kept busy supplying their needs. From Maine to Texas they number but forty, all told, and are the lights of Seguin, Cape Elizabeth, Thatcher's Island, Cape Cod (Highland light), Gay Head, Block Island, Montauk, Shinnecock, Fire Island, Nave-

sink, Barnegat, Absecom, Cape May, Cape Henlopen, Assateague, Capes Charles and Henry, Currituck Beach, Body's Island, Hatteras, Cape Lookout, Cape Romaine, Charleston, and Tybee; the eleven East Florida coast lights, extending from St. Augustine (Anastasia Island) to the Tortugas (Loggerhead Key), Pensacola, and two at the mouths of the Mississippi. For their annual supply and that of their keepers' dwellings, these forty powerful lamps demand very nearly one hundred thousand gallons of oil.

Of all the light stations visited by the *Armeria*, that at Jupiter Inlet, well down on the eastern coast of Florida, is the hardest to supply, for here the work must be done on an open beach, where a heavy surf is always encountered. In it the freight-boat is frequently overturned, and its contents are scattered far and wide. If the inlet is closed, which often happens, the supplies must be landed on the beach, carried across a high and wide ridge of loose sand, then shipped into other boats to be taken across the inner lagoon, and finally carried to the top of the high bluff on which the lighthouse stands. Here, too, must be delivered all supplies for the twenty-six post lights on the Indian River.

Another difficult station to supply is that of the Highland Light, on Cape Cod, which is perched on the edge of a sheer cliff, one hundred and forty-two feet above water-level. It being thus inaccessible from the sea, its supplies are landed on the bay, or inner side of the Cape, and carried across the intervening country in carts. The price paid for this work is five cents a case, or fifty cents per load, and so eager are the natives to obtain the job, that the moment the *Armeria* heaves in sight the two-wheeled Cape carts are to be seen racing toward her landing-place from every direction, and as the deeply laden freight-boat nears the beach, the rival competitors for her cargo drive into the water until their ponies are almost at swimming depth, and urge their claims to be employed with excited gesticulations and a confusion of cries rich in Yankee dialect.

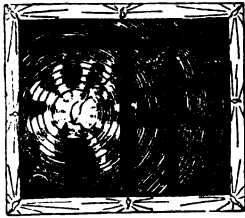
Thus the great work of lighthouse

supply goes on from year's end to year's end. Its details are varied according to circumstances, but never shirked, and with the succession of the seasons the white *Armeria* voyages from

the lights of Maine to those of Texas, and from the lights of Texas back to those of Maine, with the changeless regularity of the migratory birds that follow in her wake.

IN THE WINE-CELLAR

By H. C. Bunner



HE Count Gregoire de Lafargue was a hermit in Pennsylvania. This statement may appear strange on the face of it, especially when it is further known that the Count belonged to one of the oldest families in France, that he had plenty of money, both of his own and of other people's, that he was an epicure at once dainty and voracious, and as good a judge of wines as ever lived. But only a single word is needed to clear up the apparent mystery. That word, of course, is Panama. The Count was not a conspicuous figure among the many who were disgraced in that famous scandal, but none was more deeply implicated than he. In fact, his criminality was of a complicated nature. He had not only been bribed himself, but he had stolen the bribes of others, blackmailed his fellow-criminals, and then betrayed them for hire. Altogether he was so deep in the mire of iniquity, and had made so many desperate enemies that it was a matter of life or death with him, and he could not too carefully screen himself from the eyes of the world.

He had chosen his place of concealment skilfully, considering that he was a stranger in a strange land. He lived in an old house, several miles from any other habitation, in the hollow of a lofty and lonely range of hills. The country all around him was bleak and poor. It was not a good region for sport, and few strangers came that way. The

Count found enough shooting and fishing for himself, but it was poor pickings at the best. His neighbors were few, and lived far away, and they were nearly all of the lowest and most deliberate class of backwoods farmer. Probably none of them knew where Panama was; certainly none of them had ever heard of the great scandal. Certainly few places could have been safer, or more solitary. And the Count's one companion and servitor was a silent, unsociable French peasant, who had excellent reasons of his own for sharing his master's concealment.

The Count was a great, coarse, bull-necked Norman, a strong, healthy brute, utterly devoid of a moral nature. In spite of his gluttony and his passion for wine, he kept himself in good physical condition by violent exercise. He never knew an ache or a pain, and, strange it may seem, he was perfectly contented with his lonely life. When he was not hunting or fishing, he was eating or drinking, or else he was making preparations for eating or drinking. This, indeed, was the keenest joy of his life; a joy that never palled on him; a delight in which he was able to indulge himself without stint. For he had accomplished the almost inconceivably difficult feat of running away from France with his wine-cellar. He had not, it is true, actually taken with him his ancestral vaults; but months before the great scandal was revealed to the world, he had seen how things were going, and had secretly shipped his wonderful collection of rare wines and liquors to this country. He had carried out his scheme with consum-

mate cleverness, doing everything for himself, and trusting no agent. The goods had been shipped in bond to an inland custom-house, and, when he appeared in person, some months later, to withdraw them, he felt that, as he had shrewdly surmised, the proceeding had attracted no particular attention. He had seen much of the world in his time, and had met many Americans, and, having long foreseen the certain necessity for fight, he had adroitly informed himself of many things of which most Frenchmen are ignorant. He found out that the habit of wine-drinking in the United States was practically confined to the larger cities. And in the comparatively small manufacturing town, which he had selected for his port of shipment, the fact that a fool-Frenchman was importing high-grade wines, had caused commiseration rather than surprise. The rest of the business he managed so openly that he excited no suspicion among the Internal Revenue officers; and, as he reached the United States a good six weeks ahead of the scandal, it occurred to no one to connect the costly freight of a rich Frenchman with the flight of a notorious fugitive from justice. His neighbors in the Pennsylvania hills exhibited some curious interest at first, supposing that his barrels contained whiskey; but when they found out that he was only a foreign crank who drank wine, the interest ceased. The few dwellers in that country-side soon became accustomed to the eccentricities of the rich stranger. He took pains to buy produce of them when he could, and to pay for it liberally; and a man who spends money freely has a perfect right to be as crazy as he likes, anywhere in the world.

So the Count was allowed to enjoy his wine-cellar in peace and tranquillity; and he did enjoy it to the full. The re-establishment of his wonderful collection occupied him for several months. Every barrel and case had been transported with the greatest care, and he knew just how long to let each one rest before it was put finally in place in the great cellar which he had prepared for the reception of his treasures. The Count himself, and Emile, his servant,

accomplished all this labor between them. Emile was strong, although he was but a child by the side of the gigantic Count; and neither begrudged a whole day's labor to the installation of a single barrel, which they handled as carefully as a mother handles a six-weeks-old baby. The task was a great one, and delicate and difficult, at that; but after a few months it was successfully accomplished, and the Count was able to gloat over a superbly stocked cellar. "Gloat" is the only word that can indicate the way in which the Count looked over his transferred possessions. With new stock and old, the spacious cellar was filled to its utmost capacity; and only a few narrow passage-ways gave access to the great array of barrels and well-filled bins and shelves. He had hired a skilled plumber to fit the whole room out with an ingenious system of hot-air pipes, carefully adapted to the needs of the various kinds of wine. One temperature was maintained in a certain alcove; another in the next; thermometers hung here, there, and everywhere, and to each one was attached a card giving the figure at which the mercury should be kept. Every cask, barrel, and bung; every shelf and bin, bore a neatly framed tablet, whereon was set forth the name and the vintage of the wine, the time of its barreling or bottling, and its condition at each successive testing. Never was a wine-cellar so thoroughly well ordered and so perfectly appointed; never did a wine-cellar receive such constant and conscientious care.

Emile did the hard work of all this, and hard work it was, indeed. Hour after hour, day after day, he scraped along the narrow, dusty, cobweby passage-ways, taking the temperatures, adjusting hot-air valves, and recording on the tablets, according to a complicated system which his master had taught him, the various stages of ripening through which the wine was passing. And never, by any chance, did he satisfy the master. No more exacting bully of a master than Count Gregoire de Lafargue ever lived. He knew well that his poor servant was practically his slave, and he did not hesitate to use and abuse the power which this knowl-

edge gave him. It was well for poor Emile that he had long been used to hard treatment, and had learned a stern lesson of patience and self-repression; for his duties were of a sort to try the soul. The passage-ways were too small to permit his burly employer to move around with comfort, so the Count had the heavy, oaken door of the cellar cut into what is known as a "Dutch door," with a lower and an upper part swinging independently. From the upper edge of the lower half he had a broad shelf run out, and upon this he would rest his folded arms, as he hung over it while superintending the labors of his domestic; while his own huge form nearly filled the narrow corridor that led from the cellar-stairs. In this position the Count had much the aspect of a bartender gazing at his stock from the public side of the bar; and few bartenders would have presented so unattractive a figure.

Poor Emile never tasted a drop from the tiny testing-glasses which he filled at his master's bidding, and bore to the fastidious tyrant who rolled the exquisite liquids over his tongue, and ordered his attendant to inscribe his judgment on each appropriate tablet. Emile was faithful at his work, and, under long tuition, he had become peculiarly skilful; but oaths, curses, and once in a while a blow, were the sole rewards of his diligence.

This treatment did not arise from any special ill-will which the master bore the servant. The Count was naturally rough and overbearing, and he thought much less of his servant than he thought of his dog. The man was to him a mere serf, a chattel, a piece of property. He looked upon him as his forefathers had looked upon servitors from time immemorial. He paid him well, he clothed him well, he fed him well, he gave him plenty of the cheap red wine with which he would not have sullied his aristocratic lips—and what more could the animal want? That was the Count's way of looking at it. Emile had another way; a way of his own.

It was in the latter part of the Spring that Emile began to complain of rheu-

matic troubles. To these complaints, of course, his employer paid small heed, and whenever Emile showed any incapacity for work he was treated as though he were guilty of voluntary negligence.

However, if the Count had the brutality of the feudal lord, Emile had the stubbornness of the French peasant; and, as his pains increased, he made up his mind that, come what might, he should have medical relief at his master's charge. He had long borne abuse and ill-treatment with a patience that had almost hardened into indifference. He saw nothing out of the common in his lot. That the nobleman should be overbearing; that the serf should be submissive—why, that was the natural way of things. But in this particular instance the Count had overstepped his natural prerogative. A nobleman may be brutal, but a nobleman must not be mean or stingy; and in slighting complaints of his faithful serving-man the Count was, to the latter's mind, guilty of a peculiarly petty and sordid piece of malice; and the victim resented it with all the bitterness of a self-contained nature. The circumstances of the case certainly gave him grounds for his belief; although, as a matter of fact, the Count probably had no special motive in his unkindness. But to the shrewd, ignorant mind of the working-man it seemed otherwise; for he knew something that the Count supposed he did not know.

Like many big, hearty, healthy men, Lafargue made light of sickness and suffering as far as other people were concerned, but he had a great horror and dread of it in his own case. Moreover, he was superstitious. Of general ill-health he had no fear; but his father and his grandfather had both died of injuries received in the hunting-field, and he himself firmly believed that he was destined to meet injury or death in some similar way. In France he had kept a skilful young surgeon on salary as a member of his household. Such an arrangement being impossible in his present quarters, he had made a contract with a physician in the nearest town to come to him instantly and without delay at any moment when his ser-

vices might be required. To insure strict and quick compliance with this contract, he had paid a large sum in advance, and further agreed to pay a regular annual stipend, in return for which he was to receive whatever attention he should demand. It was the knowledge of this that galled Emile. He had borne much, in his time, but this one injury was one which he could not forgive. To him the doctor under contract was a possession of the Count's, a thing belonging to the household, to be used for household purposes, and as the poor wretch's conception of a right was of the right to be maintained at his master's expense, he conceived himself to be distinctly defrauded in being denied the use of the doctor's services. His master's dogs got medicine when they were ailing, and he could see no difference in their position and his.

The day came, finally, when he amazed the Count by rising in utter rebellion, and flatly refused to perform some tasks to which the Count had assigned him. Lafargue stood speechless for a moment, then he lifted his hand to strike, but the man stood unmoved.

"You may beat me," he said, "but can you beat strength into this arm? Do I not know you and what you are? You would be willing to kill me for less than this. Do you think I would defy you if I could help it?"

The Count's arm dropped to his side. This form of reasoning naturally appealed to him, for it flattered his tyrannical spirit. Even in his anger it was obvious to him that this piece of his household machinery required oiling.

"You wish to go to the doctor?" he said.

Emile laughed bitterly.

"How can I go to the doctor?" he said. "It is ten miles, and more. Give me a letter, and I will go to the cross-roads and send it by the first teamster. The doctor must come to me. If I tried to go to him I should have small use for him when I got there."

The Count sat down to his writing-desk, an article of furniture little used, except for the keeping of his account-books. He looked for a sheet of note-paper, but he could find none. He had

no occasion to write letters nowadays, and, ever since his flight from France, he had been wisely careful to give as few specimens of his handwriting as possible. He had assumed a new name, of course, and he had adopted a signature which he had tried to make unlike his usual handwriting, but he still felt the necessity of great caution and, as far as it was practicable, he conducted all his business personally or through his trusty servant.

At length he found a dusty writing-pad, and, tearing off one sheet, wrote the date and this brief message:

"Come to-day."

This he signed; and, after some rummaging in the desk, he found a soiled envelope, which he addressed to the doctor. Then, as he was about to put the letter in the envelope, he hesitated. He had meant to go fishing that day; and he reflected that it would be well for him to be present when the doctor saw Emile. He did not care to trust Emile's report of the interview.

He threw the sheet into the waste-paper basket, without taking the precaution to tear it up. Then he wrote and signed another:

"Come to-morrow." And this one he had half inserted in the envelope when Emile interrupted him to ask for what time the doctor had been summoned. When he heard, he made a protest, and his protest angered the Count. He took the sheet out of the envelope and flung it on the floor. Then he hastily scribbled a third.

"Come day after to-morrow," it said. He was about to slip this into the envelope, when a sudden thought came to him and he stopped.

"To-day," he said, "and to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow. Very well, it shall be as you behave yourself. You know what I have told you to do. Do it and I will let you send that note that calls for the doctor to-day. He will arrive here by this evening. If your work is not done satisfactorily, you will have to wait for the doctor until day after to-morrow. Now go about your business!" And, with a gesture of dismissal, the Count rose and left the room.

If the Count had been a man of either imagination or insight, it might have struck him as a remarkable and suspicious fact that Emile, being thus adjured, did his work fairly well. As it was, he only smiled at his own sagacity, as he thought to himself that he had caught the man shamming, or at least exaggerating the seriousness of his ailment, and, later in the day, in a fit of contemptuous good-nature, he gave him the letter summoning the doctor at once, and saw him set off for the cross-roads.

Then he made his preparations to go fishing; looked over his rod, wound up his reel anew, and selected his flies. And then, reflecting that Emile could not return for several hours, and that he himself would be absent till night-fall, he went down to the wine-cellar to see that everything was in proper shape.

Everything was *not* in proper shape. The temperature was too low, and he thought that he could detect a slight draught, though he could not find where it came from. He looked at the furnace. It was giving forth much more than the little heat required to keep the cellar in fit condition. He came back and leaned over the lower half of the door, resting his arms on his shelf, and looking perplexedly about the room, wondering where the leak or cold air could be. The ventilators were all closed, and the windows were fixed sashes that did not open. But suddenly he observed that a window *was* open. The sash directly opposite him had been moved from its place, and rested loosely in the frame. He stared at it in utter astonishment, almost unable to believe the testimony of his eyes. Then, just as he gathered himself to start back for the purpose of opening the door to remedy the mischief, he felt something strike him sharply from behind: heard the creak of breaking wood and the noise made by a heavy piece of board that fell just behind his heels. He tried to turn around, but something gripped his waist with the grip of a vice, and, as he twisted his body to look up, he saw that he was imprisoned by the upper leaf of the door. A semi-

circular aperture had been cut nearly out of it, and it had been closed upon him quickly and forcibly, and the bolt had been shot at the same moment.

The Count Gregoire de Lafargue struggled with all his strength, but even his huge frame could do no more than feebly shake the mighty oak door that held him as a man is held in a pillory. He could neither get his chest through one way nor his hips the other; and if he had had an iron girdle around him, he could not have been more firmly bound.

Just as he came to a realization of this fact he saw the loose window-sash opposite him move from the outside. A hand and then an arm appeared, letting it down to the floor. Then two legs arrived in the place of the arm, and a body followed the legs, and then came a face—the face of Emile—bearing upon it an expression such as the Count had never seen before on the features of the poor wretch whom he had so long bullied and maltreated. It was not a look of revenge that Emile wore, nor a look of hatred, nor a look of malice. He simply looked business-like, independent, and at his ease.

For the next two minutes neither of the two men said a word. The one was too utterly dazed to speak; the other had no need to talk. Emile held in his one hand a small hammer, and in the other a wrench. Swiftly, but calmly and steadily, he walked along the narrow passage-way of that wonderful wine-cellar. With swift, dexterous blows, he broke the necks of the price-less bottles of champagne, Bordeaux, Burgundy, madeira, and all the rest, and with quick twists he opened the spigots of all the casks and barrels. Swiftly and silently he finished his task. A sound of slow and steady dripping succeeded to the first pops and splashes. A delicious odor of old wine filled the cellar.

When all was done Emile advanced just near enough to the Count to be out of the reach of his powerful arm, and laid three pieces of paper on the top of a barrel. They were three sheets from his master's writing pad, folded so that their contents were not seen. Then he produced the envelope, addressed to the doctor, and, selecting one of the

three sheets, he inserted it in the wrapper. The sound of the dripping, running wine went on; for he had opened each faucet but a little way.

"To-day, to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow," he said. "I will give this letter to the teamster at the cross-roads. Until the doctor comes you can amuse yourself with guessing which one I shall send him."

He paused to open a faucet a little

wider. Then, as the Count burst into a torrent of imprecations, he crawled slowly out of the window. When he was entirely outside, he turned himself around on the ground and, thrusting his face through the casement, looked quietly and observantly through the window for half a minute at the writhing figure of the cursing Count, and then said, politely:

"Adieu!"

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

By Arthur Willis Colton

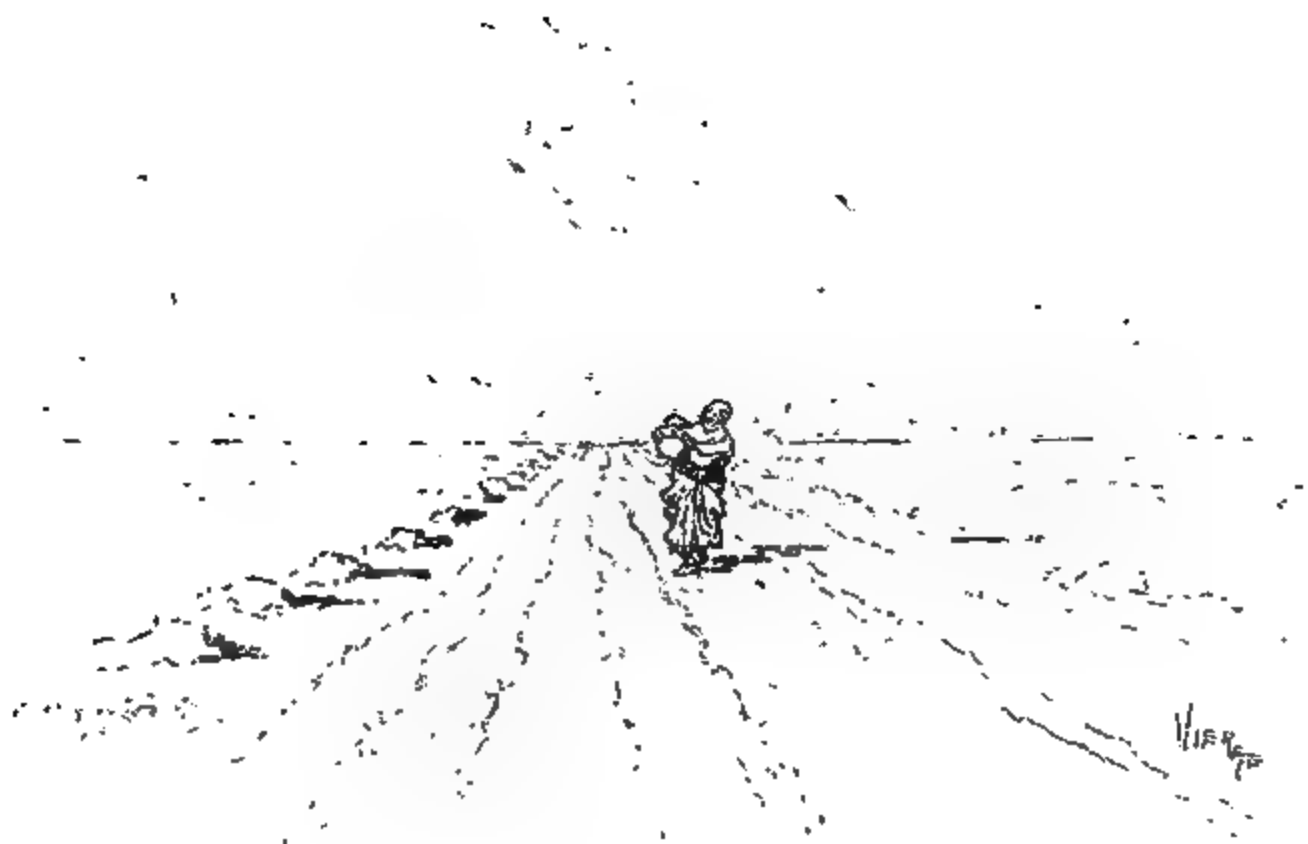
Twenty years hence, some fading day,
Will you through this green orchard stray,
With thoughts afar
On golden hours we freely spent,
And bought the merchandise, content,
At Time's bazaar.

You'll say, "He puffed the smoke in rings;
We talked of books and other things;
Devised a plot;
Together wove some idle rhymes
Of colored threads that matched sometimes,
And sometimes not.

The oriole from his chosen tree
Made better poetry than we
Anent his nest.
Soft paced the hours like clouds, until
There rose a poem better still
Far in the west."

Twenty years hence. Across the sky
The swift incessant swallows fly.
You'll not forget
The bees, nor how the oriole sung
Twenty years syne, when we were young,
His chansonette.

'Margaret, Margaret," some one calls:
'Margaret, come. The night dew falls,
The grass is wet."
Twenty years hence. The lawn is dark,
And the whippoorwills are wailing. Hark!
'Margaret, Margaret."



ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE

By August F. Jaccaci—Illustrated by Vierge

III

STARTING from Argamasilla before daylight, our little mule had trudged during eight long hours the denuded inhospitable plain of La Mancha, where the unchecked cold blasts from the Sierras held wild riot in the winter, and which was now lying prostrate under the furious caresses of the sun; her parched soil bursting now and anon with dull sounds like the moans of a creature in pain. When we became aware of the proximity of the highway we were looking for, it was by some ruins, inevitable concomitants of this Land of the

Dead. Before these silent, melancholy remains, and in the absence of the living, one can but feel the presence of the dead. 'Tis as if the past centuries were walking by the side of the traveller, keeping him company, and little imagination is needed to people again this great artery of human communications thrown across the undefiled country by the Romans with Iberians, Goths, and Moors, with Spaniards of the time when Spain was the most powerful country of the civilized world—and see Isabella, Charles V., the

sombre Philip, speeding on in all the splendid paraphernalia of royalty, and with their retinue of haughty Castilians. What a sense of the swing of history one has in such places, and before the eternity of nature how ephemeral and inconsequential human life seems. All unconsciously Ezechiel brings back some echoes of a past of which he is ignorant in calling this road *arrecife*, the Arab name which has remained in the Manchegan dialect, one of the many patent souvenirs of five centuries of Moorish domination.

The ruins were of an important Venta, such a caravanserai as was found every few leagues when all travelling and traffic between Madrid and Seville passed on this royal highway. Should the ingenious surmises of the learned, who have industriously erected their ponderous commentaries around Cervantes's romance, be true, this Venta had the rare good fortune of being visited by Don Quixote in the beginning of his wanderings. He kept his night vigil-at-arms in its court-yard, and on the morning following was by the rowdy, canny innkeeper made a knight. To me let it be only what it surely is, and that is enough; one of the rare pages of the days of old—the mute witness of the comedies and tragedies, of the pleasures and troubles of some of our predecessors in the human procession.

Finding the well empty, we resume our journey toward the road guard-house, two miles away, to find it closed, and go on northward again, the white road ablaze in the furnace heat. Under the cart-covering the scorching sun-rays liquefy one's brains; the landscape

around simmers under the same trembling of the atmosphere as I had seen in the Sahara. Some olive-trees, with their fantastic trunks and branches gnarled and crooked, seem the vivid personifications of the tortures of the heat. A

mendicant, seated in the dust scratching himself, is the first man we see on this royal road. Later two men pass us. "Poor ones also," says Ezechiel. Queer fashion for mendicants to carry their guns on their shoulders! But then it is a general custom in La Mancha. These two fellows look like opera supernumeraries, except that their bronzed heads finely chiselled are full of character, and that they are ragged beyond any possible imagination.

We attempt a hasty luncheon under the shadow of our cart, where the poor mule, lying down, stretches her head for comfort. It is hard work to eat without drinking, but some such an experience has its value for the future enjoyment of that commonplace of life—the drinking of a glass of water.

Toward four in the afternoon we find another guard-house and pure, cool water. What a pleasure it is to see the dulness leave the eyes of our mule while she drinks in long-measured draughts, her legs and neck bracing up, her whole countenance changed—alert now, ready for fresh exertions. The brave brute!

Across country again through a *vega*, a meadow where in the tall reeds, out of which baskets are made, pop out like strange flowers the heads of young



The Drummer at Herencia.

horses and mules in herds, standing still with their feet in the water of our friend—the Guadiana.

Then the road leading up hill after hill, we alight and literally “put our shoulders to the wheel.” The character of the country changes. We are climbing on the first spur of the mountains which form the northern limit of the plains of La Mancha, and are entering one of the richest agricultural districts of Spain. Yet at this time of the year there is no sign of vegetation. The bare earth alone greets the eye in desolate hills cleft by the spring floods.

It is ten o'clock when we reach Herencia, having travelled some fifty miles in the day, mostly on bad roads.

The inn with its sign, a wooden cross, dangling above the door seemed a grand place after the hardships of the day. In such guise as the Venta de Quesada, which we had visited in the morning, loomed up before Don Quixote's vision as a “castle with four towers, and spires of shining silver not wanting draw-bridge and moats and all the appurtenances with which such places are painted,” so the inn was to my mind a castle.

But whereas a drove of hogs greeted the chevalier, we found an interesting band of revellers. In honor of the local feast-day upon which we had happened to stumble unawares, some thirty men were assembled round a huge table in the little courtyard, dimly and whimsically lighted by the dancing flames of some hanging lamps which though modern were roughly made by hand and of as primitive

Indeed the performance proved to be a matter of business—the dinner offered once a year, in accordance with an ancient custom transmitted unbroken, by some rich proprietor to his dependants, his *arrieros* and the tenants of his estate. No doubt for days previous preparations had been made for the event by a specially scant diet.

We fared finely ourselves over that peninsular dish—the rabbit—the animal found on the ancient coins of the country and testifying to the culinary gratitude of a people not too spoiled in these matters; after dinner I would have done the rabbit a like honor had I had the choosing of coin designs.

There was a dance afterward—very dignified—a mixed affair—local, yet with a dash of civilized notions thrown in, a delightfully clumsy mixture of the provincial and the civilized dance.

It was while attempting to disport himself after our own fashion, that a half peasant, half Moor was unable to divest himself of the ways which had become the most rigid parts of his nature. And so with him the polka was half a cachucha, half a bolero, and the waltz smacked of the zapatera, with its queer contortions of the torso and its rhythmic beat of heels and toes. Alas, Herencia was the most important place I had as yet come across in my Manchegan rambles, and the offensive sign of its thrift and prosperity, the men

In the City Hall Tower.

a model as those found in Pompeii. These men were energetically at work getting through a Homeric feast at which I afterward learned some fifty pounds of beef, thirty of bread, and dozens of chickens, were disposed of in the good old fashion and washed down with wine "ad libitum." The scene had an unusual fascination in that all were silent.

dressed in the universal garb of civilization, I met with on all sides while following the stream of people toward the sanctuary of the patron saint whose feast was being celebrated.

Near the entrance of the church on a little table covered with a napkin, was a large platter full of coins. Its keeper, the traditional dueña, an old lady sunk in a low chair, and lost in the folds of her mantilla, kept fluttering her fan vigorously, and at intervals interrupting her constant mumbling prayers, she turned to the next person to say, "Jesu, it's hot!" My little contribution is gracefully acknowledged in that way.

The low murmur of prayers gets louder and quieter in turns with always the faint suggestion of a rhythm, that of a national air.

From the church-door a company of soldiers lines the way to the main altar, resplendent with its hundreds of lighted candles, shining on pictures, marble columns, candelabra, and the profusion of gaudy paper flowers set in huge vases.

In a side chapel there is an old painting black with age and with real jewels, some silver ornaments, a gold diadem and bracelets inserted into the canvas. Before it a crowd of women on their knees form a picture *à la Ribera*, with beautiful oppositions of intense light and black shadows. While all heads are devotedly bowed, a unique profile, straight and hard, stands out—that of a young girl of the pure Arab type, with the large black eyes full of flame and shadows, with the lips firmly and finely drawn and sunk in the corners. It is a strangely sensuous face which, in a haughty way, in the consciousness, perhaps, of her superb animality, seemed to wonder what the scene she was looking on might have to do with real life. Why should that single figure, seemingly out of keeping with its environment, appear to me the most typical one? Perhaps because of the idiosyncrasies of my Don Quixote self, and, perhaps also, I think, because it was the one sincere, involuntary expression there of these Southern natures, which, in spite of superstitions, of obsolete religious practices,

de San Juan.

take life in the main after a manner eminently sane and natural.

The sky is studded with an infinitude of stars. The streets are dark but for the few lights of some stands where fruit, bread, pastry, and the omnipresent *garbanzos* (chick peas) are sold. The people are orderly, moving so quietly that one misses the exuberance of feeling, the bursts of merriment Italians are wont to indulge in on such occasions. No motions are made which would disturb the dignified folds of capas and mantillas. Among the few words that are being exchanged, one catches snatches of those sententious

sensuous voice
sings a Mala-
gueña, which
the wild expres-
sive twangs of
the guitar
punctuate.
There is fury in
the accompani-
ment, passion
in the voice.
This song is the
revelation of
another side of
this people's
nature — the
smouldering

he ashes. As we come out of
in the early morning a street

sap and sense,
which are too
near the seriousness of life to bring a
laugh.

Two young men strolling about the
groups pause; at a few twangs of their
guitar the silent crowd presses around
them. The two players face one another.
One plays the accompaniment, the other,
with that astonishing natural virtuosity
which mimics real talent so well that one
needs know much to detect the differ-
ence, plays the
air. Their
poses are char-
acteristic—the
virtuoso stand-
ing straight,
his head
thrown back;
the accompan-
ist, with bent
body resting
on one foot,
and his eyes
riveted on his
partner's gui-
tar. When the
song is fin-
ished a few low
blows of ap-
preciation are
heard while
the crowds
noiselessly
disperse.

But in the
distance a full,

merchant is already at work near the
market-place, offering his stock of goods
at auction to the country folks, the pil-
grims, who are getting ready to return
home. It is the one occasion for most
of these who coming to town but once a
year, on such a feast day, make then
their necessary purchases for the whole
year. And this peculiar demand has
brought out a class of ambulant street-
venders, whose life is spent in moving
over the country, from fiesta to fiesta.

Reaching the highway outside the town, there goes before us a troop of pilgrims, sturdy women with bright headkerchiefs, mounted on the top of the loads on their little donkeys and chattering merrily. The dust-cloud which envelops them is glorified by the rising sun, making a halo to that gay picture full of movement.

We pass them, look back, and lo! the charm has vanished. The cavalcade is as commonplace as possible.

As we now turn to look at the receding town, its silhouette clearly cut on the tawny curtain of the Sierras behind, it takes the bewitching appearance of a fresh and dainty vision in her white garb, softened and beautified by the tender light of the morning. In what concerns beauty, Spain is the democratic land par excellence. Decrepit buildings, half-ruined villages, ragged mendicants, have their daily hour of unrivalled splendor. Dilapidated objects and commonplace scenes, touched by the sun of the south, are turned by this incomparable magician into visions of loveliness. In the course of the day it dwells in turn on each detail of the landscape, giving it inexpressible charm and beauty.

And as we go on our journey this calm morning there goes, also, with us in the gutters on each side of the well-kept road a stream of fireworks—tiny blue flowers, which against the neutral background of parched grass, and pierced by the slanting rays of the sun, are transfigured into radiant jewels.

All too soon do we come to Alcazar de San Juan, a town of some commercial importance, since the railroad branch to Valencia joins here the main road from Madrid to Seville. Alcazar naturally boasts of its station with its "Buffet." But far from me is the de-

de San Juan.

sire to eat, on a table covered with a table-cloth which bears the unmistakable evidences of previous service, Spanish imitations of English steaks, or to drink so-called Bordeaux wine from a glass instead of black, rough Valdepeñas from a skin or earthenware bottle—and to listen to the Hispano-Franco-English impossible jargon of the waiter.

There is enough local color left all around this ugly symbol of nineteenth-century civilization which, like a fungus amidst the grass and plants of a prairie, is here stranded in provincial and old-time surroundings. We take a look at the adjacent country from the tower of the Town Hall, and have a hasty breakfast and rest at the fine Fonda, whose monumental façade stands on a large plaza, the market-place, where an amusing spectacle is going on. Market-hour is over, but a few peasants still linger in the hope of disposing of the stock in trade they have spread in the dust on the pavements. They shout and sing the virtues of each particular fruit and vegetable, paying extravagant compliments to each housekeeper who comes on the scene, or poke fun at one another, kicking against Providence and bad luck, all in a jolly spirit, and with fine, sonorous voices and great ripples of laughter. There are some women among them, handsome and in multi-colored dresses; and it is of one of them we buy our provision of fruit.



The Windmills in the Distance.

Vaya usted con Dios, "God be with you," she says as I leave. Then calling me back, "Caballero, when you go home tell your girl that they are pretty fine women, the women of Alcazar. Good in business and good in love, and mind you, Señor, they love but once!"

Sitting on a bench under the arched-trance-way of the inn we have as yet seen of what such a place de Cardenas or there may have been in the spite of the inevitable dirt and slovenliness, the place has an unmistakable cachet of prosperity, and the cheery inn-keeper and servants move about busily. In front of us some female servants are sewing, repairing sheets, fashioning garments for the master's help. A buffoon's sole occupation is to sweep the floor, while a colleague goes after him sprink-

ling it the whole day long. The big, fat ama, with a face like a Roman senator, strides all over the place, keeping a watchful eye on details, and giving im-

perative orders in a voice which sounds like a clarion blast. The ama, with a bunch of keys dangling from his belt, sees to the filling of wine-bottles, to the killing of poultry, to the cutting of meat. The cooks—at work under our

eyes—are two old witches, who alternately disappear and reappear in the smoke of the wood-fire. The ama, who, in spite of her bulk, is here, there, and everywhere at once, comes often behind them unexpectedly, snatching stew-pans, tasting the food, adding ingredients, and upbraiding the witches in the grandest style, with her magnificent organ. However, the real ruler of this Fonda appears to be a spoiled little boy, hardly three years old, precocious and saucy—the

Benjamin of the large family. He keeps busy his special *criada*—a handsome young woman, in orange skirt, red stockings, and black shoes (oh, luxury!), and who looks the picture of helplessness, and blushing prettily, casts frightened glances toward the ama at every fresh evidence of the little rogue's mischievous spirit.

Alcazar de San Juan and its Fonda having passed out of sight were nothing more to me than one more souvenir of my journey added to the others. A sharp negative was indelibly impressed on the camera of my brain, when we caught sight of the windmills of the Campo de Crijitano, one of which, it is said, "The Knight of the Rueful Feature" met with in his celebrated adventure. Poor Quixote does not seem so mad after all when one first sees this row of mills set irregularly on the crest of a hill and looking like nothing one has ever seen—more like a collection of queer, primitive toys stuck there by the weird caprice of a lunatic. As one approaches and views them one by one, these clumsy-looking affairs propped up like very aged persons are quite fantastic. No wonder the worthy knight took them for giants!

On his native soil Cervantes's book takes an added pungency. How characteristic it is of the country; how true to life are the characters, descriptions, and language one needs to live here among the people to know. There is a

great charm in stumbling at all instants on things it has made familiar to us. Not only do most Manchegans of our day dress like Sancho Panza, but they are mines of those sayings in which the wisdom of generations is crystallized—of old proverbs which they, like him, constantly use to sum up tersely a situation.

Near the mills we stop to inquire of a water-cart driver our shortest way to the pueblo. Ezechiél receives the desired information, and then "Brother," he said, "is it water you are carrying?—"

"Fine drinking-water, yea. Don't you want some?"

"Thanks, no ;



Fig. 1

In Campo de Crijitano.

our bottle is half full, still."

"Caramba! It must be hot now, have some of mine," answers the man.

Our bottle is filled with sweet fresh water, and Ezechiél calls the man who is going back to his cart:

"Here, here's a pataquilla" (a cent), "and we are obliged to you."

"No, brother, I don't want any money, I am glad to give you good water, that's all."

"But we all have to live of our labor, and you have to drive many miles to get that water."

"Bueno, but it's better to make a friend than to make ten dollars;" then catching a glimpse of me, "all right, brother," he says to Ezechiél. "I see the Caballero can better afford to give

this money than I to be without it, and so I'll take the money."

I buttered the pataquilla with a cigarette, and added the valued courtesy of offering him light from my cigar. He stood caressing our mule while giving us again instructions as to our road. Under the scant protection of a handkerchief wound turban-like around his head, his fine brown face was aglow in the sunlight, and the blood gave a flamboyant hue to his firm cheeks like the rich color of a hard red apple, his black eyes flashed and the veins of his neck and forehead bulged out. He stood there, the picture of a superbly healthy, careless, happy creature.

Campo de Crijitano, named for the productive land, the rich fields around it (*campo*, fields) is one of the rare three or four specimens of the best Manchegan pueblos. In spite of its well-to-do air, of its big houses, some of which have glass windows, stone carvings, and ornaments of wrought iron, it preserves as strong a local flavor as its humble sisters. Being fortunately removed from the railroad, it remains, in spite of its prosperity, an old-time community. Having variety in its picturesqueness and dignity in many of its buildings, it is good to find it Manchegan to the core, in nowise different from the poorest villages of this land of enchantment where the old costumes, habits, and the old houses have remained unchanged, for ages.

The Campo is dozing when we pick our way at high noon through its precipitous street toward the Posada. Quevedo alone, the master *par excellence* of picaresque descriptions, could have done justice to the wild types we find there; the

El Toboso.

"Maria."

at the door with bandages around the head which he kept sprinkling with some old woman's ointment kept in a greasy pig-skin vessel; the infirm amo and ama, each literally bigger in breadth than in height; the collection of half-naked hangers-on escaped from nowhere but the pages of "Pablo De Segovie, The Great Ruffian."

The dingy interior—parlor, dining, sleeping room, what was it? with its indescribable dinginess, filth and flies, is a place not to be described. But there, under the slanting, low roof, with its roughly hewed beams, cobwebbed all over, we had to rest our weary limbs. In choosing our place we pass by or walk over mule, pedlars, pig-herds, all thick-set, strong-limbed, muscular chaps, stretched down on the bare floor with their coats or stones under their heads by way of pillows. On the walls, harnesses and sombreros are hanging on nails; in the corners are sacks of grain, packages, wine-skins belonging to the sleepers, and guarded by little curs who snarl silently when one gets near, and would bark and bite at the slightest attempt of any stranger to touch their masters' property.

In the weird light, a half-light—what a fine picture this interior makes! Two stables are near us. One for the mules, the other for the pigs. These last are grunting while the mules kick, and lean cats, wandering about in search of food, mew. A mule chased from the stable picks out her way quickly among the sleepers, not one of whom moves while her master, coming behind with her harness, urges her on with a sonorous shout ending in a hiss. No interruptions wake the sleepers. Their life is so hard and busy a one, a good part of the days and nights being spent working, that when a chance offers they are sound asleep in a twinkling. Resting soundly until the last minute, in a moment they are up and ready for work. There is no stretching of the limbs, no washing to be gone through, no clothes to put on; a drink of water and they are behind their mules under the broiling sun, wide awake, the crooked stick in their hands and singing.

We start at three in the afternoon, after harnessing the mule in the midst

of a drove of a hundred or more pigs—all the pigs of the village—which are being gathered together to go to the fields under the guardianship of boys. We follow a beautiful road for a league or more and pass the sanctuary on the hill where reposes the miraculous image of the patron saint of the Campo, "Our Lady of Crijitano;" we strike across wheat-fields and after a couple of hours reach the barren country sparsely dotted with clusters of trees where Don Quixote met his Lady—Dulcinea of Toboso. Quite melancholy are the approaches of the village whose few houses, built of the sculptured fragments of ancient fine structures, testify to the present decadence of the once renowned and important city. There is a winning charm to this place though, like to a deserving poor chap who still preserves some traces of gentlemanly demeanor.

Its dilapidated houses, clustered at the feet of two stern, forbidding looking churches, in spite of their scars, appeared clean and well kept. Its ravine-like lanes were free from noxious sights. There also was to be found the unique curiosity of La Mancha, a very

head spent his time alternately giving praying. On our arrival we family finishing supper, and inquiries were answered the res stood with heads bowed on the table, chanting an in-litany, keeping us waiting long ordeal was at an end. we could make our wishes women, excited and fluttered pected advent of guests, dis-go and prepare our supper and then the father started on his hobby—religion. He was a fanatic with the fierce intolerance which is usually considered by the foreigners one of the strong traits of the Spaniards. I had as yet seen nothing of intolerance and hardly anything of religion; but this man more than made up for what I had lost. Don Quixote discussing of chivalry was no more enthusiastic, not a whit less hare-brained than this inn-keeper when inveighing against the bad ways of the present generation, against its indifference to

A Scene in Toboso—Guardias Civiles Making an Investigation.

poor but exquisitely clean posada. It was late when we saw it, and I hardly dare trust my first impression, but it stood the test of a detailed survey in the full light of the next day. Imagine Dutch cleanliness in a Manchegan village! Floors of court-yards and rooms shining, barren of dust; curtains at the little windows, mats at the doors, and in appropriate places on the white walls pathetic attempts at decoration in the shape of religious prints set in colored-paper frames!

The family—father, mother, and two daughters—kept the place in order. The women were dignified and winning, and as they went about their work in the house an atmosphere of gentility hovered about them. Their simple manners, devoid neither of repose nor of grace, were pleasant to watch.

The father, a strapping man of about fifty, with large frame, big shoulders, clean face, and a peculiarly low fore-

church attendance, its non-observance of religious practices—in short, its lack of what was previously termed the religious spirit in Spain. He would illustrate his ideas by quotations from the theological books, cross himself when pronouncing the name of God or the saints, and he occasionally would break in upon his reasonings to ask us our opinions of some prayers to be used on special occasions of temptation and illness which he had selected from the old manuals of piety. This world was going the way of the tempter, was the burden of his song; and he pointed to the fact that in the last century every other house in Toboso was a church, a private chapel, or a convent, while the government having taken away lands and fields and convents from monks and sisters, there were hardly any monks or sisters left, and only two churches. He remembered how beautiful were the holy services he used to attend in

his youth, with the magnificent tapestries, gold and silver vases, rich ornaments which made the altars like visions of paradise. All these riches had to be sold, little by little, and thus the church was now bereft of her power for good.

A sad lot was that of the women of the house with such a master. He meant well, of course, but his was an iron will, and everyone must agree with the spirit of his doctrine as well as with his minute observances. Thus Maria and Juana, the daughters, in passing before each saintly image, each prayer cut from the pages of ancient missals, which adorned the walls all over the house in their little frames ingeniously fashioned of straw and gilt paper—had to bow and stop, audibly reciting a pious ejaculation. While in the midst of their work, the hands of the giant

would beckon, and business had to be instantly abandoned for the recitation of some special prayer for the deliverance of slaves or the conversion of the faithless. There was no escape possible from the tyrannical ways of this singular amo, who, caring little about the things of this world, would let his guests starve or go away without paying if only he could improve the opportunity to make them religious after his own heart. The reason for the lack of patronage of this otherwise admirable place was evident.

When in the evening, seated outdoors and hearing songs of merriment in the neighborhood, we wondered what was going on, "It is from the other posada," said the amo. "May God burn it to the ground, for devil-possessed people run it and idolaters alone frequent it."

THE EXPENDITURE OF RICH MEN

By E. L. Godkin



FROM the earliest times of which we have any historical knowledge rich men have had to exercise a good deal of ingenuity in expending their income. The old notion that wealth is desired for the sake of power was never completely true. It has always been desired also, as a rule, for the sake of display. The cases have been rare in which rich men have been content to be secretly or unobtrusively rich. They have always wished people to know they were rich. It has, also, from the earliest times, been considered appropriate that display should accompany power. A powerful man who was not wealthy and made no display, has, in all ages, been considered a strange, exceptional person. As soon as a man became powerful, the world has always thought it becoming that he should also be rich, and should furnish evidences of his riches that would impress the popular imagination. As a rule, he has sought to make this impression. He has liked people at least to see what he could do if he would. Of course, except in the case of rulers, he could not put his money into armies or fleets. Consequently, as a private man, he has put it into tangible, visible property, things which people could see and envy, or wonder over. A rich man who did not do this was always set down as a miser, or something very like it, in some way queer or eccentric. He, too, has been held bound to spend his money in ways in which the public in general expected him to spend it, and in which it had become usual for men of his kind to expend it. His expenditure was, therefore, in a certain sense, the product of the popular manners. If a man in England, for instance, expends money like a rich Turkish pasha, or Indian prince, he is frowned on or laughed at. But if he keeps a great racing stable, or turns large tracts of

land into a grouse moor or a deer forest, in which to amuse himself by killing wild animals, it is thought natural and simple.

But one of the odd things about wealth is the small impression the preachers and moralists have ever made about it. From the very earliest times its deceitfulness, its inability to produce happiness, its fertility in temptation, its want of connection with virtue and purity, have been among the common-places of religion and morality. Hesiod declaims against it, and exposes its bad effects on the character of its possessors, and Christ makes it exceedingly hard for the rich man to get to heaven. The folly of winning wealth or caring for it has a prominent place in mediæval theology. Since the Reformation there has not been so much declamation against it, but the rich man's position has always been held, even among Protestants, to be exceedingly perilous. His temptations might not be so great as they used to be, but his responsibilities were quadrupled. The modern philanthropic movement, in particular, has laid heavy burdens on him. He is now allowed to have wealth, but the ethical writers and the clergy supervise his expenditure closely. If he does not give freely for charitable objects, or for the support of institutions of beneficence, he is severely criticised. His stewardship is insisted on. In the Middle Ages this was his own lookout. If he endowed monasteries, or bequeathed foundations for widows, or old men, or orphans, it was with the view of making provision for his own soul in the future world, and did not stand much higher in morals or religion than that old English legacy for the expenses of burning heretics. But in our times he is expected to endow for love of his kind or country, and gifts for his soul's sake would be considered an expression of selfishness.

In Europe, as I have said, the association of displays of wealth with polit-

ical power has lasted since states were founded. It was largely made possible in the ancient world through slavery. From what we know through architectural remains, or historic record, there was no length, in that world, to which a great man could not go in the display of his possessions. What we hear or see of Hadrian's villa, or Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, makes Versailles seem a mere bauble. The stories told of the villas of Lucullus, or Mæcenas, even if half true, show that our modern rich men know but little of the possibilities of luxury. Pliny's description of his own villa in his Letters shows that they were far more than half true, that not one of our modern rich men has done one-quarter of what he might have done for material enjoyment. Undoubtedly the non-existence of slavery has been the greatest check on his extravagance. Could he have the same absolute control over domestic servants, he would probably treat himself to more extraordinary varieties of luxury in the matter of habitation and clothing and equipages. The traditions of the Roman Empire in this matter perished with the Empire. When the modern rich man came into possession of the means and appliances of civilization, he found himself in a new world, in which it was vastly more difficult to secure steady, uncomplaining personal service, and in which money was harder to get hold of. But what was within his reach, he readily used. The mediæval noble all over Europe after the Renaissance, transferred himself to magnificent abodes, and surrounded himself with a small army of servants. But he did this in obedience, I will not say to public opinion, for there was no such thing, but to popular notions of the fitting. It was held, as I have said, but becoming that a man who occupied his political place, who counted for so much in the state, whose descent was considered so illustrious, who owned such vast tracts of land, should live in a very great house, and be followed by a great retinue, should have his gentlemen and pages, and his numerous servants to wait upon him. When Madame de Sevigné travelled in the seventeenth century to Paris from

her château in the country, she went with two carriages, seven horses, and four men on horseback, and each carriage had four horses; yet she was only a person of moderate fortune. Madame de Montespan, when she went to Vichy, had six horses in her coach; another behind with six maids. Then she had two *fourgons*, or baggage-wagons, six mules, and a dozen men on horseback, forty-five persons in all. Once when Madame de Sevigné's son came home from the army, her man of business had fifteen hundred men under arms to receive him in the court of the château. When the Marquis de Lavaradin came to see her, he had officers and guards and trumpets and twenty gentlemen. The Montmorencis and Rohans and Soubises and Colignys made still greater display. The same thing went on in England. The rich men lived and travelled surrounded by splendor, because they were really great men. They had power over hundreds and thousands of fortunes, if not of lives. They had a share in the government. They were largely above the law. "God Almighty," as a pious but well-born Frenchwoman said, "thought twice before damning one of them." Down to the end of the last century the enmity of a peer, as was recently remarked, was enough to ruin a man in England.

All this is now changed in Europe. As power has left the upper classes, display has ceased. To be quiet and unobserved is the mark of distinction. Women of Madame de Sevigné's rank travel in dark-colored little broughams. Peers in England are indistinguishable when they move about in public, from any one else. Distinction is sought in manners, in speech, in general simplicity of demeanor, rather than in show of any kind. An attempt to produce on anybody, high or low, any impression but one of envy, by sumptuousness of living or equipage, would prove a total failure. It may be said, without exaggeration, that the quietness of every description is now the "note" of the higher class in all countries in Europe—quietness of manner, of voice, of dress, of equipages, of, in short, nearly everything

which brings them in contact with their fellow-men. Comfort is the quest of the "old nobility" generally. Ostentation is left to the newly enriched, but there can hardly be a doubt that this is largely due to loss of power. Wealth now means nothing but wealth. The European noble was, in fact, everywhere but in Venice, a great territorial lord. It was incumbent on him as a mark of his position, as soon as he came out of his mediæval "keep," to live in a great house, if only for purposes of entertainment. His retinue required large accommodation; his guests required more, and more still was added for the needs of the popular imagination. But the system of which he was the product, which made his château or mansion grow out of the soil like his crops, was never transferred to this country. The few large grants which marked our early history never brought forth large mansions or great retinues. The great houses of that period, such as those of the Van Rensselaers or Livingstons on the Hudson, or of the planters on the James River, are simply moderate sized mansions which, on most estates in England or France, would be considered small. Hospitality was in none of them exercised on anything like the European scale. None of them was ever occupied by anybody who exercised anything more than influence over his fellow-citizens. In fact most of them are to-day mainly interesting as showing the pains taken to put up comfortable abodes in what were then very out-of-the-way places.

All this amounts to saying that the building of great houses was, down to our own time, a really utilitarian mode of spending wealth. It was intended to maintain and support the influence of the ruling class by means which was sure to impress the popular mind, and which the popular mind called for. The great territorial owners had a recognized place in government and society which demanded, at first a strong, and later, an extensive, dwelling-place. It was, in short, the product and indication of contemporary manners as dwelling-places generally are. If we travel through a country in which cas-

tles and fortified houses are numerous, as they used to be prior to the fourteenth century all over Europe, we conclude infallibly that the law is weak, and that neighbors make armed attacks on each other in the style described in the Paston Letters. If we find, coming down later, as in the Elizabethan period, strongholds abandoned for extensive and ornamental residences with plenty of unprotected windows, we conclude that the government is omnipotent and the great men live in peace. If we go through a democratic country like Switzerland, and find moderation in the size of houses and in the manner of living, the custom of the country, we conclude that the majority is in power, and that every man has his say in the management of the state. In short it may be truly said that dwelling-places, from the Indian's tepee up to the palace of the great noble, indicate, far more clearly than books or constitutions, the political and social condition of the country.

It is only of late years that we have had among us a class capable of equaling or outdoing the European aristocracy in wealth. American fortunes are now said to be greater than any of those of Europe, and nearly, if not quite, as numerous. But the rich American is face to face with a problem by which the European was not, and is not troubled. He has to decide for himself, what is decided for the European by tradition, by custom, by descent, if not by responsibilities, how to spend his money. The old rich class in Europe may be said to inherit their obligations of every kind. When a man comes of age, if he inherits wealth, and is of what is called "good family," he finds settled for him the kind of house he shall live in, the number of horses and servants he shall keep, the extent to which he shall entertain. His income is, in truth, already disposed of by will, or settlement, or custom. There are certain people he is expected to maintain in a certain way, a certain style in which he is to live. This has led to, what appears to the American, the curious reluctance of the Englishman "to lay down his carriage." To certain families, houses, and properties, to certain social positions, in short,

is attached the obligation of "keeping a carriage." It is one of the outward and visible signs of the owner's place in the state. To the American it is generally a mere convenience, which some years he possesses and other years he does not, and the absence of which excites no remark among his neighbors. If an Englishman of a certain rank gives it up, it indicates the occurrence of a pecuniary catastrophe. It advertises misfortune to the world. It says that he has been vanquished in a struggle, that his position is in danger, and his friends sympathize with him accordingly, partly because the women of his family do not, as with us, use public conveyances in the cities.

From all these responsibilities and suggestions the American, when he "makes his pile," is free. He can say for himself how the owner of millions in a country like this ought to live. He may have one servant, eat in the basement, sup on Sunday evenings on scalloped oysters, and sit in his shirt-sleeves on his own stoop in a one hundred thousand dollar house, and nobody will make any remark. Or he may surround himself with lackeys, whom he treats as equals, and who teach him how the master of lackeys should behave, give gorgeous entertainments to other rich men like himself, at which his wife will eclipse in finery all other wives, and nobody will express interest or surprise except people who long for invitations from him. Or he may, after a period of such luxury, "burst up," sell everything out, and go live in Orange or Flushing. Or his wife may "tire of house-keeping," and they may retire to an expensive apartment in the Waldorf, or Savoy, after storing their furniture, or selling it at auction. What this indicates is simply that great wealth has not yet entered into our manners. No rules have yet been drawn to guide wealthy Americans in their manner of life. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Prussians, Austrians, Swiss, of rank and of fortune, have ways of spending their money, notions of their own of what their position and personal dignity require. But nothing of the kind is yet national in America. The result is that we constantly see wealthy Americans

travelling in Europe, without the slightest idea of what they will or ought to do next, except get rid of their money as fast as possible, by the payment of monstrous prices and monstrous fees, or the committal of other acts which to Europeans are simply vulgar eccentricities, but which our countrymen try to cover up by calling them "American" when "irrational" would be a more fitting appellation. Some of this confusion of mind is due, as Matthew Arnold has suggested in one of his letters, to the absence among us of an aristocracy to set an example of behavior to our rich men. In European countries the newly enriched drop easily into the ranks of the aristocracy by a mere process of imitation. They try to dress and behave in the same way, and though a little fun may be made of them at first, they and their sons soon disappear in the crowd.

Ours do not enjoy such an advantage. They have to be, therefore, their own models, and there are finesses of manners and points of view in an aristocracy which are rarely got hold of except by long contact. By aristocracy I do not mean simply rich or well born people, but people who have studied and long practised the social art, which is simply another name for the art of being agreeable. The notion that it consists simply in being kindly, and doing pleasant things for people, and having plenty of money, is one of the American delusions. The social art, like all other arts, is only carried to perfection, or to high excellence, by people who carefully practise it, or pay great attention to it. It consists largely in what are called "minor morals," that is, in doing things in society which long custom has settled on as suitable for the set of people with whom one associates. But it is full of what seem trifles, and which often become absurd if practised as a branch of learning acquired out of books. Like a large number of other things in civilized life, to be well practised it needs to be practised without thought, as something one is bred to. It is better obtained from books, or by study, than not at all, but it is most easily learned by observation. Ease of manner, taste

in dress, tone of voice, insight into the ways of looking at small things of well-mannered people, are most easily acquired by seeing them in others. The benefit of watching adepts in this art have been enjoyed by but few rich men in America, and the result is that the rich world with us can hardly be called a social world at all. There can hardly be said to be among us what is called in Europe a "world" or "monde," in which there is a stock of common traditional manners and topics and interests, which men and women have derived from their parents, and a common mode of behavior which has assumed an air of sanctity. Our very rich people are generally simply rich people with everything in the way of social life to learn, but with a desire to learn which is kept in check by the general belief in the community that they have nothing at all to learn, and that it is enough to be rich.

That, under these circumstances, they should, in somewhat slavish imitation of Europe, choose the most conspicuous European mode of asserting social supremacy, the building of great houses, is not surprising. But in this imitation they make two radical mistakes. They want the two principal reasons for European great houses. One is that great houses are in Europe signs either of great territorial possessions, or of the practice of hospitality on a scale unknown among us. A very large house in the country in Europe indicates either that the owner is the possessor of great estates, or that he means to draw on some great capital for a large body of guests whom he will amuse by field sports out-of doors, or who will amuse each other in-doors. These are the excuses for great houses in England, France, or Austria. The owner is a great landholder, and has in this way from time immemorial given notice of the fact. Or he is the centre of a large circle of men and women who have practised the social art, who know how to idle and have the means to idle, can talk to each other so as to entertain each other about sport, or art, or literature, or politics, are, in short, glad to meet each other in luxurious surroundings.

No such conditions exist in America. In the first place, we have no great landholders, and there is no popular recognition of the fact that a great landowner, or great man of any sort, needs a great house. In the second place, we have no capital to draw on for a large company of men and women who will amuse each other in a social way, even from Friday to Monday. The absence of anything we can call society, that is the union of wealth and culture in the same persons, in all the large American cities, except possibly Boston, is one of the marked and remarkable features of our time. It is, therefore, naturally what one might expect, that we rarely hear of Americans figuring in cultivated circles in England. Those who go there with social aspirations desire most to get into what is called "the Prince of Wales's set," in which their national peculiarities furnish great amusement among a class of people to whom amusement is the main thing. It would be easy enough to fill forty or fifty rooms from "Friday to Monday" in a house near New York or Boston. But what kind of company would it be? How many of the guests would have anything to say to each other? Suppose "stocks" to be ruled out, where would the topics of conversation be found? Would there be much to talk about except the size of the host's fortune, and that of some other persons present? How many of the men would wish to sit with the ladies in the evening and participate with them in conversation? Would the host attempt two such gatherings, without abandoning his efforts in disgust, selling out the whole concern, and going to Europe?

One fatal difficulty in the way of such modes of hospitality with us is the difference of social culture between our men and women. As a rule in the European circle called "society" the men and women are interested in the same topics, and these topics are entirely outside what is called "business;" they are literary or artistic, or in some degree intellectual, or else sporting. With us such topics are left almost entirely to women. Whatever is done among us for real society is

done by women. It is they, as a general rule, who have opinions about music, or the drama, or literature, or philosophy, or dress, or art. It is they who have reflected on these things, who know something and have something to say about them. It is a rare thing for husbands or sons to share in these interests. For the most part they care little about them; they go into no society but dinners, and at dinners they talk stocks and money. A meeting of women for discussion on such subjects would be a dreadful bore to them. The husband feels better employed in making money for his wife and daughters to spend seeing the sights abroad. This difference in the culture of the sexes, and in the practice of the social art, is in fact so great in some parts of the country, as to make happy marriages rare or brief. It makes immense houses, with many chambers, in town or country, almost an absurdity in our present stage of progress.

Another, and the most serious reason against spending money in America in building great dwelling-houses, is, as I have already indicated, that the dwellings of leading men in every country should be in some sort of accord with the national manners. If there be what is called a "note" in American polity, it is equality of conditions, that there should neither be an immoderate display of wealth, nor of poverty, that no man should be raised so far above the generality in outward seeming as to excite either envy, hatred, or malice; that, above all things, wealth should not become an object of apprehension. We undoubtedly owe to suspicion and dislike of great wealth and displays of it, the Bryan platform, with its absurdities and its atrocities. The accumulation of great fortunes since the war, honestly it may be, but in ways mysterious or unknown to the plain man, has introduced among us the greatest of European curses—class hatred, the feeling among one large body of the community that they are being cheated or oppressed by another body. To erect "palatial abodes" is to flaunt, in the faces of the poor and the unsuccessful and greedy, the most conspicuous possible evidence that the owner not only

has enormous amounts of money, but does not know what to do with it. We know that from the earliest times there has not been, and we know that there is not now, the smallest popular dislike to the successful man's "living like a gentleman," as the saying is, that is, with quiet comfort, and with a reasonable amount of personal attendance. But the popular gall rises when an American citizen appears, in the character of a Montmorenci, or a Noailles, or a Westminster, in a gorgeous palace, at the head of a large army of foreign lackeys. They ask themselves what does this mean? Whither are we tending? Is it possible we are about to renew on this soil, at the end of the nineteenth century, the extravagances and follies of the later Roman Empire and of the age of Louis XIV.? What it does mean, in most cases, is simply that the citizen has more money than he finds it easy to dispose of. Consequently the only thing he can think of is building a residence for himself, which, like Versailles, shall astonish the world, if in no other way, by its cost.

All this may be said without denying in the least the great liberality of American millionnaires. What colleges, schools, museums, and charities owe to them is something new in the history of the world. They have set Europe an example in this matter which is one of the glories of America. It is a pity to have them lessen its effect or turn attention away from it, by extravagance or frivolity, the more so because there is a mode still open to them of getting rid of cumbersome money, which is untried, and is full of honest fame and endless memory. We mean the beautifying of our cities with monuments and buildings. This should really be, and, I believe, will eventually become, the American way of *displaying* wealth. Considering what our wealth is, and what the burden of our taxation is, and as shown by the Chicago Exhibition, what the capabilities of our native architecture are, the condition of our leading cities as regards monuments of sculpture or architecture, is one of the sorrowful wonders of our condition. We are enormously rich, but except one or two things, like the Boston Library

and the Washington public buildings, what have we to show? Almost nothing. Ugliness from the artistic point of view is the mark of all our cities. The stranger looks through them in vain for anything but population and hotels. No arches, no great churches, no court houses, no city halls, no statues, no tombs, no municipal splendors of any description, nothing but huge inns.

I fear, too, of this poverty we are not likely soon to be rid, owing to the character of the government. It will always, under the régime of universal suffrage, be difficult in any city to get the average tax-payer to do much for art, or to allow art, as we see in the case of the Sherman Monument, to be made anything but the expression of his own admiration for somebody. It is almost impossible to prevent monuments or buildings being jobs or caricatures, through the play of popular politics on a subject which was no more meant for its treatment by majorities than the standard of value. Governments in all European countries do much for art. They erect fine public buildings under the best artistic conditions. They endow and maintain picture galleries and museums. In fact the cultivation of art is one of their accepted functions. Nothing of the kind is known among us. It would infuriate Populists and Bryanites to know that our Treasury was putting tens of thousands of dollars into books and paintings, or bric-à-brac, or even into art education. An *École des Beaux Arts*, or National Gallery, seems to be an impossibility for us. Whatever is done for beauty in America, must, it seems, at least for a long time to come, be done by private munificence. If we are to have noble arches, or gateways, or buildings, or monuments of any description, if our cities are to have other attractions than large hotels, it is evident our rich men must be induced to use for this purpose the wealth which it seems often to puzzle them to spend. Such works would be a far more striking evidence of the owner's opulence than any private palace, would give his name a perpetuity which can never be got from a

private house, and would rid him completely from the imputation of selfishness. For our experience with regard to great houses, hitherto, is that the children of the men who cause them to be built rarely wish to live in them, and often have not the means to do so. Such buildings become after their death either hotels or some kind of charitable institutions. They are in no sense memorials in men's minds of anything but somebody's folly or extravagance. All they say to coming generations, if they are not pulled down, is that So-and-so made a fortune.

In erecting public monuments a rich man would have the great advantage of doing what he pleased. If the thing were more than a building, were, for instance, an arch or a fountain, all he would have to get from the public would be permission to build, which would be seldom difficult. To obtain from a popular government large expenditure of money in a way which artists would approve, especially a government resting on a public as little instructed in art matters as ours, is likely to be for a long time to come at least almost an impossibility. Men in office are rarely experts in such matters, and if thoroughly honest, are apt to plume themselves on their economy and rigid devotion to utility, rather than on any regard for beauty. The banker in New York who refused, some time ago, to give in aid of an Academy of Design, money which might be used, he said, in setting "a young man up in the grocery business," fairly represented the state of mind of any official class which we are likely to have for a good while. Our reliance for the ornamentation of the new world must therefore be mainly on our rich men. They can choose their subject and their architect, without let or hindrance, and they have thus far shown themselves fully alive to the value of professional advice and criticism. They have, in fact, before them a wonderful opportunity, of which we trust the next generation at least will avail itself, without servile imitation of a society which is passing away in the places in which history produced it.

THE NEW YORK WORKING-GIRL

By Mary Gay Humphreys

"I am an original working-girl."

The women from Murray Hill who had come down to Cooper Union to confer with the women from Cherry Hill about the feather-workers' trouble looked up incredulously at the shirt-maker's exultant boast. The statement of fact was plain enough, but not the meaning of the tone. That there could be anything but necessity in getting up early and working late six days in the week, for a sum of money ridiculously unimportant in their eyes, seemed incredible.

An original working-girl, as the shirt-maker expressed it, is, in fact, a new type. She is a girl to whom work is a necessity, but a burden she takes up lightly and gladly. It means independence, freedom, power. It means association, companionship, organization. It leaves her free to do with her life what she chooses. The regularity that her work exacts she knows is good for both body and mind. She has a pride, which she feels is not wicked, in being one of the cleverest of workwomen. If there is extra work to be done, she is booked to do it. This gives her satisfaction. Certainly she does not earn money enough to suit her. But if she cannot make more she doesn't mean to take less, and is ready to try conclusions with a light heart.

In all probability she has not been to school since she was thirteen years old. Since then her education has been conducted by experience and the newspaper. Neither is an inefficient teacher. On the contrary, so ably has this been done that her mind is a storehouse of facts that make her valuable frequently for purposes of reference to people who have been through college. Her experience directs her mind toward matters of public importance, and these include how public men have stood with regard to them. Not infrequently she has had the career of some legislator assigned by her organization to her watchful eye. Whatever has at any time engrossed the public mind she is informed about.

When she turns at a strike meeting and asks your opinion about the restriction of immigration, it is not a question of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, nor has she loaded up with information in order to unload it upon somebody else. You have no opinion, and it is worth while to frankly admit it, in order to arrive at her opinion and how she got it. She was a shirt-maker. The girls had the trade in their own hands, and made good wages. First one black man got in, and he brought his brother and his son. Pretty soon the room was half-filled with men in shiny clothes and big black beards, who brought their relations. The girls first objected because they made the factory towel so black with their dirty hands. After that the girls brought their own towels, but the black men seemed to choke up the room and swallow all the air. Then work began to give out; the black-bearded men were taking it home to do nights when their wives and daughters could help them. The old people and the little children, who could do nothing else, pulled out the bastings. The boss found he could get his work done cheaper and save in rent and fuel. At last prices were cut until the girls might as well strike or starve. They struck.

It is irrelevant but instructive to know that they made a gallant fight and lost. The black-bearded men came in greater force and took all the work home; the factory was given up, the girls thrown out of work. Thus was the question of immigration pressed upon them. It was discussed privately in their union, and publicly at Cooper Union. To talk about it was like talking about any other question pertinent and personal. The arguments were those familiar; but one may be mentioned. Every working-girl born in this country is an American—Irish-American, German-American are not terms she uses; she may go without a meal, but her birthright forbids her to content herself with black bread and

coffee like the black-bearded men. During a great strike in a neighboring thread-mill the complaint was bitter against the imported Scotch girls, who wore shawls on the head and took their places. American girls eat meat and wear bonnets. This is neither vanity nor gormandizing, but a sense of that decorous, orderly mode of life that becomes the free people of a free country. Of this the immigration laws tend to deprive her, and her patriotic instincts rebel.

In other matters she is instructed in like manner. No university education is more costly. Eight years ago she began to entertain views on convict labor, after a now historic strike, disastrous both to employers and employed. This strike shows so many of the chivalrous, picturesque, economic, and insidious features of a labor contest that it is worth relating it somewhat in detail. A newly imported superintendent, desiring to show his zeal by increasing the firm's profits, cut down the wages of the cutters. The cutters, men, and well organized, struck. The operators were hundreds of girls, unorganized. To render the strike effective it was necessary that they, too, should go out. Behind them were the ironers, eighty strong-armed women with a good union. One of the offices of a union is to know the state of the market. The situation did not warrant the reduction, and the ironers attempted to rally the girls to the defence of the men. The superintendent posted a notice of petty restrictions to the ironers at this juncture. It was scarcely posted when one, now the historic leader of the revolt, laid down her iron, sat down on her ironing-table with folded arms and swinging feet. In an instant eighty women were sitting on tables with folded arms and swinging feet. The superintendent came up and removed the offending paper, but it was too late; the spirit of revolt had spread; the girls went out, and the ironers were locked out. The proprietor was kind, everybody had been glad to work for him. But he was more remote than the president. The strike lasted for months, the firm never recovered its custom, its name is now effaced from

the business of the country; the prisons and the houses of mercy came forward with cheap bids for the ironing, and the laundry work of the town was practically transferred to institutions.

Nothing has tended more directly to weaken allegiance to the church than that religious houses were permitted to use their unfortunates to interfere with the wage-earning power of honest workmen. In the case of the State what the ironers experienced, so also have the shoefitters and the overall-makers. But also in the case of the State the working-girl has seen the ingenuous little ballot put an end to convict labor in the prisons, and the lesson, as it pertains to her welfare, has not been unheeded. The typical working-girl is a good deal of a politician. If she was not the backbone she was the spinal-cord of the Anti-Poverty Society, and Mr. Henry George has a fine following in her ranks. She is up in ward politics, and calls Jim, Mike, and Barney by their first names. But her interest is farther-reaching. She goes to hear speeches at Cooper Union, and has views on tariff reform. Sometimes she works out economic problems in her own way.

A group of boxmakers were talking about the flattering messages sent by the uptown ladies to two girls of a working-girls' club who were doing the janitor's work so that her wages could be saved for the club. Finally, one girl said she wasn't so sure about it being a good thing. Girls who worked hard all day, she thought, ought not to be taking on more work after hours. Besides, there was Mrs. Flanagan, who needed the money. Sometimes it seemed almost wrong to save money.

This made a great outcry. If there was one lesson that was eloquently dwelt on at the club it was that of economy, the virtue of saving. The girls were learning dressmaking so that they could make their own dresses, and millinery, that they might trim their own bonnets. This they pointed out. But the other girl said it seemed to her it would be almost better to be doing overwork, for then she could give her clothes to some other girl to

make and she could be earning too. It seemed to her that the best thing in the world would be to have everybody earning more. That would be better than to have a few saving money.

"But everybody knows that the way to get rich is to save money. There was Peter Cooper, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Astor. That was the way they did."

"That is what everybody tells us," persisted the other girl; "but I don't believe they got rich by sticking to saving. I get along better than I used to. There was a time when I never had more than one dress a year, and I would contrive until I would get a blue ribbon for my waist, and another for my neck, and one for my hair. Although you may say I couldn't afford them, I'll never forget the pleasure the ribbons gave me."

The girls didn't agree to this at all. They loved ribbons, of course, but everybody agreed that ribbons were not only an extravagance, but a foolish extravagance. The other girl said she was not so sure of that, for in a far-off way she was helping to keep the girls who made the ribbons. She liked to think that.

"But you can't be right, Maggie," said, in painful hesitation, a girl who especially loved to decorate herself. "Nobody talks that way. Everybody says we must save. If you put money in banks and let it lie, when you have enough you can live on the interest of the money."

The girl called Maggie said that might be well enough for some people, but most folks had to hustle if they wanted money, and a good sight hadn't anything to hustle about.

"I was up to Cooper Union to a political meeting this fall," she continued, "and a man there said that the trouble was, everybody was doing too much. The factories were so full that there was not enough people to buy what they made; so the stock stood and rotted, and the men who owned it failed."

"That's true," said another girl, "for after the season closed my boss had his lofts stacked with cloaks fairly rotted, and we were laid off for months."

"But it wasn't because there wasn't enough people to buy the cloaks, but because they couldn't buy them. Now,

if I could earn more I would have been one of his customers myself. I needed a cloak."

"But what would you have us do, Maggie, if we're not to be savin' money?"

"I'm not saying that exactly. I'm only sayin' that I believe in doin', not savin'. I'm not setting the world right. Only if I had my way none of us would have to work so long and so hard, and then there would be more work for everybody; and then everybody could earn and everybody spend; and everybody would have to keep on working, earning, spending, and round and round we would all go working, earning, spending. Of course, some people would not get so very rich, but we would all be better off; and as we all kept going around, working, earning, spending, I believe we would get lifted higher up, as if we were all riding along on the thread of a screw."

This actual but incidental conversation illustrates how the circumstances of the New York working-girl's life lead her to the consideration of subjects that are not usually forced upon the magical period of youth. Occasionally they go deeper than the conclusions of experience. One class in political economy, held at Cooper Union, is recalled. There may have been others. The girl thrown out of work because her factory has been closed by a trust, has her attention drawn to this new engine of dismay; and there are plenty of orators at Golden Rule Hall, if more pretentious places are wanting, to stimulate, if not satisfy, inquiry. The educational value of a union is not usually dwelt upon. Some organizations are avowedly educational.

One scene is recalled. It took place during the feather strike, when a well-known woman in the educational world was to address the girls. She began brusquely: "You talk about your rights. You have no rights." Such toying with abstract propositions was not above the comprehension of the girls. But the lady soon left the well-worn paths of easy generalization for the more dangerous ground of the specific. The chief concern of the working-girl should be not wages but to do good work. It

In Front of a Box Factory in Hester Street at Six O'clock.

was impossible to get any sort of work properly done. This difficulty she illustrated by the unceremonious ripping of some shop-made article of her own. From thence she proceeded to comment on their feminine tendency to dress, and to lay down plain directions for spending their money.

The audience stirred uneasily. Before she was seated half a dozen girls were on their feet. A shirtmaker, with flashing eyes and incisive speech, gained the floor. "You say we have no rights. What rights have you that we haven't got? You are better dressed, have more learning and more money than we have. But these things give you no more right to come down here and tell us what we shall wear, and how we shall spend our money, than we have to go uptown and tell you how you shall spend your money and what you shall put on. You complain about the ripping of your gown. Do you know anything about the life of the girl that sewed that seam? I wonder what sort of work you would do on bread and tea, or a chocolate éclair to stifle your hunger? You know all about books. I don't; but I know that you can't do good work on an empty stomach. Let

us have fair wages, so that we can feed ourselves properly, and we will give you good work."

No attempt is made here to render the rude eloquence with which these things were said; but when the girl ceased, flushed and breathless, uptown and downtown broke into cheers. The first speaker was a large-minded woman, and hastened to take the girl's hand and assure her that her heart was right, if her words had been misplaced. Such girls are not among the legions of the Working-Girls' Clubs. The well-meaning women who are prepared to tell the working-girl everything—what books she shall read, and to see that she is "washed be'ind the ears," fail to understand how little such advice is needed. After a lecture of this sort before the Working-Women's Society from a woman earnestly desiring to be of benefit to a number of working-girls whom she was invited to meet, a feather-worker said:

"How astonished would that lady be if she heard the girls that curl feathers at our table. We have such a good time. We talk about books that we read—good books that she seems to think we know nothing about. We talk

Laundresses Support the Cutters' Strike.

about the theatres, and newspapers, and the things that go on about town. We may use bad grammar, and our speech is rough, but it is never vulgar, as she seems to think, or she would never say the things that she has just said to us."

The typical working-girl belongs to a union, or a local assembly of the Knights of Labor. A union is the most absolute of democracies. Even in "mixed unions," as the organization of both men and women are called, the woman has the same right of speech and office as the man. She has, perhaps, been presiding officer, wielded the gavel and served out parliamentary rulings to the men. All this is favorable to her self-respect; the girl takes pride in her station, and to her condescension finds no reasonable basis. When the up-town ladies take off their good clothes and address her as "sister," she accepts it good-humoredly as a sort of pose; but she would rather see some gracious

feminine adornments, that she might get a hint for a new gown she has in her own eye. Nor has she any craving for sweetness and light as it is diffused through the medium of calisthenics, palms in blue-and-white pots, and China silk curtains.

A committee looking up statistics of wages in the trades visited one of these centres for the dissemination of refining influences. Some young girls were going through a musical drill. The fair-haired college girl who was in charge came forward. The questions were addressed with propriety to her, as in many of the clubs, at that time, it was found that conversation about trade matters was not allowed.

"I'm sure I don't know," the young woman said.

"What trades do your girls work at? May we ask them?"

"Certainly," was the amiable reply. "We never ask the girls anything about outside mat-

Knows a lot about local politics

The Enemies of the Working-girl.

ters," she added, as if a principle were involved. The girls were asked, and answered freely, but their fair-haired patron was plainly anxious to get back to her woven paces. One of the committee, a boxmaker, looked on curiously.

"Why do they do that?" She was told it was a species of feminine dancing.

"And she takes the trouble to teach them that, and doesn't know whether those girls have homes, or anything about their real lives. That's what I call sugar-coating poverty."

The same views were commonly expressed, and sometimes more bitterly, as if there was a conspiracy abroad to make working-people contented with their lot. In every case it is just to the working-girl to say that these views were prompted by the apparent indifference to such vital matters as wages and conditions of work. "Let us have fair wages, and all these things shall be added unto us," they said, impatiently. The time was inauspicious. To the cigarette-girls' strike, to the shirtmakers' strike, had succeeded the feather-workers' trouble. So frivolous an article as ostrich feathers had been the source of one of the largest and

best-paying industries in town. For several years each season had seen a cut, until a day's work scarcely furnished a living. The energetic girls pieced out their wages by night-work, but several girls had ruined their eyes working on black feathers, and the experience of the shops was that night-work demoralized the trade, the strong and selfish prospering at the expense of the weak. The season opened with another cut. The state of the trade demanded it, so they were told. This to the girls, who knew that feather boas had "come in," did not seem reasonable; moreover they attached importance to the fact that the boss's horses were making that they read of in the daily papers. They liked the boss, and were glad when he gave the dust to everybody on the road. But, plainly, the horses were costing too much; they could not support the expense.

Two girls wrote to the Working-Women's Society a despairing cry for help. It was offered. Two members volunteered to distribute the hastily printed "call" to a conference of feather-workers. Those who have never stood picket, nor handed out circulars in the shadow of a disaffected

factory, with the chance of being invited by the police to "move on," have failed to experience moments of gleeful terror that stir the blood like a tonic. The girls came out, took the white missives slipped into their hands, and read them after they had turned the corner. Their indifference was discouraging; but by six o'clock the rooms were jammed. The firm was interceded with by women not connected with the trades, but without avail. Here occurred a curious entanglement, which illustrates what a complex creature is woman and how constant a factor is sex. It was well known by the girls that the situation would be taken advantage of by rival houses to "down" the boss, who had always laid down the law in his union—that of the employers. They liked his bluff, burly ways, his friendly address, and, as was said, took an interest in his fast horses as an indulgent mother does in the long-tailed hobby of a spoiled child. They did not mean the trade should leave him any more than that they would suffer their own grievance. It was necessary to get all the girls out. How could they be reached? It was

only common prudence not to talk to them on the street.

The feather-curlers are the aristocrats of the trade. What the feather-curlers would do all the feather-workers would do. Now the feather-curlers have to have sharp knives. This is done at various little shops in the neighborhood. The girls leave them at night, and get them in the morning. A descent was made on these little shops in the early morning, and each girl's knife wrapped in one of those blood-stirring appeals that are part of the literature of strikes. The ruse was successful. House after house came out; the feather-working industry was paralyzed. The girls formed a strong union. Women from uptown offered their services; meetings were held; money was subscribed; a benefit was given. The pinches of poverty were scarcely felt in the excitement, in the hand-to-hand fight with the bosses before the Committee of Arbitration, and in the accounts of the beauty, eloquence, and prominence of the feather-workers so generously parcelled out by the chivalrous young reporters.

Such are among the mitigating influences of a strike; there are proud functions that possess less advantages in some respects. That in the struggle of wage-winning some personal satisfaction may be snatched is only incidental to a struggle altogether serious. The employers made overtures and the conclusion of the feather-workers' strike was, from every point of view, a picturesque and significant accomplishment. For days two high contracting parties met in the rooms of the Working-Women's Society, the one a committee from the Feather-Girls' Union, the other a committee from the Association of Feather Manufacturers, arranging the scale of prices under which the girls would go back to work. This went into every branch of a complicated trade in which the variation of a fraction of a cent meant thousands of dollars to the employer. There were debates and arguments; point after point was stoutly contested; yet so thorough and accurate was the girls' knowledge of the trade that the schedule established by them was practically accepted.

Seab!

Pickets.

Night-work was abolished, the agreement ratified by both parties, and the strike called off. In almost every trade the management of these details would fall to men. But the feather trade is a woman's industry, and that a handful of girls, a few weeks before working each for herself, could so quickly and intelligently enter into deliberations of such moment, shows something of the mental discipline and unconscious education that take the place of schools in the working-girl's life.

When the amendment to the Factory Law was passed providing for women inspectors, one of the first appointments was a boxmaker. She had left school at thirteen, and, excepting a few months at night-school, had no other education than that given by her trade and the newspaper to which she gave flattering attention. The distance between a boxmaker earning eight dollars a week and a State official makes a dizzy leap. Her new duties brought her into personal relations with great corporations, the clerical landlords, the manufactur-

ing magnates, as well as familiar with the humble dens of the sweaters; they involved not only the enforcement of the law, and sometimes legal proceedings, but discretion, knowledge of human nature, and large measures of that sense miscalled common. Such an article as this would indeed be lacking if it failed to discover the uprightness and thoroughness with which this working-girl has performed the duties of her new estate, and the high esteem and respect in which she is held by her chief and those with whom she has had to do.

The sense of power that has accompanied these changes, among its varied influences, gives the factory-girl a dignity of character that the unorganized saleswoman cannot match among her more attractive surroundings. A man prominent in labor matters says that in time of trouble there is no loyalty that compares with that of the working-girl; she stands firmest; stays out longest; is less amenable to those insidious influences that are the most fatal with which

the working-people have to contend. A gentleman, whose opinions a number of centuries have thought worthy respectful consideration, has said that under the same circumstances men and women will act pretty much in the same manner. It is suspected that the ethics of women are influenced somewhat by their physique. The human impulses are the same; and working-girls standing picket in a strike have been known to use arguments of force as the men sometimes do. An outsider can scarcely comprehend the complexity of emotions, casuistry, personal reasons, abstract propositions, and sense of the picturesque that have combined to bring forth the word "scab." When in a turbulent meeting a peacemaker rises to say, "I don't think it very polite for one lady to call another lady a scab," the speech has no humor except to one in some remote mental perspective. Others bend their heads to escape the fast flying words, praying that they may be averted.

The daughters of the black-bearded men who carried dismay among the American girls in the eighties take to organization like ducks to water, as indeed do now their fathers. The Rus-

sian, Pole, Bohemian, who can speak no other English word, can say "union." The union of the Hebrew girls, allied to the United Brotherhood of Tailors, is the largest and most prominent in town. They are for the most part undersized, and it is worth a journey to some ill-smelling hall on the East Side to see some mite of a creature in a trim matronly gown and a Psyche knot address a mass of wild-looking, excited men.

One of the perplexities of the web in which both working-men and working-women are together ensnared, is that they who should be natural allies are industrial enemies. The organization of women into their unions on the part of men, these alliances offensive and defensive, are not prompted by chivalry, the natural impulse of the strong toward the weak, but by self-preservation. The argument is brief and conclusive. Women at cheaper wages are used to cheapen the labor of men. Organize women, insist on equal wages for them, and brawn will tell. Machinery is on the side of the women. The type-setting machines, responsive as the piano to her nimble fingers, at this moment illustrate the situation. The incidental fact that when she goes out to lunch

she returns, and on Monday morning she is in her place, is in her favor. The working-girls themselves, forced into this unnatural antagonism, are on the side of the men. The lessons of experience have been too searching. There was a strike, or perhaps a lock-out. A father goes out with the men; the girls take their places at lower wages; a daughter is one of the girls; perhaps, too, the wife. The women are now the bread-winners. The man can get no work; at length the strike fund is exhausted, and he is supported by the women. At first this touches sorely the spirit of the man; but in receiving money from others, it is only the first step that costs. At last he comes to them for money for his beer, and then to demand it as his right. There are family quarrels; the girl comes to look down on her father, the wife to scorn her husband; the household is neglected while the women are at work, the peace and comfort of the family is destroyed. This is not an imaginary situation, it is the tragedy of countless homes.

Pythagoras Hall, just off the Bowery, was dedicated to Labor and the Muses. Nor was the goddess of Deportment forgotten. "Gents will please take off their hats when they are dancing with the ladies," used to be one of her reminders on a black and white placard, that he who danced might read. Here, in packed meetings, to which no man was allowed, working-women from every part of town, when the days were very black for them, met and talked over the matters that pressed them so nearly. However other women from whatever point of view come to regard marriage, the rank of the working-women are solid for husbands and homes. The ideal state is one in which the man earns the money and the woman cares

for the children and the house. At these meetings the labor question, from whatever point of view it was considered, returned by one road or another to this. If it is a question of child labor, it is bad for the child, but it tends to drag down men's wages. For married women to work in the trades is almost immoral; they should attend to their homes and their children. The severe labor, the long hours, the nervous strain on the growing girls exhausts their vitality and

unfits them to be wives and mothers. And oh, the pathos and despair of a situation that continues to crowd women into the ranks of the workers and to lower the wage-earning power of the men until marriage becomes more and more an impossibility to both.

From time to time the uptown women came to these meetings to urge the working-girls to leave the factories and go into domestic service. There were many reasons why they were disinclined to this. Girls used to regular hours and prescribed duties objected to the irregular hours and desultory duties of the household. Better scanty food, a hard bed, and personal freedom, than material comforts and only every other Sunday out. It may be dearly bought to be one's own mistress and to go and come at will, but these are possessions not to be rashly sold. But hearken to the final, the conclusive answer.

"The men whom we may hope to marry will not visit us in other people's kitchens."

There is no impression more difficult to efface from the minds of the well-intentioned women than that the entrance of girls into industrial pursuits lowers their moral standard. This is not always formulated thus plainly, but it is implied in their efforts to mitigate



A Type of the Barn and Bread American Working-Girl.

Margaret Finn, Factory Inspector

the conditions of women working for their weekly wages. If they establish a comfortable boarding-house or lodging-house, they set up moral safeguards frequently so rigorous that self-respecting girls refuse to enter them. If they organize classes for recreation or improvement, it is considered quite within their province to address these classes with words of warning and personal advice that it would be

Minnie Rosen, Walking Delegate
of the Garment Makers' Union.

considered impertinence to address to girls in other walks of life. If they desire to get legislation in behalf of working-girls at Albany, it is the moral aspect that is urged out of all proportion of the legitimate reasons in its support. The alliance between poverty and crime is by no means exclusive.

The fact that a girl spends nine hours a day in a factory working for her daily bread is an argument in her favor as against Satan and all his works.

This is not an unsupported assertion. From the investigations made by the United States Commissioner of Labor, both in this country and Europe, it appears, according to the official reports of the prison authorities, that in Manchester out of fifty women only eight came from factories, while twenty-nine came from domestic service. From the investigations of M.

Raybaud, in France, he reports a decreasing criminal list in a constantly increasing factory population. From the police records of Fall City, one of the largest manufacturing centres in this country, the operatives, who are 38 per cent. of the population, supply only 33 per cent. of the arrests. In Lynn, the shoe factories, which furnish 28 per cent. of the population, supply but 22 per cent. of the arrests. The factory

population of Lowell, which is 30 per cent. of the whole, furnishes but 22 per cent. of the arrests. These facts are representative. Regular employment is conducive to regular living, and as a rule does not harmonize with intemperance and crime. These investigations, carried more particularly into the lives of working-women, only resulted in the same conclusions borne out by the police of twenty-two cities in which inquiry was made. In this city it is proper to add that by far the largest proportion of women seeking the hospitalities of such institutions, as the Nursery and Child's Hospital are not from factories but from domestic service. The averages of women working in factories and shops barely, in the best of times, reach \$5 a week. "It is easy enough to be virtuous on five thousand a year," Mrs.

Lottie Persky, Chairman.

Esther Friedman, of the Executive Board.

Rawdon Crawley once remarked, but that the working-girl must dress and maintain herself on \$5 a week, discloses an integrity of character for which she has not had credit.

The vice of the working-girl is suspicion. Distrust is fostered in the trades. A new superintendent puts her on piece-work. Nothing could be better; she is a clever work-woman. But the work gives out. She is laid off a half-day, a day, two days. She discovers that the work is sent out of town to women in their homes who can afford to work for less prices. She can have the work if she will work at their rates. Or she discovers she is working on high-grade work for low-grade prices; the numbers by which the grades are known have been changed. A shrewd manager is fertile in ruses for lowering wages in return for his own advance in salary, dependent, perhaps, on his success. A large number of the disturbances in factories, so perplexing to the public, are from such causes. When the enthusiastic economist, with illustrated diagrams, demonstrates to her the superior nourishment in beans, and how to grow plump on twelve cents a day, she is persuaded that this is only another argument to keep down what she calls a living wage. Faith in human nature is one of the dearest possessions of youth. The working-girl is indeed defrauded when she learns so early to distrust.

Her most admirable virtue is self-sacrifice. The girls in the unions, as with the men, are always the cleverest, the most skilful in their trades. They are the workers who have the least need of a union. For a working-girl to pledge each week a certain sum from her scanty wages in the interest of those who are less able to stand alone, is an act of self-denial, which by no means gets the recognition to which it is entitled. Hunger and cold strip the human heart bare. The countless acts of self-sacrifice that attend a long strike almost persuade that the poor only know how to be generous.

The femininity of the working-girl has withstood all the shock of modern agitation. When the cares that infest the day have fled, bright is the night and many the pleasures it brings. The Bowery is a gay promenade, and there women may walk in its splendor of noonday in the safety that Fifth Avenue does not afford. The theatres are open; there are lectures at Cooper Union, perhaps a "Lady Gotham" Ball given by the Shirt-ironers' Union, and one of the great functions of the winter. But most dearly the working-girl loves a moonlight picnic. A union picnic is not the *al fresco* entertainment its name suggests. It is as formal in its routine as an uptown cotillion. The union encourages a certain orderliness of mind and observances of titles and forms that find expression in the working-girl's amusements. The lady floor-managers are intent on their duties; the grand promenade that opens the festivities is a gravely decorous and imposing rite.

No girl is expected to dance with a man who does not belong to a union unless he promises to join, for a picnic is also a proselyting occasion. The men are laid under the same embargo. This is also part of the fun and make-talk of the affair. There is no girl who has not a trim gown for the dance, for the window displays of Grand and Fourteenth Streets keep her informed as to fashions and cut, and her skilful fingers do the rest. The commingling of nationalities gives vivacity and variety to the scene; interesting are the many types of feminine comeliness.

Here is a girl, tall, slender, with well modelled features. Yesterday she was making shirts. Last night she was speaking at the Social Reform Club. This afternoon she was at a conference of the uptown women in a luxurious drawing-room. To-night she dances, coquettes with her admirers, plays at the old, old game of man and maid. She is no longer a type, she is just Girl.

THE POINT OF VIEW

TWENTY-FIVE years ago it would have seemed in the highest degree unlikely that American literature and American life should ever be afflicted with a surplusage of what are known as "general ideas." General ideas were just what was lacking to give any special character to our talk and writing. When Matthew Arnold began to lecture our race on their value, and held up the German fondness for ideas as such and the French aptitude for putting them in practice, it was a little difficult to divine just what he meant. I fancy no one would experience any such difficulty at the present time. Arnold used to contrast "ideas" with what he called "stock notions and habits." Of these, in common with our English cousins, we had then, indeed, a surfeit—yet a surfeit the memory of which now leads one occasionally to look back longingly to those good old times. The present popularity of "ideas" in the sense of syntheses based upon the data of personal experience, or analysis of the constituent elements of various problems, is of recent growth.

As to the existence of this popularity, there can be, I think, but little doubt. A newspaper article discussing, say, the English occupation of Egypt, does so by expressing its ideas on the English and French character; a review of "recent fiction" or "recent poetry" (there are such) deals largely in general principles; a novel is an argument in the great chancery case of "realism *vs.* romanticism," and so on. The essay about nothing at all—that is to say, about everything in general—abounds. And very prettily written it often is—far more prettily than it would have been twenty-five years ago. The specific "truth" as to any particular thing is esteemed rather dry, and endeavors to arrive at it fine-spinning and neglectful of the "larger truth" to which it is related, no

doubt, though just how is not always explained. Councils of war are held over everything with the familiar result of very little fighting. Conversation is quite largely composed of the enunciation of general ideas. If you ask "Do you think so and so was justified in doing thus and thus?" the reply is: "Well, I think people of a certain kind naturally tend to," etc., etc. If you inquire, "What do you think of such and such a picture, book, opera, bicycle, of summer and winter contrasted, or what not, you are answered that "one" is apt to take a limited view of certain subjects, whereas, by putting one's self at a more objective standpoint, many unsuspected things become obvious. A person without "views" is now a very rare bird indeed.

This state of things, which it is unnecessary (as well as old-fashioned) to particularize, as every one will identify it, is not to be ascribed to a revolt against facts and their despotism. It is frequently contributed to by inveterate Gradgrinds, and is perhaps especially noticeable in persons who are punctilious, if not literal. The most that can be said is that these latter have become to an appreciable extent emancipated from the thralldom of such facts as have no relations—from insignificant facts, in a word. Indeed, a new kind of Gradgrind has been developed—one who is as excited by significant facts, facts upon which general ideas may be based, as his predecessors were by facts as such. But in the main the phenomenon I have in mind is undoubtedly due to a large increase in the mental activity of the community—of all our communities. No social observer can deny that there is at present a far greater volume of mind in oscillation among us than at any former period. Every one philosophizes. And this naturally means a great deal of independent thinking, though, of course, it does not necessarily im-

ply a great deal of original thinking, which is another affair altogether.

But, flattering as it is to note this universal activity of mind, this prevalence of general ideas over "stock notions and habits," and the mere interest in facts as phenomena, it is fair to point out that there is such a thing as overdoing it. We may pardonably congratulate ourselves on being a much-thinking people, and yet realize that a higher stage of civilization still is illustrated by close than by loose thinking, and that universal mental activity is peculiarly in peril from the latter. Our mental activity is probably not even at present as nearly universal nor in as acute a state as that of some other centres of intelligence, such as Paris, for example. Yet even in Paris we find a typical Parisian critic, M. Émile Faguet, delicately praising M. Gaston Paris in a recent article for being constitutionally somewhat cold to general ideas. M. Paris, he admits, "systematizes" a little now and then, but he excuses him on the ground that: "It is impossible, as you know, [Do we know it in America, I wonder?] to be ignorant of anything without systematizing it a great deal, and to know anything without systematizing it a little, so that one cannot escape general ideas even by virtue of effort, and learning itself only serves to enable one to avoid them in excess." If we could take this hint, and one, too, from our German friends, who, as we know, have a tremendous abundance of general ideas, but who are also very fond of *Wissenschaft*, it would be a step forward, perhaps. To do so, however, I fear inexorably involves more or less of a return to the specific.

EVERYWHERE, about now, Master Birch is meeting his young friends, after the summer vacation. To be sure, he isn't Master Birch any more; at least, not in this country; but we may stick to old names even when old customs fall into disuse. I suppose schoolboys do get flogged occasionally still, but certainly the business of education does not centre any longer in the switch.

How little persons not immediately engaged in the business of education know about what the schools are teaching in any year, or what the business of education does centre in. It is not so clear that there is so

very much variation in the ultimate results, but the means and processes vary greatly. We observe that small children go to school, and that after a while they learn to read and write, and incidentally to spell. Children used to learn to read one letter, or, at least, one syllable, at a time, and to furnish forth a complete word by piecing together its composite parts. Now, rumor says, the method is to encourage them to grasp whole words, long or short, at once, by instantaneous observation, or, as often happens, by an effort of the imagination. When the word grasped is the word the letters spell, that is observation. When it is some other word, that is imagination. The development of either faculty is held by contemporary educators to be useful.

We are glad to have our children acquire whatever is being imparted by whatever methods commend themselves to the pedagogic experience of the day. Nine-tenths of us trust to schools and school-teachers to give them such learning as they ought to have. We don't bother ourselves very much about how they learn to read, so long as they learn. We choose the best school we know, or can reach, or can afford, and after that what lines of learning and how much are largely matters between teacher and pupil. Very few of us attempt to share with our children such learning as we happen to have attained ourselves; it is too continuous a labor to be attempted in the intervals of other concerns. What, perhaps, we do hold ourselves personally bound to impart is our wisdom. All of us who believe we have managed to secrete any wisdom value it a great deal higher than any learning we may have got, and are much more solicitous that our offspring should share in it. We might, perhaps, endure that our children should be ignorant, but we do not want them to be foolish. We don't feel hurt or imposed upon if they are not bookish, or show inaptitude for the acquirement of polite accomplishments, but if they seem to lack such gumption as we think they were entitled to inherit, that disconcerts us.

One thing which we are apt to wish of our children is that they shall apprehend their relations to their fellow-creatures from our point of view. We want the human obligations, of which we are conscious in ourselves, to be operative in them. Civilization is so largely a matter of a man's attitude to his

Wisdom Justified
of her Children.

neighbor that we want their attitude to their neighbor to be the most sagacious that we know. We want them to value people somewhat as we value them, or, at least, to value them on grounds that we consider valid. Folks who have the same opinions as we have about other folks we consider to be, on the whole, sensible people, however their theory of the nebular hypothesis or the expediency of high protection may differ from ours. If there is anything our children are likely to get from us, it is surely this estimate of people. Of course, they must know people before they can have views about them, but if they grow up with us and share our meals and our talk, they are likely to pick up not only our prejudices about people, but the standards of conduct on which our estimates are based.

If we have so humble an opinion of our own standards and our own discernment as to think they are a bad inheritance, then we cannot send them to school too soon or keep them there too continuously, nor can we be too careful what school we send them to, for schools have standards of conduct and bases of estimate, too, and a school that has to correct home standards has its work cut out for it, and should have the best possible substitute standard to offer.

WHEN all has been said and done, when the New Woman has become an established personage among us, and has advanced in years as well as in wisdom and honor, there will still be one thing for the world to regret and sigh for—we shall have no more fat old ladies, bless 'em!

A Threatened Type.

For of course the New Woman, trained from her youth in the most approved and effective methods of physical culture, with all her superior knowledge of how to control bodily conditions, to put off flesh and take it on at will, will never, even in her old age, commit the error of growing stout. So that, when the present generation of old ladies, our mistaken—some might say misshapen—aunts and grandmothers are laid to rest, there will be nobody left to fill their wide armchairs by the fireside (the New Grandmothers will probably be in the gymnasium), and the world will know a want which no superiority of the New Woman can satisfy. This loss will not be felt all at once; it will steal gradually upon us as a shadow steals over the

lawn, and there may even be some in those progressive days, "so thin and long and slim in mind," as not to recognize it as a loss at all. But these persons will be the ones who never knew in childhood—for it is upon the children that the loss will fall heaviest—the blessedness of having a stout aunt or grandmother, within whose radiance of serenity and good-nature, they crept as into the sunlight when the world suddenly turned a bleak and cheerless face upon their souls.

How changed life would have been to me if Aunt Jane had been thin and muscular instead of the dear fat soul she was! It was toward her I turned, guiltily pocketing my sins in the piercing glance of the mother, for her soft, moist eye could only invite; it never repelled and it knew not how to discover. My childish observation had led me to predicate that with bodily fat there was sure to be found a certain blandness and innocence of mind before which I was always able to posture in the guise of an angel. Aunt Jane never "found out!"

Then there were the stories she used to tell—these would have lost at least half their fine dramatic effect if I could not have watched, always with the same uncertainty as to the result, the changing expressions demanded by the drama, creep down from the kindling eye over the broad expanse of cheek, as sunshine and shadow chase each other down the side of the hill. But sweetest of all was the comfort of corpulence when I had come to grief or disgrace and had need of one to bind up my wounds or revive my vanity. It was then that I felt to its depth the ease of heart that came from being all gathered up into a wide lap, while I turned a face, wet and unashamed, into a pillowy bosom, and sobbed out the strange indictment of a world against me. It was then that I knew, without looking, the limitless sympathy that those fat cheeks could express. It began, again, in the eyes, and seemed to accumulate as it rolled down over the pink field below, dropping at last from the lips in soft inarticulate words of love and comfort.

Surely we cannot do without them—these dear, cushiony souls—any more than we can do without the grass under our feet, or the padding between our vertebrae. I, for one, refuse to believe that physical culture can give us anything half so good as what it is taking away.

THE FIELD OF ART

A DECORATED PLANO

AY we really begin to hope that the day is about to pass when easel "Pictures" and "Statuary" are the only acknowledged form of art? In all times when art was alive, they were only one form of many, and the artist was a person who could apply his talent to a variety of problems, and who knew that as much art—that is, beauty, sentiment, and self-expression—could be put into a vase or a seal as into yards of canvas. The present state of affairs is unnatural, when the industrial arts are considered as a thing apart, outside the pale of beauty, and not simply as the flowers and shrubs that grow naturally at the foot of the big trees in the fair garden of art. Nay, it is unique in history, a phenomenon which our descendants will find it very hard to understand, even when they study the causes which led up to it: the breaking up of all tradition consequent on the French Revolution, the spread of commercialism, of picture exhibitions, cheap art schools, academic æsthetics, and tall talk about the dignity of High Art.

The hurtful results are apparent to all;

while our public buildings have been unadorned, and our homes filled with horrors, the artists, cut off from healthy intercourse with constructive arts and architectonic problems, have had their faculties impoverished and narrowed.

And who can blame art-lovers for their mania for collecting? The desire for real beauty as something entirely different from high art—for fitness and character of form, charm of line and color, and for the vivifying life of art, in every object that meets the eye—is one of the higher instincts of the race, which must awaken, sooner or later, from the evil dreams of triumphant Commercialism. It is reawakening, but what was there to satisfy it? We have thus perforce been driven to become buyers of "bric-a-brac" of the countries and periods that still keep or kept alive the tradition, the skill, and the artistic sense that give us what we want; we have surrounded ourselves with products of other

civilizations; charming objects, priceless to the possessor, an endless source of inspiration to the late-day artist, but not made for us or we for them. And buying bric-a-brac inevitably tends to develop into the taste for collecting so characteristic of our times, which in itself has been prejudicial to a return to a wider conception of the province of art, to a more



generous patronage of art in all its forms. If we can buy, for a couple of dollars, a Japanese vase, simple and subtle enough to look at home anywhere, inimitable in nameless grace and exquisite form, why should we spend twenty or more on a half-successful experiment in metallic reflexes? How can we spend them, if the collecting mania has once got hold of us?

Many signs seem to indicate, however, that the collecting mania, so useful, nay splendid, under other aspects, was but a phase of transition. The taste developed in collecting, with the serious studies that go with it, has led one after another among us to wish to impart some of the distinction and appropriateness, that charm in favorite objects of bric-a-brac, to objects of to-day. Study has also led many to a genuine interest in technique and processes, and hence in living production.

Other signs of the times, here and in Europe, point in the same direction, *i.e.*, to a growing conviction that all the forms of art are, after all, *art*, and that it should be asso-

ciated with our daily lives, called in to *decorate* our homes and their surroundings. The highly successful combination of sculpture and gardening at the Exhibition of the American Sculpture Society in the Spring of 1895 was a noticeable step in this direction; the Salon of the Champ de Mars, after having admitted the Decorative Arts on a footing of equality, is now trying to arrange them with an eye to the effect of a refined home, giving modern artists in all branches an opportunity to show what they can do toward the adornment and refinement of modern homes. The movement has spread among the artists, here and abroad, who have been only too glad to get out of the tiresome rut in which they have been plodding so long, and feel themselves again surrounded by fresh impulses and vivifying breezes.

The interesting piano, belonging to Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel, from which some illustrations are given here, is a case in point. It has been decorated by one of our leading artists, Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, who has brought to this task the best of his inven-

tion, taste, and care, and has been rewarded by producing a work of art, which no one can see without a high degree of æsthetic pleasure of the best kind. The subjects speak for themselves in the illustrations. It will be seen that they are treated seriously, not trivially or casually, yet not too much so for the occasion; on the contrary, the first thing that



one feels is a certain grateful sense of enjoyment for the air of refined luxury and of true nineteenth century elegance that meets one. There is no strained attempt at originality of orna-

mental motive. The panels are simple treatments of allegorical subjects in color, connected with the main body of the piano by ornamental scroll-work in Renaissance, or Louis XVI.—the name is of no consequence. The fact is, that this "originality of motive," which is now haunting the imagination of the tired world of Europe, is all very well in its

way; but it should be an inner, not an outer quality. It is not new motives we want, as much as the capacity to treat any motive seriously and personally, and with due understanding of the constructive and imaginative nature of the problem involved, be it a piano, an easy-chair, a dish for strawberries and cream, or an inkstand for fountain-pens. It is in these respects that Mr. Blashfield's piano is so noteworthy. It is essentially a decorated piano, not one or more painted panels, attached somehow to a piano. The panels are painted on the piano, a round medallion representing Classical Music on the lid, the others following the sides of the box, with careful consideration of the place of each. The whole has thus both continuity of design and decorative unity, and these qualities are the more worthy of appreciation, that the artist had to take his piano as he found it. He has had nothing to do with either box or substructure.

The same exquisite taste is shown in the color-scheme, of rich yellows and warm blues, most exquisitely harmonized by creamy scrolls

1. *Chlorophyll* is a green pigment found in plants and algae. It is responsible for the process of photosynthesis, where light energy is converted into chemical energy.

2. The *chloroplast* is the organelle in plant cells where photosynthesis takes place. It contains chlorophyll and other components necessary for the process.

3. The *light-dependent reactions* of photosynthesis occur in the thylakoid membranes of the chloroplast. These reactions convert light energy into chemical energy in the form of ATP and NADPH.

4. The *Calvin cycle* is the second stage of photosynthesis, where carbon dioxide is fixed into organic molecules. It occurs in the stroma of the chloroplast.

5. The *electron transport chain* is a series of protein complexes in the thylakoid membrane that transfer electrons from water to various acceptors, ultimately leading to the production of ATP.

6. The *proton gradient* is a difference in the concentration of protons (H⁺) across the thylakoid membrane, which is used to drive the synthesis of ATP.

7. The *photosynthetic rate* is the rate at which photosynthesis occurs, measured by the amount of oxygen produced or carbon dioxide consumed.

8. The *light intensity* is a factor that affects the rate of photosynthesis. Higher light intensity generally leads to a higher rate of photosynthesis.

9. The *temperature* is another factor that affects the rate of photosynthesis. Optimal temperatures for photosynthesis are typically between 15°C and 30°C.

10. The *CO₂ concentration* is also a factor that affects the rate of photosynthesis. Higher concentrations of CO₂ generally lead to a higher rate of photosynthesis.

11. The *water potential* is a measure of the potential energy of water, which affects the availability of water for photosynthesis.

12. The *photosynthetic pathway* refers to the specific sequence of reactions that occur during photosynthesis, such as the C₃ pathway or the C₄ pathway.

13. The *photosynthetic efficiency* is a measure of how effectively light energy is converted into chemical energy during photosynthesis.

14. The *photosynthetic apparatus* refers to the entire system of components involved in photosynthesis, including the chloroplast, thylakoid membranes, and various enzymes.

15. The *photosynthetic rate per unit area* is a measure of the rate of photosynthesis per unit area of leaf surface, often used in agricultural studies.

16. The *photosynthetic rate per unit mass* is a measure of the rate of photosynthesis per unit mass of leaf tissue, often used in physiological studies.

17. The *photosynthetic rate per unit volume* is a measure of the rate of photosynthesis per unit volume of leaf tissue, often used in ecological studies.

18. The *photosynthetic rate per unit leaf area* is a measure of the rate of photosynthesis per unit leaf area, often used in agricultural studies.

19. The *photosynthetic rate per unit leaf mass* is a measure of the rate of photosynthesis per unit leaf mass, often used in physiological studies.

20. The *photosynthetic rate per unit leaf volume* is a measure of the rate of photosynthesis per unit leaf volume, often used in ecological studies.

[illegible][illegible]

ABOUT THE WORLD

WE have a habit of congratulating ourselves on the modern littleness of the world; on the ties of steam and electricity, which have brought the geographically widely separated portions of the human family so closely together for all purposes of mutual understanding and sympathy. The marvellous feat, seen every day, of a cable to the antipodes in the space of a minute or so, is surely picturesque enough to justify many pleasant generalities. And yet we thrill with more present and vivid horror from a peculiarly distressing bicycle accident in the next street, or a railway accident in New Jersey, or a tornado in St. Louis, than from so vast a calamity as that which visited Japan this summer—one of the hugest catastrophes that has befallen the human race. The later and fuller advices from the countries visited by the great tidal wave of June 15th estimate that this onslaught of the Pacific carried away in its five minutes of activity forty thousand lives and left sixty thousand others absolutely destitute.

Japan's Great
Catastrophe.

The northeast coast of Hondo, the largest of the Japanese islands, extends nearer than any other land to the tremendous submarine hole in the earth's crust known as the Tuscarora Deep. This is the deepest part of the ocean so far as men know; it is almost as deep as the topmost peak of the Himalayas is high. Throughout its hundreds of miles of width and breadth there are submarine volcanoes. The seismic philosophers think that through some volcanic upheaval in these depths earthquake vibrations were transmitted along the ocean-bottom to the shore, and a sudden rise of the water's level sent the tidal wave on its errand of destruction. The earthquake-shocks, which travel at a rate of

speed varying from two to twenty miles a second, reached the shore first. They were mild for quaky Japan, and it was not until half-past eight in the evening, an hour and a half later, that the slower-moving waves of water were announced by portentous booming sounds. Only four miles away from the coast fishermen were unaware of the presence of any extraordinary wave. But when the on-moving volume of water reached the steep sides of the sea-bottom and mounted up to the shallow places, the wave grew to a height of twenty to fifty feet, and hurled itself into the inlets and bays of the hapless land, overwhelming, with contemptuous ease, the feeble dykes which the Japanese fishermen and rice-planters had built to defend their low-lying homes.

The brunt of the attack came on the sea-side town of Kamaishi, situated at the head of an inlet ten miles long. Out of its 6,500 inhabitants, 5,000 were instantly destroyed. One province alone, Iwate, lost 25,000 people. The simple folk of the country were celebrating their "Boy's Festival" at the very moment of the catastrophe, and were totally unprepared for it; a dozen villages lost from three-fourths to nine-tenths of their people. Those who escaped were generally left penniless. Fishermen who were out in their boats came back to find their homes and their families annihilated.

The work of relief was taken up with activity and enthusiasm, though the scene of destruction was so isolated that many of Japan's cities did not know of the trouble for two full days. Men-of-war were sent to cruise about the coast to recover the bodies of the victims. The emperor and empress made generous presents to the three suffering provinces. An army of physicians went to the coast, and

the Red Cross Society erected dozens of hospitals for the relief of the wounded.

IF a number of rather desultory observations have any degree of authenticity, the agitation of the submarine earth-crust which began in the Tuscarora Deep sent out such fierce impulses that the very opposite shores of the Pacific felt their effect.

Studying Our Earthquakes.

Fishermen off the coast of Victoria encountered tidal waves from three to six feet high. On the same day, too, tidal waves of dangerous size visited the western coast of Honolulu, reaching at one point a height of thirty-five feet. Even in so remote a country as Italy the shocks of the earthquake were registered by delicate instruments.

These far-away manifestations of the Japanese earthquake call to mind the proposals which physicists are making to institute a systematic seismic survey of the world. These gentlemen, whose ambition is to measure with suitable instruments the exact velocity of the earthquake motion, have no hopes of effecting any reform in the general destructive conduct of volcanic upheavals, nor do they even anticipate the existence of a series of signal stations which will announce to threatened districts the imminence of the quake, its probable time of arrival, and the most stable place to go to. Indeed, the net result of the work is simply to secure data which will aid in determining, as nearly as may be, the effective rigidity of the earth's crust for the edification of astronomers. Though this end does not start, unusually picturesque associations in the mind of a layman, the means by which the observers are proving their ability to follow and measure the earthquake's track are rather interesting. By means of self-recording magnetographs, physicists are actually obtaining records of seismic disturbances in their direct antipodes. To record the rapidly recurring vibrations of the shock, the most sensitive instrument is the Perry tronometer, which makes note of the earth-shake from a moving train a mile away.

Equipped with such apparatus, the men of science are able to inform us that, so far from being an exotic luxury, earthquakes are ubiquitous, and, like the poor, are always with us. Not only do we get the fag ends of such formidable phenomena as visit our Asi-

atic brethren; scores of undetected quakes of local origin are weekly events in the history of any portion of the earth's crust. Every day there is a slow tilt of the surface, for instance; an annual variation takes place in the angle, and the delicate instruments record various semi-occasional tremors, pulsations, and elastic vibrations.

The reform in earthquake study, which physicists are earnestly advocating as the only means of obtaining a correct system of evidence against the phenomena, is to furnish all the laboratories with the same kind of pendulum apparatus to be adjusted in exact uniformity. Hitherto the different instruments in various parts of the world have begun to move with different phases of motion, leading to most heretical discrepancies.

DECIDEDLY the most novel idea in ship-building, of those that are to be taken with any degree of seriousness, is that employed by M. Ernest Bazin in the construction of his *navire rouleur*, which is soon to attempt the passage of the English Channel preparatory to a transatlantic trial. This strange craft, whose appearance might well shock an unsuspecting Jack Tar into wholesome resolutions regarding grog, is nothing less than a steamship on rollers. Two deck platforms rest on eight revolving disks, four on a side. These convex disks are revolved by an engine, at the same time that a regulation propeller impels the vessel forward. With a model about one-twenty-fifth the size of a full-fledged liner, the inventor has proved that the substitution of the revolving wheels for the stable keel lessens to a marked degree the friction of passage through the water.

A Steamship on Wheels.

A model, propelled by electricity, traversed Professor Bazin's tank more than twice as fast with revolving disks as with stationary rollers. So great was the gain of speed due to the wheel movement that the inventor claims his roller ship will achieve thirty-one or thirty-two knots an hour, and still save sixty per cent. of coal, as compared with the needs of the ordinary transatlantic steamer. Besides the smaller friction against the water, the open frame of the vessel allows a free passage for head winds, while collateral advantages of safety are obtained in the presence of the hollow wheels, which con-

stitute so many water-tight bulkheads. Several of them could be punctured without danger of sinking; and, moreover, when a disk does begin to fill with water, it beautifully and naturally turns until the aperture is on top, in the best position for repairs.

All this sounds so much too good to be true, that the average observer would be inclined to scepticism on general principles were it not that influential naval officers like Admiral Coulombeaud, possessing very much more than average judgment in such matters, are enthusiastic believers in M. Bazin and his *navire rouleur*.

Not satisfied with this revolutionary beginning in his designs, the inventor proposes to dispense with the orthodox rudder and guide his ship by means of a jet of water spouted from the stern. This calls to mind the craft in which, five years ago, several prominent New Yorkers were interested and disappointed—the ship propelled exclusively by means of the stern jet. That logy vessel attained on her test trip no more than six miles an hour; but that in itself is a foundation for the Frenchman's claim that his steering apparatus will prove a positive aid instead of a frictional obstacle to the motion of the roller ship.

The plans for the first adult *navire rouleur* call for a vessel over four hundred feet long, with one deck resting on girders placed above the axes of the wheels and twenty feet above the water, and a second deck twice as high.

Many roller ships have been tried before, but this one differs from all of them in giving the disks themselves an independent motion. Their revolutions must not be too fast, or the velocity of the vessel's progress is rather impeded than accelerated; the power applied to turn them must be proportioned with much nicety to the force exerted on the vessel's propeller. Finally, Professor Bazin's most brilliant and impressive burst of confidence in his vessel comes in the claim that it will effect a considerable mitigation of the opportunities for the *mal de mer*; for this wagon-ship rides the waves with exemplary steadiness, and refrains from rolling except as to its rollers. The professor has the good wishes of the human race, and half the successes he hopes for will gain him its eternal gratitude.

SEVERAL events of purely social significance, as one would think, have made the past summer notable in the evolution of Anglo-American feeling. The Congregational Pilgrims and their much-fêted tour of England struck the first note of that sympathetic chord which has now pretty well drowned out the unpleasant remembrance of the Venezuela feelings, the Dunraven incident, and the Cornell boat-race—incidents which have no mean effect on the international sentiments of the masses.

International
Amenities.

Then came the sweetness and light of the Henley regatta. Our American boys did not win, though they were big, strong fellows, and though they possessed no less a guide, philosopher, and friend than the redoubtable Robert Cook, it would have been strange if they had. Less than one per cent. of Yale students take an active interest in the sculls, and rowing is generally esteemed an industry rather than a sport. On the other hand, Leander's crew was picked from ten classes of Oxford and Cambridge, where fine forearms and shoulders have the burden of proof on them to show why they are not rowing.

All this is interesting and soothing, but the really important part of the trip taken by Mr. Cook's *protégés* was the tenor of their reception. They were dined, publicly and privately, and presented with every evidence of sympathy and hospitality. They were voted good fellows, bore themselves modestly before the race, and quietly and courageously after it. Almost were the English persuaded to wish them victors, and the spirit of generosity went so far that it was openly desired that the blue should triumph at least in the first heat.

The third occasion for international amenities brought forth far more exuberant and official expressions of brotherhood. The visit of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston excited some merriment among the more heedless of the Yankees left behind; and it was funny. But it was also most highly significant. That the Ancients and Honorables did not bear the brunt of the Civil War, or even of the War of the Revolution, is indisputable, and is doubtless understood in England. It gives rather the more meaning to the gorgeous ceremonial honors showered upon them. That the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister and his

cabinet, the field-m Marshals, lord mayors, and other official stars of the very first magnitude should have seized this pretext to do honor to an American institution, and pour forth volumes of good-will with the most specific hopes for arbitral union, is surely more impressive than the same attentions if bestowed on visitors saliently and officially demanding it. The Prince of Wales gave a reception to Colonel Walker and his braves at Marlborough House, the Prince's London residence, and reviewed the visiting company; and the Queen opened Windsor to them and gave them another review there—a rapture which has heretofore been accorded only to a couple of crowned heads. There can be no doubt that these congratulatory ceremonies have greatly proved and strengthened the broad basis of public sentiment, on which must rest the treaty of arbitration between England and America.

FROM the diplomatic correspondence recently published it seems reasonably certain that there will be a permanent arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. Lord Salisbury, who seems inclined to meet Mr. Olney a little better than half way when it can be done with grace,

A Permanent Treaty of Arbitration.

has gone so far as to express his confidence in the Venezuelan commission appointed by President Cleveland, and his full statement in the House of Lords seems to acknowledge America's right to interfere. *On the subject of the permanent treaty, there is not yet unanimity between our secretary and Lord Salisbury as to several important details. The first and all-essential question of the class and range for disputes which the permanent commission would adjudicate, seems on the verge of being solved by an exclusion of only those differences which affect the "honor and integrity" of either country. This would be merely a stated admission of the obvious fact that no amount of permanent treaty could force either England or America to arbitrate a specific question in which either country felt itself absolutely insulted.

But there are complicated details proposed in the methods of settling even very simple classes of disputes. Of the several articles of treaty submitted by Lord Salisbury, Secretary Olney has apparently assented to at least

three. These provide for the establishment of a permanent commission consisting of two or more judicial officers from each government, who shall choose an umpire. This international court of arbitration shall be empowered to determine finally all "complaints made by the nationals of one power against the officers of the other; all pecuniary claims or groups of claims, amounting to not more than £100,000, made on either power by the nationals of the other, whether based on an alleged right by treaty or agreement or otherwise; all claims for damage or indemnity under the said amount; all questions affecting diplomatic or consular privileges; all alleged rights of fishery, access navigation, or commercial privilege, and all questions referred by special agreement between the two parties."

As to the questions lying outside those enumerated above, it is proposed that they should also go to this permanent commission, but that either country should have the power of appeal to a court composed of three justices of the British supreme court of judicature, and three justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the assent of five members out of the six being necessary for a decision. Secretary Olney prefers that the six justices should select three outsiders to join them, and that a majority of the nine members should be final. This point and the method of deciding what disputes affect the "honor and integrity" of a country, are now the main issues of difference between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney. The former wishes to leave the designation of such especial questions to the "judgment of the governments," and to have such arbitrated only by special agreement. Mr. Olney suggests that no question shall be excluded from the proposed court unless Congress decides for America, or Parliament for Great Britain, that the honor of the nation or the integrity of its territory is involved.

The most strenuous objection has been made by clear-headed Englishmen to Mr. Olney's scheme for the selection by the six members of the Appellate Court of three outside jurists to join them. It is said that the court would wrangle for months over the choice of these additional arbitrators, and there seems to be a wide-spread opinion that the judges should be men of Anglo-Saxon blood.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

NOVEMBER 1896

No. 5

PANTHER-SHOOTING IN CENTRAL INDIA

By Captain C. J. Melliss

Ninth Regiment, Bombay Infantry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERT VAN MUYDEN



HERE is a small saddle-backed hill in the hot plains of Central India, that I know of, not above five miles from the military cantonment of Mhow, which is a sure find for panther. On its teak-tree covered slopes, when I knew it first, there lived a panther, and apparently there always had lived one, well known to the villagers of the little "gaum" (village) of Jamli, about two miles distant, upon whose herds of cattle and goats, as they graze in the grass-land and jungle within the vicinity of the hill, the resident panther for the time was wont to levy toll without apparently disturbing the mild Hindoo's equilibrium.

The "gaum" is but a cluster of weather-worn thatched huts of mud, which stand beside a poisonous, fever-breeding, half-dry tank, where the gaunt, huge-horned water buffaloes wallow in a bath of mud, endeavoring to make the best of things until the rains, their season of joy, shall arrive. Then shall they lie all day submerged to the eyes beneath a temperate sun, pictures of blissful content. Then shall fatness come to lean ribs and roundness to the many projecting points of their bony

anatomies; but now, for my story begins at the fiercest heat of the hot weather, they and the other herds of the village are as lean kine as ever Pharaoh dreamt of.

Around the village lie its cultivated fields, whose faces ever change with the changing seasons. Now parched and arid they lie seemingly lifeless, baked beneath fiery suns out of steel-blue skies for long hot, weary months; but with the longed-for rains, as if by magic, they quicken into a living green of tender crops, blessed sight to weary eyes and weary souls of white men gasping out an Indian hot weather in the plains; and, later still, the land grows gay with broad squares of the lovely pinks, whites, and purples of the many-hued poppy fields. Amid them the dark "tope" (clump) of mango-trees, so familiar a feature of every Indian village, tempts one out of the hot glare of the fields into its restful shade, where all day the patient "beils" (oxen) tread wearily to and fro, and the monotonous creak of drawing water, and the delicious cool sound of its rushing down the water channels, rises like a lullaby through the long hot day. From out the thickly wooded ravines, which run up the slopes of the



Jamli hill, I had succeeded in shooting in a beat the original occupant of the hill, when I first came to know it, and several of its successors. For so surely as I made a vacancy in the hill there arrived another panther after a short interval. A large, thickly wooded range of hills stretching away to join the great Vindhya, a mountain-chain, sent its spurs close down to my special preserve, and was evidently the source from which panthers wandered in to take possession.

But at last there came a panther of a most diabolical cunning and of an insatiable appetite. For one whole year did I hunt the fiend. Innumerable were the goats I tied up as bait for him, and unflagging was the bloodthirstiness with which he responded by murdering and devouring them. Innumerable were the days I toiled and clambered under blazing hot noon-day suns over rocks and boulders, and

through the jungle of the hill-side, trying to get him; innumerable were the weary hours I passed on moonlight nights, up trees watching over a goat's murdered remains. All in vain, neither by day nor by night would he give himself away. He had taken a most one-sided view of the game. Properly, after devouring one of my goats he should in return have allowed himself to be found gorged near the spot the next day, and to be driven toward me by the beaters; but he had no true sense of sport. While I gasped under a sweltering sun, fruitlessly hunting for him among the nullahs (ravines), or sitting upon a hot boulder of black rock with the sun broiling my brains beneath my shikar-topee, awaited his coming in the beat, he must have been curled up peacefully napping in some distant shady spot, or licking his chops in amused reflection at the sport he was affording me. Doubtless, too, he must have

as I sat amid the sway-
of the slender bastard
any an all-night sitting
watching for him, and
concluding that it would
stepone finishing the re-
goat until I should have
off. It seemed so, for as
I not sit up over the re-
kill, so surely did he re-
night.

I must confess, however,
gave me three chances
an early stage of our
quaintance. One after-
on I was watching from
ree over the remains of
goat he had killed the
night before. It was
early in the rains, the
day had been a show-
ery one, and the sun
shone with but a
pleasant warmth.

There was a stir and
freshness in the jungle
about me. Animal and
vegetable life seemed to
rejoice in the salvation
the blessed rains had
brought them, and at
the end of the fierce
months of drought.

Birds came and perched in the branches above me in the very tree where I sat, seeming to take no notice of the motionless figure beneath them, and brightened the jungle for me with their twittering. The unusual amount that the panther had left of the goat showed that he had made but a mild

ing gradually bolder, they drew near the body, ever keeping the brightest lookout all around, now and again sitting up squirrel-like, listening all they knew and "speering" about with the sharpest eyes for sight or sound of their dangerous neighbors; for well they knew from whose meal they were

Seized the goat by the neck and attempted to drag it away.—Page 537.

meal for him, and was doubtless the cause of his arrival so early in the afternoon; or it may have been the heavy showers had disturbed him in his nap and the freshness of the air inclined him to stroll. Whatever the cause, he greatly surprised me by a very early arrival, and this is what happened. It still wanted an hour or so to sunset. I had been beguiling the time by watching the nervous antics of two mongooses (wild brothers of Rudyard Kipling's famous Rikki-Tikki) about the carcass of the goat. Their first entrance on to the scene, on having winded the goat, was made with the utmost caution. A pair of pointed little noses and two pairs of sharp little eyes first peeped out from behind some big stones—slowly the owners of them emerged, every hair of their quivering little bodies betokening the utmost sense of danger and alertness. Grow-

about to pilfer—their keen little noses would tell them that. At length the temptation to feast grows too strong, and they would dive inside the goat's ribs to snatch a choice morsel, only to pop out the next instant all nerves and trepidation, and then some imaginary alarm would send them scuttling into the bushes, then back again once more, the bolder spirit first, more nervous watchfulness again yielding to the delight of another morsel, and so on over and over again. I had almost forgotten the panther in the amused interest I was taking in the quaint little creatures, or otherwise should have paid more attention to the excited conversation that had been going on among some birds in a tree not far off. Thus birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler of the approach of a tiger—the latter especially take every opportunity to express by loud hootings the inten-

sity of their feelings at the hated presence of either of the dread beings of their jungles. I have heard too at peculiar bark the sambar stag and again and again in the night from out the dark jungles on the banks of the Arbudda, as he sends out a warning to his kind that murderous

"stripes" is stalking near. But to return to the panther. The mongoose had grown more confident and their nerves less "jumpy," when something caused me to look down. There, some eight feet below me, almost at the foot of my tree, stood the panther, a very big fellow, in all the jungle splendor of his shining yellow coat and rich black rosettes. With eyes fixed on the mongoose he stood perfectly motionless, save for a gentle swaying of the end of his tail, his right forearm advanced and head held forward below the line of his back, he looked the very personification of beautiful remorseless strength about to work its cruel will.

The two tiny thieves were just at that moment much engrossed with the view of the goat's insides, peering about for another tit-bit. Fascinated by the beauty of the panther and interested to see what would happen, I could not spoil the picture by firing. After a moment's pause the panther made a move forward—then a couple of silent bounds. It was the closest thing—only just in time the mongoose whisked themselves off like lightning, and fled squeaking into the bush. The panther disappeared after them, but the next moment his yellow form stepped out from the green again into the open. Unfortunately his pursuit of the mongoose had taken him up hill, thus bringing him on a level with the low fork of the tree, in which I sat. His quick eye caught sight of me instantly, and he stopped, looking up at me. Flurried by the fear that he would vanish on the instant, I threw up my rifle and fired without aim. Something yellow flashed into the bushes in silence. Missed!

I had indeed made a muddle of it in my desire to study natural history.

The next time we met night was coming on—rain was falling, and I sat drenched and miserable up a tree again. Suddenly, out of the darkness he stalked, a dim gray shadow on to the scene. My rifle rang out—the gray shadow vanished—missed again! The

third time it is again night, but there is a full moon. I am perched in a tree amid thick jungle high upon the hillside near the crest, whence I have a wide view of a beautiful moonlit landscape lying beneath me. Suddenly, without a sound, a silvery panther, or the ghost of one, glides softly across the open patch of moonlight, where the partly devoured goat lay—its form silhouetted in vivid whiteness against the black shade of the surrounding bush. "Can't miss this time," I

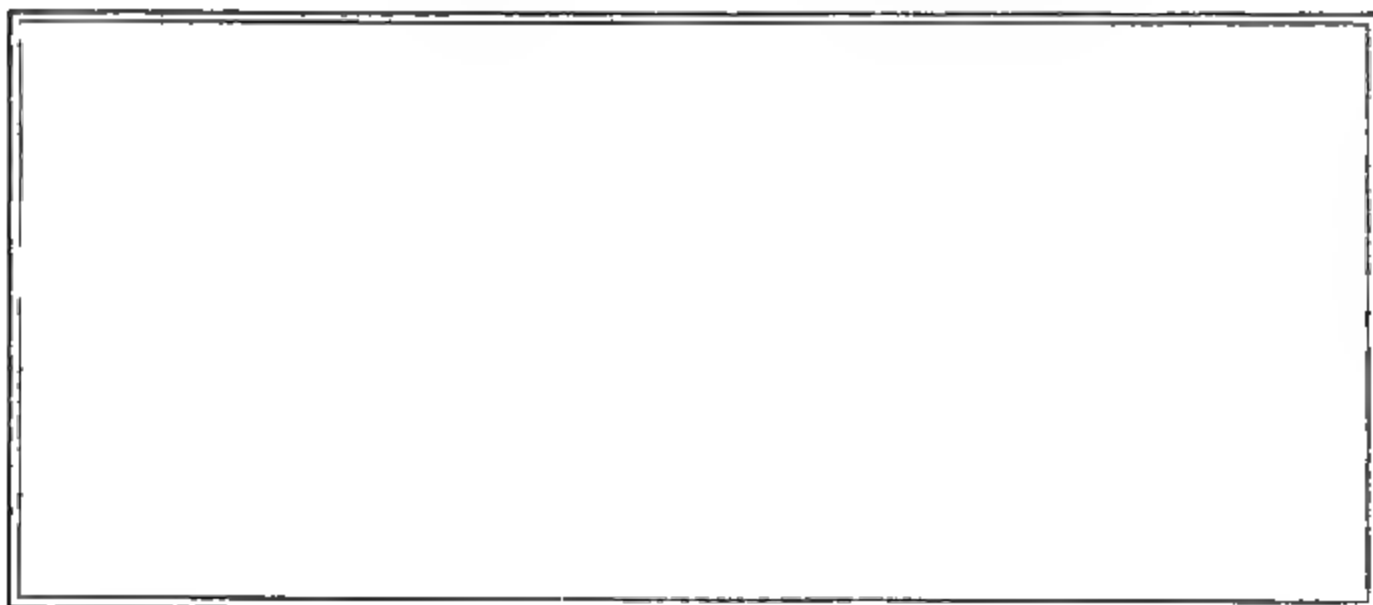
With eyes fixed on the mongoose he stood perfectly motionless.—Page 532.

Suddenly, without a sound, a silvery panther glides softly across the open patch of moonlight.—Page 532.

thought, as I levelled my rifle at him. But I did; and let only those who know what it is to aim by moonlight cast the first stone. At last his fate overtook him. The time was the height of the hot season, which had come round again and the day was a blazing one. For the one hundredth time at least I was beating in a kind of forlorn hope the nullahs on the Jamli hill. The jungle was very bare, stripped of its foliage by the long hot months. There was little cover to induce a panther to lie up, except the patches of the dark-green corinda-bush which grew here and there. It alone flourished when all else seemed perished in the long drought. The jungle of bastard teak-tree and bush stood up under the scorching rays, a silent multitude of leafless skeletons—there was not a breath of air to rustle even their broad leaves lying yellow and dead beneath them.

From the black bowlders of rock and the stony earth, the hot rays struck up into one's face like the blast from a furnace. I was standing on the brow

of the hill at the head of a ravine, with rifle cocked, keeping a sharp lookout on the likely points where a panther might break. The discordant cries of the beaters and the noise of falling rocks and stones which they hurled into the thick bits of cover, grew momentarily louder as the line worked toward me. Not many feet below where I stood, there grew a very dense bit of corinda-bush, a likely looking place on such a day. So when the beaters drew near me I called out to them to beat up this particular patch. They complied with volleys of stones and increased vigor in their cries, but not a stir came from the bush. I bid them continue, knowing the wily ways of panthers; still no movement. Concluding that there was nothing in it, I had just lowered my triggers and was about to walk forward to the next ravine, when out sprang the panther amid a storm of yells from the beaters of "fata," "fata" (there he goes). A real beauty he looked in his shining yellow coat, which gleamed golden in the fierce sunlight. I did not fire, for



he offered a by no means easy shot, and I judged from the line he was taking, that his intention was to make for the crest line some sixty yards ahead of me; and then cross the summit down into the jungle on the other side. If he did so, I should get a clear shot at him, so I waited, watching his yellow body crashing over the dead leaves and scorched-up undergrowth. Soon he was clambering up on to the brow of the hill, as I had expected, giving me a clear shot; at that very instant I fired my right at him, hitting him in the buttock, whereupon he stopped dead, turned, and bit at his tail, half sitting up like a huge cat. I at once seized the opportunity to give him the left barrel in the body, but too far back to be very effective. At the shot he turned and ran back down the slope of the hill toward the beaters. Up the trees they went like so many monkeys. "Maro, Sahib, maro," "bara bobbery wallah" (shoot, Sahib, shoot, a devil to fight), the hillside resounded with their excited yells. My bhil shikari soon came running up to me, his face beaming joyously at the near prospect of "bakshish." Together we clambered down the hill in the direction the panther had taken, guided by an occasional "pug," where the dusty earth had taken the imprint, and also slight blood marks. At length we came upon a place, where there was a natural escarpment in the slope of the hill, and where all about it grew a dense thicket of undergrowth. Cries of "Khabardar" (be careful) from the trees, warned us where the panther

crouched. We stared into the thick tangle of bush from above, but could see nothing; then we clambered farther down and were about to peer into the thicket from its lower edge, when from within it there sounded a succession of short, coughing roars and a crashing noise amid the dried branches. The panther was coming for us. Our position was not altogether an agreeable one. We were standing not more than five yards outside the bushes. Nothing of the panther was visible; only the noise of his on-coming told us he was charging, and I knew that I should not see him until he had burst his way out of the bushes almost on to us.

To retreat backward there was scarcely time, and I should probably have fallen over a rock or bush had I tried to. There was nothing for it but to wait and shoot on sight. So we waited. My bhil stood close behind me, and though he had merely a small woodcutter's axe in his hand, he never flinched a step, merely saying, quietly, "ata, Sahib, ata" (Sahib, he is coming). It was but a wait of a few moments—then out from the dark-green corindaleaves burst the panther's round yellow head, with jaws agape, right before us. Quick as thought my rifle went up to my shoulder—both barrels flashed out simultaneously, staggering me with the

recoil, for I had six drams of powder in each barrel, and I was enveloped in smoke. There was an instant of uncomfortable suspense. "Got me or not got me!"—the next second I realize the luck is with me and that I still stand untouched. The smoke cleared. A snarling growl came from inside the bushes—the panther had retreated. My shikari sprang up a tree and looked down, then called to me he could see something yellow. I felt no disinclination to follow him up that tree, and did so. Sitting astride the shaking branches I fired at a small patch of yellow just discernible beneath the bush. Sounds of the brute's body crashing amid the bushes followed the shot—then snarls growing fainter and fainter. At length all was still. After waiting a short while I made my way very cautiously, with triggers on full cock, into the thicket, and came upon the panther stretched out dead beneath an overhanging rock—a perfect picture, for death had not yet robbed the real beauty from his skin or the rounded muscular shape from his body. I need scarcely

add that he was in excellent condition. To this day I have never cared to reckon up what he cost me in goats.

The double shot I fired into the panther when charging took effect in the chest and throat, respectively. I had hollow, or express bullets, in both chambers. The bullet that struck the chest broke up in the muscles and made very little penetration, and I believe that if it had not been for the second bullet, which smashed the lower jaw and penetrated the throat in fragments, the animal must have come on and mauled me. From that day I pinned my faith on the pure lead solid bullet, as recommended by that great hunter, Sir Samuel Baker, for dangerous game. And a later experience with a lion, against whose head I had fired a hollow bullet by mistake, which merely infuriated him into charging, confirmed me in my belief, for my remaining barrel, which contained a solid pure lead bullet, knocked him clean over as he came on.

Shortly after this I had the good fortune to see a panther kill a goat in broad daylight. He was the successor

to the great slaughterer of my goats, but his career was a short one. As soon as his footmarks on the hillside made his arrival in the hill known to my shikari, I had a goat tied up in the old place and went out and sat in a tree over it. The goat was young and indiscreet, expressing his objection to being tied up by a continuous bleating, which suited my purpose exactly. For I had scarcely been in the tree half an hour, and the sun was still hot overhead, when the glint of a panther's yellow skin among the trees caught my eye, filling me with joyful anticipation of possessing it. I watched with much interest the stealthy manner in which the wily brute approached the spot, winding in and out of the bushes, stopping every now and then to look and listen, then slowly advancing again, he seemed to my impatient spirit to be an interminable time coming on; while there seemed something most creepy in that silent, murderous approach. Happily for the unfortunate goat he was quite unconscious of his danger, had ceased bleating, and was nibbling at the grass about him. From behind a bush scarcely ten yards from the goat the panther stopped and appeared to gaze at the goat with much interest for a second or two. Then he ran out. The goat ran back to the length of his tether. In dashed the panther at him with a spring, seizing him by the throat, and turning a complete somersault with the goat held in his jaws. So quickly was it done that the goat had hardly uttered a cry. When they came to the ground the panther was undermost, but he was up again in an instant, seeming to throw the goat out of his jaws. The latter lay where he fell, gasped a moment or two and was still. Under cover of the scuffle I had cocked my triggers, but as the panther was now gazing keenly around on all sides and seemed to be listening intently, I lay low, determined to wait until his attention became engrossed in his kill. Some minutes of intense alertness passed on the part of the panther before he grew reconciled to the situation, and then he made no attempt to feed, but seized the goat by the neck and attempted to drag it away. But the rope held fast, and as

he tugged his chest presented such a tempting shot that I could no longer resist. Slipping my rifle through the screen of branches about me, I took a quickaim and fired. Down he flung the goat one way, and with a snarling roar went flying, crashing through the bushes in another direction. Ah! blissful moment that, as I scrambled in hot haste down from the tree, for here was the very cream of sport in prospect—an exciting follow-up of a wounded, dangerous beast. Nothing beats it that I know of for pleasurable excitement—that thrilling watchful advance along the fresh blood-tracks, while your eyes search intently the jungle on every side for timely sight of the crouching, plucky brute, and the safety of your skin often rests on the quickness of your eyes. And of all animals, who can crouch concealed like the panther—who more ready to turn upon his foe! Who more fiercely brave in his attack! even though wounded unto death. But this time I did not quite get the sport I looked for. For I had not followed far before I heard the panther growling in the thickets ahead of me. Judging from the sound as to where he lay, I was able to make my way safely round his flank, and so came within view of him standing up and listening seemingly for my approach, but evidently badly wounded, and I easily killed him with another bullet.

After the death of this panther I bagged several of his successors in the haunts on the Jamli hill with comparatively little trouble. Then there came another panther, who bid fair to rival the great destroyer of my goats. I had hunted him for several months, had used every precaution and stratagem I could think of; yet far from getting a shot at him, I had not even seen him. The appearance of fresh pugs on the hillside, after a short interval following on the death of his predecessor, pointed to a new-comer having filled the vacancy, and the consequent series of murders of goats tied up in the old spot, their bodies bearing all the marks of a panther's kill, settled it beyond a doubt. But for all that the animal remained a mystery. Nobody in the village had ever seen him. Beating the nullahs

for him I gave up in despair, after many blank days out on the scorching hillside, and watching over a live bait or a dead one seemed equally vain.

Many and many were the weary nights I endured up a tree, cramped and stiff in every part of me sitting over a kill. Climbing into my perch a little before sunset, I have watched the daylight fade into darkness, the moon rise higher and higher, transforming the gloomy jungle into a lovely maze of mysterious silvery depths, pass overhead—then sink beyond the outlined tree-tops on the hill-crest, leaving the silent jungle lonelier and more gloomy than ever. Still, I have sat on waiting until the whiteness grew in the east, and reddened into dawn, and often the fiery red ball of the sun had leaped above the horizon, as I made my way out from the jungle into the open lands beyond—but all in vain; the panther remained severely aloof on all such occasions. Sceptical friends began to scoff, cast doubts on the existence of a panther at all, and even went so far as to suggest my having mistaken a hyena's for a panther's pug.

Could it be the ghost of a lately departed panther—perhaps he who stood head and shoulders above his fellows in his lust for blood—that haunts the hillside, leaving these infrequent fresh footprints? Had he returned to the scene of his former murders to revel in them once more? Easier for me to believe this than that I could mistake a hyena's for a panther's pug. At length I thought out a new plan. It was this. I would stalk upon the demon by moonlight, where he lay on his kill. It seemed just possible, I thought, from the nature of the ground to approach unseen and unheard near enough for a shot even in that deceptive light, at a time when he was most likely to be oblivious to sight and sound in the joys of a fresh kill. I would try it, at any rate.

The spot where I had always placed my baits was a small open place just inside the edge of the jungle at the foot of the hill, by which a shallow rocky watercourse ran; it would have been visible from the open grass-land and cultivated fields outside, but for an inter-

vening low clump of bush. Between this thicket and the spot where the goats were always tied up, was a clear space of some twenty yards. My idea was that I might be able to stalk up noiselessly and unseen under cover of the bush, and get a shot round it at the panther as he devoured the freshly killed goat.

To insure success I told my shikari to have all dead branches, leaves, and stones cleared off the ground for a couple of hundred yards from the bush along the line of my approach to it, so that neither crack of dried twig nor chink of stone might betray my silent advance upon my wily friend. Choosing a night when the moon would be at its brightest, I drove out after mess to the Jamli village, where my bhil met me; then on foot we struck across its moonlit fields until we arrived within several hundred yards of the edge of the jungle where the bait was. The goat had been tied up late that afternoon so as not to disturb the jungle after nightfall. Every precaution, therefore, had been taken to humor the wary brute. It was his habit to kill toward midnight, so my shikari said, therefore I had nothing to do for the next two hours or so, but stretch myself comfortably on the grass, enjoy the balmy night-air and the soft beauty of the scene. A glorious moon sailed overhead flooding the land with light, though partially veiled at times by light clouds; the distant harsh clanging of a bell and the drumming of a tom-tom telling of some Hindeo priest at his devotions in the village temple, the eternal baying of the village pariah dogs, which reached me faintly, were the sole sounds that invaded the stillness about us, save for an occasional sad, half-human cry from the jackal sounding across the open fields as the hungry beast wandered toward human habitations for its food. The jungle-clad hill, with the belt of brush at its base, looked dark and silent in contrast to the moonlit open lands about it; its dark crest outlined clearly against the luminous sky, while as if resting on its very ridge a star or two gleamed brightly as they sank in the west. Being in a pleasant frame

of mind induced by dinner, of which I had been so often deprived by the wily beast, I was able to duly appreciate the beauty of my surroundings and note, admiringly, the graceful outline of a clump of straggling palm-trees against the moonlit sky; and while stretched out comfortably on my back could afford to indulge in amused recollections of my feelings during the many moonlight sittings I had done in some of those very trees opposite, wofully hungry and cramped of limb. Several hours must have thus passed, when I was startled out of a semi-doze by a most horrible human-like cry coming from out the dark hillside and rising clearly in the night-air. "Aya" (he has come), said my shikari, sitting up. Again and again in quick succession the harrowing sounds rang out in seeming helpless appeal. Good heavens! what can that fiend be doing! Never have I heard such cries. It seemed as if the unfortunate goat was being eaten alive. In all kills by panthers and other carnivora that I had hitherto been present at, death was very speedy. But this was unexpected and most horrible. I felt a monster of cruelty for having condemned the animal to such a fate. Looking back on this method of obtaining sport, which is very often adopted in India, when tiger and panther are not to be obtained otherwise, and which is a severe test of one's endurance, I admit its cruelty, and trust I shall be able to resist the temptation to tie up a live bait again, when tiger and panther tempt me by their presence. It was a relief when the goat's cries ceased. My watch marked the hour at one. The moon was riding just then clear in the sky and its light was of wondrous brilliancy. "I ought to see him clearly enough on such a night, I thought, if only I can gain the bush unheard." I am afraid my remorse for the poor goat's sufferings was soon forgotten in the excitement of the coming stalk. After waiting a short while to allow the panther to become absorbed in his meal, I took off my shoes, picked up my rifle, and started alone to attempt a noiseless crawl up to the bush. What an interminable time it seemed to be, getting

there that last fifty yards! it was done literally crawling on my stomach. Never did Hindoo fakir under vow to reach some distant shrine on all fours, crawl over the ground with more fanatic devotion than I to reach that bush unheard and unseen.

At length I lie panting and blown on my face behind it, and the sound of a crunching of bones comes to my ears as if it were but just on the other side, and I half choke in my endeavor to moderate my hard breathing, seemingly so loud in the utter stillness of the jungle. Having recovered my breath I crawled softly to the edge of the bush. Now came the most critical part. Would the panther see me before I could get my rifle to my shoulder? With my heart in my mouth, in dread lest the click would be heard, I cocked a trigger. I looked up at the moon, across whose face a light veil of cloud was just then passing, and waited. A few moments and again the full flood of its light is poured forth undimmed over the land. Now for it. A bold exposure and a quick shot.

I step quickly clear of the bush and my rifle flies to my shoulder, but, devil incarnate that he is, the panther is too quick for me. An indistinct form, a mere shadow even in that light, flits off the dark patch of the goat's carcass and vanishes amid the silvery maze of the jungle. I blaze at it, but might as well have fired at the night-breeze. The crash amid the undergrowth comes back to me as I stand and listen, growing farther and farther off until the jungle and the night swallow it up—proof at any rate of a panther in the flesh, for else it might well have been but a phantom of one.

So ended my midnight stalk for the panther. How he met his fate is another story and has been told elsewhere. But the reader may care to know that I did get him some weeks later by a new stratagem. I lay in a grave I caused to be dug in the old place in the jungle, with the goat standing quite close to its edge. The panther came at the witching hour as was his wont, and I rose up and fired point blank into his breast as he dropped the goat out of his jaws and stared at me

with the green flame of his eyes blazing within a yard of mine.

But for this night I had to console myself as best I could with the soft beauty of the moonlight and the delicious coolness of the night-air

as I drove sharply back along the silent white roads into the sleeping cantonments, where the unwelcome "reveille" soon roused me out of a scanty slumber for the early morning parade.

WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR WHIST

By "Cavendish"

THE impression is general that, until recently, the Americans have not been a whist-playing nation. It is difficult to reconcile this view with the fact that, early in this century, when Hoyle was the only authority, various reprints of his works were circulated in the United States, *e.g.*, "The New Pocket Hoyle" (Philadelphia, 1805); "Hoyle's Games" (Boston, 1814); the same (Philadelphia, 1817). No doubt a diligent search would reveal the existence of other editions. American reprints of Matthews and Bohn are also to be found, dating about the middle of the present century; and the conclusion forced on us is that whist has all along held its own in American society, notwithstanding the contemporaneous popularity of another admirable four-handed game, *viz.*, euchre.

American whist, however, diverged in some important respects from the English model. How and when the American changes in the construction of the game were introduced the writer has not been able to discover. In course of time American players abolished the rubber, best of three games, and the score for honors, substituting single games without honors. This must be allowed to be a simplification and an improvement; it is one of the things that America has done for whist. But, in abolishing points also, the change seems to the writer to have been in the wrong direction. A score of points is a better test of skill, in the long run, than a score of games.

Notwithstanding these alterations it does not appear that whist was scientifically studied in the United States, or

not to any great extent, until the labors of "The Little Whist School" became the subject of common knowledge on both sides of the Atlantic. Then (about 1870) letters of inquiry were addressed with increasing frequency from the United States to the present writer, and in some instances a long correspondence ensued. Among the most valued American correspondents was Mr. Nicholas Browse Trist, of New Orleans. In the year 1883 he made a remarkable proposition, on deduction from which hangs the whole system of modern leads of high cards. In order to explain it, it will be necessary to enter on some technical details.

The practice had been for some time previously, when leading from ace, queen, knave, etc., to lead ace, then queen, holding only one small card; and to lead ace, then knave, holding more than one small card. Players who have not given much thought to the matter believe the object of the change on the second lead is to show whether the suit opened was originally composed of four cards or more. This, however, is not the main object; it is, that partner may not retain the king on the second round when the lead was from more than four cards. He would not play king on queen, but he would on knave if he remained with king and one small card of the suit. He would thus unblock (as it is called), and so make way for a long procession of small cards of the leader's suit.

Queen, knave, ten, etc., had been similarly treated. That is to say, with one small, queen, then knave was led; with more than one small, queen, then ten.

Though showing number was not the primary intention of the change of card on the second lead, it was soon discovered that four, or more than four, in the leader's hand, could be inferred from the mode adopted when opening the suit, a high card being led on the first and second rounds, as in the cases quoted. For the information of those who are not whist-players, it may be stated that partners derive a considerable advantage from being able to count the number of cards in each other's long suits.

Now for Mr. Trist's proposition. It may be premised that from king, knave, ten, etc., the ten is led. If the ten forces the queen, and the original leader re-enters in another suit, he next leads king or knave. Up to this date (1883), it does not seem to have occurred to anyone that information of number might be conveyed to partner by selecting one rather than the other of these two high indifferent cards. When queen is out, king and knave become indifferent so far as trick-making is concerned; and, with a partner who knows enough of the game to infer king, knave remaining in the leader's hand, from the original lead of ten, it does not appear, at the first blush, to matter whether king or knave is selected for the second lead.

But Mr. Trist saw deeper than this. He argued: "When I lead ace, then the lower card of queen, knave, I show by my second lead of the lower of two high indifferent cards, that my long suit consisted originally of more than four cards; the same, when I lead queen, then ten, from the queen, knave, ten combination. On the other hand, when, on the second round, I lead the higher of two indifferent cards, I show the lead was from four cards only. Now, on leading ten, from king, knave, ten, etc., should the queen come out first round, my king and knave are high indifferent cards. If my second lead is knave, I show the original lead was from a suit of more than four; if my second lead is king, my suit was of four cards."

It is easy to be wise after the event, and looking at the above argument from a modern stand-point the correct

lead is self-evident; nevertheless, as an original idea, Mr. Trist's scheme is highly ingenious. Our present familiarity with the American mode of leading from high indifferent cards renders us liable to underestimate the delicate process of reasoning to which it owes its birth.

Mr. Trist did not stop here. In a later communication, received in 1884, he erected what was previously a rule of play in certain cases into a general principle, applicable to all cases, and eventually formulated the following maxim: "With two high indifferent cards lead the higher if you opened a suit of four; the lower if you opened a suit of more than four." The mode of leading embodied in this maxim, received the name of *American Leads*. It is, in the opinion of the writer, the most admirable contribution to the science of whist vouchsafed to us since the days of Hoyle. And it is so easy in practice that a child might be taught the correct way of leading from high indifferent cards in a few minutes. Most big discoveries contain the element of simplicity; the only wonder is, why, when the way is once pointed out, the track was not made sooner.

This, then, is another thing that America has done for whist. She has shown us, in the person of Mr. Nicholas Browse Trist, the right way to lead from high cards of indifferent trick-making value. And observe, a rule of play has been by him erected into a principle; this is the point to be insisted on.

Next as to leads from low cards. It is assumed every tyro knows that from certain combinations the strong suit is opened with a high card; if any tyro does not, he can readily ascertain the fact by procuring and reading some elementary work which contains a list of leads. If no high-card combination obtains in the leader's hand, then a low card is led, and the only point to be decided is, which of the low cards should be selected.

It was formerly the practice to lead the lowest of a long suit which is opened with a low card. Then came the lead of the penultimate, viz., the lowest but one of five or more in suit. Drayson

improved on this by his lead of the antepenultimate from six or more. This practically settled the case, as when leading from more than six, the fall of the cards will very soon show how the dregs of the suit lie. But the scheme was not altogether satisfactory. It wanted erection from a rule of play into a principle. In 1884 the true principle which underlies all leads of small cards was simultaneously struck by Mr. Trist and the present writer, their letters crossing on the Atlantic. The principle, once stated, is simple enough, viz., lead the fourth-best of the suit. A few words of explanation will render the position clear.

Instead of counting from the bottom of the suit and calling the card led the lowest, penultimate, antepenultimate, or pre-antepenultimate, as the case may be, count from the top of the suit, and call it the fourth-best. That is all. Any baby can lead his fourth-best, when once told it is the correct card; and any good partner will recognize the fact that, whatever small card is led originally on this system, the leader must hold exactly three cards of the suit higher than the one chosen.

It will be observed that in its inception the lead of a low card, other than the lowest, was in no way connected with exhibition of number, nor with the determination of the precise rank of the cards remaining in hand, higher than the one led. The reason for selecting a medium card was to prevent a very low adverse card from winning the first trick, in case partner should prove utterly weak in the suit led. For example: North holds king, knave, nine, eight, two. If he leads the two, the first trick may be won adversely by the five; but if he leads the eight, it is an even chance, *cæteris paribus*, that the queen will be forced. Comparing this with leads from high cards, it will be seen that the original intention of the principles laid down has been merged, in both instances, in the collateral advantages of showing number and rank. This is a most interesting point in modern whist plays. By extension of principle to all cases, whether the original reason for the principle applies or not, a uniform method results, and

much valuable information is conveyed to partner.

Plays involving extensions of principle are by no means new. What is new in American leads is the application of "extensions" to instances not previously brought within their purview. A short digression will show that extensions have been known and acted on for at least a century and a quarter.

Shortly after Hoyle's day it was laid down that, on returning partner's lead, and remaining with only two cards of the suit, the higher should be returned. As Hoyle says nothing about this method, it is to be assumed it did not prevail when he wrote. To give an example: The third hand has ace, knave, and a small card of his partner's suit. He wins the first trick with the ace, and returns the knave. This is to assist in clearing partner's strong suit. With knave and two or more small ones, the correct return would be the smallest. Hence, the number of cards the third hand holds can be counted, as, on the third round, if he plays a lower card than the one returned, he has no more; if he plays a higher card he has at least one more. The original idea was to strengthen partner by returning the higher of two cards of a weak suit. But when the remaining cards are, say, a two and a three, no one pretends that the return of the three in preference to the two has any effect in strengthening partner. Nevertheless, the principle is adhered to, in order to show number, notwithstanding that the original reason for the rule no longer exists. This is a very old and simple instance of extension of principle.

To return to leads from low cards, and to the original lead of the fourth-best. Honors are divided between England and America. The two have done this for whist. They have erected a rule of thumb into a principle, and have shown whist-players the right way to lead from low cards.

The whole of the scheme here briefly explained has been lumped together under the name of *American Leads*, though the christening was first due only to that part of it which deals with leads from high cards. Anyway, it has

been made plain that it is a case of one and a half to America, and of one-half to England. Whatever jealous critics may say to the contrary, it seems to the present writer that the name *American Leads* has been well and deservedly bestowed on the modern system of play, as it undoubtedly originated with Mr. Trist.

There are certain minor details connected with American Leads which it is not proposed to discuss in this place. The text-books will supply these. Attention, however, is called to the fact, as American Leads, when first promulgated, were assailed on the ground of complexity, that there are only two rules of any importance in connection with them, and that both are easy of assimilation. They are: 1. Low card, lead fourth-best in hand. 2. High card after high card, lead (a) highest in hand if the lead was from four originally; (b) with high indifferent cards, not the highest if the lead was from more than four.

Any card-player who is incapable of following these two plain rules would be well advised to confine his attention to such games as old maid, or beggar-my-neighbor.

To what extent the scientific discussions of Trist and others excited the mind of the American whist-player it is not possible to estimate. But that they did have some effect goes without saying. At all events it is a matter of history that about the period of the introduction of American Leads there was a vigorous whist boom in the United States; how far *post hoc*, or how far *propter hoc*, can hardly be determined. Nations sometimes take suddenly to a game, without any manifest reason. Many instances could be adduced. The latest instance is that of golf.

Without seeking, then, for a precise reason for the start of the American whist boom, it has to be recorded that its progress was greatly aided by Mr. Eugene S. Elliott, of Milwaukee, who proposed, in 1890, that a whist tournament should be held. A circular of invitation was accordingly sent to all known American whist clubs of repute. In the discussion which followed,

it became evident that the prevailing opinion was it would be advisable to hold a congress for the purpose of organizing an Association of American Whist Clubs, and of instituting a series of matches. Hence the first American Whist Congress, which was convened at Milwaukee in 1891. It resulted in the constitution of the American Whist League, with Mr. Eugene S. Elliott as first president.

The establishment of the League is one of the things—and by no means the least valuable thing—that America has done for whist. The League has brought together, in a sort of friendly brotherhood, whist-players from all parts of the United States. It has stimulated the study of the game by the offer of handsome trophies and challenge-cups, to be played for at annual contests. It has revised the laws, and conformed them to the American system of play. It has set its face resolutely against gambling. And it has, in various ways, helped scientific developments to find their just level.

The League Congresses continued to attract more and more whist enthusiasts each year. The successes of the meetings prior to 1896 have been so fully chronicled that there is no occasion to repeat here an oft-told tale. But the crowning triumph of the Sixth Congress, held in 1896, was so phenomenal as to merit special notice.

The tournament arrangements were committed to the care of Mr. Robert H. Weems, President of the Brooklyn Whist Club, and Corresponding Secretary of the League. He associated with himself, as chairman, a very strong tournament committee. It soon became patent that there would be a record attendance, and a building had to be found large enough to house the visitors, and having rooms sufficiently spacious to accommodate an unprecedented array of match-players. The puzzle was happily solved by Mr. Weems, who engaged the whole of the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, for the Congress week. A reception committee was appointed, with Mr. Howard Earle as chairman, to meet guests as they arrived. A transportation committee, with Mr. Weems as chairman, looked after the interests

of travellers, and procured special terms for members of the League. The selection of souvenirs for presentation to winning players was intrusted to Mr. Walter H. Barney (then vice-president, and now president, of the League) and others. One of the most useful features of the programme was the establishment of an administration bureau, under the management of Mr. Jay Stone, who was prepared to answer questions on every conceivable point. Mr. Charles A. McCully was deputed to distribute intelligence to the press; and Mr. Warren A. Hawley efficiently discharged the onerous duties of scorer. Never before was such a thorough scheme worked out for a whist congress. Those who were responsible for it have every reason to be gratified. The week's schedule went through without let or hindrance. When all goes smoothly one is apt to overlook the means by which such an end is attained. The number of guests has been variously estimated at between five and six hundred, and every one of them was delighted with the entertainment afforded. It is no small matter to assemble several hundred people for a week and to please them all. Praise would be superfluous. The facts speak for themselves.

The principal matches were won as follows: *Hamilton Trophy*, by Messrs. Milton C. Work, Frank P. Mogridge, Gustavus Remak, Jr., and E. A. Ballard, of the Hamilton Club, Philadelphia. This was a very popular win, the Hamiltonians carrying the trophy back to their own club. *American Whist League Challenge Trophy*, by Messrs. C. A. Henriques, E. A. Buffinton, W. E. Hawkins, and C. R. Kieley, of the Whist Club of New York City. The winners are well-known advocates of original leads from short suits, and it is claimed, on some hands, that this victory demonstrates the soundness of their views. The long and the short

suiters have been at daggers drawn for some considerable time. Avoiding controversial matter, it may be stated that at least two of the team abandoned their usual tactics during this match, and led from long suits. *Minneapolis Trophy for Club Pairs*, by Messrs. A. H. McKay and Beverley W. Smith, of the Baltimore Club. In this instance there was a tie with the Hamilton Club. Under the rule that, in case of ties in games, the majority of tricks are to determine, the Baltimore Club was declared the winner. *Brooklyn Trophy* for Auxiliary Associations, by The New England Association. This was a new prize, presented by Brooklyn to the American Whist League. The competition being an Association one, only the name of the winning Association can be specified.

In order to conclude the matches within the week some of the teams had to play a good many hours at a stretch, and no one will be surprised to hear that the usual epidemic of exhaustion was the consequence. The mental strain is too severe, as the present writer has pointed out with regard to former congresses.

The game of playing whist for trophies is not one of endurance. Cannot some method be devised to dispose of, or at least to lessen, this long-hour trouble? Without presuming to dictate to the executive—whose labors in the past whist-players cannot appreciate too highly—it is suggested that they might, before the 1897 congress, take into serious consideration the time to be devoted to each match. Dividing the competitors into sections has been proposed more than once. No doubt there are practical difficulties; a difficulty, as defined by Napoleon, is something to be overcome. It is surely within the powers of mortal man to erase the only blot from an otherwise spotless meeting.

PASTORAL MUSIC



SACRED MUSIC

SACRED MUSIC

THE RENAISSANCE OF LITHOGRAPHY

By M. H. Spielmann

THE year 1896 is a memorable one in the annals of the art of Lithography—marking at once the centenary of its birth and the complete public recognition of a revival which has often been discussed, but never completely realized. Were Thackeray but here to witness it! *His* pen, perhaps, instead of mine would now be celebrating the cause for which he pleaded so playfully perhaps, but yet so earnestly—*his* voice raised in jubilation at the triumph of one of his earliest desires at last fulfilled. "We get in these engravings," said he, referring to the gay caricatures of Granville and Monnier, the military pieces of Raffet, Charlet, and Vernet, the admirable work and brilliant design by Devéria and Decamps, "the *loisirs* of men

of genius, not the finikin performances of labored mediocrity. All these artists are good painters, as well as good designers; a design from them is worth a whole gross of Books of Beauty, and if we might raise a humble supplication to the artists in our own country of similar merit—it would be, that they should, after the example of their French brethren and of the English landscape painters [for Prout and Haghe were hard at it at the time], take chalk in hand, produce their own copies of their own sketches, and never more draw a single 'Forsaken One,' 'Rejected One,' 'Dejected One,' at the entreaty of any publisher, or for the pages of any Book of Beauty, Royalty, or Loveliness whatever."

So Thackeray spoke, and sixty years have passed and brought us at last the consummation which he so devoutly

A de Lemaud, del.

MAÎTRE WOLFRAM

(An example of lithographs of the French romantic period)

wished. The Books of washy Beauty, and of shallower sentimentality still, have disappeared for good and all, and the last twelve months have seen our most reputable artists vying with the youngest and most enthusiastic to revive the glories of lithography, and to re-create in the public mind a desire for those artistic virtues which have been too long forgotten in the prolonged worship at the shrine of debased and misdirected etching and of mechanical photogravure. I am tempted, I admit, in approaching this delightful subject, to throw perhaps more feeling into it than there is entire justification for. But the revival of a lovable art is matter for real congratulation. And when we find artists not only competent, but willing to restore it to its position of former glory, at a time when art-loving people are ready to accept any new thing that really savors of fine art, a writer already prejudiced in favor of the method may well grow enthusiastic as he sees this happy coincidence of opportunity, public taste, and high artistic skill.

It is not that lithography was ever really "dead," though we have always so expressed it. It was, indeed, dead to the great world, to the deluded dealers who encouraged a not less deluded public into buying travesties of etchings (in which not the etched *line*, but the etched *space* was the great thing aimed at), and that mere ghost of mezzotint—the inexorable photogravure. Its glories had been usurped by the poster-de-

signer and ticket-printer, its supremacy was lost, and it had fallen away from its true mission. But it always lived in some quiet corner—in the studios of some lover of the art, some patient and

loving practitioner, such as Fantin-Latour, Chéret, and John Lewis Brown, from whose press prints would pass, now and again, into the portfolios of the few who, ignoring such anomalies as fashion in taste and vogue in art, collected with eager delight every new example of individual expression that came to them, bearing with it all the wonderful range of charm that belongs to the fine lithograph.

It should be observed that Thackeray, when he pleaded the cause of lithography with so much knowledge, taste, and judgment, fell into the error of

Study.

C. Sainton, del.

describing the process as one of "engraving." Now this, it must be insisted, is a radical error, common enough, it is true, but pregnant with injustice to the art. It is not, strictly speaking, "engraving" at all. The full significance of Senefelder's great discovery, just a hundred years ago, was not so much that a calcareous stone may be bitten by a weak solution of acid, so that the raised portion when greased (the surrounding parts being wetted) may print in a press like a wood-cut—though with a scraping, not a direct downward, pressure; it consisted in the demonstration, in the first place, that prints from its surface may be reduplicated in vast numbers without visible deterioration, and in the second, and still more im-

portant, that each such print is *practically an original*. Nay, more than this: as M. H. P. Dillon reminds me in a panegyric on his favorite art, the greatest merit of this method of preserving and indefinitely multiplying a drawing lies in the escape of the artist from the *traduttore traditore*—from misrepresentations by engraver or by camera. Indeed, when the artist has made his design upon the stone itself, each impression from it is as much the “original” as each and every photographic print taken from a negative is an original, and not a copy of any other thing. Even when the artist has drawn upon transfer-paper instead of on the stone (a proceeding for convenience sake which, in the opinion of some purists, is held in a measure to invalidate the name of “lithography” as applied to it, though not thereby reflecting in any degree on the beauty of the work itself), the impressions taken are still originals, inasmuch as the actual work, the artist’s own lines and dots, have in due course been transferred bodily by mechanical pressure to the surface of the stone; and this, after it has been inked and printed from, renders each proof then taken of equal excellence. And the point of it all is this—that until the stone is inked and a print taken *the artist’s work is not complete*; so that every print does

really become a genuine original. If it be not, then the stone itself must be the original. But this cannot be, as the stone, like the sculptor’s clay model or mould, is but a means to an end. Each

print, therefore, is original, each a replica, and by no means a copy. The virtue of autography, indeed of perfect fidelity, is one which the lithograph shares with wood-engraving; but what are its superior advantages as a means of expression, it is not necessary here to set forth.

It must be confessed that the alleged “survival” of lithography as exemplified in the craft of the commercial and chromo-lithographer can no more be accepted as disproof of decadence than productions in monkish Latin can be regarded as proof of the survival of classic literature. But results often equal to mezzotint for depth and richness, surpassing etching for spontaneity and certainty, immeasurably excelling line-engraving for accuracy and truthfulness in the production of a picture, outrivalling wood-engraving for ease,

freedom, and rapidity—were far too delightful and valuable to be lost or sacrificed; and the witchery that there is about the stone insured it against the threatened extinction. There were drawbacks in the practice of it, no doubt; but the advantages were so great that it required not less than a whole combination of disasters to bring it into public disrepute: the rise of wood-engraving and etching, and later on of other methods; the incursion of commerce, which



Study

Koedel, del

claimed it for the purposes of commonplace advertisement; then the suicidal policy of cheap publishers who issued prints from inferior and worn-out stones after poor pictures, chiefly “made in

Almanac 1966, del

A Diabolical Fantasy



movement. He began in 1877 with many of his well-known "Notes," which, however, were not published until nine years after. Of late years Mr. Whistler, while living in Paris, has given up the stone for transfer-paper—the more conveniently to send his work to Mr. Thomas Way, in London, to be printed. Although the stone possesses many superiorities over transfer-paper except that of portability, for slight work the paper answers very well, and the final impression is barely distinguishable, even to expert eyes, from drawing on stone. But its crowning advantage is that it permits of the picture appearing in the print the *same way it is drawn*, instead of being reversed, as is inevitable when executed direct on the stone. Thus, the chief drawback that formerly belonged to lithography has been removed.

From 1860 to 1880 lithography in France was at its lowest ebb. The year 1884 marks its indisputable revival by the founding of the "Société des Artistes Lithographes Français," and 1890, its complete re-establishment. The "*vieux jeu*" had given way to the "*nouveau jeu*," and although the brilliant, rapid sketching for the mere subject's sake had disappeared, the not less brilliant execution for love of the process itself was a compensation. More than that, the change in the motive of the work marked the development of artistic thought, the new ground on which the modern artist took his stand. "Then" and "Now" in the art of lithography are thus clearly differentiated. "Then," it chiefly existed for satire, pictorial representation, translation, and humdrum reproduction; "Now," for artistic "themes," and exercises for individual and original expression. "Then" it was used for the reproduction of others' works; "Now" for "effects," "values," and power of its own. "Then," in short, it was a means to an end; "Now," it is the end itself.

M. Fantin-Latour, then, is the link between the present and the past, between the Old and the New. Yet he is the representative in all essentials of the Old, and the last of the School. Music, which is his passion, is the mainspring of most of his work,

F. Goulding, Publisher and Printer.

Lord Leighton, del.

Study

Germany." Then followed discredit, and, finally, decay.

Such was the position of "artistic lithography" in France from 1860 onward. In England it survived a little longer, and then also died. Its practice, however, was just kept alive at the critical time, chiefly by M. Fantin-Latour on the other side of the English Channel, and Mr. Whistler on this. The efforts of the latter artist, moreover—though not perhaps entirely directed to that end—had effect not only on the practice of the method itself, but upon the kind of work that might be achieved by it. While the attenuated ranks of the lithographers in France were rallying and prosecuting a sort of guerilla warfare, and in time were recruited by men such as Courbet, Français, and Manet, besides those already mentioned, and then by Félicien Rops, Bracquemond, Degas, Raffaëlli, Robida, Lepère, and Willette, Mr. Whistler was already at work upon the stone in England, and gave that country an opportunity, by following his example, of helping to initiate, instead of merely following, a

F. Goulding, Publisher and Printer

L. Alma Tadema, del

Study.

for the pencil has been the means of expressing his ruling emotion. This enthusiasm has been inspired by Wagner, by Schumann, Brahms, Rossini, and Berlioz in turn, and to them has he dedicated his art. He indulges largely in poetic visions, hardly less in his romantic paintings than in his lithographs, and he realizes them as female forms, idealized, half-nude, half-clothed in flowing draperies, standing, floating, or reclining in mysterious landscapes, enveloped in an ethereal, vibrating atmosphere, in the hazy light of the morn or in the dim daylight of the grove. They are musical poems on paper—personifications of the sentiments awakened by the music. His technique consists of innumerable touches resembling daubs of the brush, by use of which he

secures his scintillating lights and luminous shadows. Thus in his lithography Fantin-Latour remains the painter; yet the method is not illegitimate. Among his works the "Semiramide" is as representative as any. In it we may see and enjoy the rich strength of his blacks, the brilliancy of the whites, and the delicate decision of the half-tones. Nor should the refined drawing of the crown go unobserved, nor the variety and learning of the technique. The word harmonious, so often misused in criticism of works of art, may fairly and in the fullest sense be applied to this print, which, perhaps, sufficiently explains the hold the artist exercises on the imagination, as well as on the admiration of all lovers of art.

Of Chéret, so frequently criticised,



and brush, rubbing, scraping, and splashing—all may be united to produce the effects he loves in a single plate. Night effects, black silhouettes, dazzling light, diagonal rainpour, gradating background, he loves them all—"playing" with the grain of the stone, softening here, splashing there with a hail of dots of varying size, with a wilful, but most effective recklessness. And all the while he is unmistakably filled with sympathy for human life—its trials and its joys—almost as much, indeed, and as keen, as with the trials and joys of the artist-lithographer.

In striking contrast with his work is that of M. Odilon Redon and M. Roedel, both visionaries, and both at times half-summoning, half-spurning the intervention of the commentator. The former plays on the whole gamut, from black to white, now velvety in the richness of his color, now so tender in the lights that it seems as if a sigh would waft the drawing

H. Fantin-Latour, del.

Souvenir of Semiramide

so highly lauded in the whole world's press with scarce a discordant note, little can be said that has not been said before. Though he is the "Poster-King," his merits are yet hardly less prominent in the finer and more careful work which he has destined for the portfolio of the collector.

Coming to the rest of the artists of France, to whom belongs the honor of restoring the art of lithography, we may well hesitate to accord precedence to any one. M. Dillon has perhaps worked hardest to force the better work lately being executed before the attention of the world. A designer of considerable elegance, he is a very master of all the tricks and dodges at the command of the lithographer. Pen, pencil, stump,

from the paper. But his fancies are strange and morbid, his figures often grotesque, and his subjects so mysteriously symbolical and mystic that, though now and again they raise a memory of Blake, they more often suggest a doubt as to the sincerity of their creator. M. Bouchot, the somewhat old-fashioned historian of the lithographic art, prefers to consider such works as "practical jokes," and they certainly may be accepted as evidence of a kind of æsthetic hysteria; but to the charm of the lithography itself no connoisseur can be insensible. M. Roedel touches a deeper, because a truer, note. In his delightful "Woman at the Piano,"—a pleasing reminiscence of "1830"—is proof that the charm of simplicity is

Studies.

Grasset, del.

his, not less than the exquisite sentiment distinctive of other of his works.

The cult of the ballet-girl is as strong in M. Mesplès as in Degas, but his *danseuses* are not, like those of the greater master, of flesh and blood. His best work, however, impresses the spectator less with the subject than with the richness and vigor of his blacks, and the tender delicacy of his grays. Besides this, to M. Mesplès is due not a little of the credit for the recognition now obtained for his art, and his name can by no means be omitted from any careful account of its revival. For more powerful work you must turn to that of M. Lunois. Transparency is in his washes, and atmosphere and light pervade his work; he is vigorous and subtle, and has command of as many gradations as exist in the whole scale. The work of M. Luce, too, is vigorous and full of spirit; and some of it, like "The Cocoseller," is almost worthy of Daumier or Gavarni, in spite of its more deliberate drawing.

There remain to be mentioned MM. Toulouse-Lautrec and Willette. The former with his hideous types, as in the "Parisian Scene" before us, impresses the spectator with the essential truth which inalienably belongs to all

fine caricature. He loves to exaggerate the Jewish "financier;" the nearly used-up cocotte with her heartless calculating mother; and, above all, the middle-aged sensualist, ridiculed and scorned; the life of the music-hall and the absinthe-reeking bar. In the plate referred to the man's hat is certainly not properly on his head; but face and expression will alike be recognized as a wonderfully truthful study of a type so common on the boulevards that you meet him, as you walk, a dozen times a day.

M. Willette, in point of subject even more than of technique, is supreme. His drawing may not be always irreproachable, but he is a born lithographer, who can give us the "grand style" with more certainty and felicity, perhaps more inevitably, than any of his contemporaries. He is, indeed, a true poet who has suffered and enjoyed, and who can by sheer inspiration make his stone "emotional" with subtly contrasted tones, now strong, now infinitely tender. Rarely without merit of a commanding kind in his lithographic work, M. Willette is invariably happy in his facile reproduction of subtle expression in face or figure; while the tenderness of his silver grays and his power of mak-

ing the surface of the stone vibrate, assure him his position in contemporary art.

It is a remarkable fact, which should be clearly understood, that the revival of lithography, widespread and brilliant as it is, is practically non-existent beyond the borders of France and England. In Germany, as in Scotland, the Sleeping Beauty is still to be awakened; in Austria almost the only artistic lithography consists in the reproduction of pictures, for Herr Bauer's portraits need not be considered. In Belgium the only lithographs worth consideration are the *affiche* designed by M. Fernand Khnopff and a number of stones by M. Luynen, of Belgian life. Spain and Italy are represented by M. De la

Gandara and M. Ulpiano Checa, whose field of work is France and France alone. Similarly M. Steinlen, scarce known in Paris for a Swiss, is almost forgotten by his countrymen as their own. His artistic talent and versatility are as brilliant and remarkable as his wit. In a sense the Swiss Willette, he is an illustrator and a caricaturist of first-rate distinction, witty, severe, and sentimental by turns. In Holland, too, the revival is led by a single enthusiast of the highest attainment—Heer Storm van Grave-sande—whose work, whether dealing with town or sea or landscape, always shows a complete and delightful mastery over the method when used as a means of artistic record. His "Evening Effect in Rotterdam," for example,

is striking in the fine "quality" obtained over its whole surface; it has been rubbed down with the utmost care and knowledge, with the result that while all the local values are scrupulously retained, an exquisite truthfulness of effect, both of atmosphere and twilight, is obtained.

America is mainly represented in Paris—setting Mr. Whistler on one side—by Mr. Robert J. Wickenden, and a more promising representative a nation could hardly wish. He is known as pre-eminently a *chercheur*—a seeker after something new in art, not for the sake of the newness but of the art. Every style, subject, figure, and landscape, are treated by his greasy pencil with equal mastery and with equal delight. His "Pastorale," which figured

in the Salon of 1893, is perhaps more characteristic of his true vein than his "Mère Panneçaye;" it certainly is conceived more closely in the spirit of the tradition of Daubigny and Corot, in whose village of Les Vallées Mr. Wickenden has made his home.

In England the existence of a good printer, enthusiastic for his art, proud of its traditions, indignant at its recent parlous state, and indefatigable in his attempts to revive its glories, helped greatly the destined end. Mr. Way was in London what M. Lemerrier was in Paris—the lithographic printer *par excellence*; and his zeal was shared by the Hanharts, and in a measure by the Days. Machine-printing had caused the general decay of the fine hand-printing that meant so much—indeed, the all in all—to the artist; but that there were one or two who had not only maintained the craft, but even encouraged certain artists, such as Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. George Thomson, to set up their own private presses, furnished the conditions that were needful for lithography's restoration. Years ago we find Professor Herkomer, R.A., working a good deal on the stone and on transfer-paper, though with but little pleasure. "I could never care much for it," he wrote to me, "the blacks, compared to intaglio, are so poor. However artistic, however well done, there remains the cheap

work!" Yet to see how rich and vigorous the blacks can be, you need but turn to the series he made recently for his violin pieces for Messrs. Novello, and look at the hair in the Spirit of the "Herbst Lied." This was drawn on the stone with chalk, with added brush-work for the black, and a "scraggly" brush for the grass.

Mr. T. R. Way is himself an accomplished lithographer, one of whose "Ten Auto-Lithographs of the Lower Thames" might be selected as a type of English work. To the same series Mr. C. E. Holloway, R.I., has contributed a number of fine studies, drawn on the spot upon the stone. His "Sunset, Lower Pool," might well be studied in relation to the work of Storm van Gravesande. But the true apostle of lithography in England is Mr. Charles Shannon. He is a poet of tenderest feeling, so to say, wandering, but not aimlessly, over the stone. Like M. Willette, he does not pretend to academic drawing, but his exquisite sentiment is beyond all praise. In "Sea and Breeze," for example, the technique, the "white line" introduced with such rare tact and felicitous effect, the irresistible suggestion of color, the excellence of composition, the blue sea and white surf blown up by the breeze, the fair skin of the bathing children, the transparency and drawing of the water—all combine to produce a work of fine poetic, and,

therefore, artistic, interest. The youngster in the corner may be carelessly drawn; but there is a sense of style in the whole, a seriousness and deliberation of execution, untainted yet by any sense of effort, that prove how highly the draughtsman is gifted as an artist-lithographer.

Mr. Will Rothenstein, too, has much of the true sentiment, for all that he produces work which sorely vexes the soul of M. Boucrot. His portraiture is full of character, for

Phil. May, del

H. Goulding, Printer and Publisher

Portrait of Alphonse Daudet.

Eug. Carrière, del.

to that he devotes more attention than to precision of drawing or of detail. In his "Millamant"—Congreve's Millamant—which he contributed, in 1894, to Marty's "L'Estampe Originale," we have an attempt to imitate the effect of powder on face and hair. There is character in the features, too, and fine tenderness in the grays—greater perhaps than could be obtained in soft-ground etching. Mr. G. Thomson is another of the band who has worked hard and successfully for lithography. He prefers the river-side near Kew; and in his "Strand on the Green," we have a lovely silvery quality, and a fine draughtsmanship of houses and trees, and evidence of a scholarly

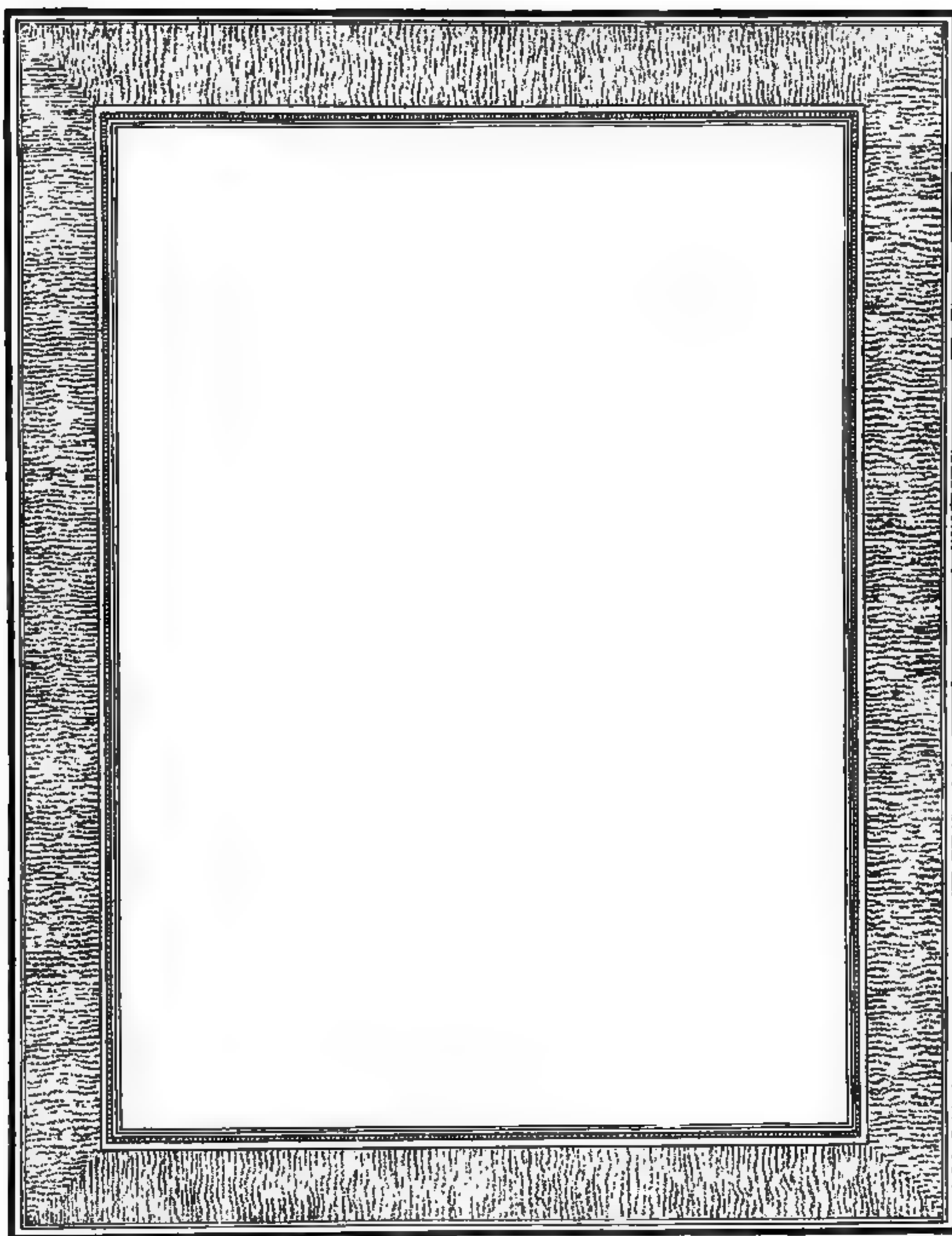
acquaintance with his method that render his few published plates desirable possessions. Mr. Raven Hill, on the other hand, uses the stone simply to throw a painter's sketch upon—usefully and delightfully. We feel at once that when he saw his baby sprawling on the bed, he then and there gave permanence to the passing movement, primarily for his own amusement, not, in the first instance, intending to petrify it for the portfolios of admirers. Still less is Mr. Charles Sainton a lithographer in the truest sense; he uses the art as he would use silver point, and records his graceful fancies with dainty precision, untouched by the friendly overtures of the stone.

At the present moment a dual movement is proceeding in England—"the Schools," as I may call them, of Mr. Way and Mr. Goulding. The former is the Classic. His object is to *reproduce*, with absolute accuracy and veneration, every original touch which the artist has put upon stone or upon paper. On the other hand, Mr. F. Goulding, aided by his brother Charles, is the Romanticist, whose aim is to *interpret* the artist's work, just as every etching-printer invariably makes a sympathetic translation of the etcher's actual design, by adding color and inked gradation as a background to what would otherwise be as bald and cold as a visiting-card. It is lithography because the lithographic stone is used, but it is wholly heterodox; and Mr. Goulding may properly lay claim to the most remarkable innovation introduced into lithography and the craft of the lithographic printer since the art itself was recognized. But the striking results he has achieved—due in great measure to the new lithographic transfer-paper which Mr. Goulding has invented, to escape the mechanical grain in the stone—are very beautiful, aided not only by tender manipulation in the inking and printing, but also by the colored tint introduced into some of the subjects, and subtly gradated to meet the requirements of conceptions such as Mr. Hartley's beautiful moonlight landscape and Mr. Her-

bert Dicksee's prowling tiger. Thus the chaste delights of Mr. Way's classic method and the more sensuous beauties of Mr. Goulding's poetic renderings have combined to enable a score and more of England's most famous artists to reintroduce into the land what is practically for the present generation a new form of art. This development, having little in common with the old-fashioned productions, being well-nigh as flexible as etching itself, appeals directly to the taste of the most cultivated collector, and is more than likely to prove irresistible to all who can appreciate art and beauty and refinement of method and touch. Collections of this redeveloped art are rapidly being formed; that it will certainly become the *mode*—perhaps, indeed, the rage—is confidently anticipated by all who appreciate the autographic virtues, the range of color, the vibrating lights and harmonious depths of the method that enables the artist to realize with conscious ease his half-indistinct wholly poetic dreams. So even in Art, Time has its revenges; and just as we see the portfolio ready to receive once more the finest productions of what once was considered the humblest of the graphic arts—

Fernand Khnopff, del.

engraving on wood—so we find it open wider still to welcome the fascinating impressions of the lithographer's stone.



Drawn by William Hatherell

A girl rose from among the broom.—Page 571

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FOUR EMINENT MINISTERS

BURSARY examination time had come, and to the siege of Aberdeen marched a hungry half-dozen — three of them from Thrums, two from the Glenquhar-ity school. The sixth was Tod Lindertis, a ploughman from the Dubb of Prosen, his place of study the bothy after lousing time (Do you hear the klink of quoits?) or a one-roomed house near it, his tutor a dogged little woman, who knew not the accusative from the dative, but never tired of holding the book while Tod recited. Him someone greets with the good-natured jeer, "It's your fourth try, is it no, Tod?" and he answers, cheerily, "It is, my lathie, and I'll keep kick, kick, kicking away to the *n*th time."

"Which means till the door flies open," says the dogged little woman, who is the gallant Tod's no less gallant wife, and already the mother of two. I hope Tod will succeed this time.

The competitors, who were to travel part of the way on their shanks, met soon after daybreak in Cathro's yard, where a little crowd awaited them, parents trying to look humble, Mr. Dishart and Ramsay Cameron thinking of the morning when they set off on the same errand—but the results were different, and Mr. Dishart is now a minister, and Ramsay is in the middle of another wob. Both dominies were present, hating each other for that day only, up to the mouth, where their icy politeness was a thing to shudder at, and each was drilling his detachment to the last moment, but by different methods; for while Mr. Cathro entreated Joe Mel-

drum for God's sake to mind that about the *Oratio obliqua*, and Willie Simpson to keep his mouth shut and drink even water sparingly, Mr. Ogilvy cracked jokes with Gav Dishart and explained them to Lauchlan McLauchlan. "Think of anything now but what is before you," was Mr. Ogilvy's advice. "Think of nothing else," roared Mr. Cathro. But though Mr. Ogilvy seemed outwardly calm it was base pretence; his dickie gradually wriggled through the opening of his waistcoat, as if bearing a protest from his inward parts, and he let it hang crumpled and conspicuous, while Grizel, on the outskirts of the crowd, yearned to put it right.

Grizel was not there, she told several people, including herself, to say goodbye to Tommy, and oh, how she scorned Elspeth, for looking as if life would not be endurable without him. Knowing what Elspeth was, Tommy had decided that she should not accompany him to the yard (of course she was to follow him to Aberdeen if he distinguished himself—Mr. McLean had promised to bring her), but she told him of her dream that he headed the bursary list, and as this dream coincided with some dreams of his own, though not with all, it seemed to give her such fortitude that he let her come. An expressionless face was Tommy's, so that not even the experienced dominie of Glenquhar-ity, covertly scanning his rival's lot, could tell whether he was gloomy or uplifted; he did not seem to be in need of a long sleep like Willie Simpson, nor were his eyes glazed like Gav Dishart's, who carried all the problems of Euclid before him on an invisible blackboard and dared not even wink lest he displaced them, nor did he, like Tod Lindertis, answer questions about his money

pocket or where he had stowed his bread and cheese with

After envy, spare obey,
The dative put, remember, pray.

Mr. Ogilvy noticed that Cathro tapped his forehead doubtfully every time his eyes fell on Tommy, but otherwise shunned him, and he asked "What are his chances?"

"That's the laddie," replied Mr. Cathro, "who, when you took her ladyship to see Corp Shiach years ago impersona——"

"I know," Mr. Ogilvy interrupted him hastily, "but how will he stand, think you?"

Mr. Cathro coughed. "We'll see," he said, guardedly.

Nevertheless Tommy was not to get round the corner without betraying a little of himself, for Elspeth having borne up magnificently when he shook hands, screamed at the tragedy of his back and fell into the arms of Tod's wife, whereupon Tommy first tried to brazen it out and then kissed her in the presence of a score of witnesses, including Grizel, who stamped her foot, though what right had she to be so angry? "I'm sure," Elspeth sobbed, "that the professor would let me sit beside you; I would just hunker on the floor and hold your foot and no say a word." Tommy gave Tod's wife an imploring look, and she managed to comfort Elspeth with predictions of his coming triumph and the reunion to follow, and grateful Elspeth in return asked Tommy to help Tod when the professors were not looking, and he promised, after which she had no more fear for Tod.

And now, ye drums that we all carry in our breasts, beat your best over the bravest sight ever seen in a small Scotch town of an autumn morning, the departure of its fighting lads for the lists at Aberdeen. Let the tune be the sweet familiar one you found somewhere in the Bible long ago, "The mothers we leave behind us"—leave behind us on their knees. May it dir! through your bones, brave boys, to the end, as you hope not to be damned. And now, quick march.

A week has elapsed, and now—there

is no call for music now, for these are but the vanquished crawling back, Joe Meldrum and—and another. No, it is not Tod, he stays on in Aberdeen, for he is a twelve-pound tenner. The two were within a mile of Thrums at three o'clock, but after that they lagged, waiting for the gloaming, when they stole to their homes, ducking as they passed windows without the blinds down. Elspeth ran to Tommy when he appeared in the doorway, and then she got quickly between him and Aaron. The warper was sitting by the fire at his evening meal, and he gave the wanderer a long steady look, then without a word returned to his porridge and porter. It was a less hearty welcome home even than Joe's; his mother was among those who had wept to lose her son, but when he came back to her she gave him a crack on the head with the thievel.

Aaron asked not a question about those days in Aberdeen, but he heard a little about them from Elspeth. Tommy had not excused himself to Elspeth, he had let her do as she liked with his head (this was a great treat to her), and while it lay pressed against hers, she made remarks about Aberdeen professors which it would have done them good to hear. These she repeated to Aaron, who was about to answer roughly, and then suddenly put her on his knee instead.

"They didna ask the right questions," she told him, and when the warper asked if Tommy had said so, she declared that he had refused to say a word against them, which seemed to her to cover him with glory. "But he doubted they would make that mistake afore he started," she said, brightly, "so you see he saw through them afore ever he set eyes on them."

Corp would have replied admiringly to this "Oh, the little deevil!" (When he heard of Tommy's failure he wanted to fight Gav Dishart and Willie Simpson), but Aaron was another kind of confidant, and even when she explained on Tommy's authority that there are two kinds of cleverness, the kind you learn from books and a kind that is inside yourself, which latter was Tommy's kind, he only replied,

"He can take it wi' him to the herding, then, and see if it'll keep the cattle frae stravaiging."

"It's no that kind of cleverness either," said Elspeth, quaking, and quaked also Tommy, who had gone to the garret, to listen through the floor.

"No? I would like to ken what use his cleverness can be put to, then," said Aaron, and Elspeth answered nothing, and Tommy only sighed, for that indeed was the problem. But though to these three and to Cathro, and to Mr. and Mrs. McLean and to others more mildly interested, it seemed a problem beyond solution, there was one in Thrums who rocked her arms at their denseness, a girl growing so long in the legs that twice within the last year she had found it necessary to let down her parramatty frock. As soon as she heard that Tommy had come home vanquished, she put on the quaint blue bonnet with the white strings, in which she fondly believed she looked ever so old (her period of mourning was at an end, but she still wore her black dress) and forgetting all except that he was unhappy, she ran to a certain little house to comfort him. But she did not go in, for through the window she saw Elspeth petting him, and that somehow annoyed her. In the evening, however, she called on Mr. Cathro.

Perhaps you want to know why she, who at last saw Tommy in his true light and spurned him accordingly, now exerted herself in his behalf instead of going on with the papering of the surgery. Well, that was the reason. She had put the question to herself before—not, indeed, before going to Monypenny but before calling on the Dominie—and decided that she wanted to send Tommy to college, because she disliked him so much that she could not endure the prospect of his remaining in Thrums. Now, are you satisfied?

She could scarcely take time to say good-evening to Mr. Cathro before telling him the object of her visit. "The letters Tommy has been writing for people are very clever, are they not?" she began.

"You've heard of them, have you?"

"Everybody has heard of them," she said, injudiciously, and he groaned and

asked if she had come to tell him this. But he admitted their cleverness, whereupon she asked, "Well, if he is clever at writing letters, would he not be clever at writing an essay?"

"I wager my head against a snuff mull that he would be, but what are you driving at?"

"I was wondering whether he could not win the prize I heard Dr. McQueen speaking about, the—is it not called the Hugh Blackadder?"

"My head against a buckie that he could! Sit down, Grizel, I see what you mean now. Ay, but the pity is he's not eligible for the Hugh Blackadder. Oh, that he was, oh, that he was! I would make Ogilvy of Glenquharity sing small at last! His loons have carried the Blackadder for the last seven years without a break. The Hugh Blackadder Mortification, the bequest is called, and, 'deed, it has been a sore mortification to me!"

Calming down, he told her the story of the bequest. Hugh Blackadder was a Thrums man who made a fortune in America, and bequeathed the interest of three hundred pounds of it to be competed for yearly by the youth of his native place. He had grown fond of Thrums and all its ways over there, and left directions that the prize should be given for the best essay in the Scots tongue, the ministers of the town and glens to be the judges, and the competitors, boys who were going to college but had not without it the wherewithal to support themselves. The ministers took this to mean that those who carried small bursaries were eligible, and indeed it had usually gone to one of these.

"Sentimental Tommy would not have been able to compete if he had got a bursary," Mr. Cathro explained, "because however small it was Mr. McLean meant to double it; and he can't compete without it, for McLean refuses to help him now (he was here an hour since, saying the laddie was obviously hopeless), so I never thought of entering Tommy for the Blackadder. No, it will go to Ogilvy's Lauchlan McLauchlan, who is a twelve-pounder, and, as there can be no competitors he'll get it without the trouble of coming back to write the essay."

"But suppose Mr. McLean were willing to do what he promised if Tommy won the Blackadder?"

"It's useless to appeal to McLean. He's hard set against the laddie now and washes his hands of him, saying that Aaron Latta is right after all. He may soften, and get Tommy into a trade to save him from the herding, but send him to college he won't, and indeed he's right, the laddie's a fool."

"Not at writing let——"

"And what is the effect of his letter-writing, but to make me ridiculous? Me! I wonder you can expect me to move a finger for him, he has been my torment ever since his inscrutable face appeared at my door."

"Never mind him," said Grizel, cunningly. "But think what a triumph it would be to you if your boy beat Mr. Ogilvy's."

The Dominie rose in his excitement and slammed the table, "My certie, lassie, but it would!" he cried. "Ogilvy looks on the Blackadder as his perquisite, and he's surer of it than ever this year. And there's no doubt but Tommy would carry it. My head to a buckle preen he would carry it, and then, oh, for a sight of Ogilvy's face, oh, for——" He broke off abruptly. "But what's the good of thinking of it," he said, dolefully, "Mr. McLean's a firm man when he makes up his mind."

Nevertheless, though McLean, who had a Scotchman's faith in the verdict of professors, and had been bitterly disappointed by Tommy's failure, refused to be converted by the Dominie's entreaties, he yielded to them when they were voiced by Ailie (brought into the plot *vice* Grizel retired), and Elspeth got round Aaron, and so it came about that with his usual luck, Tommy was given another chance, present at the competition, which took place in the Thrums school, the Rev. Mr. Duthie, the Rev. Mr. Dishart, the Rev. Mr. Gloag of Noran Side, the Rev. Mr. Lorrimer of Glenquharity (these on hair-bottomed chairs), Mr. Cathro and Mr. Ogilvy (cane), present also to a less extent (that is to say, their faces at the windows), Corp and others who applauded the local champion when he entered and derided McLauchlan. The subject

of the essay was changed yearly, this time "A Day in Church" was announced, and immediately Lauchlan McLauchlan, who had not missed a service since his scarlet fever year (and too few then), smote his red head in agony, while Tommy, who had missed as many as possible, looked calmly confident. For two hours the competitors were put into a small room communicating with the larger one, and Tommy began at once with a confident smirk that presently gave way to a most holy expression; while Lauchlan gaped at him and at last got started also, but had to pause occasionally to rub his face on his sleeve, for he was one of the kind who cannot think without perspiring. In the large room the ministers gossiped about eternal punishment, and of the two dominies one sat at his ease, like a passenger who knows that his coach will reach the goal without any exertion on his part, while the other paced the floor, with many a despondent glance through the open door whence the scraping proceeded; and the one was pleasantly cool; and the other in a plot of heat; and the one made genial remarks about everyday matters, and the answers of the other stood on their heads. It was a familiar comedy to Mr. Ogilvy, hardly a variation on what had happened five times in six for many years: the same scene, the same scraping in the little room, the same background of ministers (blackaviced Mr. Lorrimer had begun to bark again), the same dominies; everything was as it had so often been, except that he and Cathro had changed places; it was Cathro who sat smiling now and Mr. Ogilvy who dolefully paced the floor.

To be able to write! Throughout Mr. Ogilvy's life, save when he was about one and twenty, this had seemed the great thing, and he ever approached the thought reverently, as if it were a maid of more than mortal purity. And it is, and because he knew this she let him see her face, which shall ever be hidden from those who look not for the soul, and to help him nearer to her came assistance in strange guise, the loss of loved ones, colour unutterable; but still she was beyond his reach. Night by night, when the only light in the glen,

was the school-house lamp, of use at least as a landmark to solitary travellers—who miss it nowadays, for it burns no more—she hovered over him, nor did she deride his hopeless efforts, but rather as she saw him go from black to gray and from gray to white in her service, were her luminous eyes sorrowful because she was not for him, and she bent impulsively toward him, so that once or twice in a long life he touched her fingers, and a heavenly spark was lit, for he had risen higher than himself, and that is literature.

He knew that oblivion was at hand, ready to sweep away his pages almost as soon as they were filled (Do we not all hear her besom when we pause to dip?), but he had done his best and he had a sense of humor, and perhaps some day would come a pupil of whom he could make what he had failed to make of himself. That prodigy never did come, though it was not for want of nursing, and there came at least, in succession most maddening to Mr. Cathro, a row of youths who could be trained to carry the Hugh Blackadder. Mr. Ogilvy's many triumphs in this competition had not dulled his appetite for more, and depressed he was at the prospect of a reverse. That it was coming now he could not doubt. McLauchlan, who was to be Rev., had a flow of words (which would prevent his perspiring much in the pulpit), but he could no more describe a familiar scene with the pen than a milkmaid can draw a cow. The Thrums representatives were sometimes as little gifted, it is true, and never were they so well exercised, but this Tommy had the knack of it, as Mr. Ogilvy could not doubt, for the story of his letter-writing had been through the glens.

"Keep up your spirits," Mr. Lorrimer had said to him as they walked together to the fray, "Cathro's loon may compose the better of the two, but, as I understand, the first years of his life were spent in London, and so he may bogle at the Scotch."

But the Dominie replied, "Don't buoy me up on a soap bubble. If there's as much in him as I fear, that should be a help to him instead of a hindrance, for it will have set him a-thinking about the words he uses."

And the satisfaction on Tommy's face when the subject of the essay was given out, with the business-like way in which he set to work, had added to the Dominie's misgivings; if anything was required to dishearten him utterly it was provided by Cathro's confident smile. The two Thrums ministers were naturally desirous that Tommy should win, but the younger of them was very fond of Mr. Ogilvy, and noticing his unhappy peeps through the door dividing the rooms, proposed that it should be closed. He shut it himself, and as he did so he observed that Tommy was biting his pen and frowning, while McLauchlan, having ceased to think, was getting on nicely. But it did not strike Mr. Dishart that this was worth commenting on.

"Are you not satisfied with the honors you have already got, you greedy man," he said, laying his hand affectionately on Mr. Ogilvy, who only sighed for reply.

"It is well that the prize should go to different localities, for in that way its sphere of usefulness is extended," remarked pompous Mr. Gloag, who could be impartial, as there was no candidate from Noran Side. He was a minister much in request for church soirees, where he amused the congregations so greatly with personal anecdotes about himself that he was never thought much of afterwards. There is one such minister in every presbytery.

"And to have carried the Hugh Blackadder seven times running is surely enough for any one locality, even though it be Glenquharly," said Mr. Lorrimer, preparing for defeat.

"There's consolation for you, sir," said Mr. Cathro, sarcastically, to his rival, who tried to take snuff in sheer bravado, but let it slip through his fingers, and after that until the two hours were up, the talk was chiefly of how Tommy would get on at Aberdeen. But it was confined to the four ministers and one dominie. Mr. Ogilvy still hovered about the door of communication, and his face fell more and more, making Mr. Dishart quite unhappy.

"I'm an old fool," the Dominie admitted, "but I can't help being cast down. The fact is that—I have only

heard the scrape of one pen for nearly an hour."

"Poor Lauchlan!" exclaimed Mr. Cathro, rubbing his hands gleefully, and indeed it was such a shameless exhibition that the Auld Licht minister said reproachfully, "You forget yourself, Mr. Cathro, let us not be unseemly exalted in the hour of our triumph."

Then Mr. Cathro sat upon his hands as the best way of keeping them apart, but the moment Mr. Dishart's back presented itself, he winked at Mr. Ogilvy.

He winked a good deal more presently.

For after all—how to tell it! Tommy was ignominiously beaten, making such a beggarly show that the judges thought it unnecessary to take the essays home with them for leisurely consideration before pronouncing Mr. Lauchlan McLauchlan winner. There was quite a commotion in the school-room. At the end of the allotted time the two competitors had been told to hand in their essays, and how Mr. McLauchlan was sniggering is not worth recording, so dumfounded, confused and raging was Tommy. He clung to his papers, crying fiercely that the two hours could not be up yet, and Lauchlan having tried to keep the laugh in too long it exploded in his mouth, whereupon, said he, with a guffaw, "He hasna written a word for near an hour!"

"What! It was you I heard!" cried Mr. Ogilvy gleaming, while the unhappy Cathro tore the essay from Tommy's hands. Essay! It was no more an essay than a twig is a tree, for the gowk had stuck in the middle of his second page. Yes, stuck is the right expression, as his chagrined teacher had to admit when the boy was cross-examined. He had not been "up to some of his tricks," he had stuck, and his explanations, as you will admit, merely emphasized his incapacity.

He had brought himself to public scorn for lack of a word. What word? they asked testily, but even now he could not tell. He had wanted a Scotch word that would signify how many people were in church, and it was on the tip of his tongue but would come no farther. Puckle was nearly the word, but it did not mean so many people as he meant.

The hour had gone by just like winking; he had forgotten all about time while searching his mind for the word.

When Mr. Ogilvy heard this he seemed to be much impressed, repeatedly he nodded his head as some beat time to music, and he muttered to himself, "The right word—yes, that's everything," and "'the time went by like winking'—exactly, precisely," and he would have liked to examine Tommy's bumps, but did not, nor said a word aloud, for was he not there in McLauchlan's interest?

The other five were furious, even Mr. Lorrimer, though his man had won, could not smile in face of such imbecility. "You little tattie doolie," Cathro roared, "were there not a dozen words to wile from if you had an ill-will to puckle? What ailed you at manzy, or——"

"I thought of manzy," replied Tommy, wofully, for he was ashamed of himself, "but—but a manzy's a swarm. It would mean that the folk in the kirk were buzzing thegither like bees, instead of sitting still."

"Even if it does mean that," said Mr. Duthie, with impatience, "what was the sense of being so particular? Surely the art of essay-writing consists in using the first word that comes and hurrying on."

"That's how I did," said the proud McLauchlan, who is now leader of a party in the church, and a figure in Edinburgh during the month of May.

"I see," interposed Mr. Gloag, "that McLauchlan speaks of there being a mask of people in the church. Mask is a fine Scotch word."

"Admirable," assented Mr. Dishart.

"I thought of mask," whimpered Tommy, "but that would mean the kirk was crammed, and I just meant it to be middling full."

"Flow would have done," suggested Mr. Lorrimer.

"Flow's but a handful," said Tommy.

"Curran, then, you jackanapes!"

"Curran's no enough."

Mr. Lorrimer flung up his hands in despair.

"I wanted something between curran and mask," said Tommy, dogged, yet almost at the crying.

Mr. Ogilvy, who had been hiding his

admiration with difficulty, spread a net for him. "You said you wanted a word that meant middling full. Well, why did you not say middling full—or fell mask?"

"Yes, why not?" demanded the ministers, unconsciously caught in the net.

"I wanted one word," replied Tommy, unconsciously avoiding it.

"You jewel!" muttered Mr. Ogilvy under his breath, but Mr. Cathro would have banged the boy's head had not the ministers interfered.

"It is so easy, too, to find the right word," said Mr. Gloag.

"It's no; it's as difficult as to hit a squirrel," cried Tommy, and again Mr. Ogilvy nodded approval.

But the ministers were only pained.

"The lad is merely a numskull," said Mr. Dishart, kindly.

"And no teacher could have turned him into anything else," said Mr. Duthie.

"And so, Cathro, you need not feel sore over your defeat," added Mr. Gloag; but nevertheless Cathro took Tommy by the neck and ran him out of the parish school of Thrums. When he returned to the others he found the ministers congratulating McLauchlan, whose nose was in the air, and complimenting Mr. Ogilvy, who listened to their formal phrases solemnly and accepted their hand-shakes with a dry chuckle.

"Ay, grin away, sir," the mortified dominie of Thrums said to him sourly, "the joke is on your side."

"You are right, sir," replied Mr. Ogilvy, mysteriously, "the joke is on my side, and the best of it is that not one of you knows what the joke is!"

And then an odd thing happened. As they were preparing to leave the school, the door opened a little and there appeared in the aperture the face of Tommy, tear-stained but excited. "I ken the word now," he cried, "it came to me a' at once; it is hantle!"

The door closed with a victorious bang, just in time to prevent Cathro—

"Oh, the sumph!" exclaimed Mr. Lauchlan McLauchlan, "as if it mattered what the word is now!"

And said Mr. Dishart, "Cathro, you had better tell Aaron Latta that the

sooner he sends this nincompoop to the herding the better."

But Mr. Ogilvy giving his Lauchlan a push that nearly sent him sprawling, said in an ecstasy to himself, "He *had* to think of it till he got it—and he got it. The laddie is a genius!" They were about to tear up Tommy's essay, but he snatched it from them and put it in his outer pocket. "I am a collector of curiosities," he explained, "and this paper may be worth money yet."

"Well," said Cathro, savagely, "I have one satisfaction, I ran him out of my school."

"Who knows," replied Mr. Ogilvy, "but what you may be proud to dust a chair for him when he comes back?"

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE END OF A BOYHOOD



ONVINCED of his own worthlessness, Tommy was sufficiently humble now, but Aaron Latta, nevertheless, marched to the square on the following market day and came back with the boy's sentence, Elspeth being happily absent.

"I say nothing about the disgrace you have brought on this house," the warper began without emotion, "for it has been a shamed house since afore you were born, and it's a small offence to skail on a clarty floor. But now I've done mair for you than I promised Jean Myles to do, and you had your pick atween college and the herding, and the herding you've chosen twice. I call you no names, you ken best what you're fitted for, but I've seen the farmer of the Dubb of Prosen the day, and he was short-handed through the loss of Tod Linder-tis, so you're fee'd to him. Dinna think you get Tod's place, it'll be years afore you rise to that, but it's right and proper that as he steps up, you should step down."

"The Dubb of Prosen!" cried Tommy in dismay. "It's fifteen miles frae here."

"It's a' that."

"But—but—but Elspeth and me never thought of my being so far away that she couldna see me. We thought of a farmer near Thrums."

"The farrer you're frae her the better," said Aaron, uneasily, yet honestly believing what he said.

"It'll kill her," Tommy cried, fiercely, With only his own suffering to consider he would probably have nursed it into a play through which he stalked as the noble child of misfortune, but in his anxiety for Elspeth he could still forget himself. "Fine you ken she canna do without me," he screamed.

"She maun be weaned," replied the warper, with a show of temper; he was convinced that the sooner Elspeth learned to do without Tommy the better it would be for herself in the end; but in his way of regarding the boy there was also a touch of jealousy, pathetic rather than forbidding. To him he left the task of breaking the news to Elspeth; and Tommy, terrified that she would swoon under it, was almost offended when she remained calm. But, alas, the reason was that she thought she was going with him.

"Will we have to walk all the way to the Dubb of Prosen?" she asked, quite brightly, and at that Tommy twisted about in misery. "You are no—you canna—" he began, and then dodged the telling. "We—we may get a lift in a cart," he said, weakly.

"And I'll sit aside you in the fields, and make chains o' the gowans, will I no? Speak, Tommy!"

"Ay—ay, will you," he groaned.

"And we'll have a wee, wee room to ourself, and——"

He broke down, "Oh, Elspeth," he cried, "it was ill-done of me no to stick to my books, and get a bursary, and it was waur o' me to bother about that word. I'm a scoundrel, I am, I'm a black, I'm a——"

But she put her hand on his mouth, saying, "I'm fonder o' you than ever, Tommy, and I'll like the Dubb o' Prosen fine, and what does it matter whaur we are when we're thegither?" which was poor comfort for him, but still he could not tell her the truth, and so in the end Aaron had to tell her. It struck her down, and the doctor had to be called in during the night to stop her hysterics. When at last she fell asleep Tommy's arm was beneath her, and by and by it was in agony, but he set his

teeth and kept it there rather than risk waking her.

When Tommy was out of the way, Aaron did his clumsy best to soothe her, sometimes half shamefacedly pressing her cheek to his, and she did not repel him, but there was no response. "Dinna take on in that way, dawtie," he would say, "I'll be good to you."

"But you're no Tommy," Elspeth answered.

"I'm not, I'm but a stunted tree, blasted in my youth, but for a' that, I would like to have somebody to care for me, and there's none to do't, Elspeth, if you winna. I'll gang walks wi' you, I'll take you to the fishing, I'll come to the garret at night to hap you up, I'll—I'll teach you the games I used to play mysel'. I'm no sure but what you might make something o' me yet, bairn, if you tried hard."

"But you're no Tommy," Elspeth wailed again, and when he advised her to put Tommy out of her mind for a little and speak of other things, she only answered, innocently, "What else is there to speak about?"

Mr. McLean had sent Tommy a pound, and so was done with him, but Ailie still thought him a dear, though no longer a wonder, and Elspeth took a strange confession to her, how one night she was so angry with God that she had gone to bed without saying her prayers. She had just meant to keep Him in suspense for a little, and then say them, but she fell asleep. And that was not the worst, for when she woke in the morning, and saw that she was still living, she was glad she had not said them. But next night she said them twice.

And this, too, is another flash into her dark character. Tommy, who never missed saying his prayers and could say them with surprising quickness, told her, "God is fonder of lonely lassies than of any other kind, and every time you greet it makes Him greet, and when you're cheerful it makes Him cheerful too." This was meant to dry her eyes, but it had not that effect, for, said Elspeth, vindictively, "Well, then, I'll just make Him as miserable as I can."

When Tommy was merely concerned with his own affairs he did not think much about God, but he knew that no

other could console Elspeth, and his love for her usually told him the right things to say, and while he said them he was quite carried away by his sentiments and even wept over them, but within the hour he might be leering. They were beautiful, and were repeated of course to Mrs. McLean, who told her husband of them, declaring that this boy's love for his sister made her a better woman.

"But nevertheless," said Ivie, "Mr. Cathro assures me——"

"He is prejudiced," retorted Mrs. McLean, warmly, prejudice being a failing which all women marvel at. "Just listen to what the boy said to Elspeth to-day. He said to her, 'When I am away, try for a whole day to be better than you ever were before, and think of nothing else, and then when prayer-time comes you will see that you have been happy without knowing it.' Fancy his finding out that."

"I wonder if he ever tried it himself?" said Mr. McLean.

"Ivie, think shame of yourself!"

"Well, even Cathro admits that he has a kind of cleverness, but——"

"Cleverness!" exclaimed Ailie, indignantly, "that is not cleverness, it is holiness;" and leaving the cynic she sought Elspeth, and did her good by pointing out that a girl who had such a brother should try to save him pain. "He is very miserable, dear," she said, "because you are so unhappy. If you looked brighter, think how that would help him, and it would show that you are worthy of him." So Elspeth went home trying hard to look brighter, but made a sad mess of it.

"Think of getting letters frae me every time the post comes in!" said Tommy, and then indeed her face shone.

And then Elspeth could write to him—yes, as often as ever she liked! This pleased her even more. It was such an exquisite thought that she could not wait, but wrote the first one before he started, and he answered it across the table. And Mrs. McLean made a letter bag, with two strings to it, and showed her how to carry it about with her in a safer place than a pocket.

Then a cheering thing occurred. Came Corp, with the astounding news

that, in the Glen Quharity dominie's opinion, Tommy should have got the Hugh Blackadder.

"He says he is glad he wasna judge, because he would have had to gie you the prize, and he laughs like to split at the ministers for giving it to Lauchlan McLauchlan."

Now, great was the repute of Mr. Ogilvy, and Tommy gaped incredulous. "He had no word of that at the time," he said.

"No likely! He says if the ministers was so doited as to think his loon did best, it wasna for him to conter them."

"Man, Corp, you ca' me aff my feet! How do you ken this?"

Corp had promised not to tell, and he thought he did not tell, but Tommy was too clever for him. Grizel, it appeared, had heard Mr. Ogilvy saying this strange thing to the doctor, and she burned to pass it on to Tommy, but she could not carry it to him herself, because—Why, was it? Oh, yes, because she hated him. So she made a messenger of Corp, and warned him against telling who had sent him with the news.

Half enlightened, Tommy began to strut again. "You see there's something in me for all they say," he told Elspeth. "Listen to this. At the bur-sary examinations there was some English we had to turn into Latin, and it said, 'No man ever attained supreme eminence who worked for mere lucre; such efforts must ever be bounded by base mediocrity. None shall climb high but he who climbs for love, for in truth where the heart is, there alone shall the treasure be found.' Elspeth, it came ower me in a clink how true that was, and I sat saying it to myself, though I saw Gav Dishart and Willie Simpson and the rest beginning to put it into Latin at once, as little ta'en up wi' the words as if they had been about auld Hannibal. I aye kent, Elspeth, that I could never do much at the learning, but I didna see the reason till I read that. Syne I kent that playing so real-like in the den, and telling about my fits when it wasna me that had them but Corp, and mourning for Lewis Doig's father, and writing letters for folk so grandly, and a' my other queer

plays that ended in Cathro's calling me Sentimental Tommy, was what my heart was in, and I saw in a jiffy that if thae things were work, I would soon rise to supreme eminence."

"But they're no," said Elspeth, sadly.

"No," he admitted, his face falling, "but, Elspeth, if I was to hear some day of work I could put my heart into as if it were a game! I wouldna be lang in finding the treasure syne. Oh, the blatter I would make!"

"I doubt there's no sic work," she answered, but he told her not to be so sure. "I thought there wasna mysel'," he said, "till now, but sure as death my heart was as ta'en up wi' hunting for the right word as if it had been a game, and that was how the time slipped by so quick. Yet it was paying work, for the way I did it made Mr. Ogilvy see I should have got the prize, and a' body kens there's mair cleverness in him than in a cart-load o' ministers."

"But, but there are no more Hugh Blackadders to try for, Tommy?"

"That's nothing, there maun be other work o' the same kind. Elspeth, cheer up, I tell you, I'll find a wy!"

"But you didna ken yoursel' that you should have got the Hugh Blackadder?"

He would not let this depress him. "I ken now," he said. Nevertheless, why he should have got it was a mystery which he longed to fathom. Mr. Ogilvy had returned to Glen Quharity, so that an explanation could not be drawn from him even if he were willing to supply it, which was improbable; but Tommy caught Grizel in the Banker's Close and compelled her to speak.

"I won't tell you a word of what Mr. Ogilvy said," she insisted, in her obstinate way, and, oh, how she despised Corp for breaking his promise.

"Corp didna ken he telled me," said Tommy, less to clear Corp than to exalt himself, "I wriggled it out o' him;" but even this did not bring Grizel to a proper frame of mind, so he said, to annoy her,

"At any rate you're fond o' me."

"I am not," she replied, stamping; "I think you are horrid."

"What else made you send Corp to me?"

"I did that because I heard you were calling yourself a blockhead."

"Oho," said he, "so you have been speiring about me though you winna speak to me!"

Grizel looked alarmed, and thinking to weaken his case, said, hastily, "I very nearly kept it from you, I said often to myself 'I won't tell him.'"

"So you have been thinking a lot about me!" was his prompt comment.

"If I have," she retorted, "I did not think nice things. And what is more, I was angry with myself for telling Corp to tell you."

Surely this was crushing, but apparently Tommy did not think so, for he said, "You did it against your will! That means I have a power over you that you canna resist. Oho, oho!"

Had she become more friendly so would he, had she shed one tear he would have melted immediately; but she only looked him up and down disdainfully, and it hardened him. He said with a leer, "I ken what makes you hold your hands so tight, it's to keep your arms frae wagging;" and then her cry, "How do you know?" convicted her. He had not succeeded in his mission, but on his way home he muttered, triumphantly, "I did her, I did her!" and once he stopped to ask himself the question, "Was it because my heart is in it?" It was their last meeting till they were man and woman.

A blazing sun had come out on top of heavy showers, and the land reeked and smelled as of the wash-tub. The smaller girls of Monypenny were sitting in passages playing at fivey, just as Sappho used to play it and the little sisters of Themistocles; but they heard the Dubb of Prosen cart draw up at Aaron Latta's door, and they followed it to see the last of Tommy Sandys. Corp was already there, calling in at the door every time he heard a sob; "Dinna, Elspeth, dinna, he'll find a wy," but Grizel had refused to come, though Tommy knew that she had been asking when he started and which road the cart would take. Well, he was not giving her a thought at any rate; his box was in the cart now, and his face was streaked with tears that were all for

Elspeth. She should not have come to the door, but she came, and—it was such a pitiable sight that Aaron Latta could not look on. He went hurriedly to his workshop, but not to warp, and even the carter was touched and he said to Tommy, "I tell you what, man, I have to go round by Causeway End smiddy, and you and the crittur have time, if you like, to take the short cut and meet me at the far corner o' Caddam wood."

So Tommy and Elspeth, holding each other's hands, took the short cut and they came to the far end of Caddam, and Elspeth thought they had better say it here before the cart came; but Tommy said he could walk back with her through the wood as far as the Toom Well, and they could say it there. They tried to say it at the Well, but—Elspeth was still with him when he returned to the far corner of Caddam, where the cart was now awaiting him. The carter was sitting on the shaft, and he told them he was in no hurry, and what is more, he had the delicacy to turn his back on them and struck his horse with the reins for looking round at the sorrowful pair. They should have said it now, but first Tommy walked back a little bit of the way with Elspeth, and then she came back with him, and that was to be the last time, but he could not leave her, and so, there they were in the wood looking wofully at each other, and it was not said yet.

They had said it now, and all was over; they were several paces apart. Elspeth smiled, she had promised to smile because Tommy said it would kill him if she was greeting at the very end. But what a smile it was! Tommy whistled, he had promised to whistle to show that he was happy as long as Elspeth could smile. She stood still,

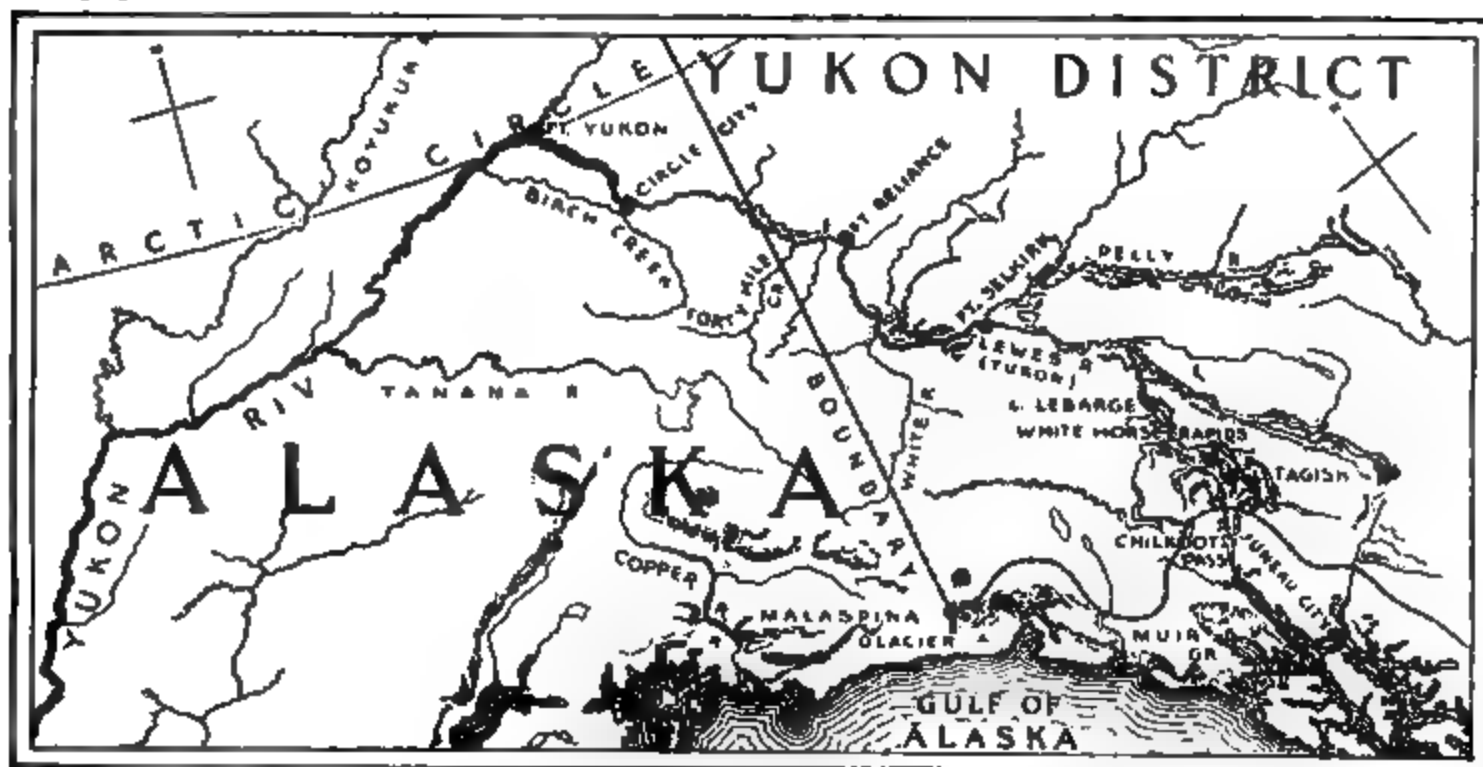
but he went on, turning round every few yards to—to whistle. "Never forget, day nor night, what I said to you," he called to her. "You're the only one I love and I care not a hair for Grizel."

But when he disappeared, shouting to her, "I'll find a wy, I'll find a wy," she screamed and ran after him. He was already in the cart, and it had started. He stood up in it and waved his hand to her, and she stood on the dyke and waved to him, and thus they stood waving till a hollow in the road swallowed cart and man and boy. Then Elspeth put her hands to her eyes and went sobbing homeward.

When she was gone, a girl who had heard all that passed between them rose from among the broom of Caddam and took Elspeth's place on the dyke, where she stood motionless waiting for the cart to reappear as it climbed the other side of the hollow. She wore a black frock and a blue bonnet with white strings, but the cart was far away, and Tommy thought she was Elspeth, and springing to his feet again in the cart he waved and waved. At first she did not respond, for had she not heard him say "You're the only one I love, and I care not a hair for Grizel?" And she knew he was mistaking her for Elspeth. But by and by it struck her that he would be more unhappy if he thought Elspeth was too overcome by grief to wave to him. Her arms rocked passionately; no, no, she would not lift them to wave to him, he could be as unhappy as he chose. Then in a spirit of self-abnegation that surely raised her high among the daughters of men, though she was but a painted lady's child, she waved to him to save him pain, and he, still erect in the cart, waved back until nothing could be seen by either of them save wood and fields and a long, deserted road.

THE END.

Map of the Yukon River and District.



OVER THE CHILKOOT PASS TO THE YUKON

By Frederick Funston

THE tourists who every summer crowd the excursion steamers that sail up the long stretches of the inland passage to Alaska find their view to the north and east everywhere limited by a range of snowy peaks silhouetted like card-board against a sky as clear and blue as that of California. On the one side is a narrow strip of main-land and on the other a thousand islands, large and small, that constitute southeastern Alaska, where are the busy mining town of Juneau, and Sitka, the sleepy old capital. This is the Alaska of the tourist, famous for its great glaciers, its beautiful fiords, and its Thlinket Indians and their totem poles. But beyond the big white range is another and a totally different country, the valley of the Yukon, a great, lone land where winter reigns supreme for nine months of every year, and whose inhabitants are roving bands of fur-clad savages. Over in the British Northwest Territory, just across the coast range from Dyea Inlet, Alaska, is a chain of lakes surrounded by snowy

mountains and drained by a small stream, which, now roaring between gloomy cañon-walls and now gliding among birch-covered hills, bears away to the northwest. On either hand it receives numerous tributaries, some of them of great size, and seven hundred miles from its source leaves the British possessions and enters Alaska. After winding for 1,400 miles across this territory it pours its huge flood into Behring Sea. On the lower half of its course the river receives the waters of the Porcupine, Tanana, Koyukuk, and numerous smaller streams, until the little brook, less than ten feet wide, draining Lake Linderman, has in the 2,100 miles of its course become one of the mightiest rivers on the face of the earth—three miles from bank to bank, thirty feet deep, and with a current of five miles an hour.

Four of us were landed with our effects at the head of Dyea Inlet, a hundred miles north of Juneau, at day-break on April 10, 1893. My three companions were McConnell, a grizzly old Canadian, Thompson, a miner from Idaho, and Mattern, a good-natured German, who had mined in half a dozen Western States. I was the only one of

the party who had had any previous Alaskan experience, but all had roughed it in other countries, and we felt equal to the much-vaunted terrors of Chilkoot Pass, Miles Cañon, and the White Horse Rapids. McConnell, Thompson, and Mattern were bound for the placer gold-mining camp of Forty Mile Creek, at that time the only one on the Yukon, while I had a sort of roving commission from the United States Department of Agriculture to make a botanical collection, take weather observations, and obtain any other scientific information possible, and eventually extended my journey to the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Ocean, and thence down the Yukon to its mouth, which I reached after a journey on foot and in rowboat of more than 3,500 miles. Our outfit consisted of two small tents, a couple of hand-sleds, each eight feet long, with steel-shod runners; blankets, guns, ammunition; a six-weeks' supply of flour, bacon, and coffee; a whip-saw, axes, and other tools for boat-building, and my collecting material and two small cameras, the whole weighing about a thousand pounds. Our plan was to take the usual route of miners bound for the Yukon—to cross the Chilkoot Pass and descend to the frozen lakes on the other side—dragging our outfit on the hand-sleds across these lakes until we reached a point where there were trees sufficiently large to build a small boat in which to continue

the journey. Near our landing-place was a small Thlinket Indian village of Dyea, whose inhabitants turn an honest penny every spring by assisting miners bound for the interior in packing their supplies to the summit of the pass. We divided our goods into seven packs and engaged five men and two women to carry these loads to the summit of the pass, a distance of fifteen miles, where they were to leave us to our own devices. The start from the village was made on the morning of the second day after our arrival. The Indians supported the loads on their backs by the aid of deerskin bands, passing across the forehead. Several children carried on their backs light loads, consisting of food and cooking utensils for the use of the Indians, while two of the dogs also wore packs.

Our route lay up the valley of the Dyea River, a small creek which heads near the foot of Chilkoot Pass, and which we were compelled to wade a number of times. Near sea-level the snow had nearly all disappeared, but a couple of miles up the cañon the ground was covered, and from here on our progress was much impeded by it. Every two or three hundred yards the entire party stopped to rest. At one o'clock we reached the forks of the river, seven miles from our starting-point, and the Indians, throwing off their loads, said we would camp for the night. They were completely exhausted by

floundering through the soft snow under their heavy packs. The snow at this camp was about two feet deep, and much more fell during the night. Half of the next day was spent in wading through snow from three to six feet deep to the place known as Sheep Camp, only five miles beyond. Our camp for the second night was at the upper limit of timber, at the foot of the dreaded pass, and only twelve miles from the coast that we had left two days before. Snow had been falling and did not cease until the morning of the next day. Roused before daybreak, we found the sky clear and the air frosty. Below us was the scattering growth of stunted spruce-trees and above the great slopes of snow and ice. Looking for a couple of miles up a large gorge flanked by precipitous snow-covered mountains, we could see at the summit, thousands of feet above, the little notch known as the Chilkoot Pass, the gate to the Yukon land. The seriousness of the work at hand was now apparent. Our picturesque retinue of children and dogs was left in camp to await the return of the Indians, and having had breakfast at eight o'clock, the seven Indians and ourselves began the toilsome climb upward. On either hand were the huge masses of the coast range, buried in perpetual snow and ice, nobody knows how deep. The Indians, struggling under their heavy loads, stopped for breath every few moments. We four

white men had the exasperating task of dragging along the two empty sleds.

As we ascended, the snow, which at lower altitudes had been soft, was found to be hard and crusted, being on the last part of the ascent more like ice than snow. At eleven o'clock we had reached the foot of the last and hardest part of the ascent. From here to the summit is only half a mile, but the angle of the slope is about forty-five degrees, and as we looked up that long trough of glistening ice and hard-crusted snow, as steep as the roof of a house, there was not one of us that did not dread the remainder of the day's work. As soon as the Indians ascertained that the crust of the snow was hard and unyielding they divided the packs, leaving nearly half of their loads at the foot of the ascent, intending to make a second trip for them. The two women who had accompanied us thus far now returned to Sheep Camp, and one of the men, producing a strong plaited line of rawhide, about one hundred feet long, which he had brought with him, passed it under every man's belt, lashing the nine of us together about ten feet apart. The man at the head of the line carried in his hands one of our hatchets, and as we advanced cut footholds in the ice and hard-packed snow. The slope being too steep for direct ascent, we resorted to "zigzagging"—that is, moving obliquely across the bottom of the trough for about sixty

feet and then turning at right angles in the opposite direction. Our progress was painfully slow, as every step had to be cut. It was no place to indulge in conversation. There was no use in stopping, as there was no opportunity to stretch one's limbs and nothing to sit down on, so that we kept pegging away, and the hours seemed endless before we stood on the narrow crest of snow and ice that divides the valley of the Yukon from the sea. It was six and a half hours since we had left Sheep Camp and three since we had lashed ourselves together at the foot of the last ascent. On the summit all threw themselves down on the snow and remained motionless for half an hour, when the Indians started down to get the remainder of their packs that had been left at the foot of the last portion of the ascent. The trail having already been cut and not being hampered with the sleds, they were with us again in less than two hours. We had by this time taken in our surroundings. Behind us and to the right and to the left was a jumble of icy peaks, and below the zigzag trail up which we had labored so breathlessly. But these things were now of small interest, and our gaze was fixed ahead, where, stretching away in billows of spotless white,

was the valley of the great river of the north. There was neither rock, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any living thing to break the monotony of that huge blanket of snow, the wooded shores of the lakes being concealed by a range of low hills. The use of the two sleds that had been brought along empty was now apparent, and on to them was loaded and securely strapped down the thousand pounds of stuff that the Indians had carried to the summit. And down grade we started on the northern side of the range. For the first half mile down the glassy slope it was a wild ride. All efforts to control the sleds were fruitless, and we concluded to simplify matters by getting on board and taking "pot luck" with whatever rocks or other obstructions might be at the bottom. The route lay down the bottom of a wide gorge, so that we could not well get far out of the way. The sleds, each with two men in addition to its load of five hundred pounds, flew down grade with the speed of an express train. It was well that they were of oak and the runners shod with steel, for sometimes they would clear the snow for thirty feet at a bound. No sooner had we got started than we began to wonder how we were to stop. We found out. The sled ahead of the one I was on struck an uneven

place and went over ; its lashings broke, and for a few brief seconds the air was filled with rolls of blankets, sides of bacon, mining tools, and earnest, soulful profanity. Our sled coming on to a gentler slope and softer snow, was eventually stopped without disaster. In half an hour Thompson and Mattern got their sled reloaded and joined us. We were now out of the gorge and on a sort of bench or flat covered with soft snow. We got into the harness and, pushing and pulling, struggled on in the hope of reaching Lake Linderman before night. For several hours the wind had been rising and was now coming down from the north at a furious rate, and before darkness set in the air was so full of flying snow that one could not see fifty feet. When night came we were so exhausted and so weakened by hunger that we decided to abandon the sleds until the next day. In order to mark the location a long-handled shovel was stood on end in the snow, and draped with a spare blanket. Then taking each a blanket, we struck out through the gathering darkness, down a ravine which we correctly judged was the tributary of Lake Linderman. After what seemed an endless struggle through the howling storm we reached, at about eleven o'clock, a little clump of dwarfed spruce-trees, the upper limit of timber. Collecting some dry branches, we got on the lee side of a cliff, and after many fruitless efforts

started a small fire, which smoked and spluttered a great deal, but was singularly devoid of warmth. Wrapped in blankets, we huddled together all night, while the wind roared up the cañon walls and piled the snow about us. When we stretched ourselves out at daybreak the next morning the storm had almost died away. We were weak and ravenous from hunger and thirst, for we had not had a mouthful of food nor water since leaving Sheep Camp. After a weary tramp of about four miles, which had taken us five hours, we found the sleds entirely buried, nothing but the blanket tied to the shovel being visible above the surface. We got out the one which contained the cooking utensils and part of the provisions, and all four taking hold, dragged it slowly, a hundred yards at a time, toward our camp of the night before. It was exasperating to have with us provisions that were of no use, as it was out of the question to eat raw beans and flour. Thompson, in a frenzy of hunger, insisted on eating a raw piece of bacon, with disastrous results. Dozens of times during the afternoon we threw ourselves down on the snow from sheer exhaustion, but toward evening reached the remains of the camp at the foot of the cañon-wall. As soon as another fire could be built we melted snow for water and prepared a meal of flapjacks, bacon, and coffee, breaking a fast of thirty-seven hours,

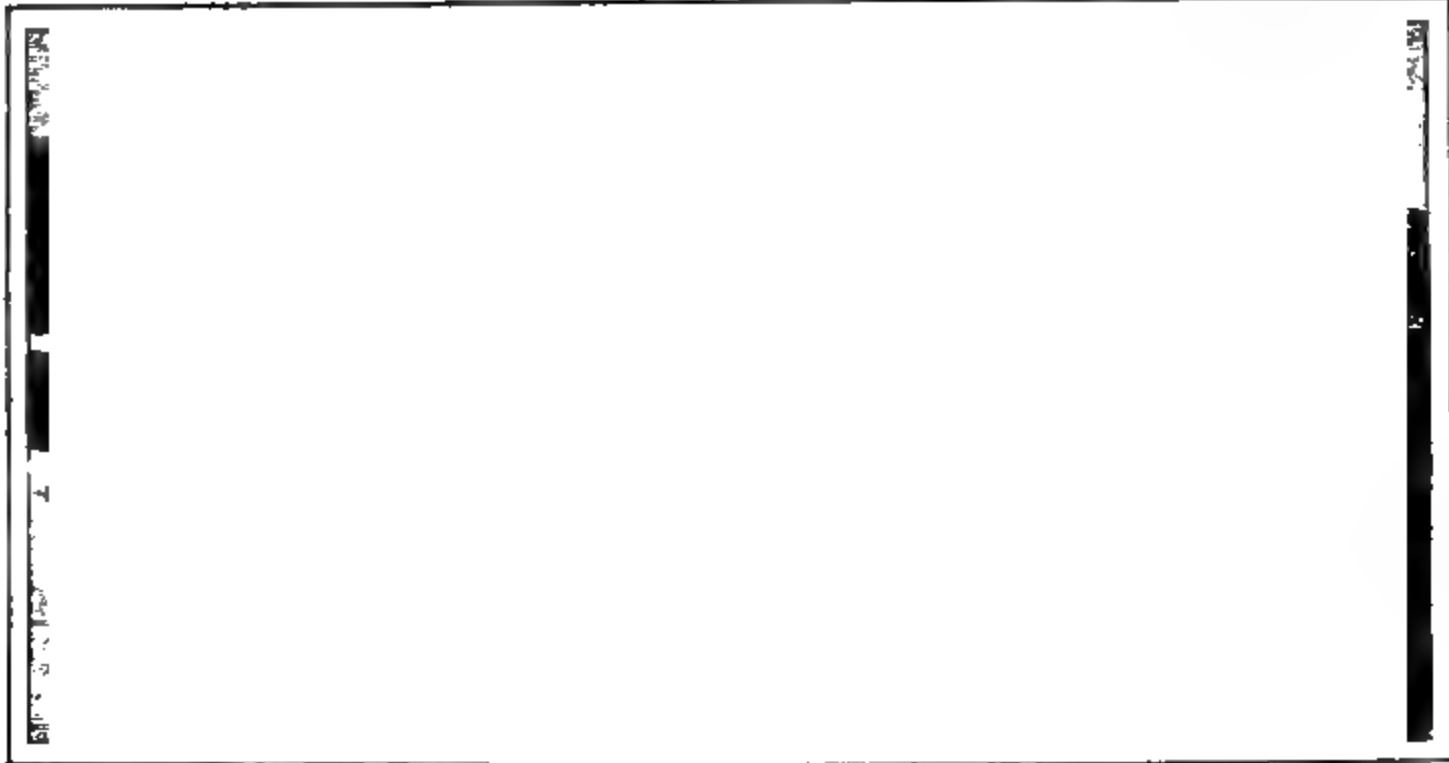
during which we had had not a wink of sleep. Without troubling to put up a tent or make any sort of camp, we drew our blankets about us and lay back in the snow for ten hours of glorious sleep. The next day we brought down the remaining sled, a comparatively easy task, as the trail had been opened the day before. Our worst hardships for the time being were now over. The sky was clear and the air cold enough to make exercise comfortable. On this day, only one hundred yards below camp, I found a spring feeding a small stream a few inches deep, which was soon lost to sight in the snow. It was the very beginning of the mighty Yukon. Most of the sixth day from the coast was spent in recuperating our physical selves, but before evening we dragged the two sleds for a couple of miles down the ravine to Lake Linderman, the first of the chain of six lakes of the Upper Yukon. Lake Linderman is six miles long and half a mile wide, and is shut in by glacier-worn granite hills. Here and there along its shores are a few small spruce and black-pine trees. All of these lakes remain frozen until early in June. An examination proved that the surface of the lake was in very good condition, and hitching ourselves again in the sleds, we covered the entire length of Lake Linderman and crossed the short portage on to Lake Bennett, twenty-six miles long, going into camp

for the night in a clump of spruce on the west shore, six miles from its head, having dragged our half-ton of stuff twelve miles. The following day was marked by a unique and successful experiment. A strong wind was blowing from the south, and in order to utilize it we put on to the front of each of the sleds a sort of V-shaped mast, on to which was rigged a tent-fly. Then, with a good wind astern, we went down the lake at a lively trot. It was not necessary to pull a pound. One man merely held on to the tongue of each sled to guide it and keep it from going too fast. In that day we covered the remaining twenty miles of Lake Bennett and followed the bank of a short river connecting it with Lake Nares, where we went into camp. Lake Nares is the smallest of this system, being about three miles long and two miles wide. The general surface of the country was quite broken, and to the east were lofty mountains. Wherever there was soil there were trees, mostly spruce, pine, and poplar, but the largest not more than a foot in diameter. The snow throughout this region was about three feet deep on the level. On going into camp for the night on this journey down the frozen lakes we would pull off from the ice to a grove of trees on the lake shore, and after collecting a quantity of dry wood build a fire, and then, preparing the usual rough, but appetizing, camp-meal, would lie down

to sleep. The tents were not put up, and usually the only attempt at a bed was a quantity of spruce-boughs strewn on the snow. Two days of hard work, in which there was no wind to aid us, took our little party over Lake Tagish to the short river connecting it with Lake Marsh. The weather had been quite warm for two days and the snow had begun to melt perceptibly, but we were much surprised to find this stream open in mid-channel. Following the left-hand, or west, bank of this stream for about four miles, we went into camp a mile above Lake Marsh.

On the other bank, directly opposite, were the Tagish Houses. These buildings, two log structures of the Thlinket type, have no permanent occupants, but are the yearly rendezvous of bands of natives who meet on neutral ground to trade and indulge in their great annual drunk, with the accompanying feasts and dances. Here come not only the Tagish Indians, who live in the immediate vicinity, but Thlinkets from Chilkat, Dyea, and Taku River, and Tinneh or Stick from as far away as the mouth of Pelly River. The fact that the snow was melting rapidly, making sledding extremely difficult, impelled us to establish a camp here for the purpose of building a boat in which to continue the journey. There was plenty of timber, some of the trees being of fair size. The first day was spent in constructing a "saw-pit," a

scaffolding about eight feet high. Two good, straight spruce-trees were then felled and a twenty-foot log cut from each. These logs were about sixteen inches in diameter, and after being rolled by means of skids on to the pit, were squared with the whip-saw and gradually and laboriously worked up into boards. We had barely settled down into this new camp before we were overtaken by a party of a dozen men bound for Forty Mile Creek, who had crossed the Chilkoot Pass three days after we did. These men went into camp near us for the purpose of building boats, and every day, from sunrise until dark, the woods rang with the sounds of whip-saws, axes, and hammers. As several of these new arrivals expected to prospect along the bars of the upper river before going to Forty Mile Creek, and Thompson wished to join them, our party was now reduced to three—McConnell, Mattern, and myself. The two weeks spent in this camp were not at all unpleasant. We were up every morning at daybreak, and after breakfast went to work in the saw-pit, and, with the exception of an hour at mid-day, kept at it until nearly dark. The whip-saw is an instrument with a blade eight feet long and with a handle at either end. One man on top of the scaffolding drew the saw up, while one standing on the ground pulled it down. The extra man busied himself planing the boards and doing odd jobs about



the camp. Small game was plentiful, and in an hour's walk with the gun one could always bring in a day's supply of grouse, ducks, and rabbits. The air was alive with geese and cranes on their northward migration. Near us were camped a couple of families of Tagish Indians, and a boy about ten years old spent most of his time loafing about our camp and eating such scraps of bacon and flapjacks as were thrown to him. On account of this weakness for the leavings of a rich man's table he was christened Lazarus. At the end of a week we had a pile of clean, straight boards, 20 feet long, 10 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick. A week later the boat was completed. She was a flat-bottomed skiff, 18 feet long, 26 inches wide at the bottom and 4 feet at the top, and had two pairs of oars and a mast which could be rigged with a square sail made from a tent-fly. She was very carefully put together, the seams being filled with wicking and well pitched. Although built of green lumber, this boat stood the long portage of the frozen lakes and around the White Horse Rapids, ran Miles Cañon, and collided with blocks of ice innumerable. The next year she carried me on my long, lonely journey down the big river to the sea, 2,000 miles from the camp on Tagish River, where she was built, and is now the property of a Jesuit missionary, to whom I gave her. There was no champagne at hand, so,

as the boat slid over the blocks of ice on her initial plunge into the river, a pailful of Yukon water was dashed over her bow and she was christened Nancy Hanks, in honor of the little trotter that had acquired fame the preceding year. The miners who had stopped there for the purpose of building boats completed their work at the same time, so that we left in company. Our outfit and provisions, the latter materially reduced in bulk, we stowed away in the boat, and on top were put the two sleds, that would be needed in the portages over Lakes Marsh and Lebarge.

The little fleet of boats, seven in all, dropped down the river to the head of Lake Marsh, which was still frozen, and here the boats were dragged out of the water on to the ice of the lake. Two sleds were put underneath each boat, one under the bow and one under the stern, and our companions rigged large blankets as sails on to their boats in order to lighten the work of the twenty-mile portage. Then, one pulling the forward sled and one pushing behind, the six boats started out down the lake. The small sails aided very materially, there being a strong breeze astern. Before leaving

camp, McConnell, who was an ingenious fellow, had rigged up a contrivance to enable us to avoid this draft-horse work, and with astounding success. This was merely a light pole, the middle of which was fastened to the bow of the boat and one end to the tongue of the forward sled, the other extending back nearly to the mast. A man standing at the bow of the boat could, by moving this pole to the left or right, control the forward sled perfectly. Two spars had been attached to the mast, one at the top and the other near the gunwale of the boat, and between them was stretched a tent-fly ten feet square. By means of a halyard the upper spar could be lowered instantly, thus shortening sail at will.

By the time that these elaborate preparations were completed the miners with their six boats had got two miles out on the ice, and now looked like a few dark spots on the white surface. Before leaving they had good-naturedly jeered at our "winged chariot," and offered, if we were not over the lake in a couple of days, to come back for us; but our time had come now. As the sail filled with the strong wind we gave the Nancy Hanks a shove and jumped on board. McConnell took the steering pole in the bow and away she went. The novelty of the situation made it a most exciting ride. Gradually we crept up on the file of men trudging along, dragging and pushing their heavy loads,

and passed them, fairly skimming over the ice. They threw their hats in the air and yelled, while a wild-eyed individual, who called himself "Missouri Bill," grasped his Winchester and proceeded to puncture the atmosphere in all directions. But even this was not glory enough. No sooner had we passed these men than we determined to make improvements. The sail was lowered and we came to a stop; the mast was taken out and lengthened six feet by lashing on to it an extra spar that we had in the boat. Across the end of this was lashed one of the boat's oars, making a spar eighteen feet above the ice. From this there was suspended a large double blanket fourteen feet long, the lower end fastened to the boat. Our speed was materially increased, at one time doubtless reaching twelve miles an hour—not half bad when one considers that the boat and its load weighed more than a ton. The great height of the blanket sail above the surface made our novel iceboat top heavy, however, and more than once we came near going over. As we approached the northern end of the lake the ice became more uneven, with occasional drifts of hard-packed snow. Crossing several of these successfully gave us overmuch confidence and brought us to grief at last. I was steering at the time, and sighted ahead of us a drift that extended entirely across the lake. As we approached it seemed but little worse

than some that we had already crossed. Mattern wanted to take in sail and examine it, but was voted down two to one, and we went at the obstruction full tilt. Just before striking I saw that the ice on the other side had a big sag, and shouted to McConnell to cut the halyards. It was too late; the sleds struck the drift and went over it beautifully, but as we went down on the other side the boat turned quartering to the wind, and over we went. I landed on all fours a dozen feet ahead of the boat; McConnell and Mattern were thrown against the sail, while bags of flour, boxes, guns, and tools flew in every direction. The bolster of the forward sled and all the spars and the mast were broken, while the boat itself was badly wrenched. It required an hour to overturn the boat and reload it. We got up what nautical men would call a "jury rig," and limped over the remaining mile to the foot of the lake. It had taken three hours and forty-two minutes to run the twenty miles from the head of the lake to where we were wrecked, exclusive of the half-hour lost in putting up the additional sail. The men whom we had distanced did not overtake us, and but two of them reached the foot of the lake before dark. Between Lake Marsh and Lake Lebarge, which is the last and largest of the chain of lakes, there are fifty-five miles of river, but in this short space are the two greatest obstructions to navi-

gation in the whole Yukon system—Miles Cañon and the White Horse Rapids.

The stream was about three hundred feet wide, from two to six feet deep, and very swift. Great quantities of ice were piled up along the banks and in some places large blocks were grounded on shallow bars. These, with occasional boulders, made navigation exciting work. Spring had now so far advanced that the snow had nearly all disappeared and the weather was superb. On arriving at the foot of Lake Marsh the boat was relaunched and the sleds placed on board instead of underneath, and the next morning we were under way down the river. At two o'clock we passed the mouth of the Tahkeena River, coming in from the left, and at five went into camp for the night. We knew that we must now be near Miles Cañon, and the next morning kept a sharp lookout. We had gone scarcely a mile when we whirled around a bend and saw ahead a low brown rocky ridge, divided by a slit less than thirty feet wide, and at the same time heard the roar of the river in its wild rush through the cañon. With one impulse we pulled frantically for the bank and got a line ashore and around a tree just in the nick of time. Landing, we found in camp seven men with their boats. These men had crossed the pass a week before we did and had built their boats at the foot of Lake Marsh, and were now engaged in portaging

them around the cañon. This cañon was named by the late Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka in honor of General Nelson A. Miles, who had been instrumental in sending him on his trip to the Yukon in 1883. The river, which has been about three hundred feet wide, suddenly contracts to about a tenth of that width, and increasing its velocity to twenty miles an hour, rushes with terrific force through a cañon with absolutely perpendicular walls a hundred feet high. The cañon is only three-quarters of a mile long, and at its lower end the river spreads out into a series of rapids, culminating three miles below in the White Horse. There are two ways of passing this cañon, one by portaging over the hill on the east bank and the other by boldly running through. Some of the men whom we found encamped there were utilizing the former method. The boats were unloaded and dragged out of the water, and by means of a windlass hauled up the hill-slope a hundred feet high, and then pulled on wooden rollers for three-quarters of a mile, being finally slid down another hill to the river. The contents of the boats were carried over by the men on their backs. It is the most slavish work imaginable, and uses up the better part of four days.

Among the party in camp here was a man who had formerly been a Wisconsin lumberman and who announced in lurid language that he was going to

run the cañon. He had set this morning for the attempt, so that we were just in time to witness the feat. The men, dragging their boats up the hillside, stopped work and joined us on the cliff a short distance below the head of the cañon. The old man steered his little boat into the entrance of the gorge, where it was caught by the swift current, thrown up and down like a cork, and in a few seconds was out of sight around the first bend. As he passed underneath we gave him a great cheer, and in a couple of minutes heard a rifle-shot, the prearranged signal that he had passed through in safety. In the meantime a couple of young fellows from Colorado, whom we left on Lake Marsh, came up, and after a half-hour discussion made the attempt. They narrowly escaped destruction, but got control of their boat again, and in a short time we heard another faint rifle-shot down the river. We had seen both ways of passing Miles Cañon, one requiring four days and the other two minutes. We three looked at each other in an inquiring sort of way, and then without a word walked down to where the Nancy Hanks was moored against the bank. All took their places, kneeling and facing the bow, McConnell in the stern, Mattern amidships, and I forward. The oars were placed on board and each of us used an ordinary canoe paddle. I must confess that I never felt sicker in my life than as we shoved

away from shore and steered for the entrance. It was all over so quickly that we hardly knew how it happened. Barely missing the big rock at the mouth of the cañon, the boat started on its wild ride. The walls seemed to fairly fly past us, and after starting we heard a cheer from the rocks above, but did not dare look up. By frantic paddling we kept in the middle and off from the cañon walls. The sensation was akin to that of riding a bucking broncho. There was not a dry spot on one of us when we got through, and the boat had taken on so much water that she nearly foundered before we could bail her out. But a great weight was off our minds, for Miles Cañon, more than all other things, is dreaded by Yukon travellers. Including those lost in 1894, an even dozen of men have had their boats swamped or crushed like eggshells against the cañon walls, and not one of them has come alive out of that wild maelstrom of water. Below the cañon the river spreads out to its normal width, but is shallow and a succession of rapids. We ran through these for a mile, but after colliding with boulders and ice-cakes a dozen times found it altogether too interesting, and so "lined" the boat the remaining two miles down to the White Horse. Fastening a line to the bow and one to the stern, we waded in shallow water near shore, and so could control the speed of the boat, as we could not otherwise do,

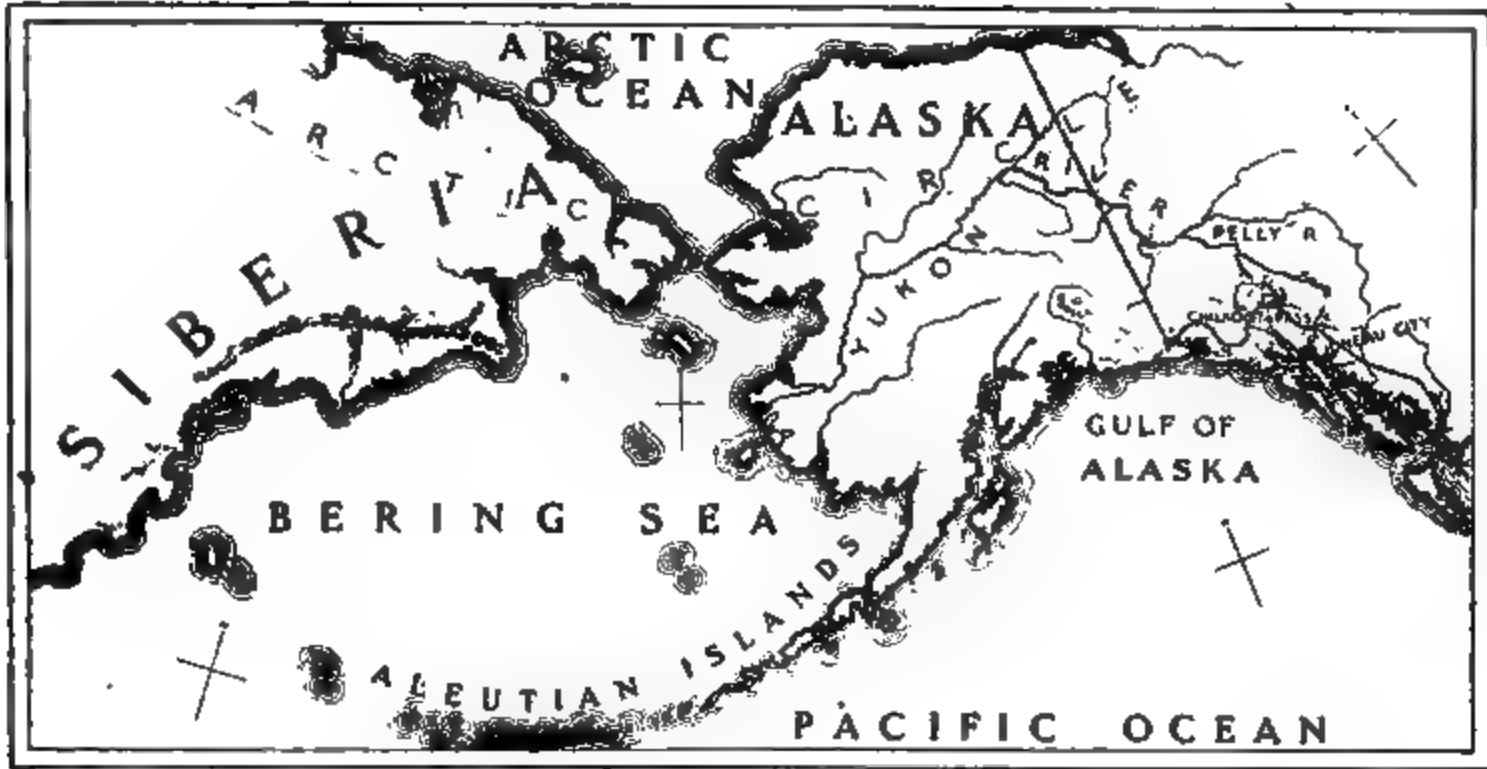
and prevent its being crushed. Arriving at the head of the White Horse, we went into camp, landed all of our effects and spread them out in the sun to dry, and remained idle until the next morning. These rapids are half a mile long, and the river has its usual width of three hundred feet except in the lower part, where the stream contracts to about thirty feet, and drops through a chute for forty yards. We looked the ground over carefully and spent all of the day after our arrival in carrying the contents of the boat through the woods, depositing them at the foot of the rapids. We determined to run the now empty boat through the rapids as far as the chute, instead of lining it. Realizing that it would be very difficult to stop where we wanted to, McConnell took his station on the bank near the head of the chute in order to take a line, which we were to throw to him as we passed. Everything worked smoothly. Mattern and I steered the boat through the rapids, and as we neared McConnell I threw a line, which he caught, and taking a hitch around the boulder, brought us to a rather sensational stop. In this ride I seated myself in the stern of the boat with the kodak and tried to make a snap shot of the rapids as we ran them, but was so excited that three of the four exposures were on the sky, the surrounding scenery, and the bottom of the boat; but of the successful one I am not a

little proud. The boat was dragged out of the water on to the rock, around the dangerous narrows, and we went into camp at the foot of the White Horse. The next day we drifted down the river twenty-five miles to the head of Lake Lebarge, which was still frozen, although the ice was becoming quite soft. This lake is thirty-two miles long and eight wide. Here we found in camp Mark Russell, a well-known Alaskan prospector, and three other men, with two boats. After a delay of a day, caused by a severe storm, we began our last and longest portage, Russell and his party accompanying us. The three boats were placed on sleds, as at Lake Marsh, but no sail was raised, as there was almost a dead calm. For three long days we pushed and pulled over the sloppy ice of the lake, and finally, worn out, wet and bedraggled, again reached open water. It was thirty-three days since we had left the coast at Dyea and we had covered but two hundred of the seven hundred miles to Forty Mile Creek. But we had left behind Chilkoot Pass, the six frozen lakes, Miles Cañon, and the White Horse; and from here to its mouth, 1,900 miles, the Yukon is unobstructed save by a few unimportant rapids, and the remainder of our trip was to be a delightful excursion. The next morning we again took our seats in the much-buffed Nancy.

For nine beautiful, cloudless days we drifted down the river to the northwest,

rowing only enough to break the monotony of lounging about in the boat. This part of the stream from Lake Lebarge to the mouth of Pelly River is often called by the miners Lewes River, although it is, as a matter of fact, a part of the Yukon. Great quantities of ice remained along the river-banks, and as the current was strong, there was sure to be an exciting time whenever we attempted to stop to go into camp. The surface of the country was rolling and hilly, backed by low mountains, and was generally wooded in the valleys, the uplands being bare. Caribou and moose were occasionally seen, but we did not succeed in killing any. We passed the mouth of the Teslin or Hotalinqua, and reached the mouth of Little Salmon River, where we found a small camp of Tinnah Indians, the first of these people we had met. They were a fine-looking lot of savages, dressed in skins and guiltless of any knowledge of English. In four days we reached the mouth of Pelly River, the site of old Fort Selkirk, burned and looted by Indians from the coast in 1850. It is a telling commentary on the intelligence of makers of maps that this obscure fur-trading post, abandoned nearly half a century ago and whose only remains are a blackened chimney, should still be marked on every map of that region. The same may be said of Fort Reliance and Fort Yukon, farther down the river.

The river was now much larger, and



for some distance below the mouth of the Pelly islands were numerous. We passed the mouth of White River, the great unexplored stream coming in from the west, which, with its milky flood, discolours the Yukon for five hundred miles, and a short distance below, Stewart River, a large eastern tributary. The Yukon was now from half to three quarters of a mile wide, deep and swift, the banks in some places huge cliffs or palisades 1,000 feet high. On the morning of May 23d we passed the big Indian village of Klondjek, but, despite a vociferous greeting from the natives, declined to stop. All day we were swept along between towering cliffs of red and brown rock, and at five o'clock, rounding a bend, saw below us a group of cabins, surrounding a big storehouse, and in half an hour more were ashore at Forty Mile Creek, the loneliest mining camp on the face of the earth, where it is midnight all winter and daylight all summer, and where the mail comes but once a year. We were the first arrivals from the outside for that spring, and brought the year's budget of news to the three hundred white men who, in addition to the Indians, at that time formed the population of this placer gold-mining camp of the far north.

The village is situated on the left hand or west bank of the Yukon, at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek. There were all sorts of men among the min-

ers, who spent their summers in washing gold out of the gulches, and their winters in playing poker and spinning yarns.

Gold was discovered in the bars along the creek in 1884, and subsequently in the gulches, and placer mining has been successfully carried on ever since. New discoveries made in 1893 caused a considerable increase in the population, so that there are now more than a thousand men in the camp, in addition to those at Circle City, the recently discovered diggings two hundred miles farther down the Yukon, where that stream is intersected by the Arctic circle.

We had been just forty-two days in the journey from the coast. McConnell and Mattern went prospecting for gold, and I never saw them again. The Nancy Hanks had an easy time during the summer, and later in the season did good service, when I pushed on farther to the north.

SPECS

By Wolcott LeClear Beard

SPECS'S advent did not create a favorable impression.

It was a frightfully hot day, even for Arizona. The sun seemed fairly to have burned out all the life in the air. The remolinos, as the Mexicans call the baby whirlwinds which almost always are dancing about over the desert, had stopped to rest. I had been to Sentinel for the mail, and was returning to our construction camp on the Gila, fifteen miles away.

It was a dismal place enough that I left behind me; just a little collection of stores and saloons, their adobe walls toning in with the desert from which they had sprung, the red-painted railway station and water-tank alone made spots of color to relieve the gray of the desert, now turned to silver by the glaring sun.

I had just started, when the sound of hurrying hoofs made me look around. It was Barton, the sheriff, and he was waving his hand in signal. I pulled up. "Fraid you'll have to come back an' help us out," he said, as he stopped his horse alongside mine. "That Industrial Ahmy—detachment of it—has rushed the East-bound freight, an' it's comin' by through heah. Got a wiah jus' now from Aztec. They'll run ovah the burg like a swahm o' Kansas grahshoppahs if we don't watch out, an' we've got to roun' up all han's to keep 'em on the train. I deputize you. Come back." Now to argue with an Arizona sheriff is unwise. Besides, any change from the monotonous camp life was welcome, so, turning, we cantered back in company. Sentinel had twice been visited by these gangs of men, who, making excuse of a monster labor demonstration taking place in the East, would capture freight trains and ride to and fro across the continent, levying contributions of food and drink from

the inhabitants of the small towns through which they passed.

The "burg" was excited. The saloons and stores were empty. Their proprietors had closed them, and were preparing to barricade the doors against the much-feared rush before joining their customers, who were standing on the track gazing westward along its perspective of glittering rails at a black speck, trembling in the heat-waves which rose from between them. The speck grew larger and more defined. As he arranged his men the sheriff dashed about the place, turning and sprinting on his quick-footed cow-pony, shouting orders and directions in a voice which not even his excitement could rob of its habitual drawl.

Then the rails began to snap, and, shrieking against its brakes, the great train reluctantly came to a stand. It was covered with men. They were lying head to feet on the roofs of the box-cars; they rode clinging to the ladders, astride the brake-beams, along the truss-rods. No available inch of space was left vacant. They had entire possession of the train; the brake-wheels had been turned by men who rose from them for that purpose, and having accomplished it had resumed their seats, while from their caboose in the rear the train's crew looked helplessly on. All told, there were sixteen of us pressed into the sheriff's service—five mounted, the rest on foot. These last patrolled the length of the train, while we on horseback obeyed our leader's order to "herd 'em like you would a bunch er cattle at night," by riding around the train, two in one direction and three in the other. They were a curious lot, those Industrials. The Southwestern hobo predominated, but his was not the only type. One man wore rusty black clothes of a clerical cut; several had the gambler's unmistakable air; some looked like the rustlers they doubtless were, while others

were probably what they all claimed to be—working-men. Working-men some were, I know, for they had been employed on the plant of which I had charge, and as I passed them hailed me by name, begging for permission to return to their work, or at least to get water to drink—a privilege I had no power to grant.

The train stopped much longer than was usual, for the local cars could not, under the circumstances, be switched on to the siding. Neither party would have permitted this, even had it otherwise been possible, and the freight had to be unloaded from the cars as they stood. This took time. Also it required men, which lessened the number of guards, so that there were uneasy movements among the packed masses on the tops of the cars, which looked as though an attempt to descend might follow. Of course anything like a concerted rush on their part would have swept us all aside in an instant, but that required a leader, who would probably be shot, so no one cared to assume the position, and we were allowed to ride or walk our rounds assailed by nothing worse than opprobrious epithets.

On the car next to the last a pair of legs attracted my attention, not so much on account of their extraordinary length, as by the fact that they seemed to have no body belonging to them. The only one in a proper position was utterly unsuited in appearance for association with these lengthy extremities, for it was round, and topped by a broad, plump face, fringed by a scrubby growth of sandy beard. The eyes—large, light, and circular—glared wildly through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, lacking a bow, which was replaced by a bit of string looped over one of the wearer's prominent ears.

The whole expression was one of abject fear. It communicated itself even to the legs before mentioned, and in this way I became conscious of their relationship. There was no visible reason for this terror. Each time a sentry turned in his walk, or one of the horse-men loped past, this object would shrink back, only to wriggle to the edge of the car as soon as the eyes were turned away. I couldn't make him out.

I had just rounded the engine as the mounted man ahead of me disappeared behind the caboose, when the queer figure launched itself into the air. For an instant it was outlined against the sky; then I heard the loud slap of the big feet on a tie of the siding. The long legs stretched themselves into a run, shambling and awkward, but very fast, toward the northwest.

It really was surprising what time they made, but as a shot rang out from Barton's pistol, and a little spurt of dust flew up from the desert, this record was nowhere. It was wonderful. I was starting in pursuit, but the sheriff's quick order stopped me, for there was a heave through the prostrate ranks on the train.

Men rose to their feet. One or two jumped to the ground, and several came out from under the cars. The guards faced around, and at the points of their weapons or by blows from the barrels, they forced the Industrials back. One man drew a pistol, and resting it across a brake-wheel, fired at—and missed—one of our party, whose "gun" echoed the shot. With a cry, and grasping his arm with his left hand, the assailant sat down; his six-shooter falling on the sand between the cars. By that time the freight had all been transferred; the engine coughed, the cars jerked, each the other, and the train began to gather way, its passengers settling themselves into their places as they went. A Mexican standing near picked up the fallen pistol, and shoving it inside his shirt, scuttled away in fear that some one might claim it.

"I reckon that's all," said the sheriff, riding alongside me. "If youah goin' home, now, I'll ride along er you;" so we turned and jogged together down the dusty trail. "Don't seem hahdly faiah to keep them hobos on th' cyahs without no watah, but we couldn't do nothin' else, as I kin see. They'd rushed us, suah, if we'd let 'em off. They'll feed an' watah 'em at Tucson, like as not. Wondah what that cuss broke away foh, in a country like this. Say, ain't that him? Mus' be. They ain't no moah than one man roun' heah built tongs-fashion like that."

The road curved about the base of a knoll, and as we rounded it the figure spoken of had come into view. It was the deserter from the Industrials; there could be no mistaking those legs, or the gait they took, even at that distance.

"Let's ask him and find out," I suggested, and calling on his horse, Barton moved toward the fugitive, and I followed. The ponies' hoofs fell noiselessly on the sand; we were close upon him before he heard us and turned. His face grew gray, his mouth twitched, and he trembled. He made a movement as though to run; then thought better of it and threw up his hands. Barton pulled up and stared at him with a look of blank amazement.

"What you holdin' youah hands that-away foh?" he asked.

He let his arms fall.

"Wheah you goin' to?"

No answer.

"What you scaiheid at?"

Still not a word.

"What did you cut away from your crowd for, and in such a place as this?" I asked him. His goggle eyes turned from the sheriff's face to mine, and for the first time he spoke.

"Jus' reckon 'twas becus I wanted ter so mighty bad," he said, in a voice that was almost a whisper; then, turning, he slouched quickly away.

The sheriff rode on in silence for a long time. "That chromo was scaiheid stiff," he said at last. "Nevah saw no one moah frightened, but he broke through them guns jus' 'cause he 'wanted to so mighty bad.' Quee'es loco I evah ran agains'." He paused, thought for awhile and added, "Unless he's fakin' it all. I'll look out foh him."

I saw the creature again the next morning, as I was on the way to my work. He was leaning against the cottonwood slip-rails of our corral, surrounded by a group of men, attracted, I suppose, by his peculiar appearance. As I rode by I could hear that they were plying him with questions of a personal nature, the answers to which must have afforded them much diversion, for the crowd was increasing, and, from time to time a roar of harsh laughter came over the desert, following me,

faint and more faintly, until I passed out of hearing down the trail.

On my return the camp was ringing with his doings.

Anything which broke the dead level of our dull life was welcome, so Specs, as he was promptly christened, became at once a feature of the place, his fame reaching even to the engineer's quarters, perched on the edge of the mesa. He was so extraordinarily bashful, we were told, that he hardly dared speak, even in answer to a question. And then anything would frighten him. A quick word, an unexpected sound, such as a pistol-shot fired behind his back—or before his face, for that matter—would throw him into a "fit of scare" so extravagant that it seemed to parody itself.

This was most amusing, but in the opinion of the majority he had one drawback—he would not drink. Gambling was his one vice. Always ready to do anyone a good turn, he was fed, in a desultory sort of a way, by those whom he obliged, but what little money he earned always found its way to the coffers of the Cactus Cottage, by way of the tables topped with green cloth to be found therein. One day he had worked continuously, gaining three dollars thereby. As the whistle sounded for the end of the day's labor, Specs dropped his pick, and hurrying to his foreman, near whom I happened to be standing, he stopped, writhed, and at last managed to ejaculate, "Time check."

"Don't be a clam, Specs," replied his chief, good-humoredly, "You jus' want this so's you kin steer yourself 'gains' them tin-horns (gamblers) again. You'll only go broke, an' then be out of a job. Let it go till pay-day." Specs at once began to tremble, opening and closing his mouth like a landed fish.

"Time check," he gasped, "now." The printed form, vouching to the fact that "Specs" was entitled to three dollars in payment for a day's work, was filled out and handed to him. He took it and fled.

"Goin' to get it discounted by that thief at the commissary," said the foreman. "Then he'll blow it in on faro down to the Cactus Cottage, damn fool."

I watched Specs enter the little adobe commissary store, then strolled to the grove of giant sujuarro cactus, from which the saloon took its name, and in the midst of which it stood. Through its canvas walls came the rattle of chips, and the droning voice of the dealer. Barton, the sheriff, stood in the shade of the thatched veranda. He was generally to be found there. Through the open door, the rough bar could be seen. I nodded toward it, and we went in, the sheriff toddling by my side on his three-inch heels. "Does he play heah? Specs? That tongs-built galoot? No, not often, foh he don't have the stuff to blow," he said, in reply to a question of mine, as he filled a glass brimful of the malignant whiskey prevalent in that region. "But soon's he gets a couple er nickels he'll float aroun' heah to pike 'em off." He took the contents of his glass at a gulp. "Heah he comes, now," Barton went on. "Got a system, some says, but I don't see what it can be, only to back the losin' cyahd. Nevah struck the joint yet 'thout he made a losin'." As he spoke Specs came in. He was walking erect, now, and rapidly, his round face flushed with excitement. His three dollars, minus twenty per cent. discount, could purchase but a small supply of the celluloid chips, but he clutched them eagerly, and going to the faro-table began to play. I watched him with great interest; the sheriff looked on listlessly. He had seen it all before.

Under the excitement Specs's whole manner changed. He straightened himself, his mouth closed firmly, and the weak, china-blue eyes behind the spectacles were fixed on the board with a concentration which I would not have believed possible. But in a very short time it was all over. I doubt if he won a single stake; and even when playing low, two dollars and forty cents will not last long.

As soon as the last chip was swept into the bank his excitement vanished, and with his usual look of apathy Specs rose and started to leave.

"Hol' on," Barton called after him, "have a drink?" Specs only went the faster, and would have passed on, but

the other barred the way, asking, "What do you want to be such a blame fool foh, as to run 'gains' a game like that?" Specs fumbled at his glasses, unhooking them first and then the string that took the place of the missing bow, and wiped them on the elbow of his flannel shirt. He made his invariable reply. "Reckon t'was becus I wanted to so mighty bad," he said, and shuffled away. "He might want a hawse so bad one er these times that he's 'blaiged to roun' up some man's bunch," said the sheriff to me. "Wheels in his haid? Maybe. But he's always doin' some fool thing that scaiahs him stiff jus' 'cause he wants ter so bad that even the scaiah cyant hold him out, see?"

That, indeed, seemed the keynote of Specs's character.

His desires never led him to take a horse, to be sure, but they made him do many other things. This rather reached a limit when, one day, he was found in a pitiable state of fright, with a stick of No. 1 dynamite, which he had laid on a bowlder, and was just about to pound it with a rock held in his hand.

He was stopped before he could proceed further with his experiment, and on being questioned as to the cause of his amusing himself in so singular a manner, he could give no better reason than his extreme anxiety to ascertain what would happen.

"Why didn't you fools let 'im faind out, if he wanted to?" Barton asked the men who had found Specs at his dangerous game. "He was all by his lonesome, an' nothin' couldn't have been huht."

But with the exception of the sheriff the men rather liked Specs, in a contemptuous kind of a way. He was so amusing—obliging, too, and harmless, we had all supposed, but now we were harassed with doubts as to that.

Still he was allowed to wander about the works, and his life, for a time, was less troubled by his fellows, for his fear-induced antics had lost the attraction of novelty. Someone had given him the vicious skeleton of a mule, Balaam by name, whose gaits, the donor thought, resembled those of

Specs, and insecurely perched on the rickety saddle, he would roam over the country, far away from his tormentors. But this peace of mind was too good to last. I had noticed, one day, as I was approaching the Cactus Cottage, that the attenuated mule was standing dejectedly before its door. Specs came hurrying out of the saloon as I pulled up in front of it, followed by a crowd of grinning men, headed by Hughes, the proprietor. "She's a daughter of ould Brainard's up to Section Fifteen, Specs, me boy," Hughes was saying. "Annie, her nem is, an' a mighty fine gurrul. I do not wonder that you're interested. Will you give us an invite to the weddin', now, when it comes off?"

A shout of laughter interrupted him. Specs had started to unfasten his mule, which was tied to the hitching-rail, but Hughes's hand was on the knot. Probably, by way of relieving his embarrassment, Specs stooped and pulled out a cactus-thorn which was sticking in the mule's hock. Balaam lashed out viciously. "Always look a gift mule in the mouth, Specs, me son. 'Tis safer so, fer it's a poor mule what won't wurrk both ways," Hughes went on. "Now, as I was sayin' about Annie——"

Specs tore the reins loose, bundled on to the back of his steed, and the brute bucked himself away, disappearing down the trail.

I had seen the girl several times—the red-cheeked, buxom daughter of a settler on one of the up-river ranches. Though she had been in the place but a short time, she was already the acknowledged belle in that region of few women, and something of a coquette in her way. Specs had seen her in one of his equestrian wanderings, and had at last managed to gather sufficient courage to inquire of Hughes as to her identity. Hence his flight.

It was difficult to imagine Specs in the character of a love-sick swain, and no one really thought so, until, at last, his conduct showed that this was indeed the case. He never spoke to the girl, so far as was known; only haunted her with the persistence of her shadow. Wherever she went, there he was.

A long way behind always—out of

sight if he could manage it—but there, nevertheless. Each morning as she lifted the tent-flap that served as the front-door of the family dwelling, she would find evidence of his devotion. This would take the form of some service done; or oftener, a little offering of game, or the red-pulped fruit of the sujuarro, which are esteemed luxuries on account of their inaccessibility. How Specs obtained them, guarded as they are by a dozen yards, perhaps, of sharpest cactus spines, no one could tell. But he managed it somehow, and after placing his gift where she could not help seeing it as she left the shack, he would hide, coyote-like, in the chaparral, surrounding the house enclosure, in order that he might see her as she appeared. Sometimes she would take no notice of his offerings, but would leave them to shrivel in the torrid sun, knowing that some time during the next night the dried remnant would be replaced by another, and, if possible, a larger or a varied gift, left in the hope that she might, at last, relent. When, finally, her appetite would triumph over her desire to torture him, he would accept the concession, in all faith, as an evidence of singular favor toward himself, and would become almost bold, for the time, in his intercourse with his fellow-men.

No one, of course, took the affair seriously. Even Sam Hitchcock, the most favored of Annie's many admirers, refused to be jealous of Specs. But the chaff was unlimited, some of it falling on Annie, so that she became much ashamed of her adorer, and strove, by utter disregard of his existence, to discourage him. Then his life was not a joy to him, and he kept away from all his kind as much as he could, but his offerings at the shrine of his divinity, though always rejected, never failed in their regularity.

But another and graver affair was forcing itself on the popular mind. The Apaches were up. They had already left their reservations and were coming down the river. At first there were only rumors of a murder here and there, in isolated cases and far away; but coming nearer and becoming more frequent as the savages gathered cour-

age from success and force from their more cautious brethren who had hitherto held back. Men hesitated before going out alone. The smoke of burning stacks or ranch-houses had been seen, and finally the word came that a war-party, mounted on good ponies and seventy strong, probably a detachment from a still larger force, had been sighted by cowboys rounding up their brand on the upper ranges.

A few of the ranchers who had adobe houses barricaded and prepared to hold them, but for the most part, leaving their flimsy shacks to the mercy of whoever should come, they sent their families to our camp as the strongest available place. No rush could carry this position—indeed there was little danger of any attempt being made—for we were nearly three hundred strong.

All regular work had stopped. A breastwork of sand-bags surrounded a little plateau in the centre of our camp, and to strengthen the defence still further, mechanics were connecting some dynamite cartridges, buried in the sand of the plain outside, with the blasting batteries which were to fire them. A confused mass of household goods littered the enclosed space, where most of the men stood in groups, discussing the outlook. A child was crying, to an accompaniment of women's voices, raised and made querulous by the anxiety of their owners. Over all, through the broiling heat, floated the choking dust and the smell of horses. Barton rode slowly around the camp, telling off each family as he came to it, in order to make sure that all were present; and I found time to notice, in a vague sort of way, that Specs was shuffling rapidly up and down, muttering to himself, his arms twitching nervously. Each time he met any one at all in authority he would stop and seem about to speak, but no one helped him begin, so he would pass on, twitching and muttering as before.

The sheriff had finished his round, and pulling up his horse, he sat, with a troubled look, facing the group of men near which I was standing. "Brainard's outfit ain't heah," he said. "I don't see wheah they can be at. They stahited to come in, I know. Got to find 'em—

can't leave 'em theah. Which er you boys 'll go?"

He was looking at me as he spoke. I nodded. I didn't want to go, but I hadn't backbone enough to refuse then. Specs heaved a sigh of relief and disappeared. Sam stood close beside me. "I'll go, of course," he said, quietly, and turning, walked toward his horses. Many volunteered, most of them young men and unmarried, but some had wives. Barton may or may not have been right in attributing to this fact their willingness to risk their scalps, but he refused them, for the twelve men selected were all single.

The horses were soon ready, and we were mounted when Specs, on his mule, rode up and joined us. The sheriff started to remonstrate, but for the first time in my knowledge of him Specs interrupted. "I'm goin'," he said, "I want'er, and I'm goin'." If you won't let me go alonger you, I'll go myself, but I'll go." There was no time to argue. He was unarmed, but someone thrust a Wells-Fargo into his hand and gave him a derisive cheer as his mount, more diagram-like than ever, fell in behind us, as we settled into a lope along the trail leading to the upper ford. Mile after mile of the road stretched away behind us. The thick dust hung like a curtain at our backs, save when a breath of air would, for an instant, lift it aside, revealing Balaam and his rider, both dust-colored, pounding resolutely along, in our wake, farther and farther behind.

"The trail takes a tuhn ovah beyond the fah bank," said Barton, as we splashed through the ford, "an' I reckon we'll cut across the loop it makes. It's shawteh, an' if any In'ians is follerin' maybe we kin take 'em from behin' that way." We had stopped to water our horses; Specs had had time to come up, and was now riding with us, the nose of his mule looking very new and fresh where it had been washed in the process of drinking. But it soon became gray again, like the rest of him.

We left the road and struck across the prairie.

The country became rough; cactus hedges and gnarled mesquit and sagebrush, then arroyos and knolls of vol-

canic slag to be jumped or scrambled over; and finally the level plain once more, with the trail, like a white ribbon, in the distance. Barton reached it first. He gave a warning cry, and turning, rode furiously up the road.

A glance at the ground showed his reason, for there were wagon tracks in the wind-blown sand, and, almost obliterated them, the footprints of unshod ponies. We all streamed along behind him, some of us, perhaps, feeling as uncomfortable as I did. The footprints indicated only a small party, which would surely give before us, but one could never tell where the rest of the band might be. Furthermore, it is not pleasant to be potted at long range, and this might happen at any time now.

No one spoke. The thick dust muffled the hoof-beats, and the click of long spur-chains against wooden stirrups, and the undertone of faint, silvery ringing, made by the linked ends of the bridle-reins, only served to underline the great silence.

We were nearing the river again, where it runs through its deep cañon of black rock.

Across the low rise that separated us from it, a little breeze, scarcely felt against the hot air rushing by our faces, brought with it the faint sound of a few dropping rifle-shots. We pushed on still faster. The whine of a bullet, which made some of us duck, was followed by another report, much closer, and a puff of smoke curled up from behind a boulder on our right.

The sheriff reached to the rifle-bucket under his left knee, and we topped the rise.

A low wall, the relic of some long-forgotten Indian fight, protected the upper end of a broad gully, which, cutting the cliff, led from the mesa-land to the river; and over the top of this wall peeped the white canvas tilt of a prairie schooner.

This, and the sight of five Indian ponies, rapidly getting their owners out of rifle-range, told everything.

From behind the wall Brainard's gray head appeared. He rested a Winchester on the rock in front of him, and taking careful aim at the retreating savages, fired.

An Apache threw up his arms and fell backward on the sand, his pony galloping on, riderless. Two Indians, stooping from their horses, each caught a hand of their fallen comrade, and dragged him quickly out of sight. Brainard rose and walked toward us, slipping a fresh shell into his rifle as he came. "I'm mighty glad to see you boys," he said. "Thought you might come. Hoped you would, anyhow. Howdy, Barton?" He was speaking coolly, but with an effort, and the hand that held the rifle was trembling a little. "Have much trouble in stan'in' 'em off?" asked the sheriff. "Middlin'. That gang rounded us up here this mornin'. I knowed this place, an' we just made it. Had two rifles, and Annie or th' ol' woman'd load up one while I was pumpin' t'other. Kep' it talkin' kinder lively, so I s'pose them Apaches had a notion there was several on us. Couldn't have held out much longer, though. Mighty glad you all's come." He had led the way into the little fort as he was speaking, and stopped to close the gap in the wall through which we had passed.

Mrs. Brainard was standing inside, leaning on the spare rifle; close by sat Annie, her face hidden in her folded arms. The younger woman stole a glance at Sam, but did not speak; the elder was always a person of a few words. "Came jus' in time, boys," said she. "Reckon you mus' be 'bout ready for somethin' t' eat."

Then she set about preparing the meal.

While we were eating, there was considerable discussion as to how we should proceed. Barton was for returning at once to the big camp; but Brainard held a different opinion. We could not reach our destination, he pointed out, until long after dark, when we might easily be ambushed by our late enemies, even if we did not have a running fight with them all the way home. We could stand them off much better where we were. The debate waxed warm. We had all forgotten Specs. Our meal was nearly finished when someone noticed that he was absent, but at the same moment Balaam's head appeared above the breastwork, and his rider, with a sigh, slid out of the saddle and shuffled to-

ward us. Annie looked at him and sneered; then casting a glance at Sam which made him look sheepishly pleased. Some of the men laughed. Specs winced, but paid no further attention to the slight, and going up to the sheriff touched his arm. Barton impatiently threw off the hand. Once more Specs grasped the sheriff's arm, this time retaining his hold and pointing with the Wells-Fargo, held in the other hand, toward the mountains, blue on the northern horizon. Everyone looked at the point indicated. A haze of smoke, almost invisible, was curling up from the desert, miles away. The arm changed its direction and pointed to another wreath; then to a third, and finally indicated a column in the west, rising straight in the motionless air, not half a mile from us. "I reckon that settles it," said the sheriff, quietly, gazing at the nearest smoke; "we mus' have struck in heah jus' at the place they was to gathah, an' those foah gangs that's signalin' will try an take us in on theah way down the creek." "I guess that's right," assented Brainard, looking at his wife. She shuddered, then tried to smile. Annie sank down on the sand and cried hysterically. Sam made a motion as though he would go to her, but probably feeling the ridicule that might follow thought better of it.

"No use breakin' youah necks wuhkin'," said Barton, raising his voice a little. "It's sundown, now, an' we've got all night. Besides, theah ain't much to do." He was alluding to the fact, well known to us all, that Apaches never attack save at dusk or dawn, and it was nearly dark now. Many of the men lacked faith, I think, in this custom, or feared that the Indians might make an exception in our case, and we all worked feverishly preparing for the assault which the morning at the latest would bring. Every chink through which a bullet might be supposed to find its way was carefully stopped, and sand-banked up on the inside of the wall.

The work served for a time to occupy our minds, but was finished even before the light faded from the level edge of the desert, and the long blue night closed in.

The fire was carefully extinguished. One man after another went to rest, until all had gone save two: a sentinel sitting in the wagon and Specs, whose form I could see from where I lay, outlined against the sky. He was leaning on the wall, looking out over the plain at a waning spark which marked a camp-fire of our enemies. It was long before I slept that night, and the last thing I remembered seeing was that figure by the wall, as motionless as the wall itself.

Some one shook me by the shoulder, and the sheriff directed me to take my place by the wall; then passed softly on to rouse others. It seemed but a few minutes after I had fallen asleep, yet there was a smell of dawn in the air, and as I gained my post the east turned faintly gray.

Barton, kneeling against the wall leaned back, glancing left and right at the men on each side of him. "Theah, in that broken groun', yondeh," he whispered, resuming his position. "They'll crawl out mos' like now, to—see?" A crouching form stole out from behind a hummock, followed by many others. They appeared to spring out of the desert everywhere until, in an instant, a straggling line was formed which waited for a moment, then moved toward us. "Pass the wuhd not to shoot till I do," said our leader, softly, to the men next him. The Indians were still a hundred yards away—too far to risk a rifle-shot in that light—when Barton's order reached a man on my left. Then two flashes of a shotgun burned holes in the dim light, heavy charges of buckshot tore the sand a few yards in front of the wall, while Specs sank down at its base, in a fit of terror greater than was common even for him.

A straggling shot or two followed. "Fiah!" shouted the sheriff.

A rattling crash set the echoes flying down the cliffs, and a blue smoke-cloud tumbled and rolled before us, increasing in density as some of the more excitable of the men sprang to their feet and pumped their Winchesters into it. Barton stopped this, for ammunition was too precious to be wasted. It seemed as though that cloud would

never lift. I caught myself signalling for it to move to one side, as I might to any one who stood in line with a transit through which I might be looking. A few bullets sung overhead or flattened with a splash against the wall.

I was somewhat surprised at this, for I had forgotten, for the moment, that the Indians could fire back.

The smoke eddied, hesitated, and drifted aside. We could see more clearly now, in the gathering light, but with the exception of two prostrate forms on the sand, no Indians were visible. There was little danger of another rush. The Apache is not given to rushing, save when every advantage is on his side, and the surprise in this case had failed. They knew, however, as well as did we, that our provisions would soon give out, and in the meantime they would watch.

When anyone exposed himself, this was made evident by the bullet which was invariably sent in search of him.

Our only chance lay in getting a message to our camp. They could send us help from there, for, as one of the men observed, as all the Indians in the Territory were besieging us, the big camp obviously must be free from them. Anyway it was our only chance, if chance it was. On three sides we were encompassed by watchful savages, on the fourth rolled the river, swollen by melted snow from the mountains, and also commanded by the Apache rifles.

In the opinion of our men the unpleasant position in which we found ourselves was clearly due to Specs's cowardice in firing prematurely, and so giving warning of what otherwise might have been a decisive blow to our enemies. As a vent to the irritation born of their suspense they told him so, in language and with threats which speedily reduced him to such a state that words had no further effect upon him.

The question as to whether or not a messenger could live to reach the other camp had been decided in the negative many times as the morning wore on. The sun blazed down with pitiless fervor, and the horses stamped uneasily in their sheltered corral; the men lay

gasping with the heat, under anything standing high enough to cast the least shadow on the glaring sand.

No one had spoken for some time when Specs walked quickly to the wagon from which, after some fumbling, he extracted a large brass kettle. He examined it critically. "Say, I'm kinder sorry I spoke the poor cuss so rough awhile back," murmured a man lying near me. "He's locoed worse'n ever. Scare did it, I reckon." It certainly did seem so, for Specs fitted the pot carefully over his head, took it off and looked it over, then tried it on again. No one cared to interfere with him. We watched him with some curiosity as to what he intended doing.

The kettle evidently wouldn't do for a helmet, if that was his idea, for he put it down. Then he selected two large sticks of cottonwood from a pile of drift that had been collected for fuel, and laid them parallel to each other, a foot apart. Inverting the kettle, he placed it on top of the sticks, and bound the whole together with wire from a broken hay-bale. Lifting the contrivance on to one end, he stuck his head in the kettle, so that the logs rested one on each shoulder. Then he started in a shambling run for the river, down the gully, twenty yards away, and had reached it before anyone realized what he was trying to do. We tried to stop him, but it was too late. "Come back, you fool," some one shouted. "That kittle won't turn no rifle-ball."

The water, sheltered by the jaws of the little cañon, made at this point a pool free from current. Wading out chest-deep Specs lowered his shoulders until the logs floated, then struck out for the swirling stream beyond. At least we supposed he did, for the brass pot moved in that direction, but we could see nothing of the man underneath. The armored cruiser, which had been shaded by the rocky wall, jerked its way beyond the shadow into the blazing sunshine, which made the bright metal glow like a flame. There was a yell from above; the Indians had seen it. Two or three rifle-balls splashed in the water close by, and one went fairly through, for we could see

the rough edges made by the bullet as it came out.

Another grooved the side of the pot and went singing away, as a glanced bullet will. Then the current caught the logs, sweeping them downward out of sight.

The firing still continued, and the sheriff called us back to the walls. "Them reds might go chasin' that man-o'-wah, an' then we kin get a couple of 'em, as like as not," he explained.

No Indian came in sight, however, and the firing died gradually away.

We could do nothing now but wait, whatever Specs's fate might be; but everything depended on his escape, and his chance of having succeeded was, naturally, our one topic for discussion. He had eleven miles to drift down the river, for it would have been madness for him to try and land on the opposite bank until he had got beyond the stretch where the Indians would dare follow him.

At least eight of these miles would probably be under fire, and then he might capsize, drown, or a hundred other things could happen. It hardly seemed possible that he could live through it. "You cyan't tell, though," said Barton. "Them Indians cyan't tell jus' wheah his haid is, undah that kettle. It'll lead 'em to fiah too high, mos'tly. Then they cyan't tell when it's theah, foh Specs 'll praw'bly keep it undah watah all he kin. They ain't no reason why he should steeah himself 'gains' nothin' else. It ain't a very gaudy show, maybe; but it's a chance."

With this we had to content ourselves. Our hope rose and fell and rose again as the sun travelled slowly across the sky, and we lay parching in the little shade which the wall could afford us.

Six hours passed by. Seven. Suddenly Mrs. Brainard rose and held up her hand. "Hear that?" she said, after a pause. We had heard nothing, and said so, but she made an impatient signal that we should be still, and we listened once more. Two or three shots, faint in the distance, came over the desert, followed by the ghost of a cheer. Then the man on guard threw up his hat and yelled; a louder cheer

answered him, and in a few moments more our reinforcements emerged from the dust they made, and were with us.

The Indians were gone, they said. Not a shot had been fired except to let us know that help was at hand.

The smouldering fires, passed on the way, showed that those who had camped there had not long been gone. They would not return, probably, but it was best to take no chances, and get as soon as possible to the camp. There was no disposition to linger. In an amazingly short time the horses were harnessed or saddled, and the wagon was creaking down the sandy road with its double escort. Now, in answer to our many questions we heard the account of Specs's adventures, as known to the lower camp. There was not much to tell.

Their attention had been attracted by some distant firing, and some Indians were seen, but far out of range. Then, around a bend, the kettle had hove in sight. "We couldn't make out what 'twere, first off," said my informant.

"T'was all banged woppy-jawed by them balls. Holes like one er them tin sieves an' then three or four holes knocked into one. We was kinder uneasy 'bout you fellers up there, because we heard that the Brainard outfit had gone up Santos Niños way, an' we didn't know where you'd got to in chasin' it. When we saw that brass olla, we thought maybe there was a message in it. It come down an' grounded on a bar, in about two foot of water.

"I rode in an' roped it an' dragged it out. I was ashore, an' it was in shaller water, an' I was snakin' it out pretty swift, when somebody yelled for me to go easy.

"When I looked around, there was Specs's legs a-tailin' out behind. The bail of the kettle was hangin' down, and he'd got it under his arms. He looked as if he'd gone up for sure, but there wasn't ary scratch on him an' he hadn't taken in no water. Jus' dead rattled, I reckon. After a while he jerked them long arms and legs some, an' come to a little. He tried to speak his piece, an' after awhile we savvied. He kinder coughed it out, shakin' all over between

whiles. We left some women pumpin' whiskey down him, an' lit out up the creek.

"Say, who'd a thought that galoot had so much sand? His stock's up, jus' now, you betcher boots. Boomin'."

While the story was being told to me, several of the men had brought their horses close alongside, so that they could listen, and down the line I could see that there were other knots of our people giving close attention, each to its narrator.

Public opinion had changed, concerning Specs, there could be no doubt as to that. From good-natured contempt it had, naturally enough, swung to the opposite extreme. Specs's name was one which had to be treated with respect. This was made plain when Sam crawled into the wagon to bask in the smiles of his innamorata, for by common consent he was sternly haled forth. Specs was not there, and in his absence no unfair advantage of him should be taken.

The camp was much changed since we had left it, a few hours before. There were fewer people there, and many wagon-tracks led through gaps in the sand-bag barricade. Those who remained were, for the most part, making preparations to leave, for the alarm was over.

By the side of the road taken by our party, under a thatched horse-shelter,

stood Specs, tying the ends of a bandanna handkerchief, which wrapped a small bundle. Several people were speaking to him earnestly, but his back was toward them, and he returned no answer. An elderly man stepped out and hailed the wagon, which had nearly lumbered past. As it stopped, he went to where the girl was sitting, and held out his hand as though to help her to alight. "Thought maybe you'd want to thank him fer what he done," said he, as she hesitated. Every one stood gravely regarding her as, accepting the proffered aid, she bounced to the ground. Specs had turned.

Picking up his bundle, he drew a long breath and stepped quickly to where she stood. "T'want nothin'," he said. "I wanted ter do it an' I done it." He stopped for a moment, then added, "I done it fer you." He held out his hand, but before she could take it, drew it back, turned and walked rapidly away, westward, down the old Government trail. No one spoke or tried to stop him. His road led over a little rise, and as he reached the top, his awkward figure stood in black relief against the setting sun, then dropped, step by step, out of sight on the other side.

Drawing herself up, the girl turned to Sam. "He never did have no manners," she said.

AN AMERICAN MOTHER

By Mary Lanman Underwood

"It seems an extreme means."

Mrs. Cannon withdrew her eyes from contemplation of the ocean that rolled in at the foot of the lawn and turned them slowly on the speaker.

"From what you say it is a case that calls for extreme means."

"I did not intend to alarm you unnecessarily."

"Any mother would be alarmed, I am sure."

She leaned her dark head against the red cushion of the piazza chair as she spoke, and met his troubled look with one of mingled resolution and defiance.

"It is useless to talk about my influence over him," she went on, quickly. "Of course I know, I hope I have had influence in making him what he is—but he is a man now. You cannot expect me, Randolph, to ask him to give up caring for this girl as a sacrifice to

his feeling for me; that would put me in the wrong in the beginning."

The man made no immediate reply. He sat, a genially dignified figure in his severe morning clothes, his gaze fixed abstractedly on a sail dipping against the distant blue of the horizon.

"You must not magnify this, Bertha," he said, cheerfully, at last. "Infatuation in a boy of twenty-one for a girl of her type is one of the commonest things. The chances are ten to one that he will come out of it without having committed himself; it was just that tenth chance I wanted to guard against in Hamilton's case."

Mrs. Cannon shook her head, undeceived by the sudden confidence of his tone.

"Don't try to encourage me with generalities," she said. "How are we to know that he will not commit himself to-day. You say that he is con-

stantly seen with her—that people are wondering if it will come to anything.”

“That Ida Jewett says people are wondering,” he corrected her.

“After all, if she were some girl of obscure respectability whom he had glorified, I should not mind so much,” she continued; “but what is hardest to endure is that he can be blind to Miss McDonnell’s posing. I should have thought he would be the first to see how different she is from the girls with whom he has been brought up.”

“That is just it, my dear Bertha—the novelty.”

“It is true,” she admitted, fairly, “the girl may have attractive qualities under her ordinary manners; but that is just the point. Even if I go to Hamilton, as you suggest, there is nothing I can say to him save, ‘I hear you are attentive to a girl who is not quite well-bred.’ And he will reply, with perfect justice, that I do not know her and am not in a position to judge.”

She leaned forward in her earnestness, her slender hands with their fine jewels clasping the arms of the chair.

“I have always dreaded appearing to make an affectation of it,” she said, a little tremulously, “but you know, Randolph, that in spite of all my other interests, my real life has centred in Hamilton always. It has seemed to me lately that he had grown up to be all I could desire in so many ways—and now, if his first act of independence should be to throw himself away in such a marriage—oh, I cannot, cannot bear it.”

She covered her eyes for a moment, turning her head away; and he re-

mained silent from a man’s awkwardness at sight of tears. It was years since he had seen her other than the distinguished, self-possessed woman of the world. He felt suddenly carried back to the time when, a charming, ambitious girl, she had married his jovial friend and he had stood helplessly by watching her, at first unsatisfied, finally disillusioned and suffering. He made a motion now as if to touch one of her

hands, and then checked himself abruptly; the color rose in his smooth-shaven face.

“You must not take it so hard,” he faltered.

“I suppose,” she protested, “if I had brought him up to obey my wishes unquestioningly, I might be able to speak to him now as you wish. But always, ever since he was a baby, I have tried to make him see the reason of things; I have wanted him to think out for himself what was right and what was wrong. I have never believed that a child should consider his parents infallible—it doesn’t seem reasonable.

What I have wanted is that Hamilton should understand that he and I are under the same laws of right and wrong, and that I am his superior only in experience. I always left him perfectly free at college, and I think he came through with as few things to regret as most boys. Of course I am glad to think that my opinion strengthened his good resolutions.”

“You need not justify yourself,” he said, “he is a straightforward and honorable fellow, and his mind works as clearly as a man’s on most points. He is like the men of your family.”

Resting her hands on the piazza-rail, gazed wistfully out to sea.—Page 599.

"Do you think so?" she exclaimed, eagerly, and then flushed, annoyed at having betrayed her dread of another inheritance.

"All that you have said confirms me in my first judgment," she hastened to divert him.

Without replying he rose and took up his hat and stick, which were lying on the wicker divan near by.

"Then I am afraid I have only made a bad matter worse," he said, frankly; "but at all events the time has passed for imposing my guardian's authority, if I ever had any."

"You are always most kind, most good." She extended her hand without rising. "If I find that you can help me, I will send for you; and if I fail I will admit that you told me so."

When the last sounds of the buck-board wheels on the gravel drive had ceased, she stood up, and resting her hands on the piazza-rail, gazed wistfully out to sea. Presently she turned, and stepping with an air of intention, entered the house.

In the hall the butler was able to tell her that Mr. Cannon was reading in the billiard-room. The young man, absorbed in his newspaper, did not see her until she spoke; then he hastily removed his feet from the opposite chair and straightened out of his lounging position. Mrs. Cannon, going over, sat down on the window-seat beside him.

The resemblance between them, without being physically striking, was real. Although he had not fully outgrown the easy slouch which stands young fellows in place of entire self-possession, there was much of his mother's free

He hastily removed his feet from the opposite chair and straightened out of his lounging position.

and simple poise about him. His lean, muscular figure betokened plenty of vigor; his face was open and frank. He wore his dark and shining hair parted in the middle over his high forehead; and prominent cheek-bones and a somewhat long chin added to the extreme masculinity of his expression.

"Jackson said that Mr. Van Alden was with you," he remarked, as she settled some cushions behind her. "I thought that I wouldn't intrude."

"I didn't send for you," she explained, "because we were talking about you."

"Such a new subject for you two," he laughed.

"But this time it was business."

He sobered at once, becoming boyishly eager.

"You mean about the railroading?" he asked. "You told him that I wish to go into it."

She leaned forward and laid her hand gently on his arm; the action was full of sympathy.

"I told him everything," she replied,

"and he thinks it an excellent choice for you. He said at once that he would be glad to put you in the way of something on his own road, provided you were willing to begin at the beginning."

The young man raised his eyebrows with an exaggerated gesture of dissent.

"I know what Van Alden's beginning means," he said. "Overalls."

"If you do not care to take it, I will make your allowance sufficient," she replied, quickly. Her tone was studiously careless, but a gleam of anxiety betrayed itself in her eyes.

He sat silent for a few moments after she had spoken, idly pulling the wool on the back of the poodle which had wandered up.

"You are awfully good, mother," he said, finally, rousing himself; "but of course there isn't any question of my not taking this chance. I am in luck to get it, and I want to begin at the beginning and show what stuff I'm made of, if I can. Only I was thinking—" he paused and glanced up at her in awkward confusion. Suddenly his face became suffused with a tender pink that even the summer tan did not hide. "I was thinking that perhaps I had better say now that, if—if I should ever have a family, then I should be grateful for your generosity."

The last words were blurted out bashfully, with averted eyes, or he must have seen her start of dismay. In his embarrassment, however, he did not even notice the long pause following, or that once or twice she opened her lips as if to speak and then closed them again.

"I hope that I may always have plenty for us all," she said, at last, rising. "We will talk of this again soon."

As she passed swiftly up the curving staircase out of his sight, she was conscious that her hands had grown very cold and that her lips were trembling.

"It is worse than I had thought," she whispered to herself.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Cannon came down for her drive, smiling, and looking younger than ever in her light costume. She made a pretty show of

pleasure at the sight of her son, who stood at the top of the piazza-steps carefully inspecting the horses.

"You will come with me?" she asked. "Do, the truth is I want to consult with you." "It is about the people we are to have next week," she explained, when he had accepted her in-

As the girl wavered for an instant on the threshold.—
Page 602.

itation and they were rolling over the raked gravel out to the dusty highroad. "I cannot remember whether I told you that Anna Phelps is coming or not. Her mother is abroad, you know, and she is staying at Marion with her grandmother, so I thought a few days of Narragansett would break the monotony. Then there is your friend Lauriston, and even if we keep it a *partie carrée* we seem to be a girl short. Can't you suggest someone?" "It is the Sunday I want most to provide for," she resumed, as he hesitated. "It is hardly worth while getting anyone from a distance for so short a time, but if you could think of

some nice girl who is staying at the Pier, whom we could ask down—you see I have been about so little this year that I have lost track of who is here.”

She paused and looked at the young man expectantly. He appeared to be turning over what she had said in his mind.

“There is one girl,” he volunteered, presently. “A Miss McDonnell—but you do not know her people.” He colored in spite of his effort to look unconscious.

“Miss McDonnell?” She repeated the name with just the shade of vague interest which the conversation demanded. “I think that I have seen you with her at the Casino. A rather conspicuous blonde? Well, if you are sure that she will be the right person, why shouldn’t I call on her mother—she has a mother, I suppose. We might go to-day, and then I could send the invitation in the morning.”

“They are staying at the — House,” he demurred. She fancied that he al-

ready regretted the impulse to which he had given way.

“If you will tell James the direction,” she said, “there will be just time.”

On the evening that followed the assembling of her little house party, Mrs. Cannon’s guests were, with one exception, gathered in the reception-room a prompt five minutes before her dinner-hour. Anna Phelps, who had travelled down from Boston since noon, stood slender and cool in her white gown, talking to Lauriston. Soft wisps of light, uncurled hair fell carelessly about her serene face, and the delicate pink rose and fell in her cheeks as she listened and responded. Mrs. Cannon, on the other side of the room, chatted pleasantly of the season’s topics to a third man who had been asked for the evening, and Hamilton, included in neither conversation, turned his eyes restlessly back and forth between the clock and his mother. It was a quarter of an hour past the appointed time

The girl monopolized the piano.—Page 603.

when his anxious ear caught the first rustle of silk, but in an instant Mrs. Cannon had heard it too, and, advancing, prepared to meet the new-comer.

As the girl wavered for an instant on the threshold, the room seemed suddenly to have become very full. It was not so much her size, perhaps, as the strikingly artificial proportions of her figure—the wide hips and shoulders, the painfully belted-in waist—her whole aggressive carriage, which jarred so rudely on the quiet harmony of the company. As Mrs. Cannon held her hand while she went through with the brief introduction, the girl stared curiously. Her eyes were blue and naturally prominent, with arched eyebrows. The lovely curling of her golden hair lost from being twisted into an elaborate form, and the red lips of her small mouth puckered in what seemed an habitual expression of discontent. She had no opportunity to do more than bow generally before dinner was announced.

At the table it was evident to the

elder woman's alert observation that the girl was quite unaccustomed to the quiet elegance of all the appointments. She sat rather rigidly in her chair with her elbows at a sharp angle, and Mrs. Cannon detected a furtive glance in her direction before she ventured to take up the oyster-fork beside her plate. After a few moments, however, it became apparent that the novelty of her position stimulated instead of awing her. She broke into the conversation with nervous volubility.

"I hope I didn't keep your dinner standing very long," she said, addressing Mrs. Cannon; she spoke very quickly and clipped her words at the ends. "The truth is, it was the fault of my new maid. Papa brought her up from New York night before last, and I guess we haven't got used to each other yet. She has the best recommendation, though, from one of the first families, but somehow she doesn't seem to suit me. Now, to-night the more I hurried her the slower she got."

"Oh, they are all the people we live

with," Anna Phelps agreed, pleasantly, across the table.

"Well, I say a servant should know her place," persisted the other girl, "and if she doesn't know it she's got to be taught. As my father says, if you pay your money for their time it's yours. Now, next year at home I want to have a butler and a butlers both, and mother says they'll fight, but I say they won't if they are only brought to terms in the first place."

"Oh, certainly," acquiesced Miss Phelps. She carefully refrained from meeting her hostess's glance, but her expression betrayed vague dismay.

Mrs. Cannon, smilingly attentive, saw the faintest shadow of annoyance gather on her son's face as he hastened to divert Miss McDonnell's attention into a less conspicuous conversation with himself. In that moment the memory of Van Alden and his warning came to her, and the pulses in her body seemed to stop for an instant, as she realized in this first signal of success the extent of the risk she had taken.

During the three days that followed Mrs. Cannon used every occasion as an opportunity to give Miss McDonnell precedence. At her hostess's request the girl monopolized the piano, her untrained voice filling the room with its loud, throaty notes. She chose popular airs, sung with a generous accompaniment of the loud pedal, until young Cannon, who had heard the best music from his early childhood, began to wonder irritably what could induce his mother to renew the invitation every evening. On their drives and excursions, too, she was always placed by his side, and her shallow, constantly recurring laugh came after awhile to fill his ears with no effect save that of weariness.

Mrs. Cannon, unable to trust the reassurance of her son's manner, had brought the young people out on the piazza to spend their last evening. Now that the game seemed so nearly at

an end, she was seized with a sudden, wretched uncertainty. What if Hamilton's apparent moodiness, as he lounged against the railing, was in reality some deeper feeling. Young Lauriston and Anna Phelps had drawn somewhat apart, and the low murmur of their voices reached the others without meaning. Mrs. Cannon, as she glanced from her son to Miss McDonnell, showily pretty, with the moonlight streaming on her white shoulders, felt a sudden desire to act—to end her uncertainty in one way or the other at once.

She turned to her son:

"Have you shown Miss McDonnell our Spouting Rock?" she said. "It ought to be fine to-night."

Hamilton roused himself with something like a shake.

"Will you come?" he said; and his mother could not help being sure of the indifference of his tone.

The young couple went down the steps and across the lawn. As soon as they were fairly away from the house, the girl dropped her assumed air and spoke out quite naturally.

"There!" she said, "this is the first time I've seen you alone since I came. Now, for goodness sake, do tell me what is the matter with you to-day; are you mad?"

"Mad? Vexed, do you mean? No."

"Then what makes you so different?"

"I didn't know that I was different." In spite of himself he sounded curt. "There is the Spouting Rock," he hastened to add.

"You are different," she averred, disregarding his interruption. "You know that you are different."

Hamilton had halted and was standing with his figure turned partly away from her.

"Am I?" he replied, carelessly. "You ought to see the Rock on a windy day; then it is really worth while."

The girl's face flamed up. "I knew you were mad," she declared.

"No, I assure you I am not."

His calm civility



seemed to confuse her. She faced about with a quick gesture.

"Let's go back," she said, shortly.

He fancied, with impatient shame, that there were tears of mortification in her voice. It crossed his mind that his mother had really made a mistake in encouraging her by an invitation to the house.

When Van Alden received a note from Mrs. Cannon on the following morning, he pondered over it a good ten minutes in irritated perplexity. It was like a woman, he asserted testily, to throw out mysterious hints over nothing; but although he was bound to a stag dinner that evening, it did not prevent his replying by the messenger that it would give him the greatest pleasure to dine with her. Then he went into the library and wrote a pacifying letter to his host, in which the demands of family friends who were in deep trouble stood out convincingly.

He was not, therefore, wholly prepared for the quiet self-satisfaction

with which his hostess came down to meet him.

"You have something to tell me?" he asked.

"Better than that," she replied, her eyes shining; "I have nothing to tell you."

That night, when she had left the two men over their cigars, the talk came back naturally to Hamilton's prospects.

"The place is ready for you whenever you care to go," said the elder man.

"And I should like to go at once," Hamilton cried. He stretched out his arms as if the future were something he would pick up bodily.

Van Alden regarded him with a flush of admiration.

"I wonder if you half appreciate your mother," he said, impulsively.

"I have always thought I did, sir."

"Thought! Oh, my dear boy, when you are forty and look back you will know."

When she had left the two men over their cigars.

THE CAMERA AND THE COMEDY

By Alexander Black

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "A CAPITAL COURTSHIP"

ONLY the practitioner in photography can fully feel the privileges of the medium, nor can any appreciate so keenly as he its hard limitations. In making my "picture plays" * I have had some opportunities not hitherto afforded for touching its boundaries.

As an experiment in pictorial storytelling these "plays" have taxed both the artistic and the scientific resources of photography; for while the process of reproducing the studio scenes representing the in-door incidents of the story has constituted simply a partnership between an art and a science, the out-door scenes represent a far less easily defined union of these elements, since every privilege by which the photographer may color his work, and thus give it qualities of art, is here to be used by him and cannot very well be separated from him. The selection of point of view must be left with him, for reasons directly connected with his knowledge of photographable qualities in light, atmosphere, etc.; and these considerations, to a degree that does

* "Miss Jerry," the first picture play, brought out in 1904, was described in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* for September, 1905. Mr. Black's second camera comedy, "A Capital Courtship," was first produced in April of the present year.

"Miss Jerry's" Entrance.

Fragment of Reception Scene containing large number of figures.

The Interrupted Whist Party.

Showing use of dramatic composition in opening scene; gas-light effect produced by exclusion of side light.

not enter studio work, must govern also his method of developing the image.

Indeed, so far as the "picture play" is concerned, I find it hard to fancy the elements of the text, the stage management (that is, the purely dramatic element), the artistic work (so far as this might be separable from the dramatic element), and the pure photography as being represented each by a different person. Certainly my own attempt to be all of these at the same time has given to me a capacity for sympathy toward each member of such a combination, should it ever be harmoniously formed.

The telling of a story with living people has an inevitable likeness to the drama; enough, perhaps, to justify the whim of the name "picture play." And it is true that many of the general principles of the drama apply with equal force to this form of story-telling. Yet because the story is recorded by the camera, and because it finally is projected in a series of pictures, however rapid in their succession, the story-telling method of the picture play is

distinct in itself, with privileges and with limitations peculiar to this method.

Pending the perfection of the vitascope, the cinematograph, and kindred devices, the ordinary camera, in partnership with the rapidly dissolving stereopticon, gives freest expression to the processes of the picture play, not only for a greater clearness and steadiness in pictorial result, but because of the wider range of selection possible to the portable camera. And, with whatever medium, we find, as I have suggested, problems in the story-telling function that is imposed upon the pictures. As the *modus* of the pantomime is radically different from that of the spoken play, so the action of the ordinary play differs from that of the pictured play, in which the audible element is supplied by an accompanying monologue. How much can the pictures tell? How much shall the monologue tell? What shall be told twice—that is to say, in the pictures and in the monologue at the same time? How shall the interplay of pictures and text best secure for each its necessary share of attention, and avoid the loss to audi-

Speaker Read in the Speaker's Room of the House.

There was but one point from which this picture could be taken without disturbing the natural arrangements of the room. The Speaker's position is characteristic. The series of plates was made in some haste and excitement, the House being in session at the time.

tor and spectator of points communicated by either?

The burden of the initiative in this problem falls on the pictures, and constitutes a nice artistic problem that is not made easier by the limitations of photography. This problem is not that of isolated illustrations to a story. The movement of the pictures being continuous, the pictures suffer almost as much in separation as do one of those distressing glimpses of "the horse in motion," which are true to the instant and false to the larger fact. A "situation" is not epitomized as in an illustrator's picture or in an ordinary *tableau vivant*, but is distributed in a number of plates, in each of which the point of emphasis may be moved or the emphasis modified according to the needs of the situation.

What seems to be a primary necessity of such pictures is that they should first be realistic, for it would be as disastrous to the illusion and to the interest to have the pictures look like illus-

trations or artistic compositions, as to have them look like records of a play. The illustrator has his own advantages, and to imitate the conventions of a stage play would only weaken the impression produced, for the imitation of either method must be inferior to the thing imitated. The superb facility and range of the one art, and the living movement of the other, make imitation ridiculous; though the use of photography for purely imitative effects is familiar enough. We all have seen photographs that "looked like paintings," and have thought that they had no other virtue. It is, of course, as futile for the photographer to place his camera out of focus in hope of imitating the painter, as for the painter to imitate the minutiae of the camera. The outcome of each process is distressing to the last degree. In recording literal fact the painter cannot draw like the camera, for no eye has the truth of a good lens; and the photographer is in a disappointing business when he de-

ness.

erty subject. And even two efforts toward
d. strict naturalism, if by different persons,
will must be colored by the personality of
his is as true in the *tableau*
artistic photography as in
expert in photography
a work of different camera
quite as readily as the ex-
g identifies varying per-
that medium. In fact,
bases by which we may
ange of posing, selection,
phic method is that the
inevitably has a style.
pens that realism in pho-
in other media, is not
definite term. I use the
ess that difference from
high at once comes into
arrangement of fictitious

ful to favorable portraiture

and the picture-fr
defined as the figur
not be in a pictor
graph or drawing
to study color and
preventing my wall
ure-frames from b
and in the lighting
as great relief for
be consistent with
thing seen is somet
ing or actually has
ual room.

But the effort
naturalism meets of
those advanced by
human difficulties
ing are obvious. Th
own

INDIAN SUMMER

4. Uffington Valentine

fold, While thus he bides within that leafy spot,
 of Devising schemes of peace, the kindly seer,
 turn Joy falls upon the golden, waning year.
 In fearless merry mood, the forest folk

~~he notes them~~

THE CAMERA AND THE COMEDY

h,

y-

hot

al ;

lake

ad,

/

ake.

id slow

cies,

And lo,

ids arise

creaking

ampened

but now

d place,

ol,

found,

grace :

ash-heaped

the picture-frames are as sharply human, the artistic, and the photo-
 as the figures which they would graphic difficulties multiply in a star-
 in a pictorially treated photo- tling way. A thousand and one con-
 or drawing. I am at liberty siderations that would not appear in
 color and form with a view to stage composition, for example, appear
 ing my wall-paper and my pict- in the composition before the camera.
 res from being too assertive, That gray or pale blue eyes must not
 the lighting of the room I study be turned too squarely to the light, nor
 relief for the figures as may deep-set eyes too squarely away from it,
 tent with the illusion that the are quite precautions, with the natural
 en is something that is happen- accompanying necessity to consider
 tually has happened in an act- physical deficiencies in each member of
 the "cast," at every moment of the
 action. An actor forms the habit of
 studying these for himself. In picture-
 making he must leave the burden of
 this disc-

the picture-frames are as sharply
 as the figures which they would
 in a pictorially treated photo-
 or drawing. I am at liberty
 color and form with a view to
 ing my wall-paper and my pict-
 res from being too assertive,
 the lighting of the room I study
 relief for the figures as may
 tent with the illusion that the
 en is something that is happen-
 tually has happened in an act-
 the effort toward picture-play
 sm meets other difficulties than
 vanced by art. Perhaps the
 difficulties of picture play-mak-

this disc-

100

1000000 1000000 1000000 1000000 1000000



President Cleveland.

This is the third of the series of plates showing the President, first, in the act of writing, second, reading a document, and, third, looking up at the approach of a visitor. Unless the President took an unaccustomed position in the room the lighting was not helpful to favorable portraiture. To record the President's workshop in its usual arrangement was deemed to be of the first importance.

and the picture-frames are as sharply defined as the figures, which they would not be in a pictorially treated photograph or drawing. I am at liberty to study color and form with a view to preventing my wall-paper and my picture-frames from being too assertive, and in the lighting of the room I study as great relief for the figures as may be consistent with the illusion that the thing seen is something that is happening or actually has happened in an actual room.

But the effort toward picture-play naturalism meets other difficulties than those advanced by art. Perhaps the human difficulties of picture play-making are obvious. The pictorial demands are such that even the trained actor must be completely in the hands of the "poser." The degree in which a group of five is likely to be more offensively "stiff" than a group of four, is well understood in photography not to be represented by the merely arithmetical ratio. And when the group numbers ten or fifteen, the

human, the artistic, and the photographic difficulties multiply in a startling way. A thousand and one considerations that would not appear in stage composition, for example, appear in the composition before the camera. That gray or pale blue eyes must not be turned too squarely to the light, nor deep-set eyes too squarely away from it, are trite precautions, with the natural accompanying necessity to consider physical deficiencies in each member of the "cast," at every moment of the action. An actor forms the habit of studying these for himself. In picture-making he must leave the burden of this discrimination to the artist. The posing is accomplished under the high pressure of necessary speed, for to fatigue the people is to lose much in spirit and action that no effort of posing can restore. Yet this posing means particular instruction to each person in the group as well as to the whole group, attention to the fulfilment of the instructions in each case, the arrangement of gowns and draperies,

etc., and the repetition of each of these precautions each time the group is rearranged. If each composition could be made with deliberation, or if each glance of the lens was not final, it is needless to say that the general quality of the result would be better. In this particular the photographer has the privilege of neither the painter nor the dramatist.

His sketch is his exhibition picture; his rehearsal

is his play. To give as much attention to composition as the size of the group and the resulting strain on each member permits; to be realistic without neglecting of purely pictorial beauty; to tell the story

simply and directly without throwing away chances to please the eye—these are the compromises which the picture narrative keeps perpetually prominent.

That amplification of realism by which I have ventured to introduce real personages into these picture stories brings up problems which I am afraid may sometimes be called diplomatic rather than artistic. The fact that the photographs of President Cleveland, Speaker

Reed, Secretary Lamont, Commodore Melville, and General Greely, for "A Capital Courtship," are strictly contemporaneous in the action of the story, certainly introduced difficulties of its own.

"Her Mother!"

An old device in photography produced by a half-time exposure on the shadowy figure, which is here used to illustrate a mental picture.

The Breakfast.

Showing naturalistic arrangement with side-illumination to suggest ordinary window light.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Edward A. Uffington Valentine

WHEN asters late their purpling fringes fold,
Like twilight stars, that set against the grief
Of winter's night ; and waste's the autumn
wold,

Its crisped crimsons loosening, leaf on leaf,
To gather with the earlier fallen gold :
Remote amid the woodland's rich decay,
The season's guardian sits, a sachem old,
Granting a goodly time, of breath too brief,
A halcyon calm that slowly ebbs away.

There, all day long, within that sylvan place,
Changeless, 'mid secret solitude he dwells,
In aged attitude of thought profound ;
His eyes, with rheum bedimmed, his time-worn
face,

Intently fixed upon the moss-spread ground ;
The while, his loose lips mutter forth the sound
Of many hoary, half-forgotten spells ;
Old runes of wizardry with power to bribe
Summer, awhile, to linger and look back,
Her beauty saving from devouring blights ;
From those frore foes that hover on her track—
The hastening winter's sprites and spearèd
tribe ;

Whose camp is round the flickering northern
lights.

Betwixt his knees he holds a calumet,
From whose charmed bowl the breathèd vapors
swim

In azure wreaths about his ancient face,
And make the mellow moon grow drowsed and
dim,

The wood, the sunburnt slope ; and where are
set

Like weathered wigwams of his vanished race,
The peaked stacks of yellow harvest maize,
Hanging foot-high, a filmy line of haze.

While thus he bides within that leafy spot,
Devising schemes of peace, the kindly seer,
Joy falls upon the golden, waning year.

In fearless merry mood, the forest folk
Around him push and peep : he notes them
not ;

Or how the squirrel springs with chattered joke
Along the rain of laughing chestnut burrs ;
The silence broken when the pheasant whirs ;
Nor when the bear, with crafty stealth a-loom,
Follows the wayward winging of the bee

To where, concealed within the hollow tree,
He finds the dripping, brown-celled honey-
comb ;

The sudden splash, when up the sun-shot
stream

The otter ripples, 'mid the silver scream
Of wild-duck startled from their marshy bed ;
Or when, anon, the loosened grape-vines shake
And thro' the thicket, with his antlered head,
The spotted buck unto the hound's far bay
A moment hearkens, ere he hies away
With rustling hoof across the withered brake.

The twilight falls ; a bending form and slow
Wends o'er the hills against the sunset skies,
Wrapped in his blanket's dusky fold. And lo,
A sudden change ! The shuddering winds arise
And snatch the last leaf from the creaking
bough ;

The ghostly mists reek from the dampened
ground,

Chill is the wood and barren ; where but now
The sachem, in his sumach-brightened place,
Retained the season in his calm control,
There, sole memorial of his sway, is found,
Lingering, leaf-hid, in all its waxen grace :
The Indian pipe with cheerless, ash-heaped
bowl !

"You thought we was dead, did you? Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett.—Page 615

THE BABY'S FORTUNE

By Joel Chandler Harris

I

THE random shells flung into Atlanta during the siege by your Uncle Tecumseh's gunners were sometimes very freakish. The history of that period, written, of course, by those who have small knowledge of the facts, proceeds on the supposition that the town was in a state of terror, and that every time the population heard a shell zooming through the air it scuttled off to its cellars and bomb-proofs, or to whatever holes it had to hide in. This doubtless occurred during the first day or two of the siege, but human nature has the knack of getting on friendly terms with danger. As the Rev. Sam Jones would remark, those who hourly defy the wrath of heaven are not likely for long at a time to remain in awe of random shells.

Yet the freaks of these random shells were very queer. One of the missiles (to mention one instance out of many) went tumbling down Alabama Street, turned into Whitehall, following the grade, and rolled through the iron lamp-post that stands in front of the old James's Bank building. It was moving along so leisurely that a negro lounging near the corner tried to stop it with his foot. He was carried off with a broken leg. The lamp-post stands there to this day, having been thoughtfully preserved as a relic that might be of interest, and if you give it a careful glance as you pass, you'll see the jagged hole grinning at you with open-mouthed familiarity.

A family living on Forsyth Street, near where that thoroughfare crosses Mitchell, saw a weary-looking Confederate sauntering by and thoughtfully invited him in to share a pot of genuine vegetable soup—a very rare delicacy in those days. It chanced that the soldier was Private Chadwick, and he was prompt to accept the proffered hospitality. Moreover, he was politer about it than any other private would have been.

Private Chadwick, being the guest, was served first, but, just as the plate of soup was placed before him, a shell came tearing through the dining-room, entering at one end and going out at the other, grazing the ceiling in its passage and bringing down a shower of plastering, dust, and trash. Chadwick was almost as quick as the shell. He snatched his hat from his knee, and when his hosts had recovered from their momentary alarm they saw him sitting bolt upright in his chair using his head covering as an umbrella to shield his soup from the shower that fell from the shattered ceiling.

"Howdy and good-by," he said. "You might 'a' sp'iled my dinner, but you ranged too high to sp'ile my appetite."

"I can see why you are holding your hat over your plate, and I'm sorry I didn't have something of the kind to hold over mine," remarked the lady who had invited him in; "but I can't imagine why you are sitting so straight in your chair."

"Well, ma'am," replied Private Chadwick, "seein' as how you've been so kind, I'll tell you the honest truth. I was afeared if I humped too much over my plate that the next shell'd take me to be the twin of Danny Lemmons."

Naturally this aroused the curiosity of the ladies—there were three of them—and nothing would do but Chadwick must tell that tragic story. When it was concluded, one of the ladies inquired if Danny Lemmons had a twin brother.

"No'm, not that I know of," said Chadwick, laughing at the agility with which the feminine mind can leave tragedy and fly back to inconsequential trifles; "but a shell ain't got time to choose betwixt folks that favor."

You've heard the story of Danny Lemmons and Cassy Tatum, and so it is unnecessary to repeat the details. They are all true enough, but so antique is the war that they strike the modern

ear as lightly as if they had been filched from a manuscript found in the pocket of a stranded play-actor. It is enough to say here that Danny Lemmons was a hunchback—a mountaineer—who married Cassy Tatum, and who, when Cassy left him, followed her to Atlanta, making his way through the Federal and Confederate lines. He had stolen Cassy's baby—if a man can be said to steal his own child—and was on his way back to the Federal lines, pursued by his wife, by Private Chadwick, and one or two other soldiers, when he was killed by the explosion of a shell.

That story was not as old when Private Chadwick told it over his soup as it is now. Indeed, it was as new as any event that happened the day before yesterday can be. Private Chadwick told the story as it happened, and he was sure he was telling all of it, but if he could have joined the ladies at their table a week later he would have been able to add some facts that would have caused his small audience to wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence, as, indeed, all of us must wonder when we pause and take the time and the trouble to think about the matter, even in regard to the most trivial and ordinary events.

II

WHEN Cassy Tatum (she declared over and over again that she never did, and never could have the stomach to call herself Mrs. Lemmons) left her husband and went to Atlanta, she took up her abode with an old couple, who lived in a small ramshackle house that sat on a hill overlooking Peters Street. This hill was called Castleberry's Hill a few years ago, whatever it may be called now, and, before it was graded down to suit the convenience of contractors who were greedy for jobs, was the most elevated spot in Atlanta, and the most picturesque, too, for that matter, for a fine growth of timber crowned the summit.

At night the lights of the town twinkled, and Cassy Tatum, sitting on the front steps, after everything had been put to rights, and the old folks had gone to bed, could hear

the cracked and noisy laughter of the women who lived in the shanties that were scattered about at the foot of the hill. The place where these shanties were grouped was called Snake Nation, and was proud of the name. Snake Nation slept soundly all day, but at night—well, old Babylon has its echoes and imitations in the newest town that ever had a corporation line run around it at equal distances from the police court.

"What I hear at night makes me sick, and what I see in the daytime makes me sorry," remarked Cassy Tatum to Mrs. Shacklett shortly after she had taken up her abode in the small house that has been described.

"You don't have to hear 'em, and you don't have to see 'em," remarked Mrs. Shacklett, in her squeaky voice. "Don't bother 'em and they'll not bother you; you may depend on that."

"Well, if they don't pester me tell I pester them," said Cassy, "they'll never so much as know that I'm a-livin'."

Mrs. Shacklett was very old, but time, that had played havoc with her youth, had in nowise disturbed the fluency of her tongue. Her voice was cracked and squeaky, but that, she said, was asthma and not age. She wore a white cap, that covered her head and ears, and the edges that framed her face were fluted and ruffled. A narrow band of blue ribbon, tied in a bow on the top of the cap, ran down under the fluting and was tied under her chin. She always wore a cape over her shoulders, but beyond this her frock was prim and plain, and the cape was as prim as the frock.

Mrs. Shacklett was eighty-seven years old, so she said, and this fact gave a sort of historic dignity to her presence, where otherwise dignity would have been sadly lacking, for her head shook as with a tremor when she talked, and the uncertainty of old age had taken charge of all her movements. Her mind was fairly good, but it seemed to hesitate, fluttering and hovering now and then, as if on the point of deserting the weak and worn body that had been its tenement for so long.

And no wonder. Born near the

beginning of one epoch-making war, she was on the point of seeing another brought to an end. The republic wanted but twelve years to round out its century. Hers lacked but thirteen to complete it. A historian eager for facts that give warmth and color to history might have gathered from her lips an account of many remarkable events and episodes that time has given over to oblivion. Of recent and passing events her memory took small account, but of matters relating to the past she could talk by the hour, and with a fluency that was out of all proportion to her ability to deal with the events of the hour.

Mr. Shacklett, her husband, was not so old by several years, and he was better preserved physically, but his mind was quite as feeble, and his memory more unstable, if such a thing could be. If he stayed out of bed a quarter of an hour after taking his toddy at night, he betrayed an almost uncontrollable tendency to shed tears over the price of wool hats and the scarcity of tea and coffee. At such times it was pathetic to hear his wife try to soothe and console him.

"Cover up and go to sleep, honey, and you'll soon disremember all about it," she would say. "That's the way I do. The war can't last always, nohow."

"Can't it? How do you know it can't? Hey? It'll outlast me. You mark my words." In half a minute he'd be asleep and snoring as loud as the feeble muscles of his chest would permit him.

It was with this time-worn and childish couple that Cassy Tatum took up her abode, when, with her baby on her arm, she ran away from her husband. She had come into Atlanta on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and, in wandering about, searching for a lodging, chanced to come upon this house. Though it sat high on Castleberry's Hill, it was too small to be conspicuous, and so she knocked at the door. She afterward declared that Providence sent her there, for when she arrived the old couple were in quite a predicament. A negro woman who had long ministered to their simple wants had just died, and Cassy found them sitting by

their cheerless hearth, unable even to kindle a fire.

She did not hear their feeble response to her knocking, but boldly opened the door and walked in, expecting and hoping to find the house vacant. Her surprise at seeing the old people sitting there was so great that she uttered an exclamation, and this bred in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett suspicions that they were long in recovering from.

"I declare! you gi' me sech a turn that a little more an' I'd 'a' drapped the baby."

"You thought we was dead, did you? Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett with as near an approach to sarcasm as he could bring voice and face. "You thought we was dead, and you'd come foraging aroun' to see what you could pick up and tote off. You did, did you? Hey? Well, we ain't dead, by grabs, and no-where's nigh it, I hope. You hear that, don't you? Hey?"

The thought that they had been mistaken for dead people, when, as a matter of fact, they were so very much alive, caused such an energetic flame of indignation to burn in Mr. Shacklett's bosom, that he rose from his chair, and, holding by the chimney-jamb, pretended to be hunting for his pipe, which, as a matter of fact, was on the floor beside him. He realized this after a little, but in his agitation he found great difficulty in getting into his seat again, and would have fallen had Cassy not made a step forward and caught him with her free hand.

Mr. Shacklett was not at all mollified by this timely aid, but kept his anger glowing.

"You see we ain't dead, don't you? Hey? 'Tain't all the time that I'm shaky this way. It's only because our nigger's dead. She was a good nigger—a right good nigger. We raised her from a baby. *She's* dead, but we ain't, by grabs! One time a man come in the door there. He was lots bigger'n you are, but we didn't want him about, and I had to get my gun and shoot him. *He's* dead, but we ain't. No, by grabs. We don't look like we're dead, do we? Hey?"

All this time Cassy Tatum stood with

her baby on her arm, staring at the old people with open-mouthed wonder, not knowing what to say or do, and unable to frame any excuse for her intrusion that she thought likely to appeal to their childish understanding. But she caught a humorous twinkle in Mrs. Shacklett's eye, and was on the point of saying something, when the old lady spoke.

"Don't mind him," she said. "He never shot anybody. Why, Marty wouldn't harm a flea."

"Oh, I wouldn't, would I? Hey?" he cried, peevishly. "Who made you so wise? Hey? How do you know but what I shot a man whiles you was asleep and had him drug off? How do you know but what I done it? Hey?" Mr. Shacklett turned half around in his chair and glared at his wife. "Tell me that—hey?"

"Why, honey, I wouldn't 'a' believed it if I'd 'a' seen it—much less when I didn't. You'll make this good woman here believe that a parcel of murderers is harbored in this house, and then she'll go out and set the law on us."

This rather cooled Mr. Shacklett's indignation, but it still smouldered and smoked, so to say.

"Much I care for the law," he said, trying to snap thumb and middle finger, a trick he failed to compass, though he made three trials. "Ain't we got no prop'ty rights? Hey? Must we set down here and be run over and trompled on? Hey? You may if you want to, but not while the breath of life lasts will I set down here and be run over and trompled on."

"Why, honey, who's a-trying to run over and tromple on you?" Mrs. Shacklett inquired.

"Hey? Did you ax me who?" cried Mr. Shacklett. "Scores and scores of folks if they wasn't afeard. But I dar' 'em to so much as try it. I jest dar' 'em to!"

With that he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and closed his eyes, as if he were willing to give scores and scores of folks all the opportunity they wanted if they had any idea of running over and trampling on him. As Mr. Shacklett said nothing more, Cassy

Tatum thought proper to explain her intrusion.

"The Lord knows I'm sorry I come in your door," she said, "an' I'd go right out, but I'd be worried mighty nigh to death ef I went off leavin' you-all believin' that I thess walked in here 'cause you're both ol' an' cripple."

Mr. Shacklett fired up again at this suggestion. "Crippled? Who told you we was crippled? Hey? You may thank your stars if you ain't no more crippled than what I am. You hear that, don't you? Hey?"

Cassy paid no attention to him but addressed herself to Mrs. Shacklett. "I tell you now, I'm new to this town, bran' new. It hain't been two hours sence I landed here, an' this is the first door I've knocked at. I knocked a dozen times, an' I stood thar waitin' to hear somebody say 'Go off' or 'Come in,' an' when I didn't hear nothin', I says to myself, says I, 'I'll thess go in anyhow, an' rest myself, an' fix the baby up, an' maybe thar's a well in the yard whar I kin git a drink of water.' I never no more 'spected to see you-all a-settin' here than I 'spected to fly. Hit took me back so I didn't know what to say. I hain't had sech a turn in I dunno when."

"If you want water," said Mrs. Shacklett, "you'll find a bucket out there on the shelf and a well in the yard. We ain't had nobody to draw us none sence they come after our dead nigger. I tell you I was mighty sorry to lose the gyrl. She was worth twenty thousand dollars if she was worth a cent."

Mr. Shacklett turned half around in his chair. "Hey? Twenty thousand dollars? Not in *our* money."

"Hush, honey! I said paper-money," remarked his wife, soothingly.

"Hey? not good paper-money."

Seeing no end of such a dispute as this, Cassy deposited her baby unceremoniously on the floor and went out after the water.

The child kicked its pink feet from under its skirts, turned its head toward Mrs. Shacklett, and laughed cutely. The old lady nodded her head pleasantly and chirruped as well as she could.

Mr. Shacklett, hearing a noise he could not understand, called out for

information. "Hey? What's thet? What did you say? Hey?" Receiving no answer, he turned his head and saw the baby sprawling on the floor. Instantly he became very much excited. "Run and call her back! What do you mean by setting flat in that cheer and letting her run off and leave that young un here? Hey? Ain't you gwine to jump up and call her back? Hey? Do you want me to go? Tell me that—hey? If I do she'll rue it."

He was making a painful effort to rise from his chair when Cassy re-entered the room smiling and bringing a tin dipperful of fresh water.

"Humph!" he grunted, and sank in his seat again.

"I reckon you think I've been gone a mighty long time, but I had to rench out the bucket an' the gourd too—they was so full er dirt an' dust," Cassy explained. "I allers said I'd never let no nigger fool wi' nothin' I had to put to my mouth, an' I'll say it ag'in."

"They're not the cleanest in the world," remarked Mrs. Shacklett, taking the dipper in her trembling hand. "Have you drank?"

"No'm," said Cassy. "Atter you is manners." She still held the handle of the dipper gently, but firmly, and guided it to Mrs. Shacklett's lips.

Mr. Shacklett heard this last remark and turned his head and stared at Cassy. And somehow the expression of displeasure and suspicion cleared away from his face. "I'll have some, too, if you please," he said.

"I wouldn't slight you fer the world," replied Cassy, and went after another supply of water.

Mr. Shacklett leaned sidewise as far as was safe for him, and touched his wife on the arm. She looked at him, and he nodded solemnly in the direction Cassy had gone.

"What now?" she asked.

"What's she up to now? Tell me that? Hey?"

"She's gone after some water for you."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Shacklett. "You'll find out before you're much older."

Once more Cassy came in bringing the water, and Mr. Shacklett drank to

his heart's content. Then Cassy gave the baby some water. Of course it had to strangle itself, as babies will do, but instead of crying over it, the child merely laughed and wanted to get on the floor again, where, flat on its back, it promptly gave itself up to the contemplation of the problem that its chubby fingers presented when all ten were held tip to tip close to its wondering eyes.

"That's a right down pretty baby," remarked Mrs. Shacklett.

"I dunner so much about the purty part," replied Cassy, with modest pride, "but he's the best baby that ever was born. Why, he hain't no more trouble than nothin' in the world."

The child, as if understanding that it was the subject of comment, dropped the study of its fingers, caught the eye of its mother, kicked its pink feet in the air, and fairly squealed in its enthusiastic delight at being able to sprawl about on the floor after its long imprisonment in Cassy's arms.

"I thess wish to goodness you'd look at 'im!" exclaimed Cassy. "Hain't he thess too sweet to live!" Then she switched from vigorous mountain English to a lingo that the baby could better understand and appreciate. "Nyassum is mammy's fweetnum pudnum pie—de besses shilluns of all um shilluns. Nyassum is!"

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. Receiving no answer, he found one for himself. "Humph!"

At this high praise so beautifully bestowed, the baby kicked and crowed and had a regular frolic. Then it suddenly discovered that it needed more stimulating food than it had found in the tin dipper, and Cassy, seating herself in a chair, promptly satisfied the just demand. And in the midst of it all, the baby went fast to sleep, making a pretty picture as it lay happy in its mother's arms.

Mrs. Shacklett, whose age had not robbed her of the maternal instinct that is so deeply planted in a woman's breast, looked all around the room as if remembering something, and suddenly remarked:

"Lay him on the bed in the next room. Nobody sleeps in there."

"Hey?" said Mr. Shacklett, and then, "Humph!"

"Ef you reely mean it, an' think it won't put you out the least little bit in the world," suggested Cassy. The tone of her voice was serious, and there was a touch of sadness in it which the ear of Mrs. Shacklett did not fail to catch.

"Lay him in there on the bed," she repeated.

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. "Humph!"

"Ef you only know'd how mighty much I'm obleeged to you, I'd feel better," replied Cassy, the tears coming to her eyes.

She carried the child into the adjoining room, placed it on the bed, darkened the windows as well as she could, and went back to where the old people were sitting.

"Now, hain't there nothin' I kin do? Hain't there nothin' I kin put to rights?" she inquired.

"Nothing I'd like to ask you to do," replied Mrs. Shacklett, shaking her head. "We ain't got no claim on you."

"Why, hain't you human, an' hain't I human? What more do you want than that?" There was a touch of wonder in Cassy's voice.

But Mrs. Shacklett shook her head, doubtfully. Fortunately for all concerned, Mr. Shacklett roused himself.

"I ain't had a bite of breakfast yet. Now when are you going to have dinner? Tell me that. Hey?"

"We've had nobody to cook for us sence our nigger died," Mrs. Shacklett explained. "I hated mightily to give her up. She was worth two thousand dollars and she did everything for us."

Cassy opened wide her eyes. "Well, for the Lord's sake! No bre'kfus' an' mighty little prospec' of dinner! No wonder you hain't able to walk. It's a sin an' a shame you didn't tell me about it when I walked in the door. Why, I b'lieve in my soul you two poor ol' creeturs'd set thar an' starve before you'd ax me to whirl in an' warm some-thin' for you. I'll not wait to be axed. Thess show me whar the things is an' I'll have you a snack cooked before you can run aroun' the house."

"Hey?" inquired Mr. Shacklett. "Is dinner ready? Hey? Don't I smell meat a-frying somewhere? Hey?"

"Don't be worried, honey," said Mrs. Shacklett. Then she turned to Cassy. "If you'll give me your hand and fetch my chair for me, I'll go in the cook room and show you where everything is, the best I can."

"Didn't I tell you I smell meat a-frying? Hey?" cried Mr. Shacklett as his wife went out, bearing on Cassy's strong arm.

The larder was pretty well stocked, as Cassy discovered, but Mrs. Shacklett found an insuperable obstacle to all their plans.

"There's no wood!" she exclaimed, despairingly.

"Why, I seed plenty in the yard while ago," said Cassy.

"Yes, child, but it's not cut."

Cassy laughed. "Not cut? Well, ef I couldn't cut wood as good as any man, I ruther think I'd feel ashamed of myse'f."

So she found the ax, cut and split two sticks of wood, and soon had a fire on the kitchen hearth. The rest was easy. Cassy's cooking would hardly have passed muster at Delmonico's or any of the fashionable hotels, but for the time and the occasion it was just as good as there was any use for. And, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Shacklett, after much hunting and fumbling with keys, drew forth a package of genuine coffee, and grudgingly measured out enough for three cups of the fragrant beverage.

Cassy picked up two or three grains and examined them with an interest that partook of awe. "The land's sake!" she cried; "why, hit's the ginnywine coffee! I hain't seed none in so long tell the sight's good for sore eyes. I min' thess as well as if it 'twas yestiday the day an' hour an' the time an' place whar I last laid eyes on ginnywine coffee." She held the green grains in her hand and put them to her nose, but fire had not yet released their fragrance.

"Can you parch it?" Mrs. Shacklett asked.

"Thess watch me," said Cassy, somewhat boastfully. "You needn't put in more'n three grains fer me," she went

on. "Hit's too skace an' too good to be wasted on common folks."

After dinner Mr. Shacklett and his wife were much spryer and in a better humor than they had been on Cassy's arrival. Mr. Shacklett himself felt so much improved in mind and body that he ventured to walk out on the primitive porch, where he stood and gazed abroad in quite a patriarchal way, clearing his throat and pulling down his vest with an attempt at stateliness that would have been comic but for its feebleness.

It was settled in the most natural way in the world that Cassy should remain as long as she found it convenient to make her home there. In fact it was settled by Cassy herself. Before the day was over she had made herself indispensable to the old people. She looked after their bodily comfort with a deftness that they were strangers to, and her thoughtfulness was so forward that it outran and forestalled their desires.

A few days after she had been caring for the old people, she remarked that she had perhaps pestered them long enough.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Shacklett. "Hey?"

"I knew that would be the way of it," said Mrs. Shacklett, and then she fumbled about until she found her handkerchief, and held it to her face, crying softly. This settled the matter so far as Cassy was concerned. She knelt on the floor beside Mrs. Shacklett and petted and consoled her as if she had been a child.

Matters went on smoothly until Cassy's husband, Danny Lemmons, slipped in one day and stole her baby. The result of that performance is too well known in history to be repeated here. Cassy pursued her husband and came back a widow, but she wore no weeds.

There was only one thing that worried the old people. For years they had been saving and hiding all the gold and silver coin they could lay hands on, and according to their account, told to Cassy in confidence, they had accumulated a considerable store. When their negro girl fell ill, the old people, fearing that she had discovered the hiding-

place and would reveal the secret to some of her colored friends who came to visit her, removed their hoard to a new place of concealment. The girl lingered for a week and then suddenly died. The event was so unexpected to Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett, and threw them into such a state of doubt and confusion, that they were not able to remember where they had hid the money.

They had many harmless disputes and spats about the matter, and they hunted and hunted, and poked about in the cracks of the chimney, and made Cassy lift up the big flat stones in the hearths, and wandered about in the yard, until it made the young woman uneasy.

"I declare to gracious!" she would exclaim, "you-all gi' me the all-overs ever' minnit in the day wi' your scratch-in' in the ashes and pokin' in the cracks. You'll fall over the pots an' kittles some of these days and cripple yourself."

Mrs. Shacklett had often boasted that she was a Sandedge, and she made no concealment of her belief that the Sandedges were higher in the social scale than the Shackletts. Mr. Shacklett could remember this, even if he had forgotten where the money had been hid. Indeed, his mind dwelt upon it.

"You ought to know where we put the money. You was there; you helped to do it. If the Sandedges is so mighty much better than the Shackletts, whyn't you mind where we put the money? Hey? Tell me that. You're a Sandedge, and I ain't nothing but a plain Shacklett. 'Tain't no trouble for me to forget, but how can a Sandedge forget? Hey? Tell me that. When it comes down to hard sense I reckon the Shackletts is just as good as the Sandedges."

But all this did no good. The old people failed to find their precious store. They sat and tried to trace their movements on the day they had carried the money to its new place of concealment, but they never could agree. The death of the negro was the only event they could clearly remember. Each exclaimed, many times a day: "Oh, I know!" as if a flash of memory had revealed to them the place, but it always ended in nothing. Cassy soon became accustomed to the constant talking and hunting for hidden money, and finally

came to the conclusion that the old people were the victims of a strange delusion. She compared it in her mind to the game of hide-the-switch which the children play. At the last, she paid no more attention to the matter than if the old couple had been a pair of toddling infants fretting over some imaginary trouble.

III

Now it happened that while Private Chadwick was enjoying his soup under the gentle auspices of the ladies who had invited him to be their guest, his comrades in the trenches and roundabout had received some news that seemed to them to be very bad indeed. It was in the shape of a rumor merely, but among soldiers a rumor is merely the forerunner of facts. The news was to the effect that General Johnston was about to be removed and General Hood put in his place. The news had not yet appeared in the newspapers, and it had reached the soldiers before it came to the ears of their officers. How, nobody knows. The commander of a brigade in Virginia made the rounds of his camp one night. He saw considerable bustle among the troops—fire burning and rations cooking. Inquiring the cause, he was told that the brigade would receive orders to march before sunrise the next morning. The brigadier laughed at this, thinking it was a joke on the men, but when he returned to his head-quarters he found a courier awaiting him with orders for his brigade to move at dawn.

In the same way, General Johnston's removal was well known to the private soldiers before the newspapers had printed the information. The news was not very well received, for, in spite of the fact that they had been retreating from Dalton to Atlanta, they were well enough acquainted with the tactics of war to know that these retreats were masterly, and they felt that their general was gathering all his resources well in hand for a decisive battle at the proper moment.

General Hood, as the successor of General Johnston, knew what was expected of him by the political generals

and the military editors. He was a gallant man and a hard fighter, and he lost no time in showing these qualities. But the responsibility that had been thrust upon him was too great for him. He did the best he could; he hurled himself against General Sherman and inaugurated the series of battles around Atlanta that has made the city and the region round about historic ground. Finally, he swung his army loose from the town and went hurrying toward Nashville, followed by General Thomas, while Sherman took possession of the South's supply-centre and prepared for his leisurely and unopposed march across the State to Savannah.

When the city was evacuated Private Chadwick found himself among the last of the straggling Confederates who were leaving. He found himself, indeed, with the little squad of riflemen commanded by Jack Kilpatrick, captain of the sharpshooters. The line of retreat led along Whitehall and Peters Streets. Chadwick turned into Peters as much by accident as by design, and was of two minds whether to cut across and go into Whitehall, or whether to go on as he had started. But a thought of Cassy Tatum decided him, and so he kept on the way he was going. Jack Kilpatrick accompanied him for old acquaintance's sake, sending some of his dozen men along Whitehall. They talked of old times as they rode along.

"Jack, I allers use to think you was the purtiest boy I ever laid eyes on," remarked Chadwick.

"Is that so?" Kilpatrick asked, dubiously. He was slim and trim, and his features were very delicately moulded.

"Yes," replied Chadwick, "and if you was to shave off what little mustache you've got, blamed if you wouldn't make a right-down good-looking woman. And you've got a hand not much bigger'n a nine-year-old boy. I reckon that's the reason you draw so fine a bead sech a long ways off."

Kilpatrick smiled boyishly, and, as if to show what a nice girl he could be, threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle and rode sidewise. Far before them they could see clouds of dust rising slowly. Behind them and a little to their left they could hear the Federal

guns feeling of the town, and occasionally a shell more venomous than the rest flew over their heads, crying as shrilly as if it had life. This was particularly the case when they came to Castleberry's Hill, which was a more conspicuous eminence than it is now. Occasionally one of the missiles would strike the brow of the hill and fly shrieking off, or bury itself in the red clay with a queer fluttering sound.

As they came to the brow of the hill, Chadwick saw Cassy Tatum standing on the porch of the house where she lived. He waved his hand and asked her if she intended to remain. Mistaking his gesture, or not understanding his words, she came running along the pathway.

"Howdy?" said Chadwick; "why ain't you refugeein' wi' the rest?"

"I declare I dunno," she replied, with a laugh that was more than half pathetic. "I oughter, I reckon. Some of the Shacklett's kinnery come by in a carryall soon this mornin' an' tuck 'em away, whether or no. I like to 'a' cried, they went on so. They didn't want to go one bit, an' they holler'd an' went on so that it made me feel right down sorry."

"What'll you do? Whyn't you go wi' 'em?" inquired Chadwick.

"Well, I had sev'm good reasons," replied Cassy, trying hard to joke, "an' all sev'm of 'em was that the folks didn' ax me. It looked mighty funny to me that they'd let the poor ol' creeturs live here all this time at the mercy of the world, as you may say, an' then come an' snatch 'em up an' bundle 'em off that-away."

"Did they ever find their money?" Chadwick asked.

"Not a thrip of it," said Cassy. "That's the reason they went on so when the'r folks come after 'em. Ef they didn't have no money they thought mighty hard they had it."

At that moment a shell came hurtling through the air. The pang of it sounded so near that Cassy dodged, and even the troopers glanced quickly upward. Then there was a crashing sound close at hand. Those who had their eyes turned toward the house—and Cassy was one of them—saw shingles fly from

the roof, saw the top of the chimney sink out of sight, and saw a part of the roof itself sway and fall in. Cassy stood for an instant paralyzed, and then flinging her arms wildly, and yet helplessly, above her head, sprang toward the house with a scream of anguish.

"My baby! my baby!" she cried. "Oh, my poor little baby."

Chadwick and Kilpatrick and their comrades sprang after her. As she reached the house one of the walls that had been pushed outward by the falling roof cracked loudly and seemed to be about to fall. Chadwick would have dragged Cassy out of the way, but she shook his hand off furiously, seized the wall by one of the gaping edges, and pulled it down. Then she rushed at the roof itself, seized the ends of two of the rafters, and made as if she would overturn the whole affair.

"Wait!" commanded Kilpatrick. "If the young un's under there you'll fetch the whole roof down on him."

This brought Cassy to her senses, and when a woman is clothed in her right mind she knows by instinct that the best she can do is to cry. Cassy tried to do this now; but her eyes were dry, and all the sound that her parched throat and trembling lips could utter was a low and continuous moan so pitiful that it wrung the hearts of the rough soldiers.

To add to the strain and suspense of the occasion, a smothered, wailing cry was heard somewhere in the midst of the ruins. At this Cassy, instead of making another effort to tear away the roof by main strength, as Chadwick expected her to do, fell flat on the ground with a heart-rending shriek of despair and lay there quivering and moaning.

In the midst of all this, Kilpatrick had the forethought to cast his eye occasionally on the portion of the street that lay beyond the railroad. He now saw a small squad of horsemen in blue riding down the incline. He ran to his horse, and his companions, with the exception of Chadwick, did the same. As for the private, he had made up his mind in a flash that he would rather undergo the diet and discipline of Elmira prison than desert Cassy at that moment.

But he had misunderstood Kilpatrick's intentions. Instead of mounting his horse and riding away, the boyish-looking sharp-shooter whipped a field-glass from the case that hung on the saddle, and proceeded to carefully inspect the approaching Federals, who were moving cautiously. The inspection seemed to satisfy him, for he closed the glass, went out into the open ground, and waved his handkerchief so as to attract the attention of the horsemen in blue. They stopped, and their horses huddled together in the road as if they were engaged in consultation. Then one of them, a tall man on a powerful sorrel, detached himself from the group and came riding up the hill at an easy canter, his rifle glittering as it lay across his bridle arm ready for instant service.

"Well, dag-gone your skin, Johnny! What are you doin' here this time er day? Hain't you the same measly chap that tried to duck me in the Chattymahoochee when we stuck up a white flag an' went in washin'? Why'n the world didn't you do what I told you—go home to your mammy an' let grown men fight it out? You're a good shot though, dag-goned ef you ain't!" He spoke with a strong Georgia accent, but was from Indiana.

The two men had faced each other on the vidette line for so many weeks that they had become acquainted. In fact, they were very friendly. Once when the "Chattymahoochee" (as the tall Indianian facetiously called that stream) divided the opposing armies, the advance line of each went in bathing together every day, and they grew so friendly that the Confederate generals issued a prohibitory order.

Briefly, Kilpatrick explained the situation to the Federal sharpshooter, and by this time, his companions were on the ground.

The force was sufficiently large now to lift the roof (which was small, and old, and frail), and turn it over. The scheme was dangerous if the baby happened to be alive, but it was the best that could be done and it was carefully done.

Cassy still lay upon the ground, moaning pitifully and clutching con-

vulsively at the tussocks that came in contact with her fingers. The spectacle that the fallen roof had hid caused the men to utter exclamations of wonder. Mistaking the purport of these, Cassy Tatum writhed on the ground in an agony of grief, and refused to answer when Private Chadwick called her.

The sight that met the eyes of the men was enough to carry them away with astonishment. The baby, unhurt, lay on the floor in the midst of hundreds of gold and silver pieces, and was trying to rub the dust out of its eyes.

"Dag-gone my skin!" exclaimed the tall Indianian; "that baby's pyore grit!" Then he added, with a chuckle, "Litter'ly kiver'd with it."

Chadwick went to Cassy, and, stooping over, laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, gently: "Jest come an' look at him, Cassy!"

Mistaking his tone and intention she writhed away from his hand, crying out: "Oh, kill me! kill me before I kill myself. Oh, please make haste! Oh, me! He was all I had in the world!"

"What's the matter?" asked the tall Indianian.

"She thinks the baby's dead," replied Chadwick.

"Dag-gone it!" laughed the Indianian; "whyn't she git up an' see?"

The laugh startled Cassy so, that she sat up and looked around, throwing her hair behind her shoulders and making an instinctive effort to tidy up.

"What's the matter?" she moaned. "What's he laughin' at?"

"I reckon it's because you're worse hurt than the baby is," responded Chadwick.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Oh, don't le' me go there ef he's dead er mangled! Please, mister, don't le' me go where he is ef he's mashed!"

"All a-settin', ma'am!" said the Federal sharp-shooter. "Jest walk this way."

At that moment the baby began to cry, and Cassy leaped toward it with a mother-cry that thrilled the soldiers. She snatched the child from the floor and hugged it so closely to her bosom that it had to ~~breathe~~ fight for air and freedom. n to cry, and

in a few moments was calm and apparently happy, but there was a haggard and drawn look in her face that no one had ever seen there before. Chadwick, observing this, turned to Kilpatrick and remarked:

"If she ain't lost twenty pound in the last quarter of an hour I'm the biggest liar that ever drewed breath." This was an exaggeration perhaps, and yet it was descriptive too.

"You see what the Yankee shell fetched you, ma'am," said the Federal sharp-shooter.

For the first time Cassy saw the gold and silver pieces that were strewn about. "The land er the livin'!" she exclaimed. "That's them poor ol' creeturs' money." She looked at it in a dejected, dispirited way. "You-all kin take it," she went on, speaking to the Federals. "Take it an' welcome ef you'll thess le' me alone. My baby's money enough for me."

"It's dag-goned invitin'," replied the Indianian, laughing, "but you'll have to excuse us this time. It might be a pick-up ef we caught a passel er Johnnies with it—but that money there belongs to the baby, if it belongs to anybody. Would you mind loanin' me your apron a minnit?"

Cassy untied her apron, with one hand, and threw it to the Federal sharp-shooter, and in a few minutes he and the rest of the men had picked up all the coins they could find and tied them in the apron, which was a stout piece of checked homespun. The general estimate was that the money amounted to two or three thousand dollars.

Then came what seemed to be the most important question of all. Should Cassy go with the Confederates or remain behind with the Federals?

"You'll have to make up your mind in three flirts of a chipmunk's tail," remarked the Indianian. "The cavalry'll be along in less'n no time."

"I don't see how I kin go?" said Cassy, doubtfully.

"Ride behind me," suggested Kilpatrick.

"But what about my baby?"

"Oh, I'll look after that bundle," said Private Chadwick. Another man could carry the money; and so it was all arranged.

"Don't I look it?" laughed Cassy, when she had mounted behind Kilpatrick.

"Yes'm, you do," bluntly replied the Indianian. "Set square on the hoss ef you can, an' don't squeeze the feller too tight. He's nothin' but a young thing." Whereupon both Cassy and Kilpatrick blushed, and even Chadwick seemed to be somewhat disconcerted.

So they rode away, and when, far out Peters Street, Cassy chanced to glance back to Castleberry's Hill, she saw that it was crowded with a swarm of cavalrymen. But somehow she felt safe. She seemed to know that they would come no farther, for a time at least. She and her escort travelled as rapidly as they could, and Cassy, her baby, and the money were soon safe from pursuit.

Mr. and Mrs. Shacklett were never heard of again by either Chadwick or Cassy Tatum. After the war these two married and settled in Atlanta, and one day Cassy heard that some one had been digging the night before on Castleberry's Hill, for a box of gold that had been buried there during the war. Chadwick laughed over the report, but Mrs. Chadwick saw no joke in it. She was combing her son's hair at the time, and she stooped and kissed him.



*DAPHNIS came on a summer's day
Where fair Phillis sleeping lay,
With breast half naked bare:
He ran and gathered stores of lilies,
Wherewith he covered his fair Phillis,
She being nought aware.
Fond youth, why dost thou n
Those lily-bowers and lose th
Her lily breast doth stain
All flowers and lilies far.*

*Christ Church Mann,
to music by Alfonso F*

ELIZABETHAN SONGS—III.
PHILLIS AND DAPHNE.

Drawn by J. R. Wegelin.

WOMEN BACHELORS IN NEW YORK

By Mary Gay Humpbreys

TWO girls were seated on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsar with a trio of Englishmen.

"You are by way of having a financial panic in your country, I see this morning," said one of the men.

"That's nothing, we have them every now and then," replied one of the girls, airily.

"But Bullion & Bullion have failed."

"Impossible. They are our bankers."

The impossible was true. When the girls returned to Rome, one had fifteen francs, the other twenty-three. Courtesy enabled them to get back to their own country, where they were indeed penniless. But in our climate it is impossible to sigh for long. One must pause to regret. They went to work.

The panic of 1873 literally turned out of doors thousands of women from homes grown luxurious in the exceptional prosperity that followed the war. The Centennial Exposition opportunely succeeded this crisis. It was the Exposition that introduced into this country South Kensington, its stitch, its storks, and all therein implied. The painting of fire-shovels with daisies, and the wreathing of rolling-pins may have made the judicious grieve, but let it be remembered that what was then called "decorative art," and frequently "de-cor-ative art," furnished a polite way in which legions of women first conceived it possible to earn a living. Art was as ladylike as teaching or literature. To turn so graceful a pastime into profit could demean no one.

The adaptation of women to these new conditions has only followed the

usual course of nature. Women have acted with superior intelligence, but the original impulse was no more determinate than that of other creatures, suddenly thrust into another environment. The gradual processes of twenty years have not been without results. Suddenly attention is called to a new creature, as to some special creation newly precipitated on to an astonished world. Relatively it is a new creature. Women used to save; now they earn. Formerly when they had to face hard times they retrenched in servants, did their own work, cut down the table, the fires, made their own clothes. The literature of the last generation is largely a history of small economies. Women might go hungry, but their heads were high and their fingers were as blue as their blood.

The women of to-day love their physical comfort; they are accustomed to a certain largeness of living; they do not like to occupy themselves with small matters; they must have books and pictures, amusements, soft-toned rugs, and plenty of cushions; the table must be well set and well served. So essential have become the comforts and refinements of life that they never think of relinquishing them. When incomes fail to procure these, they set about reinforcing the incomes. Thus in a family of seven, brought face to face with misfortune, they retain their three servants, dine with the same ceremony as before, but there are now three bread-winners instead of one. In earning money it was only the first step that cost. A mother of the last generation once said with some embarrassment to a daughter of this, "My dear, I never have been able to understand how you could accept money from any one but your father." That the money was earned counted for nothing in the mother's mind. This helps to measure the distance between the old woman and the new. To the new, money earned is money owned, in a sense that

gives a new meaning to life. For however the recognition may fail to satisfy our ideals, the ability to earn money is the solvent of many of the most important questions of life; its contribution to the character, moreover, must now be regarded along with patience, suffering, and other more peculiar forms of feminine discipline. To the womanly delight of spending money is added the realization of independence and power. When the Princess Louise exacted two thousand guineas for her statue of the Queen, she drank the same sweet draught that the woman tastes who sells her first crocheted tidy to the Woman's Exchange, and goes to a *matinée* with the money.

"It is amusing to work when one has no money," once said Alfred de Musset. The cheerfulness with which women precipitated from competence to poverty picked themselves up, and marched on alone is characteristic of the time and of this country. It is indeed not of their whimpering that one hears most complaint. At length the spirit of adventure brooded. Long ago Plato warned the world that men and women would respond much in the same manner to the same conditions. It was inevitable that when women undertook their own affairs, that they would want to manage them in the manner most satisfactory to themselves; that they would scent

out the regions of quickest returns, the most stimulating areas. It was inevitable that they should in time realize their own deficiencies and feel the necessity of better equipment. It was inevitable, too, that in time ambition should quicken, and that the desire to try conclusions with the great world should stir in many breasts.

The exodus of women, for one reason or another, to the cities in the last ten years parallels that of men. They have come from the West in regiments, and from the South in brigades. Each year they come younger and younger. They have ameliorated the customs and diversified the streets; nor are they to be confused with any of the better-known types. In its general aspect the clear-eyed look that the Western girl gives

She did her work on a high scaffolding.—Page 630.

to the new world of the East, or for that matter to the world in general, is worth noting. She knows that she doesn't know everything, but she doesn't mean you to know it. She is perfectly sure that if she observes quietly she will find everything out without being told. She does not like to be told, for one thing, because she likes the exercise of her own powers, but principally because she does not like to admit inferiority, which is a mere matter of circumstance, and she feels does injustice to her natural powers. Of these she is not in the least doubt, most things in her previous experience being merely the result of rightly directed efforts backed by industry and determination. Occasionally she makes a mistake, which is, after all, natural enough. She will say, for example, "I feel that if I have talent for anything it is for art. I like pictures awfully. Oh, yes, I have painted; we have a lot of pictures at home I painted at boarding-school, and papa has them framed and hung all over the house. He thinks they're beautiful. Pharaoh's horses are all the rage out home. All the girls have painted them. You should see them take white paint and put in the foam."

Here she makes an airy sweep to show how easily and gayly the thing is done.

"It gives an expression that's just wonderful. Oh, no. I'm never afraid to undertake anything. It just means doing one thing rather than another."

When one looks at her nice hair, frank eye, white teeth, and calm, self-poised manner, it seems that this might be true—of this young woman at least.

Southern girls develop an amount of energy in New York that belies all the traditions of their soil and race. In no other part of the country does what is

A Bachelor Woman's Make-shift.

known as femininity unfold so much to the area. This is a large part of the equipment that the Southern girl brings to town. Probably no subsequent experience so impresses her as when she first hears herself addressed in a business-like manner. She hungers and thirsts to know and learn and be a part of the great world of things, but one of her primal beliefs is that the normal attitude of man is admiring. When a man whirls around in his chair, looks up hastily, returns his eye to his papers, and asks, abstractedly, "What can I do for you?" the world seems to grow dizzy in its orbit. She has never counted on the compressed mechanical workings of routine in short business hours, nor of the sharpness of competition that keeps the fine edge on even the proud beings that sit on whirligig chairs. Courtesy, in which her trained instinct can only discern the palest reflections of her sex, is a variety new and hitherto unsuspected, but her appreciation is quick and lasting. The "gentleman," as he has hitherto appeared in her walk and conversation, retires before the man of affairs, and the women of no part of the country prove so quickly adaptable, nor show greater practical sense in finding and keeping in the paths that lead toward success.

New York and perhaps city women in general, when they are suddenly called upon to earn their livings, are much more independent about it, and more original in their methods than women in smaller places, where womanly pursuits, as they are called, follow more closely prescribed lines. The New York woman has more knowledge of the world, and she knows that one can do pretty much what one pleases, if it is done with a certain dash, *élan*, carrying-all-before-it air. When she comes to work for her living she profits by this knowledge. Instead of becoming a governess or a teacher of music, she tries to get hold of something original that will excite interest. When she has found it she holds it up, as it were, on a blazoned banner, inscribed with this legend, "I have not a penny to my name, and I'm going to work." She accepts the situation with the greatest good-humor and makes herself more acceptable to the old set by relating her

discouragements, trials, and mistakes so comically that she is better company than before. If her story is not bad enough she embroiders it to the proper point of attractiveness. A bevy of such girls did the decorative painting on the ceiling of one of the show-houses in the town. They worked on scaffolding as men do, lay down, let their feet hang over, and at the noon hour sat around on the floor while they ate their luncheons, gossiped, and if they so pleased took brief naps like hod-carriers. One of these girls laid in the ground colors and worked on the draperies of the mural paintings in one of the prominent churches. She did her work on a high scaffolding, and to lessen the chances of catching her skirts, wore a pair of her brother-in-law's trousers under her blue flannel painting costume. A girl in a small town would feel that she had lost caste for evermore, if she worked on a scaffold like a day-laborer from nine until five o'clock, with an hour at noon for luncheon.

In the scheme of cities, hitherto, no preparations were made for the indwelling of a number of young women without homes. The sober consideration of such a necessity would have seemed the height of folly. Yet New York of the last generation builded better than it knew. The path to independence for most of these women has led through its hall-rooms.

That which distinguishes this city from all others is the hall-room. London has nothing like it, nor has Paris. They do not exist in Boston, nor yet in Philadelphia. The typical New York house has five; there would be six, but that the space for one has been appropriated by the bath-room. There are three hundred on each cross-town block. In a solid section extending from Washington Square to Fifty-ninth Street, and within the limited confines of Fifth and Sixth Avenues, there are, roughly estimated, fifteen thousand hall bed-rooms. Taking this as a

unit of measurement, the alert mind can readily figure the hundreds of these coffin-like inclosures that rise tier on tier on Manhattan Island.

The moral and social significance of the hall-room is even more impressive. The manifest destiny of a New York house is that sooner or later it shall become a boarding-house. The history of block after block enforces this view. In that case to the poor, the lonely, the forlorn, the hall-room will fall. Of this the architect, the plumber, the gas-fitter seem to have had prescience. The water-pipe ignores it; the slenderest rill of gas alone enters it; the steam-pipes hurry by it; the tin furnace-pipes go out of their way to avoid it. No register opens genially upon it. It has never known a flue of its own, or cheerful grate, or sullen stove. Even the range flue will stretch its warmth, giving length in any other part of the house in preference. In summer it is hot and stifling. In winter it is cold and cheerless. In all seasons it is either unventilated or swept by perilous draughts. It is the Pariah of the community of rooms, the Cinderella of the domestic roof. Into it are gathered the weak-kneed chairs, the superaunuated springs, the cracked pitchers, the murky mirrors, the knobless bureaus, the

darned lace curtains, the cordless shades, the faded strips of Brussels carpets.

Of late years there has arisen a Society for the Amelioration of the Hall-Room. Its efforts have been principally directed toward the introduction of beds disguised as sofas, buffets, and decorative mantels, of washstands masquerading as writing-desks, with which to give hall-rooms a delusive air of spaciousness and respectability. Notwithstanding, the landlady never considers herself unreasonably prompt in presenting her bills to the hall-room boarder. The servant may properly resent the hall-room bell, and the pitcher of ice-water prove intermittent.

Living in hall-rooms easily induces the hall-room habit. This is the necessity of having everything within reach. A person accustomed to sitting in the middle of the room, and finding everything at arm's length, acquires curious ideas of distance. He may sit on the bed and wield a brush while confronting the mirror, and at the same time remove a garment from a peg behind the door. The hall-room has been part of the warp and woof of New York City life. For a young man or young woman whose expenses must be kept within \$10 a week, there seemed to be no other mode of existence. Within

the unlovely confines of the hall-room have passed the lives of whole communities—nay, smaller cities—of pale-faced clerks and timid women with their tentative industries.

Such is the hall-room as it was, and ever would have been, but for the upspringing of the bachelor woman with her quickening scent for the things of life, yet strong within her the home-building instincts of her sex. There is a dignified barrenness of surroundings that stimulates and consolidates endeavor; but an environment sordid and mean, morally and physically depressing, was sure to be repudiated by women newly delighting in independence and responsibility, and with the seductive perspective of things to do and accomplish lengthening before them. In the measure that women are determining their own lives, they want their own homes. The desire is entirely reasonable. The woman who is occupied with daily work needs greater freedom of movement, more isolation, more personal comforts, and the exemption, moreover, from being agreeable at all times and places. She wants to be able to shut her doors against all the world, and not to be confined within four walls herself; and she wants to open her doors when it pleases her, and to exercise the rites of hospitality unquestioned. In fact, she wants many things that cannot be had except in her own home. It is an interesting fact in natural history that women in their first breathing-spell should revert to constructing homes as their natural background, to which is added the male realization that the home is the proper stimulus to achievement.

The first woman bachelor establishment in this city was in 1881, coexistent with the first woman's apartment-house in London. With a gay flip of the finger at consequences, it was set up in the most expensive part of the town. It was easy to argue that it would be a material saving in car-fares, city rent being merely one of the natural incentives to hard work; in any case, in a fashionable area poverty glorified by gilded Japanese cottons and unframed etchings might well be endured. So novel an undertaking did not fail to

excite attention. The curious Athenians dwelling in this city came on tours of inspection. Audacity and the circumstance with which it was undertaken made friends for an enterprise that otherwise would have occasioned much ominous wagging of heads. To contribute to its menage and share its innocuous tea were privileges. To turn the necessity of earning a living into a co-operative lark was a new and captivating idea. Thus was the enterprise mistakenly regarded. It was, in fact, the serious effort on the part of four women to find some way of living in which, at the least expense, the greatest comfort and independence could be obtained, and the social instincts gratified. In this last assumption there is a certain tendency toward finality more significant than wage-earning, and the other manifestations of the bachelor woman more widely commented on.

All these, however, were not accomplished at once. The matter-of-fact consideration of food soon asserted itself over questions more ideally appropriate. Women who assume the responsibilities of householders soon learn that there are curious relations between food and finance. Good work is not compatible with movable feasts. There is a dependence truly ridiculous between even æsthetic employments and sound food at stated periods. There are doubtless numbers of women who solve such difficulties by referring them to a restaurant, and who regard the vagabondage from *table d'hôte* to *table d'hôte* as among the privileges of their new estate. The restaurant, however, does not appeal to the women who regard the situation from another point of view. The table ranks with the fireside. The economical distribution of labor soon refers these matters to competent authority. The efforts of women to secure that confidence with which a man goes to his affairs and returns to his satisfying dinner at home or his club, would be a touching recital. For many of these women bachelors in assuming new responsibilities show the utmost reluctance to give up the old responsibilities, but wrestle with servants and ranges like wives and mothers under the imminent shadow of consequences.

This particular enterprise, however gayly it was administered, served to demonstrate the practicability of such establishments. Since the initial effort tiny households have sprung up all over town. These are as well ordered and the rent as promptly paid as that of other and older households. These women rarely live alone. They combine against burglars, out of congeniality, and to save expense. But their domestic lives are neither adhesive nor entangled. They have common points of interest, but these are surrounded by large areas of unencumbered space, in which each moves freely and without interruption. In its best aspect this new development in women's lives is worthy of admiration. Out of it has arisen a new order of feminine friendship that combines independence, *camaraderie*, frank disagreement, wise reticence, large patience, mutual respect, amiable blindness, consideration in illness, sympathy in joy and sorrow, and the possibility of borrowing money from one another when necessary.

The housing of such admirable qualities it seems should have enlisted attention. In 1886 a determined effort was made to secure an apartment-house for women, modestly copying the numerous apartment-houses for men. A busy architect was kind enough to undertake plans and make estimates. These were made public, and various interviews were held with capitalists, rich enough to consider four per cent. a sufficient return for such an investment. It seemed easy enough to prove the need of something resembling an institution, a refuge with patronesses and governing committees, but vain the attempt to turn minds bent on philanthropy, toward a calm consideration of an unobtrusive financial enterprise. Nothing else than such was desired, or would have been accepted. This distrust is perhaps not unwarranted. The determination to make of the bachelor maid an irresponsible creature, who wears strange garments but is singularly imitative in the matter of cocktails and cigarettes, has been to a degree successful. It is impossible to reconcile this view with the person actually encountered, who leaves experiments in

business costumes to the theorists and their own clothes to the dressmakers, and in the matters of even cigarettes and cocktails has added to the litany of daily life "Vouchsafe us good taste."

Recently another project for an apartment-house for women seems to have chances of success. This is to be undertaken by a stock company largely subscribed to by women themselves. Meanwhile, significant changes have taken place in every part of town. Instead of hiving, women bachelors in braces and alone are encountered everywhere. Some of the older apartment-houses have found it more profitable to divide their space to accommodate them than to rent to orthodox families. There are few apartment houses so dignified that women bachelors are not received as are other tenants. For the woman bachelor is not now essentially a person who puts on her bonnet and goes out in all sorts of weather. There are feminine Mæcenases who have establishments, boxes at the opera, and who fulfil social exactions in the most prominent manner. As was intimated before, in the ability to gratify the social instinct there is a tendency to finality much more important than in the ability to earn money.

To be the mistress of a home, to extend hospitalities, briefly to be within the circumference of a social circle, instead of gliding with uneasy foot on the periphery, is the reasonable desire of every woman. When this is achieved many temptations, so freely recognized that nobody disputes them, are eliminated. It is a noticeable fact in all women-bachelor households, no matter how humble, that the rugs are scarcely down and the curtains up, until the kettle is lighted and the reign of hospitality has begun. It is interesting to observe how soon the shyest novice over the tea-cups loses her timidity, and assumes that air of confidence that once was the enviable property of only married women.

George Eliot has remarked that sense of promotion that married women seem to carry in their demeanor toward other women. So discriminating an observer, if she had lived longer, could not have failed to notice in the bachelor maid its

counterpart, slightly differentiated to be sure. The mystery of men's lives in the world, out of which illusions are spun, has always had a greater influence in determining the fate of women than is readily admitted. To feel transmitted through the ring-finger the electric thrill of business, of politics, of clubs, of the stirring movements in the life of men, gives any woman vantage-ground over others of her sex. But in the actual commerce of business, the community of affairs, the wear and tear of daily life in offices and elevators, this mystery vanishes. A couple of type-writers at luncheon will illustrate badly a situation yet too new to be fairly reckoned up. Over knife and fork they will match employers as small boys do pennies.

Out of hours the boss is only a man of whose necktie they may disapprove, or of the way he wears his hair, or perhaps of his grammar, and it may be he appears greatly to the advantage of some young man at a neighboring machine.

The type-writer of this estate always marries, and is consequently not a woman bachelor. But this one, too, arrives at something of the same knowledge of the strength of men and of their weaknesses; this is apt to be considered a not undesirable exchange for the will-o'-the-wisps that dance before the eyes of the home-keeping women. With these franker relations, the community of outside interests, the wider exchange of opinions, the clearer sight of men among men, and of men as they are, come also larger sympathy, a better appreciation of their difficulties, of their larger needs, of the greater leeway required by them that even wives can scarcely arrive at. These inevitably form the basis for social intercourse and a newer comradeship that have hardly yet been taken into account, but are plainly reflected in the frank, unapologetic manner of the woman bachelor that has replaced the hesitating, graceless timidity of the old maid.

Science came in opportunely as their handmaid and messenger-boy. When Mr. Edison was experimenting with the subdivision of the electric light, it seemed to have no special bearings on the evolution of the woman bachelor. The brilliancy of the streets at night has

been so conspicuous a factor that the latest goddess, Electra, may well be adopted as the patron and guardian of the sex. The duties of legions of women take them out at night. Duty is its own excuse; accompanied by the chivalrous umbrella, many a woman has braved the powers of night and not unfrequently done battle. The woman who must be escorted home from a newspaper office at midnight limits her value to the extent of the bother she makes; the doctor who cannot respond to a night-call without a cab or a messenger-boy is handicapped beyond the possibility of success. Ease of movement is essential in the competitive struggle for a livelihood. But amusement and recreation have recognized places in all these later schemes of life. The increase in the number of women abroad at night, with no other protector than the benign beams of the electric light, afford a new and interesting manifestation of the streets. They are found in the street-cars at hours that once would have been called unseemly; they are substantial patrons of the theatre, sitting now among the children of the world below, and now among the gods above, as the state of their purses warrants. The difference in fear of men and fear of Mrs. Grundy, between the sheltered woman and the bachelor maid, was measured not long since, when a matron, at nine o'clock, shut out on her own doorstep, implored the protection of a strange bachelor maid passing by. She responded, and the two women sat for an hour on the inhospitable stone until the hour for locking up, when the maid descended from some eery; the timorous lady was admitted, and the bachelor maid, in the security of her latch-key, passed on.

The women bachelors of New York have nothing that corresponds to the London women's clubs. It has been plainly demonstrated that similarity of pursuits does not form the best basis on which to found a club in the repeated failures and timid successes of such efforts. It is not separatism, it appears, that attracts the woman bachelor in her moments of dearly bought and dearly prized leisure, but the more wholesome commingling among men

and women as a recognized part of the social structure. The intimation that the woman bachelor is to supersede the old maid excites reasonable apprehension. Thus far the newer species gives no assurance that in the larger area it desires to occupy there will be place or opportunity for the humbler but fragrant offices of the old maid. For the woman bachelor time exists in solid blocks that it is not expedient, in her scheme of life, to subdivide. The old maid had hours, quarters, minutes, to fill in crevices and chinks with gracious acts. The woman bachelor subscribes to the organized charities, and may no more be called upon than the judge or the banker to sit at bedsides and sew for the poor. If she prospers in her profession, business, or trade, she may help send her nephews and nieces to college and tip them on occasions like an unwedded uncle. But who is there to tie

up the stubbed toe and interpose the ever-ready needle and thread between the yawning rent and the maternal eye? In these days of specialties there are trained nurses, district visitors, nursery governesses, and visiting needlewomen, who can perform the duties of the old maid, if they lack those qualities that gave fragrance to her ministrations. But there is no one to supply that persistent and faithful memory in which the old maid holds all that she has ever loved and cared for. Fathers forget, the cares and interests of children divide and weaken the mother's claim; but the affection of an old maid aunt defies circumstance and time. It is scarcely probable that the woman bachelor will ever regret that she is not an old maid aunt, but it will be an ungrateful world that forgets to cherish the memory of the old maid when she is no more.

PROVERBUM SAP

By Charles Henry Webb

THAT 'tis well to be off with the old love
 Before one is on with the new
 Has somehow passed into a proverb,
 But who follows its teaching may rue.

No love can be quite like the old love
 Whate'er may be said for the new—
 And if you dismiss me, my darling,
 You may come to this thinking, too.

Were the proverb not wiser if mended,
 And the fickle and wavering told
 To be sure that they're on with the new love
 Before being off with the old?

MY INDIAN PLUNDER

By Julian Ralph



Blood Indian's Belt,
Sheath and Skin-
ning-knife.

"MY dear young ladies," I said, "all women are just as savage."

It was like many another bit of deep wisdom that has flashed upon my mind but not from my lips—for I said it, but only to myself.

The way of it was this: Our train on the Canadian Pacific Railway had pulled up at a little tank-station on the plains and several white women had gone out to inspect three or four red ones who

had come to the railway to shiver in the presence of the daily train in preference to shivering in their tepees in the company of the bare prairie. Could there be a stronger contrast than the two sorts of women presented? The squaws—barrel-shaped, as squaws get when well along in years—were seated, tailor-fashion, on the dirty boards, done up in smudgy blankets so as to present the outlines of so many meal-bags, each topped with a round, mahogany-colored face where the shirt-strings ought to be. They were stolid, motionless, staring, like clumsily carved images done up in woollen packages. Our white women were Americans. Need I say that they were shapely, stylish, tidy, active, bright, full of interest and exclamation and movement? They looked at the poor, natural, red wives, and they listened to me, who can no more resist the inclination to make the acquaintance of an Indian than I can restrain any other of my weaknesses.

"What Injun you?—what tribe? Blackfoot?" I asked.

"Cree," said one of the squaws, after giving the matter due thought.

"Where reservation?"

"Got tepee—there," with a wave of

one thumb at the motionless desert of grass.

"Here money—no give to man—you keep."

Each squaw—or squee-ow, as I have always heard them say the word—reached out and took into her blanket a ten-cent piece, awkwardly as a monkey takes a nut into its cage. And one or two grunted a sound that cannot be spelled, except by persons who have never heard it and who write it in boys' story-papers. But one said: "Good man; heap good. You got woman?" "Yes." Then she said: "Got plenty woman," and laughed; at which surprising proof of a tutored intellect all the squaws grunted, unspellably, again. Then a young white woman spoke:

"Why!" she said, "they are like any other women. They are very like Italians."

"More like Japanese," said one with a truer eye.

"What a pity," exclaimed number three—a charming Eastern college production—"that they should have to be the companions of their fighting, savage, bloodthirsty Indian men!"

That was delicious. I wished that the squaws could comprehend it. I would have liked to have it heard by my distinguished friend Old Sun's wife, of the Blackfeet—she who carries eagle-feathers in her hair—black-tipped white war-eagle feathers—to commemorate her share of a bloody victory of her nation. "I always feel so sorry for the squaws," added Miss Alumna.

"I have always felt the other way," said I. "I have commiserated the bucks. Where I have been among the Indians, these gentle-looking creatures were the principal devils of each tribe. It is these placid dames who rush upon the field after the battle and mutilate the dead and wounded with the remorseless and diabolical ingenuity that makes us shudder when we read of it."

Then the young white women made the same unspellable sound that the

red ones had been making, and rushed away just as I was about to sink myself lower than the squaws in their estimation by explaining how, in all the forceful movements of humanity, it has been the women who have shown the full intensity and fervor of each cause. I am glad that I left the words unspoken.

"Not a single bead upon any of them," I said to myself. It was a sad discovery. Put it in other words: "Could we not even leave them their beads?"—and whoever has a spark of humanity in him will feel the tragic force of the thought. I pulled apart the blankets of two of them—with that license with which the Anglo-Saxon everywhere investigates the belongings of the inferior races—in Russia, Italy, China, Africa—wherever he happens to be. They wore plain calico dresses, and on their feet were undecorated mere bags of leather, instead of the beautifully worked beaded moccasins all of them wore so few years ago. Happily for my frame of mind there came along—just as the engineer was climbing back into his cab—a young Cree girl, wearing an extraordinary pair of barbaric ear-rings. Each was a rude loop of brass wire, thicker than a crochet-needle, and each was strung full of big, round, brass beads. Among all the Indians there it was the only bit of finery, the only ornament, the only tiny link that connected them with their past. It was all they had. I got it. I put a quarter in the Cree girl's hand, and almost tore the rings out of her ears—for the whistle had blown and the wheels were turning. I have often wondered since whether she cared to part with them. I would have known but for the train. It ought to have waited long enough for her Indian mind to work upon the proposition—a week or so.

At another station a squaw risked a little pouch of bead-worked buckskin by wearing it dangling from her belt. The ear-rings are in that pouch now, and both hang on the wall before me. They are parts of my Indian plunder—the most gorgeous, highly decorative, eloquent, inspiring ornaments that a man can collect from any people in any

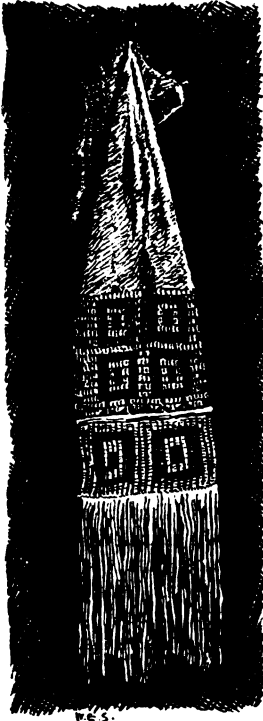
corner of the earth, be he as rich as Croesus or as indefatigable as Stanley. "Could have collected," I should say, for my last two journeys across the continent proved to me that the original sources of these trophies are dry—dry as the bones of the buffalo, dry as the scalps in the curio-shops, dry as the eyes of the Indian agents who manage the reservations where Government has changed a proud and splendid race of men into a ragged, hungry horde of mendicants and paupers.

There were other Indians, farther along the railway, mainly selling buffalo-horns—those pretty polished horns that a squaw can prepare in five weeks of incessant, hard labor, and her man can sell in a minute for a dollar to buy rum with, or Pain Killer, which makes him much sicker and therefore is preferable, for the observant Indians are of the opinion that white men drink on one day so as to be very sick the day after. In the truest spirit of flattery they imitate the sickness with gunpowder and tea, with bottled extract of ginger, with Worcestershire sauce, or Pain Killer. It was startling to see that the Indians are now offering common cow-horns, pale and mottled in color, in place of the jet-black bison horns, and that the tourists are buying them. Yet cow-horns are as genuine trophies of the plains as the latter-day Indian work that is now offered at the hotel news-stands and curio-stores of the West. Part of it is the same stuff that has for fifty years been sold as Indian bead-work in Montreal and Saratoga—cotton-backed with card-



Arapahoe Squaw's Boots.

board and worked with translucent beads in floral designs. It may be that there are untutored Indians who work beads into floral patterns, but I never saw any, or even one floral device upon any trapping among any wild Indians anywhere in America. Nor did I ever see translucent beads, such as our women use, in any Indian work. They would not produce the glorious, rich, solid bands of color that make genuine Indian work more beautiful than the weaving of the Asiatics, as splendid as old Chinese porcelain, and almost comparable with jewelry.



Sioux Tobacco Bag.

To-day the gentle tourist is being swindled with this bogus stuff—made by diluted Indians from white men's patterns—but Providence, in its mercy, has fitted him with such upper-story emptiness

that he buys the truck in the form of watch-pockets and match-holders, to exhibit as relics of aboriginal savage life. Only a few years ago, when I was making my small collection, I could not anywhere find a shield, a true war-eagle head-dress, or a spear. Now they are to be had by the car-load in Denver, St. Paul, and other Western cities. But, only think! the feathers are those of the turkey—the coward bird that the best Indians would not eat, lest its meat should carry the craven qualities of the bird into their natures. The spears are machine-made, the shields are wrinkled sheets of calf-skin daubed over with scene-painters' colors. There are plenty of scalps to-day, though I did not come across one, except in private collections, between

1889 and 1894. The new crop is of scalp-locks, "torn while the victims were still quivering, by the painted red fiends," of the dime novels, with pairs of scissors from horses' tails. The ends of the coarse hairs have been laid in mucilage upon pieces of chamois-skin the size of a half-dollar. I am glad they are such innocent curios, for the genuine scalps used to make me creep, such is my dislike for any human hair that has been cut and is lifeless. I do not know what became of the real scalps. Even when genuine trappings were plentiful the places of the real scalps had been taken by tresses of horse-hair and pretty tails of mink and fishes and deer-skin, hung from leather disks and beautifully framed in circles of colored bead-work. They hang from my war-clubs and quirts and tomahawk-handles, and are often mistaken for scalps, and are far more ornamental.

The principal trader in Indian goods in this country now offers a stock in which there is a large proportion of goods made for the market, but a more surprising fact about his wares is that the garments, weapons, and ornaments, which are obviously genuine, are very inferior to the same articles that used to be gotten from the red men. There are real second-hand buckskin dresses without a bead upon them, ornamented on the yoke with red flannel, where the squaws used to sew pounds of gay beads. Tacks take the place of beads on the whip-handles, and the once magnificent stocks of the *coup-sticks* or war-clubs are now as bare as the chins of the braves who sold them. This trader explained that the Indians have not the means to buy beads as of old, and that the Government is trying to discourage the use of beads, as tending to keep alive the savage instincts and romanticism, which is opposed to the potato-planting inclination. He says that nearly all the really fine examples of Indian work that he gets now come in private collections. "They are the treasures of army officers and rich gentlemen," he said, "whose wives sell them when the husbands die." My eyes become damp as I think of those words and look, at the same time, upon the four square yards of pretty-

pretties that hang upon my wall. I am acquainted—as well as the average clumsy man can ever be with a work so intricate—with a certain lady whose nose has never yet failed to ascend toward her forehead when a new lot of grand Indian trophies has come smelling into her house. She handles them—when it cannot be avoided—between the tip of one thumb and the point of her index-finger, keeping the three other fingers of that hand strained as far away as muscle and flesh will let them go. And I wonder whether—alas! I fear that—but confound the trader! surely he had sufficient to do to try to sell turkey-feather war-bonnets and aboriginal watch-pockets without injecting into a once happy home the venom of distrust and suspicion.

How much of my admiration for these relics of a dead but unburied race comes, I wonder, from my having seen the red men caparisoned in almost the full glory of their freest condition? Is it a dream, or is it true—that vision that floods my brain, in which I see myself in derby hat and awkward New York clothes standing beside a rushing, howling torrent of excited braves on the plains? Is it true that some were naked except for two head-feathers and a breech-clout, and yet were gorgeously clothed in paint? Is it true that some wore war-bonnets that touched the rumps of their ponies and then fell away to the ground and dragged a yard or two yards of their beautiful length upon the bunch-grass? Is it true, or a dream, that other horses were girt with trailing cloths that swept the ground with more magnificent effect than the petticoated panoply of the horse of a cavalier of ancient France? That other

bucks wore leather fringe that fell and shook and quivered down their arms and legs and from the bottoms of their coats; that scores of others were clad with a mail of showy beads that cased their bodies, their guns, their whip-handles, their saddle-flaps, their feet? Ah, yes! in sport their furious horses swerve as if to run me down, the rifles crack just above my head, the warriors yell almost against my eardrums. It is true; I almost step back again, in my mind, under the shock of that rude but thrilling sport.

Would I care so much for my wall-jewelry if I had not sat in council-tents under the same impressive influence that has, unaided by any white man, produced (in the Indian Territory) three systems of government and three conditions of society which no redskin need be

Leggings.

ashamed to compare with the order of the white men in the States that border on that Territory? The head-chief at one council was in mourning, with his hair in disorder, and little else on than his blanket, but the under-chiefs and head-men were grandly clad in beaded buckskin, which would have been admired even in the presence of the showiest military men in any court of Europe. The man who presided at the other council wore a suit that would have sold then—when bead-work was common—for five hundred dollars. It was a suit of white beads—the showiest kind—upon which background was a great sun-medallion, on front and back, framed with those geometrical patterns which a curious student-friend of mine thinks that he has followed uninterruptedly from the great lakes through Central America into Bolivia-



Blackfoot Hunting Arrow, Saved from Buffalo Hunt.

Cheyenne
Coup-stick.

Male Costume.

Female Costume.

Blood Indian's
Quirt or Whip.

Peru, over to the relics of the earliest dwellers in Europe and into ancient Egypt and Assyria. What a king the old chief looked! What dignity he wore! How deferentially quiet and respectful were all the rude warriors, squatted in the showy circle that began and ended with his person. Among the skins and bundles that were packed at the edge of the big tepee, "to keep the wind away," he raked for the sacred council-pipe. And then he filled it himself, to enhance the effect of the

ceremony, perhaps, or to guarantee the purity of the smoking mixture, and handed it to a young under-chief for the performance of the menial task of lighting it. After that, with what a show of etiquette he singled out the chiefs, by turn, according to their rank, handing the pipe, stem foremost, to each. One would still have thought the Indians a reticent, silent people to see them in council, listening, and only occasionally grunting, as the chief harangued them. Yet they are very

Sioux Stone Tomahawk or Club used in dances and displays. Copied from a weapon in use before the white man came.

Copper Pipe Tomahawk, round, sold by a Winnabago. One of the first forms that the early traders sold to the Indians.



Blood Indian Blanket-
Shoulder Ornament.

Saddle-bags of a Southern Ute.

Sioux Chief's Bone Necklace,
from Standing Rock Agency.

SIoux AND UTE IMPLEMENTS.

talkative, childishly fond of hearing themselves and of story-telling when no stranger is by and when they are in camp pursuing the daily routine of life. But would the squaw leggings and dresses interest me so much if I did not remember so many copper-faced girls who wore them? Take that one, for instance, who would not let me look at her finery on the first day I saw her, but who, Indian-like, came forward the next time and threw off her blanket, and stood out patterned like a Persian rug, with beautiful pale blue bead-work figured in pink and white, all upon fringed buckskin, like a character out of a Fenimore Cooper novel.

The first Indian curio I ever owned was a snow-snake that I saw used in some winter sports among the living shadows of the Six Nations in New York State. It is nothing but a long, stiff, smooth stick, bent a little at the head, but when a rutch has been hollowed out of soft snow by dragging a log

along the ground, and when an Indian has hurled the long, slender stick along this rut, the snow-snake darts forward with a strangely serpent-like movement, rising and falling in an undulating line and throwing up its head precisely as if it were alive. To make it go in this way a long distance requires a knack—as much of a one, I judge, as throwing a boomerang needs. I have heard a story of these Indians of the Six Nation tribes that is most interesting and that, so far as I know, has not been published to their credit. It is to the effect that they hold the memory of George Washington in the highest esteem and honor. Moreover, they all expect to visit him when they die. He kept his word with them and treated them both justly and kindly, though they had not been our allies, but had sided with their old friends, the English, during our Revolutionary War. And they say of him to-day that he is the only white man who ever came near

Bow and Quiver of
an Apache Brave.

Rifle-case of a Plains Cree, N. W. Territory, Canada.
Property of a chief

Pipe. Ankle Case for Medicine Drum, Plains Ear-rings. Apache Medicine
Ornament. Ear-rings. Cree, N. W. Territory, Canada. Man's Rattle.
APACHE AND CREE IMPLEMENTS.

reaching the Indian heaven, the Happy Hunting Grounds. Since none except an Indian may enter them, Gitche Manitou has given to Washington a lodge, just at the gateway to the Grounds, and every Indian—among the Senecas, if not all the others—stops with the first Great White Father at that lodge on his last night, on the way to the paradise of buffalo-steaks and pemmican and corn-meal. It seems to me poetically fine that the greatest American should receive fitting recognition and honor from the original and truest Americans, especially from the bravest tribes, and the tribes that maintained a perfect republic on this soil before the English came here as subjects of a monarch.

Still looking at my wall and following the growth of the collection from its beginning, I see two arrows that were given to me by a dear old Catholic missionary. He represents at this moment the unbroken continuation of the rude, heroic life of those French and

Spanish priests whose footprints on the shores of both oceans are the initial points of the history of American civilization. He lived with the most savage Indians when they and the buffalo roamed over ground that is now inlaid with the cobbles of the streets of great cities. He saw Indian wars waged where stand the churches in which he has since preached. From young manhood to old age he lived with the Indians in Indian fashion, eating when they had meat, starving when they had none, sharing all their sorrows and such of their joys as he could countenance. He moved from tribe to tribe, in fearful heat and fearful cold. And though he scolded and threatened and disciplined such martial unfettered spirits as the Sarcis, Crees, Blackfeet, Stonies, Bloods, and Crows, he was everywhere beloved and safe, though never armed. I value the two unused hunting-arrows that he gave me more than I prize the bloody ones that hang in yon quiver. The

blood upon them is not of man. Any one can see that they are hunting-arrows, because the points are square-backed and not barbed, as were the war-arrows that were made to stay in the flesh the while the poison upon them worked its havoc through the victim's veins. The blood upon my other arrows covers them to the feathers at the upper end, and is evidently buffalo blood. Being a trifle imaginative, I like to think that they belonged to one of those braves who knew and practised the clever trick of shooting arrows right through the buffaloes and into the ground beyond. It seems incredible, but I have it from many good witnesses, that the Indians attained such proficiency as to be able, upon a wager, to shoot even a dozen arrows through a buffalo without having the missiles hit a rib on either side, as they rode beside the fleeing brute. I notice that when I mention possibilities such as that about my trophies, that certain young listeners always repeat them as the actual facts concerning the trophies. Thus it comes that these arrows are said to have really belonged to such a marksman; and thus my collection is likely to possess an extraordinary interest and value in time—if that trader in despised legacies does not secure it.

I think it was on the same day that I got the arrows from the good priest that I came upon a Blood buck very picturesquely dressed in full savage fashion. He had the regulation separated trousers-legs, such as is part of full dress in China to-day, and a fine fringed and beaded coat, and a showy pair of moccasins. He fancied himself a splendid dude of the plains, but with only two or three silver dollars I despoiled him and humbled him. Doubtless his wife at once noticed the ab-

sence of the bead-work that cost her such tremendous toil as the squaws always used to expend upon it. Lucky she if she did not have to connect its loss with a temporary hilarity followed by such unreasonable irritability as might lead even an unimaginative squaw to think with the poet that "men must work and women must weep." She got him back with his clothes on—a condition due solely to my inexperience at that time. Since I have known that it is full dress among those people not to wear anything but a "gee-string" or breech-cloth, I have mourned the beautiful clothes of that brave as if they had been mine and I had lost them.

Upon the wrist-strap of the quirt, or whip, that I bought of him is a bead-worked design which suggests the famous Paisley pattern that originated in Oriental woven goods. It occurs in nothing else that I have, all the other patterns (or nearly all) being formed of straight lines arranged in squares or triangles or bands. The wooden handle of the quirt is evidently made of a short section of a chair-leg; one may see two of the holes in which the rungs once fitted. But all over it, except in the rung-holes, the squaws have hammered big brass tacks, so that, with the beaded

Pappoose Case

strap above it and the plaited whip-lash below, it has become more beautiful, and to me more valuable, than the entire original bedroom suit of which it once formed a part. The belt and sheath, with its sharp skinning-knife still in it, are also converted goods. They have relapsed from civilization into barbarism, just as men sometimes do; just as that West Point officer has who is sometimes seen down in the Apache country, heading a half-naked band of rovers. They give him more

satisfaction by calling him chief and obeying his untrammelled impulses than he ever knew when he was harnessed in suspenders and fettered with collars and cuffs, and enslaved by the conventions and discipline of society and the army. The belt is a discarded cartridge-belt. In all likelihood, some unlucky chap gave up his life before he lost it. The sheath is made of a piece of grain-leather cut from a boot-leg, but it is so cleverly fashioned that few would suspect its lowly origin. It, too, is all plated with brass tack-heads.

Instead of distorting your face, dear reader, at the thought of a man hanging bits of chair-legs and boot-legs upon his wall, among things wrested from murdered men, reflect upon all that this suggests. Think with shame of the degradation that has forced these cavaliers of the plains to utilize the waste and wreckage of the white man—of the marvellous skill and taste that utilizes it so cleverly with such art. I have seen a splendid creature, noble in carriage and build, and fine in every outline, wearing ear-rings made of two bits of white card-board the size and shape of a silver dollar, and very fine they looked. And I have seen a brave (I think it was no less a hero than Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief) wearing two similar disks of tin cut from a tomato-can, one under each ear, as proudly and bravely as ever a Hohenzollern belle carried her tiara. Possibly later Indian collections will be of such nature, for the other day I noticed, among the goods of the principal trader in these curios, some very notable adaptations from the white men's leavings—a tom-tom, for instance, beaded, feathered, painted, and grand to look upon, though it was made of a foot of stove-pipe covered at each end with tightly strained buckskin. Any tinsmith of to-day, if he is properly

constituted, should swell with pride to think that perhaps he riveted that pipe.

My stone-headed war-clubs are very primitive weapons, but are still carried in war, I am told. Parkman, in his "Oregon Trail," tells how a squaw scolded a pack-dog for running after small game when he had a load to carry, and how, at the end of her harangue, she took one of these war-clubs from her tepee and brained the cur for being so worthless. For such uses they were doubtless devised and carried before the white men came with hatchets and guns. But a noted old Montana trader, who knew the Crows and Blackfeet in their prime, calls these clubs by the semi-French name of *coup-sticks*, because, he says, they are used in the ceremony of "counting the coups," or battle-strokes, of the warriors. Before engaging in war or the chase the braves assemble, and each fighter boasts of what he has done. For instance, painted and decked in all his finery, he struts before the rest and cries: "I am Bull's Back Fat. When I was fourteen I killed a deer, and at sixteen had slain a grizzly. I am Bull's Back Fat. After I became a warrior I crept beside the trail and shot two of our enemies, the Stonies."

So he goes on, and at the mention of each great deed he raises the bedizened club, at which signal a medicine-man strikes a blow upon a tom-tom. As long as he has deeds to recount the drum credits them to him with its muffled sound. But my friend says that the boasters are in time carried away by the impression they are creating. They hate to come to the end of their coups. They begin to lie. At the first excess the *coup-stick* is raised, as usual, but the drum fails to sound, and they sit down with an "I have done," else the others jeer at them, for all know what each companion has done in the lists of war and the chase.

THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERY one knows the touching words wherewith Francesca da Rimini begins her story in the fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno":

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria;"

melodiously turned, long ago, by Tennyson, into the assurance

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Much less familiar is the protest of Alfred de Musset against this alleged agony of remembrance. The passage, which occurs in one of his longer poems, has never been translated into English, so far as I know, and runs substantially as follows:

"Dante, why tell us that the depth of grief
Is to live o'er our joys in evil days?
What wrong impelled thee to this disbelief,
This harsh and bitter phrase?"

Must we deny that day our life has blessed,
Forget its beauty when the night descends?
Is this thy faith, with mighty woes oppressed,
That to such error tends?

No, by the suns that still undying shine,
This truth distorted is not thy heart's own!
A joy recalled may be of gifts divine
The best the heart has known.

And thy Francesca, thy sweet soul sublime,
Thou didst decree this falsehood should disclose—
She, who, to tell her tale, a little time
Eternal love foregoes."

This bygone contention of the poets has been brought to my mind vividly of late by a bundle of old letters, which through some

accident of neglect escaped destruction. They were all written by me, fifteen years or more ago, to one friend, who has given me the unusual privilege of exploring archives of personal history. As if one of life's closed doorways had suddenly swung open, I have obtained a backward glimpse along the corridors of time, to find myself inspecting dead aspirations, dead issues, dead friendships even—for many names recurring in these records are no longer of this world. Above all, the glow of youth which infused and sublimated them has gone out forever, and is dead as Cæsar's. Here are changed conditions enough, one might reasonably declare, to make such groping in the catacombs of the heart a very melancholy process; and that there were sombre moments in it I do not attempt to deny. Yet when, late the other night, I came to the last line, I caught myself actually sighing for more. The pleasure had so far outweighed the pain that I would have given much to prolong the novel experience for an hour or two. Then I remembered this still-vexed question between the "souls of poets dead and gone," and after a moment's indecision gave my voice unhesitatingly to the Frenchman. One need only consider what life would be with memory obliterated, to incline his way in the dispute. By a wise dispensation of Providence our pleasant days are those that we remember best; and the persistent joy with which they are conjured up is inestimable, until we begin to picture ourselves deprived of the conjuring power. How annoyances of travel, for instance, fade into insignificance the moment they are over—blurred and softened by distance, as all inharmonious detail invariably is! Looking back, we see the cathedral's soaring roof and the wide sweep of its

façade, while the ugly little gargoyles go for nothing. Even the great griefs of love and death seem in time to offer us a subtle luxury of woe. To dwell upon them becomes endurable. They make all our solitudes murmurous with the low, sweet voices of the Elysian Fields.

So, in the open quarrel which is still, as Sir Lucius says, a very pretty quarrel as it stands, I take the lesser poet's part. It may be, after all, that Dante meant to apply his marvellous line only to the future state, inventing thus a new and exquisite torment for his unhappy shades. What an Inferno on the earth all life would be were it literally true!

WE seem to have emerged for the time from the thralldom of college sports. They flourish, and long may they flourish, but the intensity of their prevalence is not so great just now but that the more important coincident operations of the universe may compete with them successfully for the attention of mankind. Four years ago, when the foot-ball players owned Thanksgiving Day outright, and had a preferred claim on a large part of the fall, the voices of the prophets of the republic clamored hourly against the tyranny of athleticism, and deplored, with lamentations and much tossing up of dust, the apparent supremacy of matter over mind. But mind since then seems to have slipped out again from under matter. After Yale quarrelled with Harvard over a question of etiquette a shrinkage of interest in college games gradually ensued, which has been helped along by events in general. Hard times have saddened us; war scares and silver scares have sobered us. This fall we are full of politics; and though we are not so engrossed as to refuse to look at a foot-ball game if it comes in our way, we cannot bring ourselves to feel as we might have felt five years ago, that the chief end of man in autumn is foot-ball. For the time being we are a chastened people and take even our pleasures somewhat sadly, and our chief end this fall is to vote.

Another thing that may have affected our attitude toward college sports is the rise of golf and the bicycle. We are all athletes ourselves nowadays, and it is not with most of us quite as it was when our only taste of

athletic exercises was what we got in watching other men's efforts. We have not quite as much time, and possibly not quite as much enthusiasm for athletic spectacles as we had before we began to think of such things as "century runs" as possibilities for ourselves.

It would be well if the ebb in interest in athletics—an ebb by no means violent, or at all disconcerting to the friends of college sports—might be improved by the correction of any features of them which are still amiss. In one particular the polo-players, who disputed with so much spirit in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, in September, set the college men an example which was attractive at least, even if not practicable for imitation. They played their matches in a public park, where anyone who chose might come and look at them without paying. The best polo teams in the country contested; the matches were exceedingly spirited, and attracted thousands of people, very many of whom would have cheerfully paid any admission fee that was asked. But no one did pay. The matches, played on public grounds, were open to the public, and anyone who could get a sight of them was welcome to take it. No doubt the great cost at which college athletics are conducted in these days makes it apparently necessary to charge admission to foot-ball and base-ball matches: and no doubt, also, it costs so much to handle and provide for the crowds which the great matches draw, that a small admission fee might be necessary for that alone. But, on the other hand, it is worth considering how far the expensiveness of preparation and training is necessary, and how much of it is due to an effort to spend the gate-money which the great games have brought in. It would be rash to say that the business of the college athletes could be transacted and the intercollegiate contests managed without gate-money, and it is not so asserted here; but one may aver, without much risk of correction, that gate-money is an evil, albeit perhaps a necessary evil, and that it is a felicity of the polo-players that they are able to pay their own bills, and are not compelled to share the cost of their exercises with the public. The wider the separation between money-making and amateur sport the better it seems to be for sport. At present the only great intercollegiate contests which are open to the public without

pay are the boat-races. The only foot-ball matches which are public, in the same sense, are those played at West Point and Annapolis.

READERS of Mr. Mitchell's amusing "Mrs. Lofter's Ride," in a recent issue of this magazine, assuredly did not miss its perhaps most artistic touch, that "finishing touch" which Mrs. Lofter thought she gave to her acquaintance with Mr. Connor. The slow withdrawal of her eyes from his expectant face, "silently, with glacial indifference," was the perfection of a social brutality possible only to a hardened society woman. Had a man felt under a social obligation to "cut" his fellow-man — on general principles, as in this case, and not from specific personal animosity—his blundering way of doing it would have surely betrayed his uneasy consciousness of the sort of thing he was doing. It is to woman that our civilization owes its social proscriptions and penalties, because it belongs to woman's sphere to create and maintain our all-important system of social distinctions. A world peopled exclusively by men would be roughly but adequately divided for social purposes into "good fellows" and "other fellows."

A Minor Social
Lack.

This is not to say that there do not exist among men alone well-recognized degrees of social tolerance. Sir Walter Scott's capacity to find pleasure even in a bore, or Longfellow's inability to shake one off (see Mr. Howells's recent testimony), shades off through a series of slight gradations into an opposite extreme, the brusqueness of a Carlyle or a Tennyson. But the boresome subject of bores aside, there is often a positive irritation in being constantly obliged to recognize, if only by a passing nod or half-spoken word, some entirely indifferent person, a chance acquaintance, though he be impeccable and irreproachable. The fact of his presumably admirable qualities does not seem of itself to establish any valid claim on the continuance of the conventional civility, that becomes more and more meaningless the longer it is continued as a mere conventional civility. Probably, too, the repetition of the act of recognition—which in such cases is sure to be frequent, encounters being

apparently fated and as likely to occur in Constantinople or Tokio as anywhere in Christendom—is equally distasteful to the party of the second part, the indifferent acquaintance. This reflection, though unflattering, accentuates the difficulty by the mutuality of experience. Yet, how escape it, except by recourse to the brutality of "cutting," from which most men shrink with a sensitiveness a Mrs. Lofter could never appreciate? Besides, the application of such radical treatment to so slight a social irritation is to dignify it absurdly; something never included in the purely feminine point of view, and a further illustration of woman's lack of humor, man being the judge.

A diplomat of wide social experience once put it in this way: "I wish A. and I could be dis-introduced. I know he hates to bow to me as much as I hate to bow to him, and yet there is no reason why either of us should 'cut' the other. Our acquaintance is too slight for that; it would be simply brutal."

Here is the suggestion of a minor lack in modern social life which many feel but few distinctly recognize; the lack of some form of dis-introduction. The whole trend of modern civilization is toward a superfluity of acquaintance. Civilization itself may be with some accuracy defined as the process of introducing more and more people to more and more other people. The possibilities of introduction under modern conditions are infinite. The letter of introduction is almost as indispensable and carries almost as far as the letter of credit. As all the world now travels, this involves duplications and reduplications of the process, first in one hemisphere and then in the other. Its possibilities are illustrated by that popular pastime which consists in re-discovering "how small the world is" by tracing out the endless coincidences of mutual acquaintance—a pastime whose infinite variety age cannot stale nor custom wither. "Know thyself, but do not introduce a stranger," a cynical version of the ancient Socratic injunction, may be accepted literally as a minor social commandment, to be observed until the genius of the coming social inventor has evolved a proper form of dis-introduction. When at last this is evolved, it will assuredly be conceived in a spirit of malice toward none and charity for all.

THE FIELD OF ART

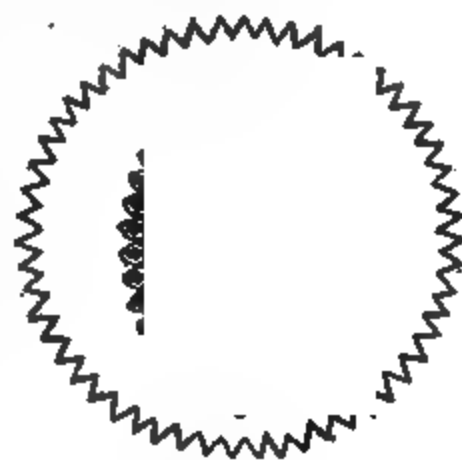
THE various art associations, museums, and schools of art which are so numerous throughout the Western States and somewhat less so in the Southern, organized under varying manifestations of local pride, have met with curiously different degrees of success. The development of "the true artistic spirit," which should "beautify life and ennoble every industry," has been, of course, the great aim of all these creditable movements, but minor and more personal motives have not been wanting. It has even been asserted that social ambitions, the desire of various prominent citizens to appear as art patrons, have been responsible for the birth of more than one much-promising art association. In some fortunate cities, as Pittsburg, Milwaukee, and San Francisco, the original impulse has been very powerfully reinforced by munificent donations of galleries or other buildings by influential residents; in others, the art movement has been traced back to some tentative public exhibition, given in a small way, as in Buffalo and Detroit; in several of the larger ones much aid has been derived from large annual State or inter-State expositions, as is the case in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Minneapolis. In nearly all instances, the ladies ("our leisure sex") have been numerous and efficient, and in Indianapolis and Cincinnati the original movement was largely due to their efforts. The great numerical

superiority of female pupils in the art schools is striking, the males, in some instances, not amounting to more than one-fifth or one-sixth of the total number. Finally, the comparative failure of the effort to establish an artistic centre, as in Cleveland, is remarkable as compared with the surprising success in some smaller towns, as Jacksonville, Ind.

Pittsburg rejoices in the great institute for the development of art and science founded by Mr. Carnegie, the first exhibition of painting and sculpture in the art galleries of which building is to open in November of this year with "one of the largest funds ever provided in America for the advancement of art," i.e., \$40,000, to be expended in the purchase of paintings, the two prize winners "to be placed in a chronological collection intended to represent the progress of American Art, beginning with the year 1896." Milwaukee—with its eighty per cent. of

The Society of American Artists.

foreign-born population, termed by its inhabitants "the Berlin of America," as Nashville is "the Athens of the South"—is very proud of the Layton Art Gallery, presented to the city in 1885 by the gentleman of that name, the donor's wife also contributing \$100,000 as an endowment fund, the yearly interest to be applied to defraying the gallery's expenses. There is also an incorporated art school, a



The American Institute of Architects.

Museum of Fine Arts, and the Milwaukee Industrial Exposition has had an art department, largely made up of works owned by private collectors. The San Francisco Art Association was organized as far back as

March, 1872. It holds semi-annual exhibitions, and maintains a school of design for instruction in drawing, painting, modelling, etc. The growth of dissensions and lack of concerted action led to the formation of

a rival association, and in 1884 the original institution appointed a committee to formulate a plan for developing and popularizing the association. Eight years later, Mr. Searles, of Methuen, Mass., donated the building known as the family residence of Mr. Mark Hopkins to the Regents of the University of California for the "purposes of instruction in, and illustration of, the fine arts, music, and literature." By an agreement entered into between Mr. Searles, the Regents, and the Art Association, in February, 1893, the Art Association became an affiliated College of the University of California, and entered into the possession of the property jointly with the Regents.

Of the two small exhibitions from which sprang the art institutions of the cities of Buffalo and Detroit, one preceded the other by twenty-two years, that of the more eastern city having been held in 1861. The Detroit loan exhibition of 1883 "is believed to have excelled in magnitude and merit all previous

exhibitions of the kind ever held in this country." The material results, the blessing of the Pope, which accompanied a picture presented by him, a painting by Mr. Millet, and some \$1,500 in cash, were,

later, turned over to the Museum of Art, which was incorporated under a special law passed by the Legislature, and opened its first exhibition in its own building in September, 1888. The Buf-

falo Fine Arts Academy was due in great measure to a successful exhibition held in that city under the auspices of The Young Men's Association in the winter of 1861, which the present director, Mr. Sellstedt, is inclined to think was "the first venture of its kind west of the Atlantic centres of art." The Academy was incorporated in the following year, the hope of its founders being to establish an institution on the model of the National Academy, with a school of art, an art library, etc., but this was slow in materializing, and the Academy is still waiting for a suitable building in which to house itself. As an instance of the personal sacrifice at the cost of which many of these institutions are maintained, it may be mentioned that Mr. Sellstedt has been giving his unpaid services for nearly twenty-seven years.

It is to the Southern Exposition company, founded in 1883, that the citizens of Louisville, Ky., have been largely indebted for their annual exhibitions of works of art, the enterprising director of the art department, Mr. Kurtz, having been able to secure important canvases by arrangements with Northern and Eastern exhibitors. The St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association has rendered similar services to the city from which it takes its name, its annual inter-State fairs for the last twelve years having been given, in the language of the official report, "without financial aid from Government, State, or city," having "paid its own way and made a record unequalled by any similar institution in this country." The movement to provide a suitable organization for the development of the fine arts in this city, however, proceeded upon regular and intelligent methods from the beginning, and soon attained a desirable state of efficiency, not only in the art school connected with the Washington University, at first under the direction of Mr. Ives, but in the erection of the Fine Arts Museum Building, planned by the architects who designed the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The First Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, in 1886, presented in its Art Department "one of the finest collections of art works



The Art Students' League of New York.

ever shown at any similar institution in the country," according to the preface of the catalogue. There was, naturally, an "extensive but very creditable" display by local artists; and in the room devoted to architectural drawings, the same publication averred that "Special (*sic*) care has been taken to make this a creditable and artistic exhibit of water-colors, mauve-browns pen-and-inks." Three years earlier, however, at a date when there seemed to be a general awakening to the needs of these centres of influence, the Society of Fine Arts opened its first exhibition in this city, with such satisfactory results that it was determined to devote all surplus funds to the establishment of a permanent art gallery, and a school was opened in 1885. Laying aside its rivalry, for the time being, Minneapolis has even held a joint exhibition of native and foreign paintings with St. Paul; and the

Public Library of the latter city has been presented with some important works of art.

The original art impulse in Cincinnati seems to have been largely due to the ladies interested in wood-carving and the Rookwood

Pottery, the genuine artistic success attending the development of the products of the latter, especially, diverting the movement in the direction of decorative art rather than pictorial—so much so that in 1882 an observer reported that the only painters apparently appreciated there were Hans Gude and Lessing. The city also has a museum, an art school which has been claimed to be the most liberally endowed in the country, and there is an art department to the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, opinions concerning the exhibitions of which seem to vary. In Indianapolis, Ind., the Art Association had its origin in a series of lectures on etchings and engravings delivered in that city in the winter of 1882-83 by Mrs. Adsit, of Milwaukee, and which, under the initiative of Mrs. Sewall,

led to the incorporation, in the following October, of a society which conceived its duty to be, not only "to provide opportunities for the public to look at pictures," but also "to provide opportunities for the public to

learn to produce pictures." In the latter undertaking it was not successful, the school having been abandoned at the end of the second year, but another, not under the direction of the association, was opened in October, 1891. This, we believe, is now connected with the association.

As to the assimilable character of the European culture thus forcibly transported to these Western homes, doubts will arise, and some of the details of this transplanting are grotesque in their fortuitous combinations. At its November meeting, in 1882, the Art Association of Jacksonville, Ind., closing its ninth year, listened to papers upon Ghirlandajo and Gozzoli, "and a pleasantly instructive conversational description of the Campo Santo at Pisa." The feature of the "art annex" of the exposition at Portland, Ore., in 1890, was the collection of paintings by Vereschagin; and that distinguished financier, Mr. Charles Hutchinson, presented to the Chicago Art Institute, of which he is president, in the summer of the same year, a collection of works by old masters. Consequently, the seed sometimes falls upon stony places, and while it seemed to flourish at Jacksonville, for instance, the Art Association of Cleveland collapsed after it had given one or two successful exhibitions. The proceeds of these were devoted, with too much confidence, to charity and to prizes, lectures, an "Art Museum Purchase Fund," "Art Pilgrimages to Eastern Cities," etc., and the sole asset now available, one painting described as "indifferent," is safe in cold storage. The art school, however, founded by a lady who desired to benefit her sex, and originally known as a school of design for women, is still flourishing, as is the Art Club and a Water-Color Society.

Sometimes these non-successes are pecul-



ially unfortunate, as in the case of the Brooklyn Art Association, which had erected a fine building, provided free and well-equipped schools, given free art entertainments to the community for many years, and arranged the first chronological exhibition of American art ever held, yet in 1886 was obliged to close its doors and suspend operations for a year. This was attributed at the time, as have been other failures, to the fact that it was "run by laymen," but the laymen have frequently shown excellent artistic sense. A Governor of the State of Massachusetts (by the name of Butler) recommended to the Legislature in 1883, the abolition of the State Normal Art School on the ground of its uselessness, as demonstrated by the fact that "nude human figures in clay" were there modelled, while

"line-drawing for industrial purposes" was known to be the extreme extent to which the study of drawing could be profitably carried in public schools. But the House Committee on Education, to whom this recommendation

was referred, reported in favor of the school, and several subsequent attempts to reverse this decision failed.

Chicago was one of the first cities to follow the example of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in bringing over for exhibitions here the works of American artists living in Europe, and the annual displays of the Inter-State Industrial Exposition on the shores of Lake Michigan profited accordingly. (The Pennsylvania Academy was founded in 1806, so that these Western institutions may be considered very modern.) The Chicago Art Institute, at first known as the Chicago Academy of the Fine Arts, was incorporated in 1879, and its school is among the very largest and best equipped in the country. It occupies the same building and is connected by its organization with the art museum, which is said to rank third or fourth in the value of



its collection among similar institutions in this country. The art treasures of this city were greatly increased by the gift of many valuable and bulky works of art left by foreign governments on the grounds of the Exposition of 1893. Farther west, the Academy of Colorado

holds exhibitions in Denver with varying degrees of success, we believe. In Kansas, the Lawrence Art League held its first semi-annual exhibition in December, 1884; the Kansas State Art Association, with headquarters at Topeka, sent out a circular about the same time, asking for subscriptions and new members, and held its first art loan exhibition in the spring of 1885. The University of Michigan has an important and growing collection; and in the South there are more of these evidences of a new movement than our space will allow us to notice. The Nashville (Tenn.) Art Association was organized in January, 1883, and held its first annual exhibition in March and April two years later; there is, or was, a Southern Art Union at New Orleans, a South Carolina Art Association at Charleston; a Telfair Academy at Savannah, etc. Baltimore has the American Institute Schools of Art and Design, a Decorative Art Society, etc.; in Atlanta, which has so recently distinguished itself by its great Cotton Exposition, the Young Men's Library Association held its first Art Loan Exhibition in November and December, 1882, with great success. In the capital, Washington, the official tendencies are mostly hopelessly adverse, but, in addition to the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Society of Washington Artists has given successful exhibitions, and the city had the opportunity of seeing the creditable little loan collection from Eastern cities exhibited in the chapel of the Smithsonian Institute in connection with the "Art Congress," at the period of the agitation for the removal of the duty on works of art, May, 1892.



ABOUT THE WORLD

DR. NANSEN is just the sort of man who ought to find the Pole, if one would wish to see that undertaking completed with some *éclat*, in an atmosphere of adventure and romance, rather than in the official round of government duty. He is such an adventurous spirit as might have stepped out of "The Mysterious Island." He is a tall and slender,

The New Highest North.

but powerful, man, with a rare quantity of nervous energy, of decision and of pertinacity. He is, and has been from his boyhood, wrapt up in plans for arctic exploration. The theories concerning ocean currents, ice-drifts, and open seas on which depended the result of his great labors and the lives of his followers, are the food which his soul feeds on. It seems to be doubtful whether the return of the *Fram* last August was not due more to good fortune than to Dr. Nansen's carefully thought-out programme, but in any case it ended one of the most memorable Polar expeditions the world has seen. The *Fram*, with her ten explorers, had been absent for three long years, since August, 1893, when she had sailed northwest from Nova Zembla. The ice prevented the party from securing fresh supplies of dogs and provisions at the northernmost Siberian harbors which were passed. Notwithstanding, the good ship was boldly intrusted to the tender mercies of the drift ice and the winds, and slowly made her way northward. When she could go no farther, Dr. Nansen and three companions took to the hummocky ice and pushed on to the north until the dogs were exhausted. For a time the weaker animals were sacrificed to give food to the strong ones; but finally the end of dog endurance came—not until, however, the explorers had come to a point two hundred miles nearer the

North Pole than any human being had seen before, and only two hundred and fifty miles south of the Pole itself. From the repeated failures to achieve their aims of the best equipped arctic travellers on account of a lack of sled power, it would seem that the most vital necessity at present in any successful attempt on the Pole, is a new and extremely concentrated dog biscuit. The food-supply of the voyagers themselves during their sledding was totally dependent on their marksmanship; and that the wild region afforded enough game to support them on the perilous journey to Franz Josef Land offers an encouraging prospect for future attempts. Dr. Nansen found deep sea and plenty of it, instead of the Arctic continent which existed in the theories of many geographers. The water was in some places 3,800 metres, or over two miles, deep; with a freezing temperature at the surface, it became decidedly warmer at a depth of one hundred and ninety metres.

This year has seen a more varied and elaborate series of campaigns against the arctic mysteries than any other in the history of the world. Steam, sails, sledges, skates, air and water currents, even balloons, have been enlisted in the effort to reach the barren goal. A comparison of these modern polar expeditions with those of previous years shows a considerable gain in results, both sentimental and practical, and, what is most important, a fairly revolutionary gain in safety. It is possible, with our latter-day ships and guns and foods and medicines, to devote a life's labor to arctic exploration without assuming the rôle of either crank or martyr. Dr. Nansen, with his fine bodily vigor, his intense enthusiasm, his willing, almost ascetic, abstinence, and his exact studies, is a good specimen of the modern Pole-hunter.

LAST August our mightiest battle-ships steamed out to sea, cleared for action, and indulged in some instructive target-practice, affording us the first opportunity of judging how our battle-ships would behave during the continual discharge of their heavy guns. The White Squadron in Action. The Yankee tars showed themselves good marksmen, and when the canvas target was not annihilated, the misses were by too narrow a margin to afford any comfort to the enemy's ships, had they been there. But the effect of the firing on the men-of-war themselves was quite startling. The natty vessels of the White Squadron came out of the fray in much such guise as one would have expected after a real battle. If not literally hoist with their own petards, they were so smoked and charred and shaken as to suggest very unpleasant theories concerning the result of such firing in the vastly greater hurry, excitement, and distraction of a real conflict.

For here, with every leisurely opportunity to anticipate the effects of the concussion, the mighty thirteen-inch guns of the Indiana actually bent the hatches and caused the deck-seams to start. It was necessary to put over the hatches the heavy armor plates designed to keep out the enemy's shot. Half-burnt grains of powder an inch thick flew in every direction and charred unsightly holes in the wooden sheathing of the decks. Woodwork in the cabins was torn down by the violence of the discharges, and any crockery that had not been carefully packed was promptly smashed; worse still, many nautical instruments, binnacles, compasses, and the glass parts of search-lights must be unshipped and secured during the cannon thunder. A search-light's value is surely considerably diminished if it cannot be used in time of action. When the thirteen-inch guns on the Indiana bellowed forth, a three-thousand-pound anchor at the bow was flung from the strong fastenings and thirty feet away from the vessel into the sea. It was impossible for any man to stand on the open deck. The officers are bemoaning the loss of their uniforms, ruined by the fine powder precipitated during the firing. Notwithstanding careful waddings of cotton in their ears, the men were made for the time totally deaf by the frightful vibrations, and their faces were badly blistered by the nitre from the powder. In fact it is said that the crews came home

from this pleasant little excursion completely worn out and nerve-shaken.

It proved absolutely impossible to use guns that were passed by the line of fire from other cannon. On the Atlanta, for instance, the six-inch guns can be fired aft past the barbettes of the eight-inch battery. To try the effect on the atmosphere of the barbettes, a sheep was tied in them, and the six-inch rifle was discharged; the animal could simply not be found, and unless a gang of men are to be executed for mutiny, it is safe to say that those two sets of guns will not be worked simultaneously.

This is the most valuable test of the actual working of modern naval guns since the battle of the Yalu, and has some stern lessons which should prove very profitable to the White Squadron if it is ever called out to battle.

THE rumors and announcements of the French Exposition of 1900 have aroused speculation concerning the superlative characteristics which will make this show sufficiently greater than the Chicago World's Fair. That was in honor bound to exceed the former Parisian effort of 1889 which in turn had before it our Centennial Exposition as the mark to be surpassed. The Successor to the Eiffel Tower. It is a mere truism to say that the first condition of a nineteenth century world's fair is that it shall be vaster than all its predecessors. What new monstrosity, then, could be desired for the year 1900, which would make the Eiffel Tower and the Ferris Wheel seem insignificant? The answer is ready, so the French papers tell us, in the idea of a mechanician, M. Borgel-Court, to build a gigantic sphere which shall as exactly as may be counterfeit the earth. On its surface all the countries of the globe, the cities, mountains, seas, and rivers, are to be represented with faithful configuration, while the interior is to be devoted to representations of the physical characteristics and civilizations mapped on the surface—natives, trees, animals, minerals, manufactured products, buildings, etc. In each country the traveller's eye will meet with only the objects indigenous to that land. The journey about this structure is to be made by means of elevators and electric railways. The round tour of the globe is scheduled to occupy eighty minutes—an irresistible figure

to a compatriot of Jules Verne. Starting from Paris, the tourists are conveyed by train to Geneva, and thence by tunnels to the different countries of Europe, the East, America, Australia, and Africa, completing their globe-trot *in petto* by a return to Paris, which occupies the highest point of the sphere, and supports a great figure of the French Republic.

This portentous reminder of our "geography" classes is to be nearly five hundred feet in diameter, or roughly, one eighty-thousandth as large as the original and more inconvenient earth. The plan is to set the globe on a frame, which will bring the extreme height to nearly eight hundred feet—an imposing architectural monster it should be!

The French talk much of the educational value which this sphere will have in addition to its purely show features. Truly it promises a saving of some time, expense, and seasickness if one can really come back a "travelled" person after an indulgence during a portion of the forenoon in M. Borgel-Court's complete earth, and the feat should appropriately end a century which has given us whole beeves compressed into a small vial of tablets and "Ivanhoe" edited down to a half hour's dimensions. The worry of it is that the genius of the first twentieth century exposition will be apparently confined to a single opportunity for his sensational feature; with the earth itself so belittled, what remains but a reduced edition of the universe?

OUR new American ships, the St. Paul and the St. Louis, have modestly bided their time until their joints should be well limbered up and their powers known, to show what they could do in the way of transatlantic racing, and now, early in their second season, they have both made glorious and record-breaking runs between Southampton and New York. First, in early August, the St. Louis lowered slightly the westward time, and only a week later the St. Paul came rushing over from Southampton in only thirty-one minutes and eight seconds over six days, thus virtually establishing the six-day mark over the longer course from England. These record trips, which are sprung upon the public three or four times a year, are no fortuitous pieces of good luck; they are generally the

Laurels for American Ships.

result of careful planning and preparation on the part of the steamer's people, who have a human aversion to any announcement of a triumph which wind and fog may turn into a defeat. The St. Paul had been put up in dry dock in Southampton to have her bottom scraped as clean as a whistle and everything made ship-shape for a race. Her agents were quietly expecting something extraordinary and had lookouts stationed at Fire Island—these being, as it happened, deceived into disappointment by the haze which allowed the great ship to steal by unperceived.

The St. Paul's average speed for the voyage was 21.08 knots, or about twenty-four and one-half miles per hour. Though this makes a new record in both average speed and time elapsed over the Southampton course, it does not mean that the American-built steamers are the fastest transatlantic vessels. The monster ships *Lucania* and *Campania* of the Cunard Line have made much quicker passages by the Queenstown course and have averaged a higher speed, the *Lucania* boasting as much as 22.01 knots, or about 25.7 miles per hour. But these Cunarders are far more powerful; they have each 10,000 more horse-power than the American ships, and burn nearly twice as much coal per day. It is a striking example of the vastly greater proportionate expenditure of power necessary to achieve a small increase of speed, to see the Cunarders using fifty per cent. more horse-power and a hundred per cent. more coal to obtain less than a single knot above the speed of the St. Paul.

OF the two distinguished foreigners who have recently honored the United States with their presence, the picturesque old Chinaman and his purely ceremonial visit proved to be of infinitely greater interest to the citizens of this republic than Lord Russell, of Killowen, and his unofficial but highly significant utterances on the question of arbitration. After the morning and afternoon costumes of Lord Russell had been more or less faithfully reported, together with his habits in regard to tan shoes and the extremities of his trousers, but little attention remained for his address on Arbitration before the American Bar Association at Saratoga. That address dealt largely, as was to be expected, with the dis-

Two Distinguished Visitors.

tinctly legal sides of the subject; as a keen lawyer, thoroughly alive to the vexing obstacles which are inevitable, Lord Russell was not able to express any sanguine belief in the feasibility of a permanent tribunal of arbitration between England and the United States. Quite apart from the intrinsic merits of the technical difficulties, it was important in itself, as a contribution to arbitration discussion, that this greatest of English jurists, whose personal leanings and temporary surroundings all made for optimism in this direction, considered that a large class of the most important subjects for arbitration could not be disposed of in any set method.

Li Hung Chang has always commanded the peculiar admiration of English-speaking people, and while the number of those in America who had an adequate conception of his greatness was comparatively small, it needed but small prompting on the part of the newspapers to excite the public interest when there was the very unusual spectacle to American eyes, of yellow jackets, peacock feathers, gorgeous hats, and highly ceremonious visits. New Yorkers forgot the lassitude of the dog days in their anxiety to see the man whom General Grant had placed with Gambetta, Disraeli, and Bismarck to make a quartet of the greatest men in the world. Truly the tall old Chinaman, with his glittering eyes, his alert interest, and his interminable questions, was well worth seeing, and the prominent men who were called to the hot metropolis to bid him welcome did not begrudge the interruption of their vacations. So far as can be learned the grand tour of Viceroy Li has been far more productive of edification to his shrewd old self than to the manufacturers and merchants of England and America who hoped the visit of this patron of science and industrial progress would mean the opening of new markets in the East for their products. If not childlike, the smile of the Viceroy is

certainly bland and inscrutable, and there is not on record any instance of his failure to survive western wiles, with the possible exception of his little adventure with an enterprising cigarette agent. Here, too, the advantage was probably mutual, for when the energetic Caucasian, having heard that Li had tasted and approved of his tobacco, appeared bearing a costly box well stocked with a thousand cigarettes, the virtual ruler of eight hundred million people not only accepted the gift in the spirit with which it was proffered, but hastened to assail the young man with a thousand and one questions about the tobacco industry of America, what time sundry high officials of the city of New York waited for an audience. If the agent achieved his advertisement, the Viceroy achieved the cigarettes and a short immunity from a round of ceremonial duty which must be wearing even to an ambassador and a Chinaman. How it was possible for a man of his great age and responsibilities to rise at six and continue through the day such an arduous labor of sight-seeing and official work is truly marvellous. But, like Mr. Gladstone and most other of the "grand" species of old men, Li has seen the absolute necessity of conserving his nervous force and guarding against indigestion, and this prudence is undoubtedly his secret of vitality. Willing to sacrifice himself in almost any way to the politeness due his hosts in the west, he continually drew the line at partaking of their feasts, and clung to the viands prepared by his own cooks in his native fashion. But while he acknowledged, with Mr. Gladstone, his tremendous indebtedness to a good digestion, he achieved it by a very different regimen; the sage of Hawarden with his maxim of thirty bites to each mouthful of meat would have been horrified at the ability of Li to dispose of a breakfast handily in ten minutes—smoking, too, before, during, and after the meal.

12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.
29.
30.
31.
32.
33.
34.
35.
36.
37.
38.
39.
40.
41.
42.
43.
44.
45.
46.
47.
48.
49.
50.
51.
52.
53.
54.
55.
56.
57.
58.
59.
60.
61.
62.
63.
64.
65.
66.
67.
68.
69.
70.
71.
72.
73.
74.
75.
76.
77.
78.
79.
80.
81.
82.
83.
84.
85.
86.
87.
88.
89.
90.
91.
92.
93.
94.
95.
96.
97.
98.
99.
100.

John E. Mills, pinxit.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

By permission of the Committee of the City Art Gallery, Manchester.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

DECEMBER 1896

No. 6

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

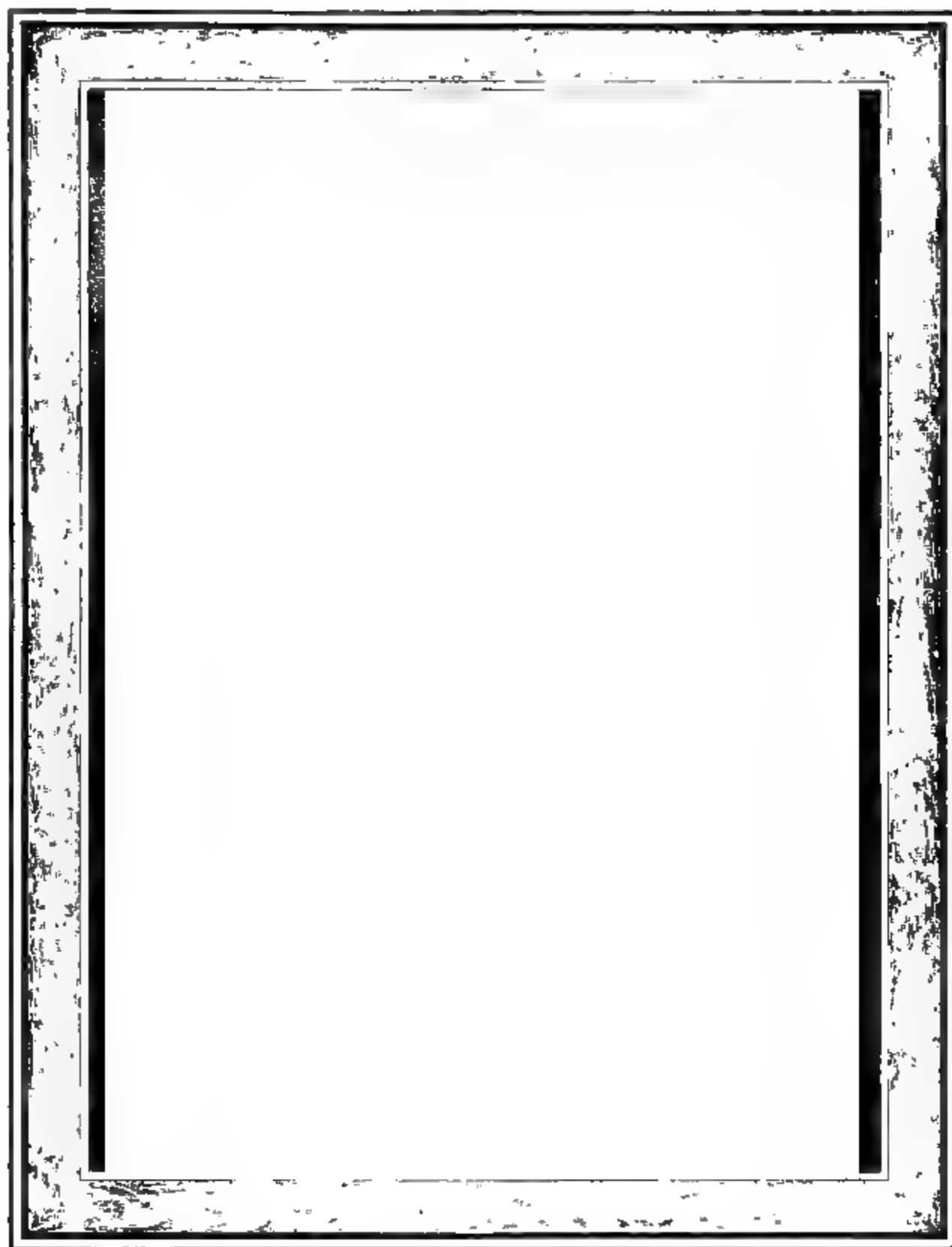
WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the British school of painting, it can scarcely be denied that the roll of its artists contains many names, distinguished not only among the artists of their own country, but among the artists of the world. To take only three of the greatest—Hogarth, the satirical reflector of society; Reynolds, the portrait painter; Turner, the master of landscape—in what other modern school shall we find their parallels? It would be rash to prophesy that the name of Millais will rank in the estimation of posterity as the peer of these his great precursors, but it may at least be said that he is as thoroughly national and original as any of them, and that in simplicity, sincerity, and power, he will hold his own with the best.

All great artists have some dominant quality. The spiritual idealism of Watts, the romantic imagination of Burne-Jones, the devotion of Leighton to Beauty, the exquisite execution and refined comedy of Alma-Tadema have already been noted in these pages. Each of these artists may justly urge other claims to our admiration, and if I assert, as the chief characteristic of Millais, his power of fixing the immediate aspect of the present, I by no means intend to exhaust the secret of his peculiar appeal. Without the keenest eye for what is lovely, without a tender sensibility to human feeling, without a lively perception of character, without an invention ever ready to

kindle, he would never have sustained the attention of his contemporaries for nearly half a century. Nevertheless, it is his gift of reflecting like a mirror the very life of his surroundings that constitutes his essential distinction among artists of his time.

To the present generation, or at least to the younger members of it, the President of the Royal Academy is principally known as a painter of portrait, of landscape, and of the charms of childhood. They know his magnificent portraits of Mr. Gladstone and of Lord Tennyson, and perhaps those of the Duchess of Wellington and Mrs. Bischoffsheim also; they have fallen in love with "Cherry Ripe," with "Dorothy Thorpe," and "Little Miss Muffett," and (the ladies, at least) have worshipped his pretty grandchild blowing "Bubbles." He is to them the great painter of the life with which they are surrounded, the masterly craftsman, who can do more with one stroke of the brush than most others with a dozen, the accurate and forcible colorist, the man who has the most distinct gift for making what appeals to him appeal also to others. But when he first came before the public, and for some years afterward, he was not in touch with his generation, but was a young rebel in league with Dante Rossetti and Holman Hunt and backed up by Ruskin in running counter to the prevalent theory and practice of art.

The style of the Millais of the fifties differs so widely from that of the Mil-



SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

From copyrighted photograph by Alfred Ellis.

lais of the nineties that at first sight it is hard to believe that they both belong to the same man, or even to the same century. In an excellent study of the artist, in one of the supplements of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Walter Armstrong describes Millais's progress from the "Isabella," of 1849, to the "Lady Betty Primrose," of 1885, as "the growth of four centuries writ small on a single brow." It will be the aim of the following pages to trace as fully as their

space allows the different stages of this "strange, eventful history."

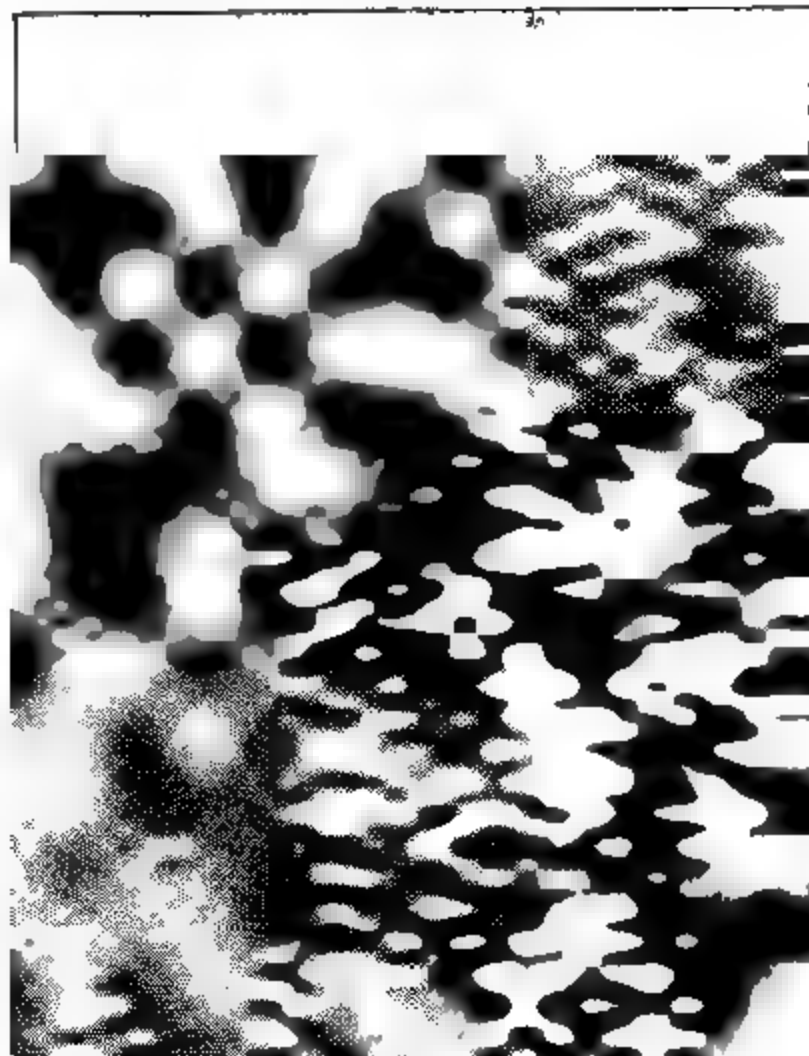
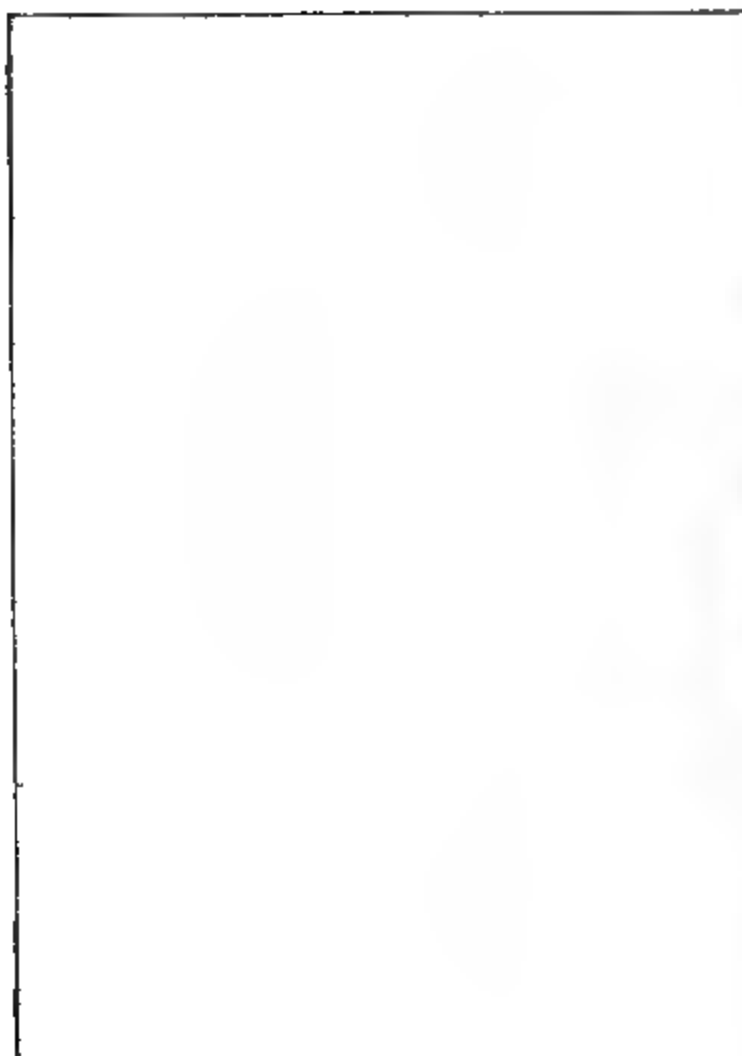
Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton, on June 8, 1829, and like Lawrence, Landseer, and other distinguished artists, showed his artistic bent at a very early age. His father, who was a Jerseyman, went to Dinan in 1835, and, while there, the boy made sketches of the military officers, which astonished everybody, including the officers themselves, and when the Millais

family came to London in 1838, it was for the purpose of properly cultivating his talents. The then President of the Royal Academy (Sir Martin Archer Shee) did not hesitate to express his opinion that "the parents of a child so gifted should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to speed him on the career for which nature has evidently intended him." So, at the age of eight years, his profession was decided, and in the winter of 1838-39 he was sent to the celebrated school of Mr. Sass. In the same year he was awarded a silver medal by the Society of Arts, and afterward won the silver and gold medals of the Royal Academy, where he became a student in 1840. He began to paint in 1845, and in 1846 exhibited his first picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru." It was favorably noticed by a French critic, and was followed in 1847 by "Elgiva Seized by the Soldiers of Odo." So far his progress was similar to that of any other student, except that it was more rapid and distinguished; but in 1848 an event happened which gave a special direction to his energies. This was his acquaintance with Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To this great and unique genius belonged the enthusiasm, the imagination, and color of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Mr. Ruskin, in his pamphlet called "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851), has pointed out that the principles which instigated the brotherhood were contained in the advice given in his first volume of "Modern Painters," published in 1843, and there is little doubt that the eloquent teaching of Mr. Ruskin hastened, if it did not create, that revolt against the outworn conventions of art, in which the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood took the lead. Such revolts are periodical in the history of art. Such was the movement of the realists of Florence in the fifteenth century, of the "Nazarenos" of Germany, of the "Men of 1830," in France, of the impressionists of to-day, and one and all were inspired by the desire to return to sincerity, and to nature as the source of it. With the three Pre-Raphaelites already mentioned were associated four others, one only of whom attained distinction as

an artist. This was the late Thomas Woolner, R.A., sculptor and poet. The others were William Michael Rossetti, the brother of Dante, and a well-known critic, F. G. Stephens, also well-known as an art critic, and James Collinson, a painter little known to fame. Associated with them as contributors to their short-lived magazine *The Germ*, or more or less in sympathy with their endeavors, were Ford Madox Brown, W. H. Deverell, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, James Orchard, and W. B. Scott (all contributors to *The Germ*), Arthur Hughes, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, and later Burne-Jones and Swinburne.

So far as painting was concerned, the three leaders were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and John Everett Millais, men of extremely different temperaments. They were alike only in one thing, their devotion to nature. Rossetti was romantic, Holman Hunt didactic, Millais realistic. The two former would go neither to right nor left for anyone, living in worlds of their own, the one of poetic fantasy, the other of semi-religious enthusiasm, both were abnormal, self-centred, and unchangeable, following forever their solitary paths away from the world. Millais, on the contrary, was the most normal of beings, with more of the painter's temperament than either of the others; but simple-minded, given neither to mysteries nor didacticism, thinking himself neither a poet nor a prophet, but nevertheless a strong personality, who with a keen delight in the joys of ordinary life, was very sensitive to the poetic suggestions of other minds.

The three friends were all "intense" in their different ways: Rossetti in passion, Hunt in purpose, and Millais in observation. With extreme "flexibility of adaptation," he could so match the fidelity of Hunt and catch fire at the fancy of Rossetti, that he was easily the rival of both. At the time they first worked together Rossetti was a mere tyro in art, while Millais and Hunt were already trained artists; but Rossetti was the master mind, and exercised on Millais, as on all with whom he came in contact, an almost magical fascination. He infected Millais with his romantic



Pencil Studies of Heads for the Lorenzo and Isabella (1849).

By permission of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray.

glamour, with his "Anglo-Catholic" feeling in art, with something even of his wizardry. He stimulated Millais's invention to the creation of designs as strange and powerful as his own, and far more perfect in execution. Yet Rossetti's influence was never strong enough to subdue the native impulse of Millais, which was, above all things, to hold the mirror up to nature, with only such selection as was prompted by personal liking. In that strange mixture of symbolism and naturalism which forms the peculiar fascination of Pre-Raphaelite art, it was the naturalism which was most congenial to Millais. But Millais had already been diverted from the simple expression of himself by his academical art training. He had aimed at what was then regarded as the highest form of art—historical composition. He had probably no wish to descend to what was thought the lower level of landscape, portrait, and *genre*. But he, like his associates, was dissatisfied with the popular ideal. It was false, it was second-hand, it left un-

realized the beauty of the world as he saw it. The new creed which cancelled tradition and went straight to nature for inspiration without departing from the path of "high art," formed overwhelming attractions to a youth with the nature and the training of Millais. The art, indeed, which these young reformers proposed to themselves was in purpose "higher" than ever. It was to represent all the old scenes from Holy Writ, all the great themes of History, all the dreams of the poets from Homer to Keats, and all the thought and passion of modern life, with a truth and force which had never been achieved before.

They called themselves Pre-Raphaelites, not because they knew a great deal about the real ones or intended to imitate their style. The movement was not so much from admiration of the Pre-Raphaelites as from dislike of the Post-Raphaelites. They would unlearn all that the centuries since the fifteenth had taught and begin again at nature and themselves—as they thought the real Pre-Raphaelites had done.

This picture, the first Pre-Raphaelite painting by Millais, is from a scene in Keats's poem, "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," founded on Boccaccio's story descriptive of the feelings of two brothers on discovering the mutual love of Isabella and Lorenzo. Nearly all the figures are portraits of friends.

At the right, Lorenzo (William Rossetti) holds a plate on which he offers half a cut blood orange to Isabella (Mrs. Henry Hodgkinson) who is caressing a hound.

At the left, one of the brothers (Mr. John Harries), enraged at her reception of Lorenzo's courtesy, violently kicks the hound, while the other (Dante Gabriel Rossetti), looking over the glass, watches the lovers with cruel eyes. A guest (the artist's father) wipes his lips with a napkin; another (W. Hugh Fenn) pares an apple; a serving man (M. Wright) with a white napkin over his arm, stands behind Isabella and Lorenzo.

LORENZO AND ISABELLA.

Reproduced, by permission, from the original painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.

John E. Millais, 1849-1896.

PORTRAIT OF LADY RIPON (1853).

By permission of the Marquis of Ripon.

One practice to which they attached great importance was a minute imitation of Nature's detail. Far from the idea that painting should only imitate the general impression of the sight, they even set themselves against "generalization." Every leaf, every pebble, must be painted. So far was their theory carried that a microscopic accuracy was held to be a noble quality, and painting was thought to have reached superexcellence if all the facts which it represented could not be discovered without the aid of a microscope. To excel in such work as this, Millais, with his wonderful sight and sure hand, was

peculiarly qualified, and his first Pre-Raphaelite picture, the "Isabella," is a marvel of minute and complete painting, such as had not been seen since the days of Van Eyck. And it was true finish also, broad in general effect in spite of its labor, without either nigger or stipple.

This wonderful exhibition of skill by a youth of nineteen, embodied all the Pre-Raphaelite doctrines. It was absolutely unconventional in composition; every figure was studied from life—most, if not all, were portraits of his friends with their features unidealized. In this work the association with Ros-

setti is very apparent. His next picture, "Christ in the House of His Parents," reminds one more of Holman Hunt. Here we have an imaginary incident in the life of our Lord conceived in nearly the same spirit as Hunt's much later "Shadow of the Cross." "The Carpenter's Shop" was its other title, and both are needed to explain it fully. Unless we know who the characters are it might well pass for a simple incident in daily life. An Eastern carpenter (who except for his costume, looks very like an English gentleman) is examining with parental sympathy a cut in the palm of his little son's hand. The mother is greatly concerned, the grandmother removes the offending implement, the apprentice goes on with his work, and a little friend brings a bowl of water to wash the wound. Outside the window is a view of the country with sheep huddling against the house. Such are the ordinary facts of a simple domestic "accident," told with the greatest simplicity and naturalness. But there is much more intended than this, as is shown by the other title, "Christ in the House of His Parents." The facts are all symbolical. The sufferer is Christ; the mother is the Vir-

gin; the father, Joseph; the grandmother, St. Anne; the little boy with the water is St. John, while the sheep outside symbolize the faithful. We need to be told all this to appreciate the strange mixture of plain fact and deep symbolism. No wonder it shocked people who could not penetrate the inner reverence of its intention, who only saw sacred personages treated like ordinary individuals, and sacred art reduced to *genre*. The St. John, one of the most charming of all Millais's designs, carefully treading as he balances the brimming bowl, was regarded as simply awkward; St. Anne was likened to an old woman putting a screw of tobacco across a counter, and the Virgin, middle aged and plain, was equally an offence. There were no halos, no flowing robes of red and white and blue; it was profane as an illustration of sacred history, and was ugly and undignified as art. It raised indignation and ridicule. Both were natural and undeserved. Equal and more deserved derision was poured upon "Ferdinand and Ariel," another picture of the same year.

An illustration of Tennyson's "Mariana in the Moated Grange," a scene from

THE VALE OF REST.

From photograph of drawing, loaned by Mr H. Virtue Webb.

PENCIL STUDY FOR HEAD OF OPHELIA (1852).

By permission of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray. From photograph by Henry Dixon & Sons

Scripture, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," and an illustration of Coventry Patmore's poem of "The Woodman's Daughter," were his contributions to the Academy in 1852 and testified to the activity and variety of his invention, and "The Huguenot" and the "Ophelia" of the next year established a reputation which has never declined again. They were, of course, criticised and ridiculed freely in many quarters. "The Huguenot had only one leg," "his arm could never have got so far round his mistress's neck," "Ophelia could never have floated so comfortably," and so on; but in spite of all, the painter's mark was made. The secret of their success is not difficult to discover. The subjects were generally known and interesting to the public. The beauty of the types was indubitable, and corresponded with the popular ideal, and both pictures told their own story unmistakably. Probably the most potent factor in the success was the expression of the lovers in "The Huguenot"—the tenderness of the woman, sweet and intense, but not overstrained or af-

fectured, the struggle between duty and affection in the man, as though he said,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

And besides, there was the appeal to Protestant feeling. The picture touched the dearest sentiments of the English, it appealed to their sense of beauty, to their affections, to their love of moral courage, and to their religious convictions. If Millais had thought it all out beforehand (and he probably did nothing of the kind) he could not have chosen a subject more attractive to the visitors of the Royal Academy. But there was the art of it also, the simplicity of arrangement, the perfect gesture, the execution and bright color. Most of the public do not regard these things at all unless the subject is to their liking, but that point achieved, they are ready to admire any other merits that may be brought to their notice. And this picture of Millais's contained qualities of execution which they could easily appreciate—fidelity to known facts, like a red-brick wall

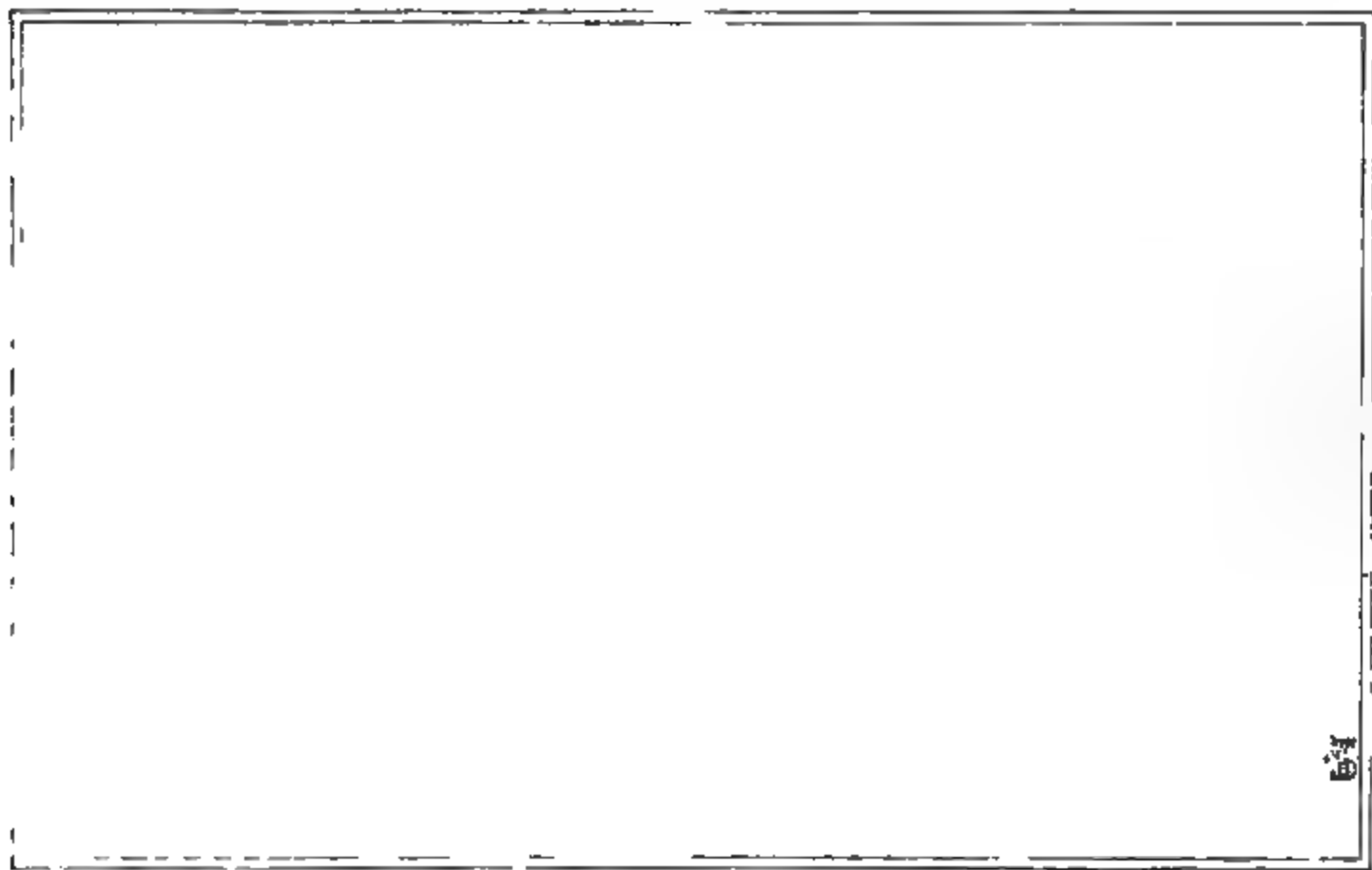
OPHELIA.
By permission of Messrs. Henry Grafton & Co.

and ferns, and elaborate detail involving great labor and exactness of manipulation. The "Ophelia," a portrait of Miss Siddall (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti), was equally to their mind; the fragile, beautiful girl crazed for love, singing her death-song as she floated down the stream through a faëry land of spring, touched all with its pathos and loneliness. It was also very faithful to the exquisite description of Shakespeare.

The next year he completed what may be called his trilogy of historic love-scenes by adding to "The Huguenot" the "Proscribed Royalist" and the "Order for Release." With these works may be said to end his first period of development. He had long felt the restrictions of the Pre-Raphaelite precepts. He said to William Bell Scott (about 1850) that extremely minute execution was "all nonsense," and that "one could not live doing that." The three pictures were a partial return to self-expression. They were wholly his. They contained no symbolism. They were illustrations of no poems. They were original in every sense of the word as applied to art. The "Order for Release" may claim to be

his most perfect picture of incident, perhaps the finest of all his pictures.

In 1854 (the year of his marriage), Millais did not contribute to the Royal Academy. In 1855 he sent a picture which had nothing to do with the past; it was in no sense an "illustration," except of his own mind and experience. It was called "The Rescue," and represented a scene at a fire in a modern house, with a most modern mother seizing her rescued child from the arms of a modern fireman. The almost hysterical rapture of the mother reached the highest pitch of expression which the artist ever dared, and the flare of the conflagration was realized with as near an approach to truth as was possible in paint. Here was a picture such as no one had ever attempted before, and the like of which he never attempted again. Among the five works exhibited at the Royal Academy next year were the "Blind Girl," now at Birmingham, an idyl of modern life, very realistic, with a carefully executed landscape and rainbow—but the picture of the year was "Autumn Leaves," in which he for the first (and again it may be said for the last) time, produced a unique effect by



Etched by Millais for the Fifth Number of "The Germ," never published (1850-51). It is believed that this etching was intended to illustrate a story by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, called "The Intercession of St. Agnes."

By permission of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray.

THE ORDER OF RELEASE.

(A portrait of Lady Millais.)

Reproduced by permission of Messrs Henry Graves & Co.

new means. I mean, unique at the time, for it has been the father of a thousand pictures. Its freshness at the moment consisted in its absolute absence of "subject" in what would now be called a "literary" sense. It was a painted "song without words." The subject (in the painter's sense) was simple enough. A few girls, their heads relieved against

an evening sky, their figures enveloped in twilight air, are heaping up dead leaves to be burnt. The healthy, but half sad faces of the girls, the rhythm of their movement, the solemnity of the still, warm evening, the richness of the color (too rich perhaps for absolute truth), produced a vague emotion like that aroused by a low chant heard in

the distance. It was suggested by no poem, but it might well suggest not one but many. It puzzled the critics, but it remains a joy forever. In 1857 he reverted to mediævalism in "The Knight Crossing a Ford," or "Sir Isunbras"—a picture which met with ridicule, not altogether undeserved, in spite of its extraordinary force, the originality of its design, and the beauty of its parts. It was a bizarre mixture of ancient and modern. A grizzled old warrior in golden armor bestrides a very modern steed with very modern harness. Perched on the horse before him sits a charming maiden, who too evidently belongs to the nineteenth century, and behind him a little boy. This is another

very transitional picture, in which he shows himself on with the new love before he is off with the old. It was the occasion of a very clever parody by F. Sandys—a large woodcut called "Nightmare," in which the horse was changed to a donkey (Ruskin), the knight into Millais, the girl into Rossetti, and the boy into Holman Hunt. The picture, which now belongs to Mr. R. H. Benson, has been recently painted upon by the artist, who has transformed the horse into a substantial charger and arrayed it in rich mediæval trappings.

Next year came two pictures which may be said to close the transitional period between his Pre-Raphaelite and

ROSALIND AND CELIA.

Celia: "I pray you bear with me, I cannot go no further."—*As You Like It*, Act II., Scene IV.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.

later manner or manners. These were "The Vale of Rest" and "Spring." The former is another unique picture, for which he found a subject in modern life which yet preserved the sentiment of the past, a subject which he could treat with absolute fidelity to nature, and yet touch a profound depth of spiritual feeling. In its union of art and poetry it fulfilled the spirit of "The Germ." This picture of nuns in the convent garden, one employed in digging her grave and the other in solemn meditation; this scene in the gloaming where tall poplars rise against the sky, barred by a purple coffin-shaped cloud, and still rich with the subdued glory of the sunset, produced a profound impression, only marred to some minds by the plain features of the nuns, one of whom was repainted by the artist. "Spring," with its band of light-hearted girls sporting under apple-trees in full blossom, was painted with wonderful freedom and force, and may be regarded

as the "L'Allegro" to the "Il Penseroso" of "Autumn Leaves." In this picture the true nature of the artist bursts out. However much his invention might be stimulated by association with more visionary minds, and however great his sympathy with the poetry of romance, or the dreams of bygone days, his heart was with the present. After this there was no more symbolism, real or attempted, in his painted work.

The change that had come over the spirit of his dream was shown plainly by the picture of "The Black Brunswick" (1860), which at once challenged comparison with "The Huguenot," and in spite of the mature mastery and boldness of its execution was a disappointment to those who looked to Millais for pleasures of a "higher strain." Despite the beauty of the lady (studied from Miss Kate Dickens, now Mrs. Perugini), the figures were comparatively uninteresting, and their expression commonplace. The

THE MINUET.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.

old Millais was dead, the new Millais was scarcely born.

Another picture about this time (1863), which showed his tendency to express his impression of past events without much attempt to reconstruct the age in which they happened, was the "St. Agnes's Eve." The subject was taken from Keats's poem, and on the

walls in the same exhibition hung another treatment of the subject, by Arthur Hughes, a triptych, as remarkable for its mediæval, as Millais's for its modern, treatment. Hughes, unlike Millais, followed the poet in his error of making the moon transmit the daylight colors of the painted glass which, according to the poem, "threw warm

gules on Madeline's fair breast." The only antique thing in Millais's picture (and that surely not antique enough), was the large, many-windowed room at Knole House, where the scene is set. The lady might have been one of the guests at Knole in 1863, but the moonlight flooding the room, blanching the maiden, and glistening in her jewels—such moonlight has probably never been painted before or since.

During the decade from 1861 (in which year he did not exhibit) to 1871 his choice of subject was more varied than ever. Besides pictures of child-life and portraits he painted subjects from poetry, history, and the Bible. Among them were "The Romans Leaving Britain," "Esther" and "Jephthah," "Stella and Vanessa," "The Gambler's Wife," and "The Widow's Mite," "Rosalind and Celia," and "The Knight Errant," "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "Victory, O Lord!" "Chill October," and "Flowing to the Sea"—his two first-exhibited landscapes. These pictures and "Pilgrims to St. Paul's" may be said to include the whole range of his inventive power, and manipulative skill. The latter was sometimes

employed in undisguised emulation of Velasquez, as in "Vanessa" and the "Souvenir of Velasquez," with their force of color and sweeping brushwork. Space will not allow me to describe these pictures, but most of them have been engraved, and the lively spirit of the "White Cockade" and "Charlie is My Darling," the pathos and beauty of "The Gambler's Wife," and the idyllic charm of "Rosalind and Celia" are widely known. Of all, the most ambitious were "The Knight Errant" and "Victory, O Lord!" The former was remarkable for the nude figure of the distressed lady, a masterpiece of realistic flesh-painting; the latter as the only picture in which, since the days of his academical training, he had treated a heroic subject demanding a strenuous effort of the imagination. The subject is the watching of Joshua's fight with Amalek; Moses seated at the top of the hill, his hands upheld by Aaron and Hur. The conception is impressive and all the heads are fine, but the figure of Hur, standing like a watch-tower against the sky, and the light glancing on his eagle eye, diverted attention from the others by

A FLOOD

By permission of Arthur Lucas, Art Publisher, London, Proprietor and Copyrighted.

"Stitch, Stitch, Stitch" (1876).

By permission of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., to whom the original was presented by the artist. From photograph by Frederick Hollyer.

its exceeding force. More successful than either of these must be rated "The Boyhood of Raleigh." Two young and beautiful boys (Millais's own sons, one, alas, since dead) are listening with intense interest to the glowing description of a mariner, who, in his bronze limbs, wild aspect, and picturesque costume, brings with him much of the glamour of the New World, from which

he had just returned. A few flashing feathers of tropical birds effectively introduced add greatly to the romantic feeling and fine color of the picture. This was almost the last picture permeated throughout with dramatic feeling, as "Victory, O Lord!" was his last attempt at what was once termed "high art." Besides "The Boyhood of Raleigh" many others of the artist's most

PORTRAIT OF SIR JAMES PAGET, F.R.S., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS,
ETC., ETC., ETC. (1872)

By permission of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London From photograph by Henry Dixon & Sons.

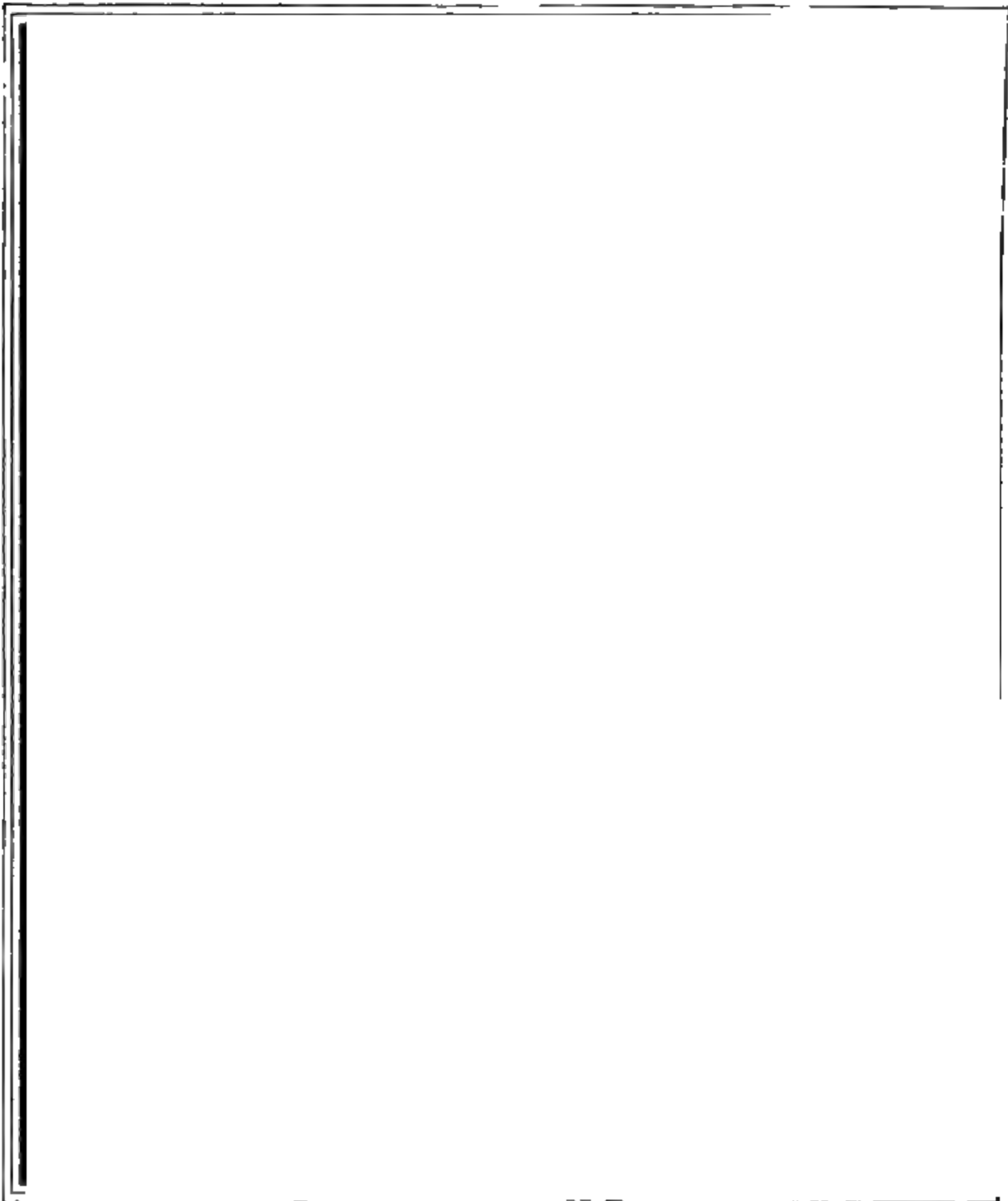
popular pictures of children belong to this period, during which he became the father of a family. These pictures were, to a certain extent, a new departure, for though his designs always showed a great love for children and delight in their beauty, he now promotes them, as it were, to a level with their elders, and devotes whole canvases to studies of their charms. So we have the "Sleeping" and "Waking," "The First Sermon," "The Second Sermon," and "The Minuet" (all

portraits of his own children), and many others, including "The Flood," a record of a real incident at Sheffield in 1864. The subject is a baby, cast adrift in a very seaworthy cradle of wood, floating unconcernedly down the swollen tide with her little black kitten 'swearing' on the poop. This picture is not so well known as many of inferior charm, but it is now the property of Mr. Arthur Lucas, the print publisher, who, in accordance with the artist's own wish, has employed Mr.

McCulloch to engrave it on a large scale.

No doubt his works from 1861 showed a freer exercise of power, an impulse more singly derived from nature and experience, even when their subjects were not modern. Combined with these qualities was a less restrained delight in painting for its own

sake. He had long passed his apprenticeship, and his knowledge and command of his materials enabled him to produce the desired pictorial result with far less labor and a more telling effect of general truth. Though less laborious, he was equally industrious, but his newer method enabled him, by increased productiveness, to take more



THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY.

John E. Millais, pinxit.

Reproduced by permission, from the original painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.

advantage of his fertility of invention. The stages of his development are not shown more clearly in his pictures than in his book illustrations. To his early Pre-Raphaelite period belongs a rare etching designed in illustration of a story by Rossetti for that fifth number of *The Germ*, which never appeared. Here we see a painter standing by his easel and intently gazing at a girl who is seated straight in a chair attended by two others. The meaning of the design is unknown to me, but it would be explained by the theory that the girl was very ill and that her lover was attempting to paint her portrait before she died. To a later stage belong his illustrations to the famous edition of Tennyson, issued by Moxon in 1858, which included the exquisite figure of St. Agnes sitting by her window, while "Deep on the convent roof the snows are sparkling to the moon," and the illustrations to "Dora." In these lovely drawings the final form and expression is dictated by a poetical sympathy with his subject. To these succeeded a large number of charming illustrations to *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and (in the *Cornhill Magazine*) to Trollope's novels, "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," "The Small House at Allington," and "Phineas Finn." In the later ones he adopted a less careful, though still a masterly, style, and paid less regard to individuality of character, though sometimes, as in "Was It Not a Lie?" ("Framley Parsonage") he very forcibly realized a situation. In some of these he seems to attempt to produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of means. A few apparently careless lines are sufficient to produce a vivid impression of a figure or two set in a landscape or room, the main features of which are indicated with a few expressive lines betraying great power of observation and knowledge of effect.

These were the days of a new style of engraving on wood, in which the engraver sought to produce as faithfully as possible the very lines of the designer, who drew them himself upon the wood. Among the engravers most noted for their skill in this method of reproduction were Messrs. Dalziel, and among the artists whose drawings they

fac-similed there was none so skilful as Millais. Unfortunately the process involved the loss of the drawing, which under even the most skilful cutting lost much of its original beauty. Two at least of his fine illustrations to the parables of our Lord, "The Woman Seeking for a Piece of Money" and "The Enemy Sowing Tares," also formed the subject of pictures, but the former of these has perished. His latest and perhaps his best illustrations of all are those to Barry Lyndon in the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works.

To return to his pictures. After 1871 he did not altogether cease to treat historical or romantic subjects. In 1877 he painted two illustrations of Scott for Messrs. Agnew—"Effie Deans" and "The Master of Ravenswood"—the first of which excels in the direct and simple telling of a story, and the pathos of the girl with her "snood" in her hand. He painted also the well-known "Princes in the Tower," and the "Princess Elizabeth," charming pictures of children, but more domestic than historical in feeling. It may be said generally that from this time forth he devoted himself simply to recording his daily impressions of the world around him, without taxing his already well-proved powers of invention, or seeking suggestions for his imagination from history or fable. Shakespeare and the Bible were left alone, and instead we had "Cherry Ripe," and "Mr. Gladstone." Whether this diversion of his genius is to be regretted or not there is no space here to discuss. To some it seemed a desertion of higher spiritual and intellectual aims, to others the free assertion of his own personality, the recognition of his right function of an artist. Nor shall I consider whether he could or should have endeavored to blend more of the old Millais with the new, and employed his perfectly matured skill in realizing the conceptions of his soul. Millais's course cannot be altered now. It was probably inevitable, a normal growth affected only by some extraneous conditions at its outset, not unlike that of a tree on whose robust stem some rare variety has been grafted to flourish only for awhile.

At all events, during the last twenty-

four years, Millais has been himself and nothing but himself. If he dropped some threads in 1872, he set up at least one new one—for the famous "Chill October," the first and finest of all his landscapes, was exhibited in that year. It has a unity in design, a prevalent sentiment, that his others, if equally fine in execution, usually lack. In dexterity and truth, Millais's landscape work is pre-eminent, but his impressions of nature return from his mind to the canvas little altered in material aspect, little tinged with subjective feeling. His love of nature seems almost absolute. In this he is truly Pre-Raphaelite, omitting nothing, adding nothing, almost, one might say, selecting nothing; but this would be going too far, for his personality is strongly reflected in his landscapes, and their authorship is unmistakable. One would think he was so overpowered by the beauty of nature that he saw no fault in her. Each aspect takes him with delight, and he is contented to reflect that delight without any sophistication of personal mood or imported sentiment. His is not, perhaps, the highest kind of landscape, it surprises and pleases, but does not greatly move; but of its kind it is unsurpassable in truth and variety. When we remember the evening skies of "The Vale of Rest" and "Autumn Leaves," the orchard of "Spring," the village and the rainbow behind the "Blind Girl," the river of the "Flood," and then think of the later series of pure landscapes—"Chill October," "Flowing to the Sea," "Flowing to the River," "Scotch Firs," "Winter Fuel," "The Fringe of the Moor," "Over the Hills and Far Away," and "The Sound of Many Waters" (to mention no others), it is difficult to recall the name of many other landscape painters who have realized so many phases of nature with greater force and skill. If his landscapes seem less impregnated with sentiment than his figure pictures, that is probably because inanimate nature has no sentiment of her own. His regard of human nature has been really much the same during at least the last quarter of a century. He has, as a rule, been content with all things as he found them—men and women, costume, fur-

niture, ornaments, without even exercising greatly his personal taste, trusting to make a pleasant whole by the truth and beauty of his color and the imitative force of his execution. He gives us the sense and pleasure of the presence of individuals, the living touch of the present. It does not matter much whether they are called portraits or have fancy titles, for nearly every figure he draws is a portrait, done in the spirit of portraiture, with more or less delight in the character or the beauty of the face. It is seldom he paints more than single figures.

Generally the picture makes itself, as it were, as in "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," which is but the portrait of a girl sewing, rather shabbily dressed and a little weary in expression; but sometimes a little more is needed than the fresh study freshly planted on the canvas, and accessories are introduced, not always quite successfully, to "make up." He paints his daughters in charming pictures, such as "New Laid Eggs" and "Forbidden Fruit," much as Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his niece "Offy." He paints Trelawney in the "North-West Passage," one of the largest and most celebrated of his works, the head of the grand old vagabond forming not only the focus of the picture but its entire interest, for the auditor in this case, unlike young Raleigh and his friend, is not interesting in herself nor in her costume, though both and all the rest of the picture, with its furniture, maps, and other litter, the glass of grog, and the river view out of the window, are painted with masterly suggestiveness. As a piece of craftsmanship and professional knowledge it is no doubt a *chef d'œuvre*, but as a painted drama it cannot compare with such a picture as "The Boyhood of Raleigh," where the charm of invention warms the whole canvas. Still more dependent for its effect on sheer power of painting is "The Yeoman of the Guard;" and the "Idyl of 1745" may be mentioned as an example of a large composition of several figures in which there is little to admire except this wonderful power of paint. The subjects of which he has been most fond during later years are portraits and pictures of

girls and children. In some of the latter he has taken hints from Sir Joshua Reynolds, but not more than Sir Joshua Reynolds took from others. Many of these, like "Cherry Ripe," "Little Miss Muffett," "Pomona," and "Bubbles," have been represented so freely by engraving and chromo-lithography that it is scarcely necessary to refer to them. Suffice it to say that from the beginning to the end of his career, from St. John the Baptist in "Christ in the House of His Parents" to the portrait of the little Hon. John Nevile Manners, of 1896, his love of children has been constantly shown in his work.

Of his portraits of men several are in a true sense historical. Watts may have given us more of the inner workings of a man's soul and intellect, but no one has grasped more forcibly the whole outward appearance of an individual at a given moment. The leonine presence of Mr. Gladstone, the fire of his glance, the keenness of the intellectual gladiator, watchful and ready for a spring—what he really looked like in his finest moments—has been given by nobody like Millais in the portraits of 1879 and 1885. Equally fine and perhaps more difficult in subject is his portrait of John Bright. Among many others of national value are those of Sir James Paget and Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeons; Thomas Carlyle, Lord Tennyson, Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, Henry Irving, Cardinal Newman, and the artist's friend and brother painter, J. C. Hook, R.A.

For a period of nearly fifty years Millais has been before the public as an artist, and for the greater part of that time he has sustained his reputation as the greatest painter of his day. He has painted history, romance, poetry, landscape, portrait, and has made his mark in each. No one else has attempted so wide a range of subject, few have shown a greater variety of invention, or approached him in his command over tools and materials. It is only within the last few years that he has shown any decline of power, and it was only the other day that Mr. Watts, his great colleague, observed to me of one of his pictures in the present exhi-

bition of the Royal Academy (1896), that as painting it was "as good as ever." His art is in no sense ideal; his imagination cannot body forth things unknown, or rise to any great heroic height; he has never attempted to represent rapid or violent action, but inside these lines his powers are splendid and exuberant. An almost matchless draughtsman, a colorist of great truth and force, a painter of extraordinary imitative power, with a handling, not always pleasant perhaps, but of the utmost sureness and freedom, he has left a body of work which both for quantity and quality has scarcely been equalled in modern art. Indeed, the whole of his work has been so sincere and full of fresh life, it reflects so forcibly his own personality and the living spirit of his day, that it is difficult to believe that it can ever become uninteresting to posterity.

His life has been uneventful, but prosperous and fully enjoyed. Though when he was young he, it is said, was discouraged by want of success, he had not long to wait for it. An Associate at five-and-twenty, an Academician at thirty-four, and ever since the most popular of British artists, he has had little to complain of professionally. Of vigorous constitution, fond of all sports, especially of hunting and fishing, he has enjoyed his play as much as his work. He, no doubt, has had his sorrows, his mortifications, and his trials like the rest of us, but it cannot be said of him that his life has been a dull or a sad one. He has received honor not only at home, but abroad. He has been dearly loved by nearly all who have ever heard his cheery voice, or looked upon his handsome and honest face. He is popular, not least, among students, to whom he has always given kind encouragement and valuable help. Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., tells me that he helped not as others would, with a word of advice only, but would seize a piece of paper and rapidly draw a hand or foot in rapid but perfect lines, and leave it with the student, saying only, "That's what you want." It need scarcely be added that his mind and character are truly reflected in his art. He is neither

a profound thinker nor a learned scholar, but his mind is singularly sympathetic, observant, and apprehensive. He is perhaps a man of action rather than words, but has more than an ordinary share of just judgment and common sense. A strong Conservative he has a great hatred of all innovation, but at least in his view of art he is very tolerant and comprehensive, as indeed a man should be who has learned something

from nearly every great artist from Van Eyck to Reynolds.

Alas, since the above lines were written this great artist and true man has passed away. He died on Thursday, August 13th, of a disease of the larynx, and on the Thursday following was buried with due honors in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he lies with Reynolds and Turner, with Leighton and Wren.

THE PHANTOM GOVERNESS

By T. R. Sullivan

I

"WALLACE! Wallace! The Minehead coach is coming down the hill!" cried Mrs. Lenox from the smoke-room threshold. Then, having assured herself that her husband and his friend, Harrison Waterbury, were quite alone, she advanced to the card-table at which the two men sat over a game of piquet.

"Twenty-five—twenty-six! All right, Lucy—in one moment. Twenty-seven—twenty-eight—and ten, thirty-eight!" returned Mr. Lenox, counting and scoring. "There will be time to finish the set, and then——"

"No, no! Do come now, please. I can never face Miss Dawson alone." Waterbury, who had gathered up the cards, threw them down. "Is my back hair in order?" he asked, with pretended anxiety, rising as he spoke and thereby forcing his opponent to do likewise.

"Yes, what there is of it!" growled Mr. Lenox, following the others reluctantly. "I think we are far from wise in permitting you to meet the lady. It will be a case of fascination at first sight."

"There is no danger of that, I am sure," said his wife, gravely. "For Miss Martha Dawson has reached years of discretion, and owns up to thirty-three. She lived with the Duchess of Saxe Gotha two whole years. Miss Walton-Woolley, through whom I heard of her, declared that she was the ideal

governess. My one prayer is that Violet and the boys may not be as much afraid of her as I am."

The conversation had brought them into the central hall of the Lynton Hotel, and hurrying on to the porch, where the children stood already, they waited for the coach there in the sunshine.

They were all Americans, and they rejoiced at having not only the hotel but the resources of Lynton very much to themselves in these early July days. Lenox was a man of leisure, who had cut adrift from New York and Newport for a year or two, that he might give his family the benefit of foreign travel. He had landed in the month of June, and suddenly encountering in Regent Street his intimate friend and classmate, Harry Waterbury, had persuaded him to pass a month in Devonshire. The two men were of about the same age, just over forty; but this was almost their only point of resemblance, for Waterbury, when at home, knew no leisure; he was an ambitious man, with a definite mark in his profession of the law already made. Rich, unmarried, of excellent connections, agreeable manners, and great personal charm, he had become a favorite in his little world which had done its best to spoil him, but, thus far, had only succeeded in wearing him out. After a troublesome illness he yielded to advice and came abroad for rest, which was now assured to him in very pleasant company. The

Devon breezes were bringing back the color to his dark, sallow face; and in their first long walk that morning, over the Tors to Countisbury, he had outstripped Lenox, who was a much heavier man.

The view which the little party overlooked is one of the finest in North Devon. Four hundred feet below the Lynton table-lands the port of Lynmouth nestles in its narrow, wooded gorge. Beyond the town and tumbling river stands the manor-house, in a smooth expanse of lawn reclaimed from the sea, which makes up behind it toward the huge promontory of the Foreland, outlined against the sky like a dormant lion. Its high cliffs, pale green and golden brown above, along the shoreline are worn into strange shapes and surf-indented with inaccessible caves. The rocky heights, stretching inland toward a wilderness of moors, were now aglow with purple heather, almost tropical in its vivid color. But, for the moment, this landscape was forgotten by them all; they had eyes only for a red strip of road, shining through the trees on the headland above the manor-house, along which the coach was expected to pass.

"It must have gone by," said Miss Violet Lenox, who was a graceful brunette of sixteen. "Hark! there are wheels on the bridge, down in the valley."

"Perhaps it's upset," said Joe, the younger of her two brothers, in a hopeful tone. He was only nine, and had not yet learned the value of lessons.

Mrs. Lenox stood with Waterbury a little apart from the others. "I do hope that this will succeed," she whispered. "It is such a risk to take a governess on faith, as it were. I have seen Miss Dawson only once. And I don't like the way she has disappointed us—twice already. She promised to be here ten days ago."

"If she comes recommended by the Duchess of Saxe Gotha," suggested Waterbury, by way of reassurance.

"It is so very important to have just the right person," pursued his companion, abstractedly; "sufficiently responsible to leave with the children in case Wallace and I should wish to travel

by ourselves. That is why I chose an old one."

"Is thirty-three old?" asked Waterbury, laughing.

"Not for a man, of course. And when I say old, I don't mean that. I mean—that is——"

"By old you mean not young; I see."

"Here is the coach!" interposed Lenox, as the horses came in sight above the wall of the parish churchyard. "And there are four passengers. Shall you know the new incumbent when you see her, Lucy?"

"Of course I shall!" returned his wife, indignantly. "Why, Wallace, Wallace, this is too dreadful—she isn't there!"

The prospect of at least one more day's vacation proved too much for the irrepressible Joe; he gave a wild whoop of joy, which was ably echoed by his grave twelve-year-old brother, Jim. "Hurrah for the stars and stripes!" they shouted.

The coach drew up at the door, and Mrs. Lenox's incredible announcement was verified. Neither Miss Dawson nor any one resembling her could be discovered. The guard knew nothing of such a passenger. He had no letter, no message.

"What do you make of this?" asked Lenox, while the group slowly turned indoors. "After all these delays I give the lady up. In fact, I doubt if there is any Miss Dawson at all."

"My back hair doesn't matter now," said Waterbury. "We shall have to call her the Phantom Governess, I think."

"Oh, yes; that's a splendid name for her," Violet declared.

"Hurrah for the Phantom Governess!" shrieked her brothers.

"Boys, boys, be quiet!" said their mother, sternly.

"Shall we change our fine clothes, Harry, or wear them in to dinner?" Lenox inquired.

His wife turned upon him with a look of despair. "Now, Wallace, please be serious for one moment, if you can. What on earth am I to do?"

"Do? What can you do? There is nothing to be done."

"Well, I can only say that it is all very strange—very mysterious—very dreadful."

Her husband predicted that the mystery would solve itself, unaided, in the course of a few hours ; if it did not, he would journey up to London in search of another governess—a real one, this time !

The solution came at the dinner-table in a telegram, addressed to Mrs. Lenox, which ran as follows :

"Taunton train reached Minehead too late for coach. Shall arrive to-morrow.

"M. DAWSON."

"And I need not go up to London," said Lenox. "Thank Heaven for that!"

"To-morrow, then," Waterbury remarked, "the phantom will clothe itself in human shape."

"Oh, dear! I dread her so!" said Violet. "What is she like, mamma?"

"Well, dear, I have seen her only once, you know, in Miss Walton-Woolley's dreary waiting-room. She sat with her back to the light, and kept her veil down. A plain little woman, I thought, with a fair complexion—rather colorless. She had a great deal to say about the Duchess of Saxe Gotha, but I suppose we shall accustom ourselves to that. Her voice is particularly pleasant, and she has nice, gentle manners."

"Do you know anything of her family?" asked Waterbury.

"Oh, yes ; they are English, of course. Her father is a curate at Nottingham—very poor, I believe."

The conversation drifted to other subjects. No further reference to Miss Dawson was made until the next day, which, as Lenox said, showed plainly enough why English travellers by common consent avoid Devonshire in midsummer. The sky was overcast, and a cold wind from the sea brought scudding clouds with dashes of rain. The whole land was dank and cheerless ; yet the men, having planned a walk to the Doone Valley, persisted in their plan. It was an all-day expedition, and they started early, promising to return in time for tea. But Devon miles are long, at best ; moreover, the way home seemed to be all up hill ; so that Lenox reached his room a full hour late, and found his wife already dressing for dinner.

"Well, Wallace, I must say——"

"We couldn't help it, dear! 'The way was long, the wind was cold.' Did Miss Dawson come?"

"Yes, poor child! almost frozen to death! They had a frightful journey across the moors. When she came in she could scarcely speak."

"Then it is just as well that I wasn't here. How do you like her?"

"That is why I counted on you," said Mrs. Lenox, inconsequently. "First impressions mean so much, and I am convinced that she isn't going to do at all."

"Come, Lucy, that's too bad! It is surely rather soon——"

"She is such a timid little creature, Wallace—and, somehow, she doesn't seem to be what I expected. She is prettier than I thought, for one thing ; and she has beautiful hair—I am afraid it can't be all her own."

"Well, my dear, so far I see no just ground for complaint. If this is all your case——"

"Now, Wallace, do be reasonable. These things are always intuitive. I can't tell you why she is not the right person. But just as surely as I sit here—Oh, dear, there goes the first dinner-gong!"

Later on, that same evening, when Miss Dawson, still suffering from the effects of an uncomfortable journey, had gone to bed, a comparison of notes proved that those first impressions upon which Mrs. Lenox depended were hopelessly at variance. The new governess, very plainly yet very becomingly dressed, had taken punctually her allotted place at table between Violet and Joe. Over the latter she had at once assumed a certain sway which evidently surprised and displeased him, though he made no resistance. But his brother, sitting opposite, noted it defiantly, and "just pitied Joe," as he confided to Waterbury in an ominous whisper. Her conversation with the boys had been conducted in the French language, and their responses, in consequence, were all monosyllabic. Violet, rising to the situation nobly, had discussed climate in the foreign tongue with commendable fluency. It did not appear, however, that she approved of Miss Dawson, and, naturally, no attempt had

been made to extract from her a hasty opinion. But Mrs. Lenox's mind had been actively engaged upon the case, and she felt no scruples about pronouncing judgment when the three elders were left to themselves.

"Deadly dull!" she sighed; "and characterless—shy as a school-girl, too, without either style or presence. How can a woman live thirty-three years in the world and be like that? We could never leave such a pretty, tremulous bit of inexperience in charge of the children. But I sha'n't say a single word to influence you, Wallace, until you have expressed your own unprejudiced views. What do you think of her?"

"I don't find her so uncommonly pretty, but then I never did care for blonde women," said Lenox, glancing toward his wife, who might have posed for a Queen of Night, and now acknowledged this compliment with a faint smile. "She seems, however, inoffensive enough—except, perhaps, for a certain consciousness of superiority which, of course, she can't help. The British always regard us as outer barbarians—the clown-dogs, so to speak, in the world's circus. As for her hair, if I am a judge, that's real, every lock of it!"

"Oh, I don't mind the hair!" replied Mrs. Lenox; "she might wear a wig, poor child, if she were the right person otherwise. I can't see what you mean by superiority. She never mentioned the Duchess of Saxe Gotha, even once!" Mr. Lenox laughed; and then turned upon his friend, who had listened attentively to the discussion. "What do you think of her, Harry?" said he.

Now the fact was that Waterbury's sympathies had already been stirred more deeply than he could have admitted. Imagining at the dinner-table that some instinctive doubt clouded Mrs. Lenox's mind, he had yielded to a feeling of pity for this little Miss Dawson, who, though evidently overcome by fatigue, struggled bravely to do what she conceived to be her duty; and when Lenox appealed to him, he was actually troubled by a fear that his friends might agree to dislike her. Far too wise to express the fear, even had he been fully conscious of it, he made his reply non-committal.

"I thought she spoke French very well," said he. "But an old bachelor's opinion of a governess can hardly be worth hearing, at best—and mine is not yet formulated. So far as I am concerned, she shall have, to-night, the benefit of any doubt there may be."

"Solon speaks," returned Lenox. "You hear, Lucy; let us leave Miss Dawson to her own devices, and observe her silently until a whole week has come and gone." His wife, eager, as she declared, to treat the case judicially, assented to this. And so the court adjourned.

During the stated interval, accordingly, Mrs. Lenox, keeping her agreement in mind, did not break it above a dozen times. Meanwhile, more by chance than by design, a small friendly acquaintance had sprung up between the new governess and Mr. Waterbury. On her second afternoon, when the lessons were over, she had strolled out upon the North Walk for a look at the sunset, and had overtaken the American, who was examining a patch of pale pink flowers embedded in a grassy bank. She had been able to inform him that this was the veritable wild thyme of Shakespeare. Thereupon, passing to other flowers, he had asked to have the difference between furze and gorse made clear to him. Then, in return, pulling out a guide-book, he had identified the points of interest along the coast—High Veer, Lee Bay, and Wring Cliff Cove. One line concerning the last especially interested her. "On the isolated mass of rock which lies to the left of the bay samphire grows abundantly —" he read, and she quoted from King Lear:

Half-way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

"Have you ever gathered it?" he asked; and she was obliged to admit that she did not even know the plant by sight. So, following back the path, they had watched the pale sea break gently far below them, and he had continued his pursuit of information even to the point of questioning Miss Dawson about her life in Germany. At this she had grown suddenly reserved and shy, answering him vaguely, with much

embarrassment. But upon a discreet change of subject their talk went on lightly and easily, until they parted at the hotel door like old friends. Left alone he reviewed all she had said, finding her reserve in matters relating to herself natural and most becoming. There was mischief in the air for Mr. Waterbury, though even then he had not the faintest suspicion of it.

Within those first few days he learned from Lenox that Miss Dawson had spoken of him more than once. Then, one evening, when they were standing apart, she made him, in a way, her confidant. He had referred to his plans for the late summer and the autumn, and her expressive face had suddenly put on a preoccupied look.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

Miss Dawson smiled. "I was only wondering about our own plans," she whispered; "Mrs. Lenox has told me nothing, and I can't very well question her. I might seem inquisitive, you see; yet I should like so much to know them."

"I understand," said Waterbury, gravely; and he proceeded to give her the desired information, finding something pathetic in her gratitude for that trifling favor. It distressed him to think that this sensitive woman might be forced to pass all the years of her life in a dependent position which he began to consider little better than slavery. "She has accepted her fate courageously," he reflected. "How else could she keep so young at thirty-three?" He determined, then and there, that his friends should like her. Since much would turn on her success with the children, he sounded them cautiously the next day, discovering to his satisfaction that Violet and Miss Dawson were already the best of friends. The temper of the boys was less encouraging. Joe still chafed under his newly imposed restraint; and Jim, declaring that the governess taught him only the things he knew by heart, had come into open conflict with her that very morning over his Latin lesson. Yet he listened so attentively when Mr. Waterbury enjoined patience and dwelt upon Miss Dawson's many virtues, that her advocate felt the unruly pupil's

regeneration to be but a question of time. She, herself, could not have dreamed of all this labor in her behalf. For suddenly and unaccountably came a change in her behavior toward Waterbury. It was soon very clear that she desired to avoid him. When, watching his opportunity, he contrived to speak with her alone, she answered him civilly but coldly, almost in monosyllables. What could be the meaning of this? He racked his brains in a fruitless search for it. In the course of a few days he perceived that their acquaintance, so pleasantly begun, was practically at an end. None the less he remained loyal, sounding her praises warmly whenever her name came up, noting with pleasure that the responses grew more and more favorable. Evidently the family would like her. By the end of a fortnight Miss Dawson's cause was won.

II

"Lucy, my dear, our social duties are upon us!" said Mr. Lenox, suddenly, one evening after dinner. "The Hornby-Combes have arrived, and we must present our letter at once."

"Oh, Wallace, must we? Glenmoor was still shut up when we drove by, two days ago. I began to hope they were not coming at all."

"They came last night, and the sooner our visit is paid, the better. The Thornes would never forgive us if we neglected to hand in our credentials."

"Oh, mamma, please go—to-morrow!" urged Violet. "Then, perhaps, they will ask us to dinner. I want so much to see what an English country-house is like."

Mrs. Lenox, laughing and sighing, agreed to go on the following afternoon should the weather be fine. Then, accordingly, she drove to Glenmoor with her husband, and, when the party met at dinner, Violet asked eagerly for an account of their adventures.

"The place is beautiful," replied her mother; "there are fine trees, and the drawing-room windows open upon the sea. As for the house, that seemed enormous, though not especially comfortable. It must be very old."

"And Lady Hornby-Combe, mamma? Was she nice?"

"She is a handsome woman of middle age, stately as a family portrait. Yet I am sure she meant to be very agreeable. She has been everywhere, and was much interested in our travels; she asked a great many questions about you all."

"But she didn't ask us to dinner!" said Violet, in a tone of disappointment that provoked a general laugh.

"No, my dear! That happiness will come after she has returned our visit—if it comes at all." And so the subject was dropped. A day or two later, when Violet and Miss Dawson returned from an afternoon walk, Mrs. Lenox met them in the hall.

"Violet, I have great news for you. Sir George and Lady Hornby-Combe have called, and she has asked you to drive with your father and me to a meet of the stag-hounds. We are to dine at Glenmoor afterward. It is the first meet of the season. Sir George is to follow."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Violet, flushed with excitement. And, dancing up to her father and Mr. Waterbury who came in at that moment, she told them the news. "Wasn't it nice of her to ask me?"

"I wish you had been at home to help me receive her," said Mrs. Lenox, laughing. "And you, too, Miss Dawson! It seemed that she met you a year or two ago, when she visited the Duchess of Saxe Gotha."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Dawson, calmly. "I could not have supposed that she would remember it."

"On the contrary, she remembers it very well; and she inquired for you, particularly upon hearing that you were with us."

"That was very kind," returned the governess in the same quiet tone which Waterbury, who had turned at the sound of her voice, fancied was not without constraint. Every word she spoke interested him now, as he suddenly perceived; and he reproached himself for idle curiosity.

The day of the meet chanced to be very fine. The Lenox family departed for Glenmoor in the early morning, and

Waterbury, left to his own resources, determined to walk along the cliffs as far as High Veer. This plan he carried out in a very leisurely fashion, following the indentures of the coast high over the quiet sea. Then descending to the River Heddon, he lunched at a thatched inn, a mile or so up the stream, where he was the only visitor. He lingered in this peaceful spot, to smoke pipe after pipe and laugh at the flattering sentiments of the inn-album. The house seemed to be a favorite honeymoon resort; and, as he added his signature to the rest, he wished with a sigh that he could see any possibility of such a crescent moon for him. The wish recurred more than once on his way back by wooded combe and open common. The afternoon would have been better than the morning, but for a new sense of loneliness.

It was nearly four o'clock when he came out at Wring Cliff Cove, just a mile from the town. Above towered the rough battlements of the Castle Rock; and, between this and the lesser peak of Duty Point, the surf broke lazily upon a semicircle of yellow shingle lying many feet below him. To his left, close under the point, rose the detached mass of rock which he had first seen in Miss Dawson's company; and he recalled the fact that samphire grew upon it. As the tide was half out the rock must be easily accessible from the shore side; he would go down to gather a specimen of the uncanny herb which seemed emblematic of danger and difficulty. So, following a zigzag sheep-track to the shingle, Waterbury was soon clambering over the slippery bowlders scattered about the base of the rock, which proved to be higher and steeper than he had supposed. At first no signs of vegetation appeared there, but, nearing the top, he found a tangle of yellow stalks and pale-green lance-like leaves in every crevice. He broke a leaf from this parasite of the rock and tasted it. The pungent, aromatic flavor removed all doubt at once. It was the samphire, whose strange growth, without apparent need of soil, resembled that of mistletoe upon an oak. Pulling a handful of it up by the roots, he rounded the last jagged pinnacle, and

stood upon a wide ledge high over the waves, beyond which loomed the Welsh coast, faintly discernible. Here, to his great surprise, sat a thrice familiar figure in an attitude of contemplation. "Miss Dawson!" he cried, as she rose and turned toward him. An unbound book slipped from her hand in the process, but she caught it up before he could discover what she had brought with her to beguile the time.

"Yes," she stammered, nervously rearranging a tuft of green sprays in her dress; "the samphire! I wished to see it, and—and I thought I was quite alone."

"I understand," he said, coldly. "But my coming here at this moment is purely accidental. I will not stay to annoy you."

"Oh, please!" she answered, with eagerness. "I did not mean that. I have had so much to trouble me in these last few days that I hardly know what I am saying."

"Thank you. I should have been the last to intrude upon you purposefully, after your evident desire to avoid me."

"Avoid?" she repeated, flushing scarlet. "I did not know——"

"Surely, you do not think me so dull as not to have seen it. Friendship is a very sensitive thermometer; it notes the slightest changes."

"It was very foolish of me to show any feeling," she replied, gently. "But one does not like to be ridiculed, and——"

"Ridiculed? Who has done that? Certainly not I!"

"Ah! you forget!" Miss Dawson explained, with a faint smile. "It was Jim who betrayed the secret in a fit of ill-temper over his Latin lesson. He said I was only a phantom governess, after all, for you had called me so. I felt sure that you suspected me."

Waterbury burst into a laugh. "Is that all?" he cried, merrily. "I said that, to be sure, the day before you came—when your coming had been postponed more than once. It was a very weak joke, never meant to reach your ears. I could not have made it at all, had I dreamed you would know, and, knowing, be offended. You are

very real, and your friendship is of real value to me. So, pray shake hands as an assurance that I have not lost it. Forgive the absurd speech, and the speaker, too!"

"It is I who have been absurd," she said, taking the hand he offered. "And you are more than kind."

Their eyes did not meet, and he changed the subject at once. "This view is superb. Let us look at it before turning back. Won't you sit down for a moment?" And he spread out for her the light overcoat he carried.

"For a little moment," she said, adopting his easy, conventional tone and sitting beside him. As she did so, his attention was drawn again to the book in her hand.

"You were reading."

"No. I heard Mrs. Lenox speak of some verses in the *Tavistock Review*. So I brought the number with me, but have not looked at it. Will you not find the lines and read them? She said that they were called 'The Palm-Bearers!'"

"With pleasure. Yes, here they are—unsigned. Listen to the unknown poet!" And he read aloud, expressively:

Oh, Youth shall strive the stars to win,
And teach a wondering world his name;
And, strong in hope and joy, begin
The vast foundations of his fame!

While Age shall lean upon his crutch,
And through his rising tears shall sigh:
"Thy strength deludes thee overmuch,
He only lives who learns to die!"

And Dives at his feast shall sneer,
Couched all his length in silken ease:
"My cups will banish care and fear;
What are thy stars, thy fame to these?"

But I, too poor to understand,
Too wise to seek the world's renown,
Shall clasp anew my love's soft hand,
And through the valley wander down.

We two the sunny path shall find,
That sweet, immortal songs have sung;
And Sorrow's cloak shall drop behind,
And I shall still be young, be young!

The love she stores within her eyes
Is all the wealth that I have known;
Yet I, of all, shall gain the prize,
And prove in her content my own.

For Dives learns too late the truth;
His grapes shall fail him at the end;
And frosted Age and fevered youth
Into one dark alike descend.

But, overhead, the stars shall shine
For us, who still our love shall hold,
Her hand shall still be locked in mine,
Through all the darkness and the cold.

Within her eyes my heart shall read
Diviner hopes than earth can show;
What joys in worlds to come succeed
We two, alone, shall know, shall know!

Waterbury, in beginning, had not perceived the depth of sentiment toward which he drifted. As he read on his voice faltered; and, when he finished, a silence fell upon them, broken only by the sound of the waves which dashed against the base of the rock under a rising breeze.

"Thank you," said Miss Dawson, at last; "that is very graceful, very musical. I should not have supposed that Mrs. Lenox would care for it so much."

"All honor to the anonymous writer!" Waterbury replied. "His philosophy is the true one—as Mrs. Lenox knows."

"No doubt."

"And yet you say that doubtfully," said Waterbury, throwing down the book. "Mrs. Lenox and I are old friends. You must not misunderstand her. That would be unfair, as well as unkind. For she is very genuine—very true, and she likes you, I am sure."

"I know—I understand. She has been very good to me. I cannot bear to think of leaving her."

"Of leaving her? You are not going?"

"Yes; I must go of my own accord, or be sent away in disgrace. I might give up my place to-morrow and escape detection. But I have decided to choose the better way—to tell the whole truth this very night. I am here under false pretences—I have deceived Mrs. Lenox shamefully."

"What do you mean?" asked Waterbury, staring in amazement at her pale face.

She would not look at him, but went on with evident effort, yet calmly and clearly:

"I am not the governess whom Mrs. Lenox engaged in London—not Miss

Martha Dawson. I am Mary Dawson, her younger sister—eight years younger than she, with no experience in teaching. My sister was taken ill, and could not come. We are very poor, worse than that—we have debts that make my father's life a burden. A little money is always of vast importance to us; this time, it seemed almost a question of daily bread or of going without it. So I persuaded my sister to let me fill her place. We look much alike, and Mrs. Lenox had seen Martha only once. I thought that she would never know, never, perhaps, have cause to suspect, if I passed the ordeal of our first meeting. She was a stranger, without English friends in all probability—surely, I imagined, without friends capable of detecting the falsehood. I forgot how very small this great world really is. I reckoned, you see, without Lady Hornby-Combe."

"Go on!" said Waterbury, earnestly. "Tell me the rest, since you have told so much."

"The rest? There is no more to tell. Lady Hornby-Combe, when we meet, will perceive instantly that I am not the governess whom she knew in Germany. I cannot wait for such an encounter. I prefer to avoid it by going away, but, in going, to confess the truth frankly."

"This, then, is the full extent of your fault?"

"This is all. But if you knew how I have suffered in committing it! My success has brought its own punishment—its torture! I have been overwhelmed with kindness to which I had no right. I had no right even to your friendship. You will never understand my relief in losing it by a single honest word. Thank heaven, that is over! Yet I cannot rest until I have completed the humiliation."

Rising as she spoke, she moved away with downcast eyes, as if to put an impassable space between them. He did not follow, but looked blankly out at the surf, lost in thought, speaking his thought aloud unconsciously.

"Poor child!" he murmured.

"Have I fallen so low as that?" she said, sorrowfully. "You do not care, then, to reproach me!"

"Reproach you?" he cried, springing to his feet. "You take this all too seriously. What you have done is nothing—Mrs. Lenox will laugh at it. You are the whitest of phantoms."

She hid her face in her hands, and leaned back against the rock, sobbing. "You kill me with your kindness. You do not understand—you will not see."

"It is you who do not understand," he answered, gently. "And you are blind, or you would have seen long ago that my feeling for you was stronger than simple friendship. It was never stronger than it is at this moment. I admire the devotion that led you here to Lynton. I honor the courage that prompted you to tell the truth. I love you, and have loved you from the moment when I saw you first. I did not believe that such a thing could be—I did not know what it meant, but now my eyes are opened. I love you, as I have loved no one else in the world."

She broke down utterly, bursting into a flood of tears. "No—no!" she moaned; "you must not say those things."

"Listen!" he urged. "When I read those lines just now, the truth was suddenly revealed to me. Love is the one prize worth possessing—it is the saving grace, the heaven we pray for. I blessed the unknown writer for showing me my own heart. If I could only show it now to you! I cannot find the words. I can only beg you not to destroy the hope of this great happiness. Be my wife—I love you—that is all I have to say."

She would have made her escape, but that he stood between her and the path, compelling her to hear him.

"No!" she said, now in a firm voice. "Please do not speak of this again. It can't be—I cannot care for you in—in that way."

"Is this your answer?"

"I am very sorry—I cannot help it. Oh, please—please let me go!"

He stepped aside, and she passed him without another word, to begin her descent of the path, hurriedly at first; then, as its difficulties increased, more slowly, clinging to the rock for support. Waterbury, who had watched every step, now followed her.

"You cannot go down alone," he said; "you must let me help you—indeed, you must." She obeyed, though reluctantly, and together they went on for a few minutes in silence. Suddenly she stopped, to point shoreward with a startled cry.

"Oh, look! The tide—the tide!"

Waterbury turned, and saw that the sea had crept in around their course, which now ended in a wave that plunged and foamed between the outlying bowlders. For the time being the rough rock on which they stood was turned into an island.

He looked at her, and laughed. "How stupid!" he cried; "I came for a moment, and, finding you, I lost my wits. We are caught like truant children. But there is not the slightest danger; we must wait, that's all!"

"Wait? It will be for hours!" gasped Miss Dawson, sinking to her knees in white dismay.

Waterbury, making no answer, scrambled back to the ledge. Far out, a Bristol collier, heavily laden, under a trail of black smoke, ploughed slowly toward the open sea. But there was no boat, no sail in sight, however distant. Obviously help could not be summoned from that quarter; and he rejoined his companion, who only stared at him desperately.

"There is but one thing to do!" said he, when he had eyed the encroaching wave for another moment with fierce determination.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I am going ashore for help—it will not take long."

"Oh, but you can't do that; it is impossible."

"Nonsense! There are only six yards of water, and I am a capital swimmer. But no time should be lost."

"No, no—to wait is nothing. You must not, you must not, indeed—I implore you."

"Come back!" he said, sternly. "I shall do nothing that involves risk, you may be sure."

Without further objection she gave him her hand, and they returned to the ledge, where Waterbury took off his watch, with other valuables, laying them down. "You will wait here," he said;

then, disregarding her inarticulate answer, turned away. In a few moments he had reached the lowest point on the land side, and by removing his shoes and outer clothing had prepared for his plunge. Before making this, however, he delayed a little. The gulf between him and the nearest bowlder was narrow, but the sea swept through it furiously. He must choose his moment there, or be dashed headlong, disabled, perhaps. Would it not be wiser to swim directly for the shingle, even though that way were much the longer one? Deciding upon this more prudent course, he had already drawn himself together for his leap, when a voice hailed him in a tone of remonstrance. He looked up, and saw on the opposite cliff the figure of a man, standing out sharply against the rocky hillside. He signalled in return, whereupon the man pointed toward another figure—a boy's—running at full speed along the path to the town; then followed much shouting and superfluous gesticulation, from which Waterbury soon grasped the one important fact that a boat would put out from the port for his rescue. There was no need, therefore, of wetting even the soles of his feet. He could but dress himself, and climb back somewhat sheepishly to an hour of perfunctory speech, with its unspeakable gaps of silence, at Miss Dawson's side. When they were safe at home, in ample time for dinner, he was, on the whole, far from grateful that the afternoon's adventure had led to no more practical discomfort than prolonged companionship with the girl who an hour before had seen fit to refuse him.

III

THE discomfort continued throughout the dinner, which by tacit agreement they forced themselves to eat as usual, face to face, with only the inconsequent chatter of the boys to distract their minds. Miss Dawson, feigning a composure which she could not have felt, was certainly far more at ease than her unsuccessful suitor, who grew painfully reticent under an effort to recall, word for word, the terms of his rejection

and of the talk that had precipitated it. Therein had occurred certain blanks of memory which he tried vainly to fill; and not until they rose from the table did he re-establish the fact that Miss Dawson had expressed an intention of confessing her misdeeds to Mrs. Lenox the moment they met. With a view of changing this intent, if possible, he followed her across the hall to a small waiting-room, where she had secluded herself without so much as a look his way.

"You will not speak to-night," said he.

"On the contrary, I cannot rest until I have spoken."

"But——"

"Pray, do not urge me against my better judgment," she said, firmly. "I should gain nothing by delay." He longed to say more, but still she would not look at him; so he left her in possession, and passed out through a long window opening upon the lawn. Here he wandered aimlessly about in the dusk, until at last, drawn back to the window, he discovered Mrs. Lenox seated within range of it. Though her face was turned away, her attitude denoted close attention; while Miss Dawson faced him in the full glare of the lamplight, speaking earnestly and rapidly. The tale, then, was in progress; he must watch his opportunity, and learn its effect from one or the other, as the case might be. He withdrew into the darkness, cautiously biding his time. There came a movement in the room, and, venturing nearer, he saw that one of the two women was left alone; it proved to be Mrs. Lenox, upon whom he burst in so abruptly that she recoiled from him with a faint scream.

"She has told you!" he said, anxiously.

"Yes. How you startled me! So, you know, too!"

"Yes, yes; I know. What has been decided? You will not let her go?"

"Certainly not, if I can prevent it; though I very much fear that she will go in spite of me. She will not listen to reason. She magnifies her small deception into a great crime. It *was* wrong, of course, but——"

"But you forgave her?"

"Not only that; I have declared that the whole family would look upon her going away as a positive misfortune. Yet a three days' reprieve is all I can extort from her."

"Did she tell you nothing more?"

Mrs. Lenox looked at him in astonishment. "Dear me!" she said; "is there anything else?"

"I see she did not tell you. Then I will!" Thereupon Waterbury briefly reviewed the events of the afternoon, dwelling, with spirit and emphasis, upon the state of his wounded affections, while Mrs. Lenox listened with all the devotional interest which this genuine love-affair demanded.

"Is that all?" she asked, when he stopped to take breath.

"Everything. What do you advise?"

"You are quite sure that you wish to marry her?" This was answered by a look. "Then you will ask her again, of course."

"Again? When she refused me so decidedly."

"She did not even hint, however, if I understand your story, of her engagement to anyone else."

"No—no—certainly not, but——"

"Then, my dear Mr. Waterbury, you will ask her and you will continue to ask her, until she becomes engaged to some one else or to you. That is, if you are really quite sure of your own mind."

Waterbury laughed. "I suppose you know best," he said; "and yet——"

"No," said Mrs. Lenox, joining in the laugh, "not best, only better. I certainly know my own sex a little better than you do."

"Thank you for lending me a little of your knowledge."

"You ought to thank me—indeed you ought! For the game we are playing is, 'Heads, you win—tails, I lose!' Whatever happens, my governess is spirited away."

"Ah," said Waterbury. "She is only a phantom—a very delusive one, I fear."

"Oh, that reminds me! I must send a telegram. Will you come with me to the office? Through the garden and out by the side gate—this way, for it is a secret! We will keep it, if you please, to ourselves."

They crossed the grounds, unobserved, to a lane which led into the quiet village street, where Waterbury hung about the door of the post-office while Mrs. Lenox busied herself within over the message. This took so much time that he had twice inspected every bit of Devon pottery in the neighboring shop-windows when she came back. He was informed that it had suddenly occurred to her to confirm her telegram by a letter, written on the spot, since the post was closing. "You don't understand all this," she added; "but it will explain itself later. And now I'll go home, and tell my husband everything."

"Everything?" repeated Waterbury.

"Everything which I have the right to tell—my secret, not yours. I leave you that until it is worth telling."

"Until I have repeated my small question to Miss Dawson how many times within the next three days?"

"At least once. She will surely expect that, as every woman does when she refuses the offer of an eligible man. It is often the test, by no means irrational, to which we put a man's sincerity. To disappoint Miss Dawson by not repeating your question would be unfair to her, if not to yourself. Do you hear me?"

"I hear, and I obey!" he sighed.

Nearly two days passed, however, before even the ghost of an opportunity for this act of obedience presented itself. Miss Dawson persistently kept aloof from him, devoting herself to the children with a calmness which her lover mentally characterized as unnatural. Not even Violet was permitted to suspect that anything extraordinary had occurred. Her father understood the main situation, of course; but it was clear that he knew nothing of the underplot in which his friend figured as chief actor. So matters remained through some of the most uncomfortable hours that Waterbury had ever known. By night, he could not sleep; by day, he was restless, preoccupied, almost irritable. Late in the second afternoon Violet and her father prepared for a walk in the valley, asking him to join them; but he excused himself, needing a nap, he said. From his

open window he watched them go down the road in high spirits. A fresh breeze had sprung up, making the sky cloudless. He could not stay indoors, but went down and out, moodily choosing a course of his own toward the fields. As he turned the corner of the house, a voice hailed him, and, looking up, he saw Mrs. Lenox at her window.

"Are you taking a solitary walk?" she inquired, with a touch of mockery in her tone.

"Yes—unless you will come with me."

"Oh, thank you, no?" she rejoined, smiling. "I would try Shamble-Way, if I were you. Wait, one moment!" Then, disappearing, she came back presently, holding up a small, red book. "Here is a guide for you—catch!" And tossing it straight into his hands she closed the window, and was gone.

It was not a guide at all, but only a volume of her pocket Shakespeare, containing "Twelfth Night." As he looked at it in surprise, the book opened at a turned-down leaf scored with pencil-marks. And this was the marked passage:

Viola: If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Olivia: Why, what would you?
Viola: Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;—

Waterbury read the words, laughed, and looked back at the closed window. But no further sign came from it; even its shade was drawn. Then, reading the words once more, he slipped the book into his pocket. "I will take Shamble-Way," said he.

He knew the quiet lane by heart already. It wound up over the hills, away from humanity and all its works, between bank-fences six feet or more in height, overgrown with masses of ivy and a profusion of wild-flowers—the foxglove with its clustered stalks, tufts of valerian, white and red, the bright eyes of the speedwell flashing here and there among the leaves. Spreading elms and beeches shaded the narrow path, which for its mile of length had less outlook than a cloister, except at

one point where a gap in the bank permitted an incomparable view of the Lyn valley with the heather-crowned ledges beyond it stretching down to the sea. Such was Shamble-Way, and no better example could be found of the peculiar charm that lurks in the secluded lanes of Devonshire. A quality, unlike any in his own land, had drawn Waterbury to it from the first; he had often turned aside to take it; and he would probably have chosen it now, even without the cue which seemed to indicate that he might find a companion there. He wondered which way she had gone. Was he likely to meet her, or must he overtake her? In either case he would speak, she would answer. This was his hour, and he must improve it; now, or never, was to be the time.

He had reached the very top of the hill, and could overlook the path ahead for a long distance; but neither coming nor going was there anyone to be seen. A great swarm of flies, taking shelter here from the breeze, circled in the sunlight murmurously, and this was the only sign of life. He hurried on; then stopped to pick up something that lay in the path before him. It was a spray of samphire, the emblem of danger and difficulty, still almost as fresh as when she had found it, three days ago. For it was hers, of course; she had worn that, and it had fallen from her dress; she must really have passed this way, then! In another moment he came upon her, seated in the roadside gap which he had entirely forgotten. Her face was turned away, and she started up in confusion—then received him with a pleasant smile. But she had been crying, as he could see at a glance; and for a reason which he could hardly have explained, he found a gleam of hope in that.

"Ah, to be sure!" he said, half to himself. "I might have known you would be here."

She looked off at the valley. "It is very beautiful," she replied, softly; "a place to remember, when one is going away."

"You have decided, then?"

"Yes. I have given my answer to Mrs. Lenox. I am going to-morrow."

"To Nottingham?"

"To Nottingham."

"You are sorry, I think," said he; "but I am very glad. The decision gives you back your freedom. I hoped you would tell me this when I followed you."

"You followed me? How did you know which way I came?"

"In more ways than one—this, for instance." And he held up the samphire. She put out her hand to take it, but he shook his head, "No," he continued, "I deserve more than this—let me keep so much, at least, to look at and remember, as you say, when I am gone."

Her interest in the valley became absorbing. Still intent upon it, with the air of one who merely wishes to break an awkward silence, she asked if he meant to return home.

"No," he replied, emphatically, "not without journeying from Devon as far as Nottingham—to make me a willow cabin at your gate."

"A willow cabin—at my gate?" she stammered.

"Meanwhile, I shall lodge at the hotel—I suppose there are hotels in Nottingham. Oh, I am perfectly serious! Did you really think I would give you up so easily?"

She drew away from him, pale, with drooping eyelids. "I am not worth it," she murmured, faintly. "How can you care so much for one who has lied to you?"

He had feared she would refuse to listen, and in this unexpected tolerance he recognized a victory which made his heart leap, as he answered:

"You told the truth. That is reason enough, if reason in such things were desirable or even possible. I care for you so much that I would grow gray with years of waiting. You will not force me to do that—you cannot, it is too late now. The mind may hide its secrets, not the heart—and yours tells you that this thing must be. What must be is already. Deny it, if you dare, I shall not believe you. You do care for me, you know you do!"

Without waiting for the protest he suggested, overcoming with gentle force her feeble opposition, he put his arm

around her and drew her toward him. Then, all at once, her strength was gone. She clung to him and hid her face upon his breast, silent, in tears.

The sun, inclining lower, shone full upon the dark valley which was all illumined. The turbulent Lyn glistened along its stony bed in every sheet of foam; over one of its bridges two figures passed; Violet and her father had turned toward home.

Miss Dawson sprang up. "It is time to go," said she. "Mrs. Lenox will think that I am lost."

"No," said her lover, laughing. "She will only be sure that I have found you."

At the first glimpse of the hotel porch she caught his arm. "Let us wait a moment," she urged. "Those horses are Lady Hornby-Combe's."

In the moment their owner came out to her carriage. At the foot of the steps she turned to take leave of Mrs. Lenox, who had followed her, and of another woman—a younger and slighter one—whom Waterbury did not know. But his companion knew and recognized her instantly with a cry of delight.

"It is my sister!" she explained, darting away along the narrow street, and reaching the steps just as the carriage disappeared behind the churchyard wall.

Waterbury, following more slowly, came up when the embraces were over, and was formally presented by Mrs. Lenox to Miss Dawson.

"How like mine!" he thought. "And yet how unlike!" he thought again.

Then, while the sisters exchanged eager questions, Mrs. Lenox drew him aside, and said:

"This is my little secret. Miss Dawson is quite well again, and comes to take her sister's place. I have my governess, after all—the real one. And so you found your way!"

"Yes," he replied. "Thanks for your guide. I shall not need it longer. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going—where?" gasped Mrs. Lenox, with wide-open eyes.

"To Nottingham," he said, quietly; "to publish the banns."

2
F
1

L
A
B
E

A

-
I
I
I
I

1
1

to be made in the future, and the results of the study will be made available to the public.

4
1
7
4
4
4

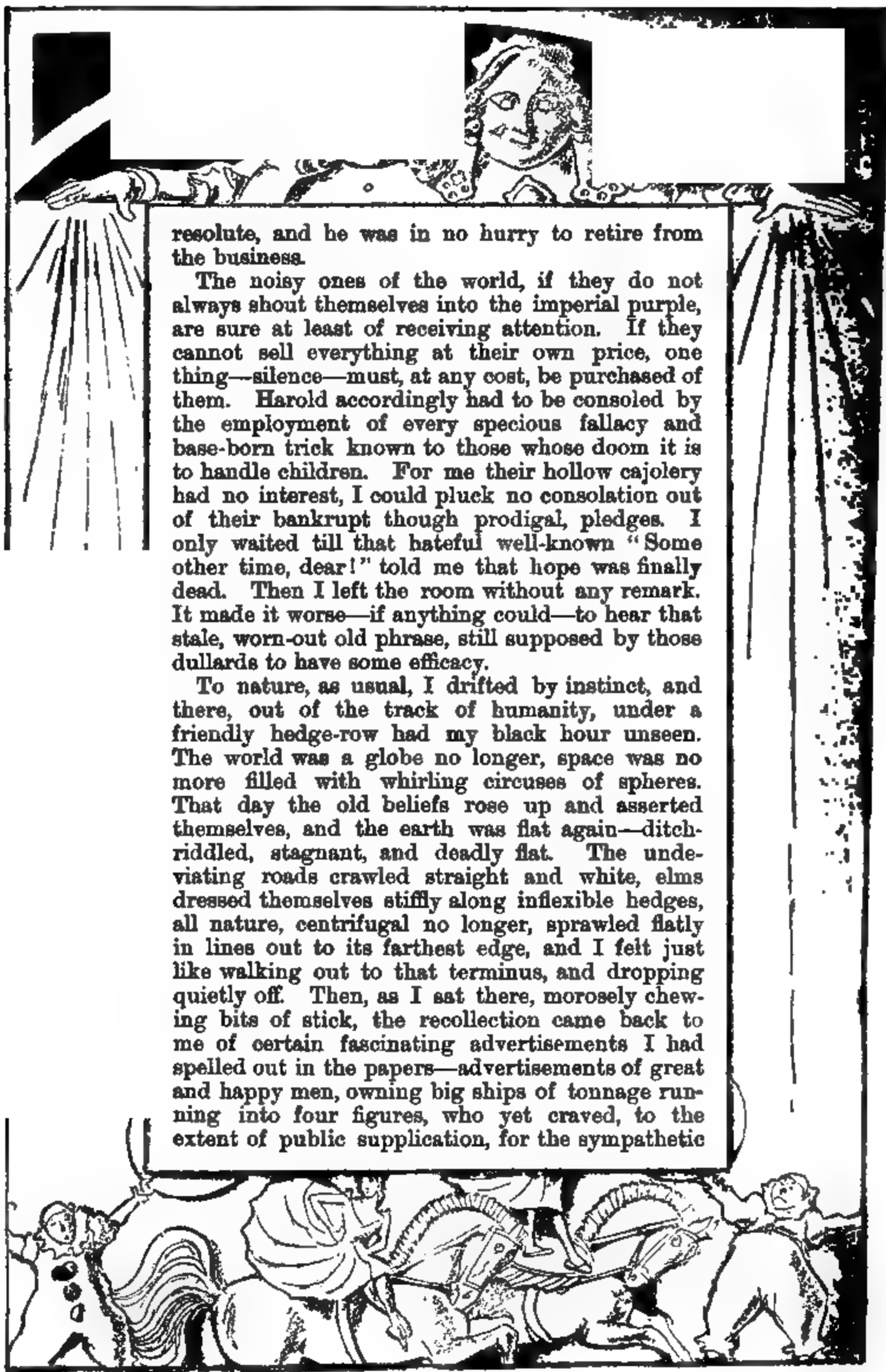
1
1
1
4
4
4
1
4
4
4

4

•

1


—



resolute, and he was in no hurry to retire from the business.

The noisy ones of the world, if they do not always shout themselves into the imperial purple, are sure at least of receiving attention. If they cannot sell everything at their own price, one thing—silence—must, at any cost, be purchased of them. Harold accordingly had to be consoled by the employment of every specious fallacy and base-born trick known to those whose doom it is to handle children. For me their hollow cajolery had no interest, I could pluck no consolation out of their bankrupt though prodigal, pledges. I only waited till that hateful well-known "Some other time, dear!" told me that hope was finally dead. Then I left the room without any remark. It made it worse—if anything could—to hear that stale, worn-out old phrase, still supposed by those dullards to have some efficacy.

To nature, as usual, I drifted by instinct, and there, out of the track of humanity, under a friendly hedge-row had my black hour unseen. The world was a globe no longer, space was no more filled with whirling circuses of spheres. That day the old beliefs rose up and asserted themselves, and the earth was flat again—ditch-riddled, stagnant, and deadly flat. The undeviating roads crawled straight and white, elms dressed themselves stiffly along inflexible hedges, all nature, centrifugal no longer, sprawled flatly in lines out to its farthest edge, and I felt just like walking out to that terminus, and dropping quietly off. Then, as I sat there, morosely chewing bits of stick, the recollection came back to me of certain fascinating advertisements I had spelled out in the papers—advertisements of great and happy men, owning big ships of tonnage running into four figures, who yet craved, to the extent of public supplication, for the sympathetic



ing only that he was different from those others who thought it incumbent on them to play the painful mummer. The ideal as opposed to the real man was what we meant, only we were not acquainted with the

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

A SKETCH CONTAINING THREE POINTS OF VIEW

By Richard Harding Davis

WHAT THE POET LAUREATE WROTE.

"THERE are girls in the Gold Reef City
There are mothers and children too!
And they cry, 'Hurry up for pity!'
So what can a brave man do?"

"I suppose we were wrong, were mad
men,
Still I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad
men,
There'll be something more to say."

WHAT MORE THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
FOUND TO SAY.

"IN this case we know the immediate consequence of your crime. It has been the loss of human life, it has been the disturbance of public peace, it has been the creation of a certain sense of distrust of public professions and of public faith. . . . The sentence of this Court therefore is that, as to you, Leander Starr Jameson, you be confined for a period of fifteen months without hard labor; that you Sir John Willoughby have ten months' imprisonment; and that you, etc., etc."

London Times, July 29th.

WHAT THE HON. "REGGIE" BLAKE
THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

"H. M. HOLLOWAY PRISON,
July 28th.

"I AM going to keep a diary while I am in prison, that is, if they will let me. I never kept one before because I hadn't the time; when I was home on leave there was too much going on to bother about it, and when I was up country I always came back after a day's riding so tired out that I was too sleepy to write anything. And now that I have the time, I won't have anything to write about. I fancy that more things happened to me to-day

than are likely to happen again for the next eight months, so I will make this day take up as much room in the diary as it can. I am writing this on the back of the paper the Warder uses for his official reports, while he is hunting up cells to put us in. We came down on him rather unexpectedly and he is rattled.

"Of course, I had prepared myself for this after a fashion, but now I see that somehow I never really thought I would be in here, and all my friends outside, and everything going on the same as though I wasn't alive somewhere. It's like telling yourself that your horse can't possibly pull off a race, so that you won't mind so much if he don't, but you always feel just as bad when he comes in a loser. A man can't fool himself into thinking one way when he is hoping the other.

"But I am glad it is over, and settled. It was a great bore not knowing your luck and having the thing hanging over your head every morning when you woke up. Indeed it was quite a relief when the counsel got all through arguing over those proclamations, and the Chief Justice summed up, but I nearly went to sleep when I found he was going all over it again to the jury. I didn't understand about those proclamations myself and I'll lay a fiver the jury didn't either. The Colonel said he didn't. I couldn't keep my mind on what Russell was explaining about, and I got to thinking how much old Justice Hawkins looked like the counsel in 'Alice in Wonderland' when they tried the knave of spades for stealing the tarts. He had just the same sort of a beak and the same sort of a wig, and I wondered why he had his wig powdered and the others didn't. Pollock's wig had a hole in the top; you could see it when he bent over to take notes. He was always taking notes. I don't believe he understood

about those proclamations either, he never seemed to listen anyway.

"The Chief Justice certainly didn't love us very much, that's sure; and he wasn't going to let anybody else love us either. I felt quite the Christian Martyr when Sir Edward was speaking in defence. He made it sound as though we were all a lot of Adelphi heroes and ought to be promoted and have medals, but when Lord Russell started in to read the Riot Act at us I began to believe that hanging was too good for me. I'm sure I never knew I was disturbing the peace of nations; it seems like such a large order for a subaltern.

"But the worst was when they made us stand up before all those people to receive sentence. I must say I felt shaky about the knees then, not because I was afraid of what was coming, but because it was the first time I had ever been pointed out to people, and made to feel ashamed. And having those girls there, too, looking at one. That wasn't just fair to us. It made me feel about ten years old, and for some reason I remembered how the Head Master used to call me to his desk. 'Blake Senior,' he used to say, 'two pages of Horace and keep in bounds for a week.' And then I heard our names and the months and my name and 'eight months' imprisonment,' and there was a bustle and murmur and the tipstaves cried, 'Order in the Court,' and the Judges stood up and shook out their big red skirts as though they were shaking off the contamination of our presence and rustled away, and I sat down wondering how long eight months was, and wishing they'd given me as much as they gave the Doctor.

"They put us in a room together then and our counsel said how sorry they were, and shook hands and went off to dinner and left us. I thought they might have waited with us and been a little late for dinner just that once; but no one waited except a lot of costers outside whom we did not know. It was eight o'clock and still quite light when we came out, and there was a line of four-wheelers and a hansom ready for us. I'd been hoping they would take

us out by the Strand entrance, just because I'd like to have seen it again, but they marched us instead through the main quadrangle—a beastly gloomy courtyard that echoed, and out, into Carey Street—such a dirty gloomy street. The costers and clerks set up a sort of a cheer when we came out, and one of them cried, 'God bless you, sir' to the doctor, but I was sorry they cheered. It seemed like kicking against the umpire's decision—and none of us were doing that. The Colonel and I got into a hansom together and we trotted off into Chancery Lane and turned into Holborn. Most of the shops were closed and the streets looked empty, but there was a lighted clock-face over Mooney's public-house, and the hands stood at a quarter past eight. I didn't know where Holloway was, and was hoping they would have to take us through some decent streets to reach it; but we didn't see a part of the city that meant anything to me, or that I would choose to travel through again.

"Neither of us talked, and I imagined that the people in the streets knew we were going to prison, and I kept my eyes on the enamel card on the back of the apron. I suppose I read, 'Two-wheeled hackney carriage: if hired and discharged within the four-mile limit, 1/,' at least a hundred times. I got more sensible after a bit, and when we had turned into Gray's Inn Road I looked up and saw a tram in front of us with 'Holloway Road and King's X' painted on the steps, and the Colonel saw it about the same time I fancy, for we each looked at the other, and the Colonel raised his eyebrows. It showed us that the cabman at least knew where we were going.

"'They might have taken us for a turn through the West End first, I think,' the Colonel said. 'I'd like to have had a look around, wouldn't you? This isn't a cheerful neighborhood, is it?'

"There were a lot of children playing in St. Andrew's Gardens, and a crowd of them ran out just as we passed, shrieking and laughing over nothing, the way kiddies do, and that was about the only pleasant sight in the ride. I had quite a turn when we came to the

New Hospital just beyond, for I thought it was Holloway, and it came over me what eight months in such a place meant. I believe if I hadn't pulled myself up sharp, I'd have jumped out into the street and run away. It didn't last more than a few seconds, but I don't want any more like them. I was afraid, afraid—there's no use pretending it was anything else. I was in a dumb, silly funk, and I turned sick inside and shook, as I have seen a horse shake when he shies at nothing and sweats and trembles down his sides.

"During those few seconds it seemed to be more than I could stand, I felt sure that I couldn't do it—that I'd go mad if they tried to force me. The idea was so terrible—of not being master over your own legs and arms, to have your flesh and blood and what brains God gave you buried alive in stone-walls as though they were in a safe with a time-lock on the door set for eight months ahead. There's nothing to be afraid of in a stone-wall really, it's not half so effective as a Boer's rifle; but it's the idea of the thing—of not being free to move about, especially to a chap that has always lived in the open as I have, and has had men under him. It was no wonder I was in a funk for a minute. I'll bet a fiver the others were, too, if they'll only own up to it. I don't mean for long, but just when the idea first laid hold of them. Anyway it was a good lesson to me, and if I catch myself thinking of it again I'll whistle or talk to myself out loud and think of something cheerful. And I don't mean to be one of those chaps who spends his time in jail counting the stones in his cell or training spiders or measuring how many of his steps make a mile, for madness lies that way. I mean to sit tight and think of all the good times I've had, and go over them in my mind very slowly so as to make them last longer and remember who was there and what we said and the jokes and all that; I'll go over house-parties I have been on and the times I've had in the Riviera, and scouting parties Dr. Jim led up country when we were taking Matabele Land.

"They say that if you're good here they give you books to read after a month or two, and then I can read up all those instructive chaps that a fellow never does read until he's in hospital.

"But that's crowding ahead a bit; I must keep to what happened to-day. We struck York Road at the back of the Great Western Terminus, and I half hoped we might see some chap we knew coming or going away, I would like to have waved my hand to him. It would have been fun to have seen his surprise the next morning when he read in the paper that he had been bowing to jail-birds, and then I would like to have cheated the tipstaves out of just one more friendly good-by. I wanted to say good-by to somebody, but I really couldn't feel sorry to see the last of anyone of those we passed in the streets—they were such a dirty, unhappy-looking lot, and the railroad wall ran on forever apparently, and we might have been in a foreign country for all we knew of it. There were just sooty gray brick tenements and gas-works on one side, and the railroad cutting on the other, and semaphores and telegraph wires over head, and smoke and grime everywhere, it looked exactly like the sort of street that should lead to a prison, and it seemed a pity to take a smart hansom and a good cob into it.

"It was just a bit different from our last ride together—rather, when we rode through the night from Krugers-Dorp with hundreds of horses' hoofs pounding on the soft veldt behind us, and the carbines clanking against the stirrups as they swung on the sling belts. We were being hunted then, harassed on either side, scurrying for our lives like the Derby Dog in a race-track when everyone hoots him and no one man steps out to help—we were sick for sleep, sick for food, lashed by the rain and we knew that we were beaten; but we were free still and under open skies with the derricks of the Rand rising like gallows on our left, and Johannesburg only fifteen miles away."

Any one of the "Three Misses Kershaw" might have, at some time in the past, laid claims to good looks, and although when they had first arrived at Mendham Miss Eudora's hair was gray, yet it was well remembered that she had been considered quite pretty. The pastor of the First Church (who had

into trouble, no one had ever actually dared to propose.

Miss Emmerett, the eldest, was entirely without guile, and depended largely upon ejaculatory prayer; her mercy was seldom tempered with the sternness of justice, and it was her aim to do good as long as she lived. The condition of people's souls was her one absorbing topic, and incredulity had no part in her moral or mental composition. A clever hypocrite could have lived with her unmolested, but an ordinarily honest mortal could not have withstood her oft-expressed spiritual anxiety without a loss of nervous vitality.

Miss Eudora, the second sister, who had been counted an invalid in the days of her extreme youth, still claimed some privileges derived therefrom, and her energy as to the matter of souls was not so apparent as was her sister's. In fact, Miss Eudora hated trouble. If roused, however, it had been proven that she possessed a battery of sarcasm sufficient to melt the tenderest earthly sentiments. She believed, moreover, that she had more common-sense than most people, which was the truth.

As for Miss Eudora, the youngest, she accepted the advices of her sisters so readily that it might have been said she was perpetually in a state of uncondi-

The pastor had paid her marked attention.

buried his wife only a twelvemonth before) had paid her marked attention.

Unfortunately for the matrimonial prospects of the trio no one could ever have married one of them who was not acceptable in every way to the others. Now, as it is impossible for a man to make love to three women who live under the same roof without getting himself



tional surrender. Miss Eudora still possessed dimples, and any one of the three would tell you that gray hair ran in their family.

It was a sunny day in the middle of July and "The Misses Kershaw" had driven to the village for their mail. It was never very large, consisting usually of one or two letters from the corresponding agents of some missionary society, and a few copies of papers whose only difference was in their titles, and whose contents might have been exchanged without altering their policy. Of course, there was the village journal, the *Gleaner*, which contained all the news of the outside world in which they could possibly feel the slightest interest.

The thermometer at the village drug-store on this day had recorded ninety-four degrees. The grass on either side of the road was gray with the dust of a rainless fortnight. Even the cobwebs that stretched from stalk to stalk in the cornfields were heavy with the thick, white powder.

The Misses Kershaw were driving along in a decrepit basket phaeton; there was an odor of alpaca in the air about them. The two elder were seated together, and Miss Eudora was propped in a little seat against the dash-board with her back to the yellowish-white nag. All three of the Misses Kershaw wore green veils, and Miss Eudora's had been pulled up so that it formed a straight line across the tip of her nose and just hid her ears. She was opening the village paper.

The old horse had fallen into a walk. As he had become hardened to the slap-

ping of the reins on his back, he plodded along thoughtfully, his head and tail swinging from side to side. Miss Emmerett jerked the reins, and

as she did so a strange sound issued from behind her thick green veil.

"Don't do that, Emmerett," said Miss Eudora, "it makes me nervous."

"I was only trying to cluck to him, my dear," answered Miss Emmerett. "That was the

way John used to make him go."

"You do it beautifully," said Miss Eudora, cuttingly, "but I prefer the dust."

Miss Eudora smiled, and the dimples showed quite plainly.

At this moment they came to a slight decline, and the phaeton, running up on the horse's heels, pushed him into a stiff-legged trot. He slowly forged ahead out of the dry, stifling cloud that enveloped him.

"I don't think the harness is on right," said Miss Emmerett, as the

shafts suddenly tossed up almost as high as the horse's ears. "Mary said she didn't know much about harnessing a horse."

"I think she has done very well," said Miss Eudora; "I helped her put it on." There was no sarcasm this time.

"We'll never get a man like John

again," sighed Miss Eudora, spreading the copy of the *Gleaner* out on her knees.

"He was always very repentant," said Miss Eudora, "I think——"

But what she was going to say can never be recorded, for she was interrupted by a little shriek from the figure on the low settee.

"Oh, oh, robbers!" Miss Eudora glanced up at her sisters, her mouth wore a frightened look.

Miss Emmerett clucked successfully to the horse, this time without opposition, and half glanced over her shoulder.

"Where?" inquired Eudora, incredulously.

"In the village—last night. Dr. Hodgman's house was entered."

"I don't suppose they got much there," said Miss Eudora.

"Oh, dear, and Mr. Berry's also. What shall we do?"

"We must get a man," said Miss Emmerett, firmly.

Now the Misses Kershaw were quite wealthy.

The old horse had turned through a gateway to the left of the road. A very pretty house with a Grecian front was at the end of the short driveway. Vines climbed up the pillars and honeysuckle swayed about the window frames. Half-

"Oh, you beast!"—Page 711

concealed by a clump of evergreens at the back was a diminutive stable. The former occupant of the place, being of a romantic turn of mind, had named the domicile "Abbey Lodge." As there was no abbey and no lodge



As the three watched him he struck a match on the stone post, and lit his pipe.—Page 713.

this must be put down to romanticism entirely. And not content with thus naming his dwelling, the former owner had inserted a slab of marble bearing the name of his choice into one of the huge stone gate-posts.

Since the advent of the Misses Kershaw some inconsiderate and facetious individual had inscribed a large "T" at the beginning, so that it now read "Tabbey Lodge."

The Misses Kershaw had either not seen fit to notice this, or it had escaped their attention, for there it stood.

The driveway up to the house was made of crushed blue-stone. As it had been little used, the phaeton crunched its way noisily up to the front porch, thus signalling its own approach.

The figure of a tall woman came out of a doorway. She was wiping her hands upon a checked apron, and as Miss Emmerett pulled up at the step she called :

"Hold his head, Mary, while we all get out."

It was a very remarkable thing. The Misses Kershaw had not even felt enough sentiment to name the yellowish-white steed. He had always been "the horse" to them and nothing more.

Miss Eudora had disappeared within the house, but soon emerged carrying in her hand some lumps of sugar. She walked about the phaeton to where Mary was holding the horse's head away

from her—with the bridle grasped firmly in both hands. Miss Eudora held one of the lumps of sugar in her outstretched palm. The horse caught one of her fingers with his thick flopping lips, and Eudora, with a nervous scream, dropped the lump on the ground.

"Oh, you beast!" she said. "He would have bitten me."

Foiled in his attempt to get at the tempting morsel the horse stepped forward.

"Hold him!" cried Miss Eudora.

Mary twitched the bridle so fiercely that the horse began to back and toss his head. At last, however, he stopped and suffered himself to be led up to the stable. The harness was removed in somewhat unusual sections and he was tied to the stall with a bow knot.

For the last four days the poor beast's life had been a puzzle to him. He had missed his early morning meal altogether and had been watered at most irregular intervals; his coat also showed the need of a curry-comb, and he had cast a shoe without it having been observed.

"Oh, Emmerett," cried Miss Eudora, when she came into the house, "we must get a man. You should have seen the way that horse behaved!"

At this moment Mary, who had succeeded in disentangling the horse from his surroundings unaided, appeared at

the threshold. Mary was strong and muscular. She was young and had fine eyes and large features.

"If it please you, mum," she said, looking at the group and addressing no one in particular, "might I get away to-night? My sister's child is ill and poor girl is most worried wid watchin'."

"Why, certainly," said Miss Emmerett, breathing a half-audible prayer for the infant's immediate recovery.

After supper had been finished and the gleaming table-cloth removed, the three sisters sat out on the porch in the twilight. The crickets were chirping and a tree-frog raised his "clack, clack," from a neighboring elm. In the direction of the river a silvery veil of mist was rising against the hills; a few fireflies glinted over the uncut lawn.

"The grass is growing very long," said Miss Eudora.

"We must have a man," said Miss Emmerett, as if at last she had decided. "We'll advertise to-morrow."

"Oh, dear me," said Eudora, stopping her employment of stroking the black cat underneath the chin and raising both her hands. "Mary is away and we forgot about the robbers."

"It's growing very dark," said Miss Emmerett.

"And damp too, don't you think?" said Miss Eudora. "Let's go into the house."

They arose and carried in the cushions.

"Don't you think we had better bring the chairs in?" said the eldest sister.

"The lawn-mower also?" suggested Miss Eudora.

Whether she meant it or not the sisters were about to comply,

when the youngest gazed down the walk.

"Oh, oh!" she said, "there's a man standing by the gate."

Sure enough. There he was, quite plain to be seen in the dim light, but as the three watched him he struck a match on the stone post, lit his pipe, and walked on down the road.

"Let's be sure we lock up carefully," Eudora said, slamming the door. There was no light in the hall, but the eldest Miss Kershaw appeared with a candle and they made the rounds; tested the lock of every window and paused before the hat-rack.

"Let's take the big chair and put it there at the bottom of the stairs," the eldest suggested, "as a sort of blockade."

"A brilliant idea. I shall wait here for you," said the second, seating herself on the top stair.

It was a very quaint old chair, that had belonged to the Kershaws for a number of years and had a history.

Their only brother, who had soon spent his share of the family inheritance—long before he died—had purchased this chair in England. It was of heavy oak, carved with archaic-looking figures, and bore the date, 1690, in the rough scroll work at the top. The seat was low, and the arms were heavy and of a peculiar shape. It had not been purchased for its beauty, but for another reason that had

pealed entirely to a peculiar vein in Mr. Robert Kershaw's nature.

As they lifted it across the hall and placed it at the bottom of the stairs with a thump, Miss Emmerett spoke up.

"I wonder if it's securely caught," she said.



"Oh, it's been so for years," said Miss Eudora from the top of the stairs. "It's perfectly safe."

"Will you ever forget the fun we had," laughed Miss Eudora, as if at some recollection. "Poor Robert delighted in it, didn't he. I think I will keep a light in my room," she added.

"Yes," remarked Miss Eudora, leaning over the banisters, "you sleep so much better with it, you know."

At half-past one o'clock that night Miss Eudora had not gone to sleep at all. She had made up her mind that there was no use trying to with the candle burning there upon the table.

Emmerett, after many prayers, had blown out hers some time ago, and Eudora had dispensed with one altogether.

"I know I'm brave enough to do it," said Miss Eudora, half-rising, and then she paused, her heart beating almost audibly. Surely, yes surely, there was some one moving down below!

"Oh, why did we let Mary leave? She can scream so loudly," said Eudora, remembering the time that the domestic had thought she had seen the ghost of the former owner of the house. "Mercy! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

To reach her sisters' rooms it was necessary for her to go out into the hall.

There, there it was again! Footsteps stealing across the dining-room. She even detected the jingle of the glass candelabrum on the sideboard.

Eudora was too frightened to raise her voice. She paused for a minute

and then, picking up the light, opened her door. The rays threw the shadow of the banisters across the opposite wall. If Miss Kershaw had been terrified before, she was now absolutely paralyzed with horror, for she had plainly perceived a man's face looking through the railings. As soon as she had seen it, however, it had disappeared.

Under the influence of fear and excitement women have done many unexpected and wondrous things, so history has recorded. Miss Eudora stepped boldly out to the hall and held the light high above her head.

"Who are you?" she asked, quite calmly. Getting no response she leaned out and distinctly saw a man standing within a few feet of her. He began to move silently down the stairs, and as he did so the back of his knees struck the seat of the great oak chair and he sat down suddenly and hard.

Then the most surprising thing occurred. Instantly there was a snap, a sharp click, and two curved iron rods sprang from the arms of the chair. At the same time two other rods, bent in semicircular form, flew out from the back. The first came across the man's legs and the last firmly enclosed his shoulders.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the man, aloud.

Whether it was this remark, or the noise of the clicking, that broke down Eudora's calmness, cannot be told, but she dropped the candle with a shrill scream and ran for Eudora's room. She plunged into her sister's arms at the door.

"Oh," she sobbed, "there's a man—a man in the house!"

They listened. Nothing could be heard and it was pitch dark.

Although there was certainly no object in whispering, under the circumstances, Eudora whispered:

"Are you sure, my dear? Hush! Listen!"

At this minute the eldest came from

her room also. "I heard something moving, too," she said. "Perhaps he has been frightened off. Let's shout."

Then, before the others could agree, she leaned out and said, tremulously:

"Is anyone down there?"

There was no reply.

"He's gone away," she said.

"He can't get away," broke in Miss Eudora. "Oh, dear! he's caught in brother Robert's chair."

"Hush!" said the second sister, "I hear someone, surely!"

"What's got hold of me?" came a deep voice from below.

This time the sisters screamed and ran into the bedroom.

"Open the window and call for help."

"I can't. It's nailed down," said Eudora.

"Then strike a match or I shall faint," said Eudora, reaching along the dressing-case.

In her excitement her fingers caught the edge of the match-box, and its contents were thrown on the floor. "Oh, darn it!" whispered the youngest Miss

Kershaw, in her excitement. "I have upset the matches."

At this moment Miss Eudora found one on the carpet.

With a trembling hand she lit the candle.

"Ladies, oh, ladies," came a masculine voice, "I'm not going to harm you."

"He says he won't harm us," whispered Miss Eudora.

"That's very kind of him," replied Miss Eudora, cuttingly.

And now Miss Emmerett plucked

up courage. She walked to the door.

"Man," she said, "get out the way you came."

There was no answer to this, but a smothered exclamation. "I can't get out," said the voice. "Come down and turn me loose."

"We must go for someone," one of the sisters said.

"We'll have to pass right by him," said Miss Eudora. "Hush! He's talking."

"Now, ladies," came from the darkness, pleadingly. "Jes' listen. You've

got me for fair, and if you let me go I'll never do so any more."

This touched a chord in Miss Emmerett's heart.

"He said he wouldn't harm us," she faltered, picking up the light. The man had caught the words.

"No, I won't harm you," he replied; "upon my word of honor. I ain't a bad man. I am jes' unfortunate."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Miss Eudisia, half to herself.

But Emmerett had gone out into the hall. She looked down the stairs.

"He's not a bad-looking man," she said, speaking as if she were about purchasing something.

"Thank you, mum, I have got a good heart, but I have been drove to this."

By this time the two others had joined their sister.

"He can't get away," said the youngest.

Now, to their surprise, Miss Emmerett walked down the stairs until she had approached quite close to the captive in the chair.

He was a lean, hungry-looking man, whose clothes had once been quite respectable. As he observed the figure coming toward him, the prisoner smiled.

"Well, do you know," he said, "I think this is real funny."

"Did you come to rob us?" inquired Miss Emmerett, sternly.

The man paused.

"Now let me think," he said. "Yes, I guess I did, but I won't do it no more. I want to lead an honest life and they won't let me."

"Do you really wish to lead an honest life?" inquired Miss Emmerett, drawing her dressing-gown about her, conscious for the first time that she had on but one slipper.

"I do," said the man, "but I don't get no show."

"Where do you come from?" put in Miss Eudisia, who had hurried on her clothes and had come down the stairs.

"I come from jail three weeks ago," said the man, "and I 'spect I'll go back. There's no place else for a man who has once been there. Nobody will do anything to help 'im."

"Emmerett," said her sister, "go up stairs and put on some clothes. I will talk to him."

She took the candle.

"Why do you steal?" she asked.

"Cause I'm hungry," said the man, sullenly.

"How did you get in?"

"Through the front door. It wasn't locked," replied the burglar. "What are you going to do with me?"

It was almost gray in the morning.

"We don't know," said Eudisia.

"Don't give me up," pleaded the man. "I have tried to get work everywhere. I will do anything if you won't give me up. No, it wasn't me who robbed them other houses, and I never drink."

Just then there came an unexpected interruption. There was a loud pounding and thumping; a tremendous noise, coming from the direction of the little stable.

"Oh, dear, what has happened now?" ejaculated the youngest sister, starting up. "What is that! what is it?"

"It sounds like a horse got down in his stall," said the man, who was listening.

"Do you know anything about horses?" inquired Miss Eudisia.

"Well, I should smile," said the man; "I was brought up in a stable. Honest, ladies, I haven't always been at this thing and if——"

"Let's let him go," said Miss Emmerett, suddenly returning.

"I haven't took a thing in this house," said the man, "except some bread and butter."

"We'd have given you something to eat," remarked Miss Eudora, kindly.

"Will you promise to reform?" asked Miss Emmerett.

"I'll promise to do my best," returned the man.

The eldest Miss Kershaw at this stepped boldly past him. She reached the back to the chair and pulled down a bolt like an old-fashioned drop-latch. The string that held it was broken. Instantly the springs were released and the iron catches flew back to their concealment. The man stood up and stretched himself.

"Well, I'll swon!" he said. "I never

see nothing like it. Where did you get it?"

Perhaps Miss Emmerett would have related the history of the chair had it not been that the pounding was once more renewed in the stable.

"That horse may hurt himself," said the man. "If you will come along with me I will show you how to get him up."

It was a strange sight, the Misses Kershaw accompanying the late burglar to the stable. It was quite light enough to go without a lantern now.

The sisters could not help admiring the way in which the gaunt man twisted his fingers in the horse's tail, and, tugging and straining, assisted the old gray to his feet. He slapped him on the

flanks, and the horse whinnied as if glad to see a masculine form again.

"There's a knack in doing that," said the burglar.

When the grocer drove up the next morning he heard the clatter of the mowing-machine. There was a figure striding down the lawn, the grass spurt-ing over his feet.

The grocer stopped his horse.

"Are you the new hired man?" inquired he.

"Yep."

"Well, I bet you don't stay here very long."

"They will have hard work to get rid of me," said the man at the mowing-machine, starting off with a rush, "I think they're real Christians."

LITTLE PHARISEES IN FICTION

By Agnes Repplier

that accurate and interesting study of Puritanism which Alice Morse Earle has rather laboriously entitled "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," there is a delightful chapter devoted to the little boys and girls who lived their chastened lives under the uncompromising discipline of the church. With many prayers, with scanty play, with frequent exhortations, and a depressing consciousness of their own sinful natures, these children walked sedately in the bleak atmosphere of continual correction. By way of pastime, they were taken to church, to baptisms, and to funerals, and for reading they had the "Early Piety Series," "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes," "The Conversion and Exemplary Lives of Several Young Children," and a "Particular Account of Some Extraordinary Pious Motions and Devout Exercises, observed of late in many Children in Siberia"—a safe and remote spot in which to locate something too "extraordinary" for belief. To this list Cotton Mather added "Good Lessons for Children, in Verse," by no means a sprightly volume, and "Some Examples of Children in whom the Fear of God was remarkably Budding before they died; in several parts of New England."

Small wonder that under this depressing burden of books, little boys and girls, too young to know the meaning of sin, were assailed with grievous doubts concerning their salvation. Small wonder that Betty Sewall, an innocent child of nine, "burst into an amazing cry" after reading a page or two of Cotton Mather, and said "she was afraid she should go to Hell, her sins were not pardon'd." It is heart-rending to read Judge Sewall's entry in his diary. "Betty can hardly read her chapter for weeping. Tells me she is afraid she is gone back" (at nine).

"Does not taste that sweetness in reading the Word which once she did. Fears that what was upon her is worn off. I said what I could to her, and in the evening, pray'd with her alone." It is scant comfort for us, recalling the misery of this poor wounded child, and of many others who suffered with her, to know that Phebe Bartlett was ostentatiously converted at four; that Jane Turell "asked many astonishing questions about divine mysteries" before she was five; and that an infant son of Cotton Mather's "made a most edifying end in praise and prayer," at the age of two years and seven months. We cannot forget the less happy children who, instead of developing into baby prodigies or baby prigs, fretted out their helpless hearts in nightly fears of Hell.

Nor is there in the whole of this painful precocity one redeeming touch of human childhood, such as that joyous setting forth of the little St. Theresa and her brother to convert the inhabitants of Morocco, and be martyred for their faith; an enterprise as natural to keenly imaginative children of the sixteenth century as was the expedition two hundred years later of the six little Blue Coat boys, who, without map, chart, or compass, without luggage, provisions, or money, started out one bright spring morning to find Philip Quarll's Island. Sunlight and shadow are not farther apart than the wholesome love of adventure which religion as well as history and fairylore can inspire in the childish heart and that morbid conscientiousness which impels the young to the bitter task of self-analysis. The most depressing thing about pious fiction for little people is that it so seldom takes human nature into account. I read a Sunday-school story not long ago in which a serious aunt severely reproves her twelve-year-old niece for saying she would like to go to India and have a Bible class of native children, by telling her it is vain and fool-

ish to talk in that way, and that what she can do is to be a better child herself, and save up her money for the mission-box. Now the dream of going to a far-off land and doing good in a lavish, semi-miraculous fashion is as natural for a pious and imaginative little girl as is the dream of fighting savages for a less pious, but equally imaginative little boy. It is well, no doubt, that all generous impulses should have some practical outlet; but the aunt's dreary counsel was too suggestive of those ethical verses, familiar to my own infancy, which began:

"A penny I have," little Mary said,
As she thoughtfully raised her hand to her head,

and described the anxious musings of this weak child as to how the money might be most profitably employed, until at length she relieved herself of all moral obligation by putting it into the mission-box. It is not possible for a real little girl to sympathize with such a situation. She may give away her pennies impulsively, as Charles Lamb gave away his plum-cake—to his lasting regret and remorse—but she does not start out by worrying over her serious responsibility as a capitalist.

The joyless literature provided for the children of Puritanism in the New World was little less lugubrious than that which a century later, in many a well-tended English nursery, made the art of reading a thoroughly undesirable accomplishment. Happy the boy who could escape into the air and sunshine with Robinson Crusoe. Happy the girl who found a constant friend in Miss Edgeworth's little Rosamond. For always on the book-shelf sat, sombre and implacable, the unsmiling "Fairchild Family," ready to hurl texts at everybody's head, and to prove at a moment's notice the utter depravity of the youthful heart. It is inconceivable that such a book should have retained its place for many years, and that thousands of little readers should have plodded their weary way through its unwholesome pages. For combined wretchedness and self-righteousness, for grovelling fear and a total

lack of charity, the "Fairchild Family" are without equals in literature, and, I hope, in life. Lucy Fairchild, at nine, comes to the conclusion "that there are very few real Christians in the world, and that a great part of the human race will be finally lost;" and modestly proposes to her brother and sister that they should recite some verses "about mankind having bad hearts." This is alacritously done, the other children being more than equal to the emergency; and each in turn quotes a text to prove that "the nature of man, after the fall of Adam, is utterly and entirely sinful." Lest this fundamental truth should be occasionally forgotten, a prayer is composed for Lucy, which she commits to memory, and a portion of which runs thus:

"My heart is so exceedingly wicked, so vile, so full of sin, that even when I appear to be tolerably good, even then I am sinning. When I am praying, or reading the Bible, or hearing other people read the Bible, even then I sin. When I speak, I sin; when I am silent, I sin."

In fact, an anxious alertness, a continual apprehension of ill-doing is the keynote of this extraordinary book; and that its author, Mrs. Sherwood, considered the innocence of childhood and even of infancy an insufficient barrier to evil is proven by an anecdote which she tells of herself in her memoirs. When she was in her fourth year, a gentleman, a guest of her father's, "who shall be nameless," took her on his knee, and said something to her which she could not understand, but which she felt at once was not fit for female ears, "especially not for the female ears of extreme youth." Indignant at this outrage to propriety, she exclaimed, "You are a naughty man!" whereupon he became embarrassed, and put her down upon the floor. That a baby of three should be so keen to comprehend, or rather not to comprehend, but to suspect an indecorum, seems well-nigh incredible, and I confess that ever since reading this incident I have been assailed with a hopeless, an undying curiosity to know what it was the "nameless" gentleman said.

The painful precocity of children

anent matters profane and spiritual is insisted upon so perseveringly by writers of Sunday-school literature that Mrs. Sherwood's infancy appears to have been the recognized model for them all. In one of these stories, which claims to be the veracious history of a very young child, compared with whom, however, the "fairy babes of tombs and graves" are soberly natural and realistic, I found I was expected to believe that an infant a year old loved to hear her father read the Bible, and would lie in her cot with clasped hands listening to the precious words. Though she could say but little—at twelve months—yet when she saw her parents sitting down to breakfast without either prayers or reading, she would put out her hands, and cry "No! no!" and look wistfully at the Bible on the shelf. When two years old "she was never weary at church," nor at Sunday-school, where she sat gazing rapturously in her teacher's face. It is unnecessary for anyone familiar with such tales to be assured that as soon as she could speak plainly she went about correcting, not only all the children in the neighborhood, but all the adults as well. A friend of her father's was in the habit of petting and caressing her, though Heaven knows how he had the temerity, and she showed him every mark of affection until she heard of some serious wrong-doing—drunkenness, I think—on his part. The next time he came to the house she refused sadly to sit on his knee, "but told him earnestly her feelings about all that he had done." Finally she fell ill, and after taking bitter medicines with delight, and using her last breath to reproach her father for "not coming up to prayers," she died at the age of four and a half years, to the unexpressed, because inexpressible, relief of everybody. The standard of infant death-beds has reached a difficult point of perfection since Cotton Mather's baby set the example by making its "edifying end in praise and prayer" before it was three years old.

The enormous circulation of Sunday-school books, both in England and America, has resulted in a constant exchange of commodities. For many

years we have given as freely as we have received; and if British reviewers from the first were disposed to look askance upon our contributions, British nurseries absorbed them unhesitatingly, and British children read them, if not with interest, at least with meekness and docility. When the "Fairchild Family" and the "Lady of the Manor" crossed the Atlantic to our hospitable shores, we sent back, returning evil for evil, the "Youth's Book of Natural Theology," in which small boys and girls argue their way, with some kind preceptor's help, from the existence of a chicken to the existence of God, thus learning at a tender age the first lessons of religious doubt. At the same time that the "Leila" books and "Mary and Florence" found their way to legions of young Americans, "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," and "Melbourne House"—with its intolerable little prig of a heroine—were, if possible, more immoderately read in England than at home. And in this case, the serious wrong-doing lies at our doors. If the "Leila" books be rather too full of sermons and pious conversations, long conversations of an uncompromisingly didactic order, they are nevertheless interesting and wholesome, brimming with adventures, and humanized by a very agreeable sense of fun. Moreover, these English children, although incredibly good, have the grace to be unconscious of their goodness. Even Selina, who, like young Wackford Squeers, is "next door but one to a cherubim," is apparently unaware of the fact. Leila does not instruct her father. She receives counsel quite humbly from his lips, though she is full eight years old when the first volume opens. Matilda has never any occasion to remonstrate gently with her mother; and little Alfred fails, in the whole course of his infant life, to once awaken in his parents' friends an acute sense of their own unworthiness.

This conservative attitude is due, perhaps, to the rigid prejudices of the Old World. In our freer air, children, released from thralldom develop swiftly into guides and teachers. We first introduced into the literature of the Sunday-school the offensively pious

little Christian who makes her father and mother, her uncles and aunts, even her venerable grandparents, the subjects of her spiritual ministrations. We first taught her to confront, Bible in hand, the harmless adults who had given her birth, and to annihilate their feeble arguments with denunciatory texts. We first surrounded her with the persecutions of the worldly minded, that her virtues might shine more glaringly in the gloom, and disquisitions on duty be never out of place. Daisy, in "Melbourne House," is an example of a perniciously good child who has the conversion of her family on her hands, and is well aware of the dignity of her position. Her trials and triumphs, her tears and prayers, her sufferings and rewards fill two portly volumes, and have doubtless inspired many a young reader to set immediately about the correction of her parents' faults. The same lesson is taught with even greater emphasis by a more recent writer, whose works, I am told, are so exceedingly popular that she is not permitted to lay down her pen. Hundreds of letters reach her every year, begging for a new "Elsie" book; and the amiability with which she responds to the demand has resulted in a fair-sized library—twice as many volumes probably as Sir Walter Scott ever read in the whole course of his childish life.

Now if, as the *Ladies' Home Journal* informs us, "there has been no character in American juvenile fiction who has attained more wide-spread interest and affection than Elsie Dinsmore," then children have altered strangely since I was young, and "skipping the moral" was a recognized habit of the nursery. It would be impossible to skip the moral of the "Elsie" books, because the residuum would be nothingness. Lucy Fairchild and Daisy Randolph are hardened reprobates compared with Elsie Dinsmore. It is true we are told when the first book opens that she is "not yet perfect;" but when we find her taking her well-worn Bible out of her desk—she is eight years old—and consoling herself with texts for the injustice of grown-up people, we begin to doubt the assertion. When we hear her say to a

visitor old enough to be her father: "Surely you know that there is no such thing as a little sin. Don't you remember about the man who picked up sticks on the Sabbath day?" the last lingering hope as to her possible fallibility dies in our dejected bosoms. We are not surprised after this to hear that she is unwilling to wear a new frock on Sunday, lest she should be tempted to think of it in church; and we are fully prepared for the assurance that she knows her father "is not a Christian," and that she "listens with pain" to his unprincipled conjecture that if a man leads an honest, upright, moral life, is regular in his attendance at church, and observes all the laws, he probably goes to heaven. This sanguine statement is as reprehensible to Elsie as it would have been to the Fairchild family; and when Mr. Dinsmore—a harmless, but very foolish and consequential person—is taken ill, his little daughter pours out her heart "in agonizing supplication that her dear, dear papa might be spared, at least until he was fit to go to Heaven."

A few old-fashioned people will consider this mental attitude an unwholesome one for a child, and will perhaps be of the opinion that it is better for a little girl to do something moderately naughty herself than to judge her parents so severely. But Elsie is a young Rhadamanthus, from whose verdicts there is no appeal. She sees with dismay her father amusing himself with a novel on Sunday, and begs at once that she may recite to him some verses. Forgetful of her principles, he asks her, when convalescing from his tedious illness, to read aloud to him for an hour. Alas! "The book her father bade her read was simply a fictitious moral tale, without a particle of religious truth in it, and, Elsie's conscience told her, entirely unfit for the Sabbath." In vain Mr. Dinsmore reminds her that he is somewhat older than she is, and assures her he would not ask her to do anything he thought was wrong. "'But, Papa,' she replied timidly,"—she is now nine—"you know the Bible says, 'They measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not

wise."'' This text failing to convince Mr. Dinmore, he endeavors, through wearisome chapter after chapter, to break Elsie's heroic resolution, until, as a final resource, she becomes ill in her turn, makes her last will and testament, and is only induced to remain upon a sinful earth when her father, contrite and humbled, implores her forgiveness, and promises amendment. It never seems to occur to the author of these remarkable stories that a child's most precious privilege is to be exempt from serious moral responsibility; that a supreme confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his parents is his best safeguard, and that to shake this innocent belief, this natural and holy creed of infancy, is to destroy childhood itself, and to substitute the precocious melancholy of a prig.

For nothing can be more dreary than the recital of Elsie's sorrows and persecutions. Every page is drenched with tears. She goes about with "tear-swollen eyes," she rushes to her room "shaken with sobs," her grief is "deep and despairing," she "cries and sobs dreadfully," she "stifles her sobs"—but this is rare—she is "blinded with welling tears." In her more buoyant moments, a tear merely "trickles down her cheek," and on comparatively cheerful nights she is content to shed "a few quiet tears upon her pillow." On more serious occasions, "a low cry of utter despair broke from her lips," and when spoken to harshly by her father, "with a low cry of anguish, she fell forward in a deep swoon." And yet I am asked to believe that this dismal, tear-soaked, sobbing, hysterical little girl has been adopted by healthy children as one of the favorite heroines of "American juvenile fiction."

In all these books, the lesson of self-esteem and self-confidence is taught on every page. Childish faults and childish virtues are over-emphasized until they appear the only important things on earth. Captain Raymond, a son-in-law of the grown-up Elsie, hearing that his daughter Lulu has had trouble with her music-teacher, decides immediately that it is his duty to leave the navy, and devote himself to the training and discipline of his young family, a notion

which, if generally accepted, would soon leave our country without defenders. On one occasion, Lulu, who is an unlucky girl, kicks—under sore provocation—what she thinks is the dog, but what turns out, awkwardly enough, to be the baby. The incident is considered sufficiently tragic to fill most of the volume, and this is the way it is discussed by the other children—children who belong to an order of beings as extinct, I believe and hope, as the dodo:

"'If Lu had only controlled her temper yesterday,' said Max, 'what a happy family we would be.'

"'Yes,' sighed Grace. 'Papa is punishing her very hard and very long; but of course he knows best, and he loves her.'

"'Yes, I am sure he does,' assented Max. 'So he won't give her any more punishment than he thinks she needs. It will be a fine thing for her, and all the rest of us, too, if this hard lesson teaches her never to get into a passion again.'"

Better surely to kick a wilderness of babies than to wallow in self-righteousness like this!

One more serious charge must be brought against these popular Sunday-school stories. They are controversial, and, like most controversial tales, they exhibit an abundance of ignorance and a lack of charity that are equally hurtful to a child. It is curious to see women handle theology as if it were knitting, and one no longer wonders at Ruskin's passionate protest against such temerity. "Strange and miserably strange," he cries, "that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers and pause at the threshold of sciences, where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong and without one thought of incompetency into that science at which the greatest men have trembled, and in which the wisest have erred." But then Ruskin, as we all know, was equally impatient of "converted children who teach their parents, and converted convicts who teach honest men," and these two classes form valuable ingredients in Sunday-school literature. The theological arguments of the Elsie books

would be infinitely diverting if they were not so infinitely acrimonious. One of them, however, is such a masterpiece of feminine pleading that its absurdity must win forgiveness for its unkindness. A young girl, having entered the church of Rome, is told with confidence that her hierarchy is spoken of in the seventeenth chapter of Revelations as "Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." "But how do you know," she asks, not unnaturally, "that my church is meant by these lines?"

"Because," is the triumphant and unassailable reply, "*she and she alone answers to the description.*"

This I consider the finest piece of reasoning that even Sunday-school books have ever yielded me. It is simply perfect; but there are other passages equally objectionable and a little less amusing. In one of the stories, Captain Raymond undertakes to convert a Scotch female Mormon, which he does with astonishing facility, a single conversation being sufficient to bring her to a proper frame of mind. His most powerful argument is that Mormonism must be a false religion because it so closely resembles Popery, which, he tolerantly adds, "has been well called Satan's masterpiece." The Scotch woman who, unlike most of her race, is extremely vague in her ideas, hazards the assertion that Popery "forbids men to marry," while Mormonism commands it.

"The difference in regard to that," said Captain Raymond, "is not so great as may appear at first sight. Both pander to men's lusts; both train children to forsake their parents; both teach lying and murder, when by such crimes they are expected to advance the cause of their Church."

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

I would the pious women who so wantonly and wickedly assail the creeds in which their fellow-creatures find help and hope would learn at least to express themselves — especially when their words are intended for little chil-

dren to read—with some approach to decency and propriety.

"Gin I thocht Papistry a fause thing, *which I do*," says the sturdy, gentle Ettrick Shepherd, "I wadna scruple to say sae, in sic terms as were consistent wi' gude manners, and wi' charity and humility of heart. But I wad ca' nae man a leear." A simple lesson in Christianity and forbearance which might be advantageously studied to-day.

There is no reason why the literature of the Sunday-school, since it represents an important element in modern book-making, should be uniformly and consistently bad. There is no reason why all the children who figure in its pages should be such impossible little prigs; or why all parents should be either incredibly foolish and worldly minded, or so inflexibly serious that they never open their lips without preaching. There is no reason why people, because they are virtuous or repentant, should converse in stilted and unnatural language. A contrite burglar in one of these edifying stories confesses, poetically, "My sins are more numerous than the hairs of my head or the sands of the sea-shore"—which was probably true, but not precisely the way in which the Bill Sykeses of real life are wont to acknowledge the fact. In another tale, an English one this time, a little girl named Helen rashly asks her father for some trifling information. He gives it with the usual grandiloquence, and then adds, by way of commendation: "Many children are so foolish as to be ashamed to let those they converse with discover that they do not comprehend everything that is said to them, by which means they often imbibe erroneous ideas, and perhaps remain in ignorance on many essential subjects, when by questioning their friends they might easily have obtained correct and useful knowledge." If Helen ever ventured on another query after that, she deserved her fate.

Above all, there is no reason why books intended for the pleasure as well as for the profit of young children should be so melancholy and dismal in their character. Nothing is more unwholesome than dejection, nothing

more pernicious for any of us than to fix our consideration steadfastly upon the seamy side of life. Crippled lads, consumptive mothers, angelic little girls with spinal complaint, infidel fathers, lingering death-beds, famished families, innocent convicts, persecuted school-boys, and friendless children wrongfully accused of theft have held their own mournfully for many years. It is time we admitted, even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world. I had recently in my service a pretty little housemaid barely nineteen years old, neat, capable, and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over our unreasonably cheerful household. I grew melancholy watching her at work. One day, going into the kitchen, I saw lying open on her chair a book she had just been reading. It purported to be the ex-

perience of a missionary in one of our large cities, and was divided into nine separate stories. These were their titles, copied verbatim on the spot:

The Infidel.

The Dying Banker.

The Drunkard's Death.

The Miser's Death.

The Hospital.

The Wanderer's Death.

The Dying Shirt-Maker.

The Broken Heart.

The Destitute Poor.

What wonder that my little maid was sad and solemn when she recreated herself with such chronicles as these? What wonder that, like the Scotchman's famous dog, "life was full o' sairiousness" for her, when religion and literature, the two things which should make up the sum of our happiness, had conspired, under the guise of Sunday-school fiction, to destroy her gayety of heart?

THERE IS SUCH LOVE

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

THERE is such love, my soul knows well,
Hot as revenge in a heart of hell;
Colder than justice's frozen brain—
Sacred as honor and real as pain.
Whose days are deep-toned bells that chime
Up to the stars of a night sublime,
That is the love I know shall be,
Quick with the throb of a shoreless sea!

There is such love—by man's own hope—
Desire measures our nature's scope,
Since that we want is our true whole,
A shadow cast by our naked soul.
There is such love—'tis passion's flame—
'Tis heaven to heart, strong wine to brain—
So kill me hunger, burn me thirst,
Royal the birth-right you prove me first!

A Law-Latin Love Story

by F. J. Stimson

THE CASE OF MAUD OF BERNEVILLE

I expect to know of the loves of a Cleopatra or a Catharine; but what a simple tale of English middle life should come down to us, in a formal court record, so embalmed in quaint and homely phrase as to have an interest like theirs, and more historical, is surely a tribute to the peace and permanence of our Norman-Saxon state. What other realm of history has so preserved its records that the very tissue of its daily life may be unrav-

elled, after eight hundred years, from a minor county-roll? For the old membrane-rolls of Henry the Second, where we find our story, now first printed by the Selden Society, are but the record of the King's wandering about the counties, "carrying his bench with him," to hear and judge petty neighbors' quarrels. And Maud of Berneville is human in this old story; her romance is as fresh as the scent of the hawthorn of St. Albans Hedge Farm on that May morning by Hertford town in 1220; herself as uncertain for any man to judge as any woman of to-day; while John of Marston—Poor John! Was it Maud's fault or his?

THE STORY OF SAHER, EARL OF WINCHESTER

HER case was tried promptly, in the summer of the year, Trinity Term, 1220, when Henry Third was King, and a crusade lay in the Holy Land. But the affair took place *die Martis*, the Tuesday

before Ascension-day in that same year; a May morning, as we said. Now there was in those days and parts a mighty nobleman, Saher, Earl of Winchester, no less, and he had gone upon a crusade,

the Fifth, led by Andrew, King of Hungary; yet he had an eye upon things at home; for Saher, *Comes Wiltoniæ*, makes complaint, even from the Holy Land, to the King in his court (and note that this was but five years after Magna Charta), of John of Marston's behavior. Through his bailiff, one William of Knapwell, the Earl brings suit, and tells us how, as his men, to wit a certain Stephen and a certain Philip, were leading *quandam domicellam*, a certain young lady by the name of Maud, *nomine Matillidem*, who was his ward—"and of said Maud he was seised the day he took his way to the land of Jerusalem, as of her whose land he had by reason of the land her father Godfrey held of him"—came John of Marston, with William his brother, and others, by the Hedge Farm, hard by St. Albans, in the King's highway [this Hedge Farm lies still on the map of England to-day] "and against his peace and in felony assaulted them, and with force and arms took from them the aforesaid

damosel"—Ah, Maud, did they take you or did you go?

This were perhaps a trifle; but worse remains behind. "Wickedly and in felony they robbed said William Knapwell of his own cattle, to wit, one cape of bluet" (blue cloth), "one counterpane, two linen sheets, and a scapulary"—William of Knapwell, what curious cattle thou hadst with Maud!—"price half a mark and more; and this he shall prove by his body." That is, he offers to fight to prove it; a method of trial much in vogue in those days, as being more intelligible than the verdict of a jury and more satisfactory to the bystanders.

So endeth William Knapwell's ingenuous tale; and little yet of Maud herself. But now for John; John of Marston—good name—and an honest Englishman, one suspects, at any time before this Norman girl, let alone the South-of-England summer and the roses of Ascension-tide! John steps forward and defends.

THE STORY OF JOHN OF MARSTON

"He defends"—denies—"the King's peace and the felony, *et totum illud*, and all that; *sed verum vult dicere*, but he wishes to tell the truth." Honest John! "And he also saith that Godfrey of Berneville had two daughters, the elder one Alice, and the younger, Maud."

Get up, my man, and saddle quick, to Saher's castle ride,

And there of Godfrey's daughters ask which one he makes a bride;

And if he says, the elder, then ride back without a word:

But if he says, the fair-haired one, bring thou me back my sword.

John could quote no Heine in those days; but he spoke almost as simply. "Godfrey held of the Earl; and the Earl granted the wardship of Maud and Alice to one John of Littlebury, whose wife was aunt to the Abbot of St. Albans"—John, the jury's with thee, now that the monks are in thy case—"that he might marry his son and heir to Alice, and his younger son Saher to Maud. And so he had placed Maud in the nunnery of Sopwell."

THE HISTORY OF THE MONKS OF SOPWELL

THE monks were in it, indeed; and let us now digress to say a word or two of who and what manner of monks these were. For this Abbot of St. Albans was William of Trumpington, kinsman to the very bailiff who complains. And here we find another old Latin record, of

quite independent source, to piece out poor Maud's story; nothing less than the veritable and veracious Latin records of the abbey of St. Albans itself, written and illuminated for no profane eye, no nineteenth-century layman, unduly lettered, but to be read by monks, for

monks, of monks alone. And it seems that this William of Trumpington was one who scandalized even the monks of the year of grace 1220 "by his secular behavior."

A hundred years before, in 1120, as these same records tell us, the abbey was indeed a holy place and a safe refuge from the world. Good Abbot Geoffrey of that time had constructed but one bed in the whole abbey for a lady guest, "honestissimum," most honest, and called the Queen's bed, "because beyond the Queen it was allowed no woman to rest within the abbey;" but in 1140 there had come two sisters, holy women indeed, "who had made themselves a most poor mansion out of boughs of trees, near the wood that is called Eywoode, but of irreprehensible chastity,"* so that the then Abbot Geoffrey, "seeing them macerate their bodies and eat but bread and water, had built for them at last a cell, which became the nunnery of Sopwell, where thirty virgins, only

And to him "adherent" a certain *beata Christina*.—Page 729.

* *Gesta Abbatum*, vol. I., p. 79.

thirty, might find always refuge" and eke a cemetery for their sainted bones; and had decreed that in that cemetery, as in Sopwell nunnery, no one should be buried "*neque vir, neque femina, neque clericus, neque laicus, præter virgines tantum.*" But then, shortly after, there came one Roger the Hermit, "worthy to be compared to the ancient fathers for saintliness;" and to him "*adhæsit*" (there stuck) "a certain *beata Christina*, a maiden from Hunt-yngdon, who had left ample possessions and the hall of a rich father for sanctity; only Roger the Hermit never had consented to look upon her face, though she had been recluse with him now for passing four years. And she kept herself in a hut there in the forest that was a lean-to attached to his cell, so covered with branches that none outside could see within, sitting on a hard, cold stone winter and summer, . . . nor could she go out by daylight for any cause, lest she should show herself to him" (Roger the Hermit).

So the old monk's chronicle tells us, at greater length and more detail than I may dare to quote; but you will find it all in the *Gesta Abbatum*. And only a few days before he died Roger relented, and saw Christina, and recommended her as his successor in sanctity to the Abbot Geoffrey; "who would hear nought of her at first, until she appeared to him in a dream, and thereaf-

ter she became of great credit with him." But now see the evil of any acquaintanceship with women, even the two first nuns of Sopwell or such a saint as was Christina the Blessed! For it was this nunnery of Sopwell where our Maud was immured, and the men of this William of Trumpington Abbot that took her thither; and by this time already, scarce a century since that holy Abbot Geoffrey, the woman-hater, at the period of this our tale, the monkish chronicler speaks thus of him:

"*Hic Gulielmus cito post creationem suam, this William a short time after his election Abbot, claustralium collateralium spernans societatem, spurning his associates in the cloisters, sæcularibus sæculariter vivens, adhæsit, comedendo et multipliciter conversando, with secular people secularly living consorted, banqueting, and multipliciter conversando, quod non crediderunt ejus electores, which wouldn't have thought those who had voted for him; qui eum sperabant perfectè cognovisse, they hadn't thought he was that kind of monk.*"*

Such were they with whom was dealing our poor John of Marston, William then the Abbot of St. Albans, and the thirty nuns of Sopwell "by the fountain that flowed near by." Does one wonder at his discomfiture? Simple John! But we have interrupted him too long. His plea goes on; let us hear the quality of his Latin.

JOHN RESUMES HIS PLEA

STURDILY went on John of Marston to tell the King and his justices (Geoffrey Fitz Peter and Hubert Walter, perhaps, who seem much to have bored the King, for we have it on his own royal authority, in a quaint footnote to this same court-roll, how glad his majesty was "when Geoffrey Fitz Peter followed Hubert Walter to hell") how said John of Littlebury had married the aforesaid Alice, and *de ea habuit jam iiii pueros*, had already four sons by her! Also how said Saher chose to be promoted in the church rather than marry a wife; whereupon his elder brother, wishing to retain the whole

inheritance, placed Maud, the younger sister, with the nuns in the Abbey—in the nunnery of Sopwell, we mean—"intending to make her a nun of that house." So far speaketh John of Marston of himself and of other men, his enemies; and now first he comes to tell of Maud. And she would appear to have been the contemporary New Woman, the woman of a type we now call Old. For (as John goes on to tell us) "when Maud perceived that this was to her disherison, *mandavit ipsa prædictum Johannem de Merstona ut ad eam veniret*, she wrote to the said

* *Gesta Abbatum*, vol. i., pp. 250-254.

John of Marston that he should come to her ; and when he had come to her in the nunnery, she showed him how the said John of Littlebury and his friends would make a nun of her" (why, John Marston, don't spoil the whole romance—we know you loved her all along ?), "*et in tantum locuta fuit cum eo et ita adamavit eum*, and so much talked to him and so made love to him" (John, this was not gallant of you—but the *AD-amavit* is delicious) "that he married her in said abbey," then and there.

After this "Littlebury came thither, and when he heard that Maud was thus espoused, he, with the men of the Abbot of St. Albans, came and took her off toward that abbey. And as they were conducting her, he, John of Marston, met them, and when she saw him she cried aloud" (poor Maud !) "and said to him that his enemies were carrying her off by force that they might slay her or make a nun of her"—Maud seemed of opinion that it mattered little which. "And he saw that numbers were against him"—oh, John—"and answered that he would not fight for her." Ah, John of Marston, let us hope it was the pleader made you say this : we know you better, John !

"When she heard this, of her own free will she slipt from her horse and went after him, John Marston, her husband"—brave Maud !—"and this was the way he recovered his wife. And afterward came said John of Littlebury, with other of the Abbot's men" (remember, he had married the Abbot's aunt, this Littlebury), "to the nunnery at Sopwell, and took there one counterpane and two sheets"—now why drag in the counterpane and sheets ?—"and carried them off toward St. Albans. And one Geoffrey Hopeshot, a man of Maud's, met them ; and they asked him

whose man he was ; and he answered that he was the man of Maud" (good for Hopeshot), "and that he had to go to Sopwell nunnery for a counterpane and two sheets ; whereupon John of Littlebury said that these bedclothes were his, and he, Hopeshot, was a thief ; and they captured him, and did bind the bedclothes upon him and lead him off toward St. Albans"—a pretty story for Geoffrey Hopeshot, and excellently told. And so John Marston, with his one witness, having defended himself as best he can against monkish wiles for Norman maids, sits down.

What impression he left upon the King and on his hopeful Justices we know not. But we feel sure they were convinced (as are we) that the gray mare was the better horse. For Norman Maud was blonde, with troublesome gray eyes—of that we'll take our oath—let any modern Marston dare say nay (and likely they be many : her sister had already "jam iijj" sons) ! Though Maud is dead, and we have not her portrait (she died a matter of some seven hundred years ago), such, we feel sure she was ; and fair to look upon ; ugly maids don't get into black letter—and John went so readily to her in the nunnery. By the way, John, John, if this was all how came it that she knew so well for whom to send ? You do yourself injustice, honest John.

However, so he concludes, and offers battle, saying that they make this appeal out of hate and spite. Only in his favor he would claim that "they fight but by hired champion, one Stephen to wit," who the day before had fought a judicial combat at Huntynghdon, and is the Earl's "stipendiariied"—a term applied to men and women occupying a relation which then carried with it some opprobrium—while he fights off his own fist.

THE STORY OF MAUD OF BARNVILLE. NOW MAUD MARSTON.

. MAUD says nothing.

THE EARL'S BAILIFF REPLIES

WHAT now replies William Knapwell, bailiff to the great Earl? He denies that the Earl of Winchester ever granted Maud in wardship and to marry by John of Littlebury, her brother-in-law; but says that he retained her in his own guardianship, and was still seised of her in the day in which he started for the Holy Land [something too much, we think, of the Holy Land; he should have stayed by Maud, while she was seventeen] and he then caused his bailiffs to commit her to the nunnery of Sopwell; "and there she stayed by the said Earl's appointment"—until she made her own appointment with John o' Marston—"until she was stolen thence by the defendant in the manner aforesaid. And he craves that it be allowed in his favor that John of Marston confesses

that he has married her. And he denies that she was ever espoused to John before he carried her off by force." Heavens! what would the man have? long engagements in those crusading days were not in favor—"et illa adamavit eum." What says the poet? "*Cum puellæ adament, nuptiæ jam debent,*" or something of that sort. At this point the King lost his patience; and Knapwell denying further but the hired champion and the matter of the bedclothes, must fain sit down. Witnesses were few, as the nature of the case required.

Only Philip, "on being asked whether it be as William the Steward hath counted on his behalf, saith that so it is. And Stephen saith the same. And William further saith that Maud de Berneville, now Maud de Merstona"—

ay, there's the rub—"was truly in the custody of his lord the Earl on that day he started for the Crusade——"

"D—n the Crusade," quoth here, as we may fancy, Henry, King of England and of France. "John of Marston" (and this is in the text), "by what warrant married you Maud?"

"By Maud's free will," saith John—our honest Saxon John—at last our John!

And how did it end; that love-tale of 1220? Alas, the record sayeth not. We could wish John had brought Maud into court: we have a conviction she would have cleared things up. But it was a wise common rule that a wife could not testify against her husband; they were not emancipated in those days. This is all we may learn from the crabbed Latin:

"Because John of Littlebury the elder is not present, it is considered that he be summoned to be here on the octave of St. John Baptist, to declare what right he claims in the wardship of Maud"—John of Littlebury, in our opinion, was a fox—"and if she was in

his custody, how she went out of his custody;" but John of Littlebury, as it seems, lay low. "And for that John of Marston confesses that he married Maud without warrant, let him find pledges that he will stand to right, namely, Richard of Marston and Reginald Taillebois. The bailiff of St. Albans craves cognizance of the case."

And that is all we know. What happened "on the octave of St. John Baptist?" Was the Earl come home then from Jerusalem? And what had then become of gray-eyed Maud? We know not. We can but conjecture. The entry of the preceding case is grimly suggestive: "*Et Johannes non potuit hoc dedicere, et ideo suspendatur*—and John could not deny this. Therefore let him be hanged."

But we bespeak a better hope for Saxon John and Norman Maud. Otherwise, what becomes of all the modern Marstons? It was a good strain, the Marstons; such people make posterity. But in any event—*sie haben gelebt und geliebet*—they have lived and loved. We read coldly, in envy. For what humanity they had in those old days—and what fun it was to live!

STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY

By Katherine Miller

"How I should like a birthday!" said the child,

"I have so few, and they so far apart."

She spoke to Stevenson—the Master smiled—

"Mine is to-day, I would with all my heart
That it were yours; too many years have I!
Too swift they come, and all too swiftly fly."

So by a formal deed he there conveyed,

All right and title in his natal day,

To have and hold, to sell or give away,

Then signed, and gave it to the little maid.

Joyful yet fearing to believe too much,

She took the deed, but scarcely dared unfold.

Ah, liberal Genius! at whose potent touch

All common things shine with transmuted gold!

A day of Stevenson's will prove to be

Not part of Time, but Immortality.



1

2

FLOWER O' THE WORLD

By Nathaniel Stephenson

I

Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is Amo, I love.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

WESTON opened the morning paper with a quick, decisive motion that was characteristic. He was a young man, who did things rapidly, and the intervals between his impulses and his actions were hardly to be perceived. His eye had leaped to the "River-News" almost before the paper was fairly open. His attention skimmed like a swallow on the wing the following:

"The Ohio is stationary, but the flood has not begun to abate, and there is no likelihood that it will do so for at least twenty-four hours. All the tributaries of the Ohio above Cincinnati are swollen by heavy rains, and as far east as Marietta they are still rising. Below this city the tributaries are not rising, but all of them are high and they contribute their volume to impede the flow of water through the channel. The flood, however, is running out as rapidly as could be expected, and the worst is undoubtedly over. The steamers are all making their usual connections. The West Virginia packet Eureka, yesterday, when passing under the upper bridge, with her smoke-stacks lowered, had just six inches clear overhead, and if the river had continued rising last night, would have had to land to-day above the bridges."

Weston tossed the paper aside, leaned back in his chair, and began whistling, gayly, "If a body meet a body coming through the rye!" He had clasped his hands behind his head and was letting his gaze drift at will in the blue depth of air outside his office-windows. He was sitting at his desk in the Custom-house, where he held a fine position, and this morning he had come to his work unusually early. His great, high

room on the south front of the Government building was a cheerful solitude, which Weston peopled with his fancies.

They were all of one sort. The face of a girl and the manner of her arrival in Cincinnati possessed his thoughts. She was coming that night on the Eureka, and Weston would meet her at the wharf. For that reason he was filled with an elation, because the river was no longer rising, and the Eureka could still slip under the bridges, even if there were but a few inches to spare. A landing above the bridges, among the nasty little streets at the east end of the city, would have been detestable.

The warm spring sunshine struck in through the tall south windows and fell brightly upon Weston's desk. The air without was clearer than any bell; the sky as blue as whatever thing on earth is bluest; from somewhere overhead drifted down to him the merry twitter of sparrows; the cheerful noises of the street rose up to him from far below in a rollicking hum. The mood of the whole world was gay. But it was all as dust and ashes compared with the joy that was in Weston's heart.

For he and that girl on the Eureka were old-time sweethearts. As soon as she returned to Cincinnati he intended to ask her to marry him, and his heart told him jubilantly that she would answer, "Yes."

II

Flower o' the broom,
Take away Love and this life is a tomb.

THE hours of work went by for Weston as if they were upon the wings of the wind. The sun swung westward through the great blue of the sky, and the noises of the streets were never more alluringly cheerful. But toward night

a cloud descended on the city. It sprang out of a sad and fearful story that was published by the afternoon papers. Weston heard of it first when the little piping voices of newsboys floated up to him, in a thin, high spray of sound like the top of a jet of water:

"Here y' are! All about the terrible accident! Two people killed! Cincinnati *Post*, one cent! Two people killed, only one cent!"

"Another sensation!" said Weston, carelessly, to himself, and went on with his work. A few moments later he was humming again, as he closed his desk, the air with which the day had opened:

If a body meet a body coming through the rye,
If a body kiss a body need a body cry?

He worked longer than did most of the men in the Custom-house, and at this moment the room was almost empty. The only occupant except himself was a Mrs. Moore, typewriter, a severe, sour woman, with nothing feminine remaining in her nature except its sharpness. She had put aside her work while she looked over the *Post*. Now she glanced up and sniffed the air as she said:

"You seem to be in a good humor, Mr. Weston!"

"I am," he replied. "Why not? It's the prettiest day for a month."

Mrs. Moore sniffed the air again and her pinched features became even sharper than before. She had a grudge against happiness in whatever form it might appear. Ordinarily she irritated Weston beyond endurance, but to-day his mood was a golden one, and he was ready to bear with anything. He continued cheerfully, and asked her what there was in the paper.

Her lip curled as she replied. She informed him that not every one had been able to find as much satisfaction in the day as he had. A poor man at Cumminsville, a busy place four miles out of town, had been waiting for his wife at a railway station. The woman was approaching him across the tracks when she lost her head, and her foot slipped right in front of a moving freight-train. People called to her to run; but she was dazed completely and

stood looking helplessly about her. Then her husband gave a cry, sprang across the tracks, and threw his arms about her one instant before the freight struck them both, killing them instantly. That was the terrible sensation of the newsboy.

Mrs. Moore had told the story as curtly as possible. Now she filled it out with a sneering comment of her own.

"He was a fool to do it," she said, "a man die for a woman—indeed! He might as well die for a cat or a pigeon. Women don't count in this world. Now if it had been the woman for the man, it would have been something different."

"Perhaps he loved her," said Weston, softly.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Moore; "but I tell you what, Mr. Weston, a woman in herself gets mighty little reverence. Men approve of their wives as their own understudies, and that's about all. When a man dies, the merciful thing to do for his widow is to burn her on a funeral pyre, the way the Hindoos do, or used to do. I never sympathize with a dead woman. She is where she ought to be. When a man loves her enough to die for her—well, she'd better die herself, in a hurry, before she finds out that he has changed his mind."

But Weston did not get angry at this diatribe against his sex. On another day he might have been moved to scorn, though Mrs. Moore was a widow whose husband had left her a little fortune which his lawyers had appropriated. To-day, however, Weston's mood was too deep for scorn. The pitiful story of the dead lovers saddened and stilled him; it did not, as yet, depress him. It was a dark shadow, but there was the sunshine at its back, for the dead man had loved his wife and for that love he had died. Even the sour egoist, the poor shrew, who had told the story, did not offend him. Her vindictive sneers awakened no antagonism in the large serenity of mind that was, for the moment, his own. It was as if a needle had been dropped into a jar of honey and had lost itself uncertainly toward the bottom. Weston found it possible to return Mrs. Moore a soft answer, and

the sour woman's face relaxed a little as she replied:

"Well, I don't feel sorry for dead women, that's all there is about it. A woman had better be dead than a widow, any day in the world. I guess I know. When my husband was alive to protect me it was one thing, and now that he isn't it's a mighty different thing. I'm sometimes ashamed I'm living."

The sharp, hardened features of that oldish woman relaxed a little, and Weston guessed for the first time that she had once been pretty. He made another soft answer, seeking to allay her wrath, and then said that he had to be going. The presence of the loveless, hopeless soul, dwelling bitterly on the past ere yet that love was dead, oppressed him, once he had caught that hint of a former joy, as if he had seen a ghost. There was a sudden stifling in his heart with a realization of what life became for them that ceased to love.

Weston left the office, and, when he reached the pavement, stood a moment irresolute. Mrs. Moore's bad humor had affected him after all. Into the honey of his imagination her venomous needle had carried a particle of corrosion. There was a nervousness in his mood that had not been there in the morning. It was with a frown impending above his brows that he turned, at last, with a jerk of his head, and walked down Main Street toward the river. Accidents did happen, sometimes; a river was a brutal thing when it was in flood, and at least he would take a look at it. Why he cared to do so, since no amount of looking would make things safer for that girl on the Eureka, he could not see; but, nevertheless, look he must. The river was his enemy and he would face it. The talk with the sour old woman had not exactly unstrung his nerves, but it had done something toward that result. It had been almost coarse in its shrewish denial of love, and he was in love.

The point at which he paused, in a crowd of people, to watch the river, was the foot of Main Street, the northwest corner of the public landing, the place where Front Street leads out of it toward the west. The yellow water licked the cobble-stones along the south

side of the landing, far above its ordinary position. About the middle of the landing lay the wharfboat at which the Eureka ought to land. Away beyond it, a quarter or a third of a mile to Weston's left, rose the massive stone piers of an old railway-bridge, which was then the single one above the landing. Every pier was the centre of a tangled lashing of whip-like, foaming water. The river hurtled among them like a deluge of yellow snakes that were forever coiling themselves about the piers, but only to slip their grasp, as they were crowded swiftly forward, gliding around and around and around, while they writhed and smote against the stone, casting up great jets of spray in their madness to be dragging the piers from their foundations.

Weston turned his head for a look in the opposite direction. The new nervousness of his mood was not benefited by that glimpse of the furious river, for it was between those piers that the Eureka would have to pass. He bit his lips as he thought of it. The sunshine grew suddenly dark, there was a vision of a frightful station and two dead people hurled aside by the locomotive of a freight train. For a minute he turned sick with the dread of accident. He had never realized before that it was not only upon the far waters that exists the deadly peril for them that go down to the sea in ships.

To arouse himself he began to walk fast away from the landing toward the west. In the time of flood half Cincinnati drifts down to the river once a day, to see how things are going. As Weston hurried along Front Street, which a few feet more would have flooded, he passed several people whom he knew. But he merely nodded and walked the faster. He did not care to be interrupted. In such a mood he crossed one street, and, midway between it and the next, came opposite the approach to the suspension bridge. This bridge had been hidden from him by a block of buildings when he was watching the upper bridge from the landing. The distance between the two cannot be over half a mile at most. Weston had not been walking three minutes since leaving his first position.

But in that trifling space of time something had happened. Whistles and bells were sounding at his back. On the landing voices were cheering, and from the suspension bridge arose a babble of excited talk. Many people were running up the ascent to the bridge, and those in advance were waving to the others to make haste.

"She's going to strike!" shouted one voice.

"No, she won't, she'll just clear," cried another.

"Now she's under!"

"No, she isn't!"

"O-o-o-o-h!"—a prolonged groan.

Weston had fallen into the stream of people, and ran with the rest for the bridge. The effort steadied his nerves and he ran like a deer in the joy of being strong again. He was one of the first among the new-comers who passed the north tower of the bridge and came out upon the vast aerial archway springing clear to the opposite shore. As with all the other spectators of the flood, who were crowded upon the bridge, his eyes were turned up stream and toward the east. In a trice he understood the startled fear in that long-drawn, many-throated "O-o-o-o-h!"

Between two piers of the upper bridge was a steamer. The water boiled about her as she ploughed her way forward, striving to hold her own against the current, which was driving her, with all its furious might, upon the starboard pier.

"Maybe, I think," said the voice of a waterman, close to Weston, "there wouldn't anything happen, now, if something bust on that boat."

"What do you mean?" gasped Weston.

"What do I mean?" echoed the other; "well, you know lots—golly! she's done it! Hurrah! bully! good work! hurrah!"

The whole bridge rang with the shouting. The people on the landing shouted also. The few boats that had steam up blew their whistles and a thousand negro roustabouts bellowed acclamations. The pilot of the imperilled steamer, by some ingenuity of his craft, had made a sort of compromise with the current, catching it in

such a way that it was forced to help his engines, swinging the boat around in a quarter circle so that it just cleared one angle of the pier and stood off obliquely toward the shore.

But Weston was beginning to be on edge about the dangers of the river, and he was bent on knowing what the waterman had begun to say.

"Is that a dangerous bridge?" he asked.

"Well, nuthin's dangerous if the river ain't too high," replied the waterman, "and there ain't no fog, and your machinery's all right, and nobody's drunk, and you've got your eyes wide open. But with a river like this everything's dangerous. And it don't take this sort of a river to make trouble neither. Why, there wasn't half this current when we smashed up the Fleetwood against the Southern Railway Bridge down below here. You know all about that, I suppose?"

Weston admitted that he did not, and the waterman put out his lip, disdainful of anyone so benighted as not to know about the sinking of the Fleetwood.

"You see, I was second mate on her," he continued, "and nobody ever did know just how it happened. The captain and the engineer and the pilot were all drowned, and every man that got out alive had a different story from every other. But, anyhow, we lost control of the boat just above the bridge, and the current took us by both ends at once and jammed us against a pier and stove in the whole port side just as easy as if we'd been a bandbox. And there were one in seven of us living the next day. That's all I've got to say."

The waterman shouldered his way through the crowd and disappeared, while Weston cursed himself for having come to the river at all. It seemed to be rising beneath his feet and shaking its fierce locks in a turgid, yellow menace.

He turned to the north, and once more walked fast, to be relieved. His mind was filled with a sense of haunting fearfulness. If the Eureka did not come safe to dock that night, then life would not be worth the living. As he plunged along through the slant sunshine of that bright spring afternoon,

there was the possibility of a great darkness continually above him, and in his ears there were the words of the prayer-book: "Thou, O Lord, who stillest the raging of the sea, hear, hear us, and save us, that we perish not."

III

Flower o' the quince,
I let Lisa go, and what good's in life since.

BARCLAY WESTON had no immediate kinsmen. He had some cousins and uncles who were distantly interested in him, but that was all. He lived by himself and dined where it suited him. On this night he went to a *café* that was a favorite with everyone. In the doorway he paused, and ran his eye along the tables seeking for a friend. Ordinarily he liked to dine alone, thinking about his sweetheart. He had her photograph in his pocket, with the name, Katherine Martins, in a bold, angular hand, on the back; sometimes he would get a glimpse of it during dinner, while pretending to be searching his pocket-book for something else. But to-night he was restless and wanted company. The story of the accident and the horror of the foaming river weighed heavily on his mind.

Presently he became aware that someone was snapping fingers and calling his name. He turned and beheld two men at a side-table. One of them was a young fellow, a friend of his, a very clever man, more clever than anything else. The other was a grave, stiff man, past sixty, with a face and an air that made one straighten one's self unconsciously whenever one met him. The first was a newspaper man, the second was his uncle; the elder man had once been a soldier; he still wore a dozen medals of honor beneath his closely buttoned coat, and he limped heavily on his stick in walking. Weston was glad enough to fall into such company. He strode across the room, shook hands with both men, and sat down at their table.

But his fate had not been eluded. The newspaper man was full of the accident of the morning and opened upon Weston at once.

"You ought to have seen it," he exclaimed. "I've just been telling the General all about it. I saw three people who saw the whole thing. Gad! Barclay, it was stunning. It was Homeric. Don't ever say there aren't fine situations in modern life. Will you believe it, that fellow saw he was going to be killed just as plain as I see that soup-plate. He knew he couldn't save her any more than he could fly, and he just cared enough for her to want to die along with her."

Weston bit his lips. Much as he wanted company he had heard enough of accidents. The reality of death and the terribleness of heroism needed no more reinforcement in his own mind. He was provoked, too, in finding the same idea at another turning of his footsteps. Barclay Weston was not a man who had thought very much about life. Like other careless men, he felt that there was something uncanny in the way an idea, once linked with one's self, dogs one at every turn. He had never realized how, under all the thinking of all the world, most of the premises are about us every day, and that the seeing them is mainly a matter of the mood. He replied, petulantly:

"Oh, for heaven's sake, let that drop. It's bad enough as it is, without any reiteration."

The moment he said it he was ashamed of himself. The newspaper man smiled awkwardly, betraying his annoyance, and began at once to talk about something else. The old General fixed his eyes for a moment upon Weston. Then he looked away with something like a sigh. Weston had dropped his eyes upon his plate, and now came near to losing his temper against himself.

That moment of embarrassment was succeeded by talk about things in general. It was not until all three rose to go that Weston attempted to retrieve himself.

"I was awfully rude when I came in," he said, clumsily, "but don't lay it up against me, old man. I've been worried this afternoon, and that story hit me in exactly the wrong place."

His friend would let him get no farther. The General also interposed.

"It was most natural," he said, "most natural. The accident was appalling."

The three had paused a moment on the sidewalk before the *café*. The General was looking into vacancy with the air of one preoccupied. Suddenly he said:

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, it was all for the best."

He caught himself up with a start and smiled as he faced his companions.

"Old men are foolish," he said. "I was thinking aloud about that poor chap who was killed. I am not sure but he did the most sensible thing as well as the most romantic. However, both of you are too young to follow me. When your hair is like mine you may talk it over and come to a decision. But I must get on. Good-night, Mr. Weston."

He took his nephew's arm and nodded to Weston as he limped away. The latter uncovered and stood silent for several minutes. He remembered a romantic story about the General's devotion to his dead wife, and how he had been her constant mourner for thirty years. Weston was not often inclined to tears, but to-night was an exception, and his eyes filled, for half an instant, as he looked after the figure of the old man, limping away upon his nephew's arm. He noticed a droop in his shoulders and a bowing of his head, which was turned sidewise to be out of his nephew's gaze. The old man's white hair showed beneath his hat, and its suggestion of sadness was accentuated by his limping gait. Weston shook the spray out of his eyes, turned upon his heel, and walked away.

He had not been walking five minutes when he heard the boom of a drum. Above it, loud and clear, shot the high notes of a bugle. Tambourines made a shrill staccato of maddening sound. Through the whole confused din rang the voices of singing women. It was the nightly march of the Salvation Army.

Weston paused on a street-corner, one of the busiest in the city. Black crowds of people ebbed and flowed about him. The asphalt pavement, in a white glare of electric lamps, shone

like a giant billiard-table. Yellow bands of lustre, that were nothing but shop-windows, lined the streets as with belts of translucent gold. Overhead, in the warm, spring sky, swam the full moon, her light pale and ineffectual above the light of the street. In a night that was almost as clear as day, in a scene more busy than any the city sees by sunshine, Weston waited for the Salvationists.

Soon they were before him. Their dark procession, beneath their shadowy standards, marched steadily through the white glare of the arc lamps. They were singing their hymns of triumph. The white-faced women, the rapt, fanatical men, all clad in blue, but shot, here and there, with scarlet or gold, with patches of scarlet guernsey, with gold points that were letters upon their hat-bands, these were all thrown out into high relief by the glare of the lamps. They cut a sharp line through the other sights of the street, just as their voices and their instruments, with the burden, "We will win, we will win," cut clean through all the other sounds. The hubbub of the street parted upon either hand of them, like the waves of the Red Sea. It did not cease, it was merely cut asunder. Electric cars whizzed around Weston's corner, their gongs clanging furiously; carriages bowled rapidly along the asphalt; cab-drivers shouted at the tops of their voices, and policemen bellowed to them to make way; there was the clatter of countless feet; the vast imperceptible stir, felt but not heard, which is the breathing of restless crowds; there was the low, delirious hum, the inner pulse of the city, like the purring of some stupendous beast; there was all the suppressed fever of the nerves, the cramped riot of the senses, that is the troubled spirit of a warm night in the city toward the South. And through all this, clean as the stroke of a sabre, smote the singing of the Salvationists, "We will win, we will win."

It passed athwart the brightness, beneath the arc lamps, and went on down a side-street, into the dark. Weston followed it. The infection of the street had rekindled, more strenuously than ever, the excitement that was rising in his

blood. The repetition of the wild story at the dinner-table, his own momentary loss of temper, an unsteady touch of pathos in his fancy about the General, the suppressed furor of the street itself, all these were fused into one strong, though undefined, emotion, by the fierce music of the Salvationists, the clangor of the horns, the boom of the drums, the rattle of the tambourines, the piercing sweetness and sadness of the voices of the singing women, by that whole delirium of an heroic fanaticism which rose crashingly through the sounding hollow of the night.

But, spellbound as he was, Weston had little time to give to the Salvationists. He followed them to their Temple and remained there a brief space; then he left them. Never before had he been in such a meeting. He even paused a moment, despite his excitement, before deciding to enter. But the exhilaration in his blood made him long for anything rather than aimless waiting; therefore he went into the tumble-down old theatre that was now the Salvation Temple. He refused an invitation to sit down, and remained standing, near the door. The seething emotionality of the scene before him beat upon his nerves in the same undefined intensity with which the heat of midsummer beats upon the world. Men sprang to their feet, waved their arms, and shouted "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" The music was as furious as it had been when he first heard it, but now it seemed to have absorbed into itself all the other noises of the street-corner, and to be sending them forth again, clothed with its own vehemence, to rage and thunder through the building. What threw into the music, for the mind of its excited listener, that strange suggestiveness, was the marvellous complexity of the turbulent crowd which swelled the burden of its choruses. That crowd was the whole city focused on one point. There were in it common ruffians with faces evil as a plague. To Weston's amazement there were also people of refinement, women whom he knew. Between the extremes there was every sort of humanity. Over all this chaos of the soul,

pregnant with its own grim heroism, its own unformulated self-devotion, rose the figure of one strong man. The Captain of the Salvationists towered erect in the full glare of a single arc-lamp, the one light of the Temple. Behind him, in a dark mass, some kneeling, some standing, were his soldiers. A fine-featured woman who sat near him Weston guessed correctly to be his wife. The leader had just given out the hymn, "He brought me out of darkness into glory."

Weston glanced at his watch. This was the second hymn since he entered the theatre, but he had still a few moments to spare. His eyes roved again across the congregation, picking out the points in which it harmonized with his mood. It confronted him, as life confronts most men everywhere, as an enormous gem, irregularly cut, wherein, from any point of view, there will be some facet which reflects approximately the beholder's self. Weston found one such facet almost instantly. His eyes had come back across the congregation to the tall figure of the Captain. The hymn had not ceased, but Weston had resolved that he must go. He paused for a moment for a last look at the man who ruled that stern religion, and in that moment he saw the Captain bend over to speak to his wife while the hymn still pealed above their heads. There could be no doubt now, in the mind of anyone, who that fine-featured woman was. As she leaned toward the Captain, and spoke to him without lifting her eyes from the congregation, there was something about her which could not be misunderstood. The Captain hesitated in his manner, and seemed to be asking her advice. Suddenly she looked up at him, a quick smile flashing over her face. The Captain's face also changed swiftly, immeasurably. In another moment he had straightened himself and was once more leading in the hymn.

By the time Weston reached the sidewalk he was almost singing himself. But on his lips the hymn repeated itself with an audacious variation. The face of Katherine Martins had rushed upon him out of the night, and he was singing, "She brought me out of dark-

ness into glory." He walked as if on air; a vision of the gladness of the Captain's face and the proud reliance of the woman's smile nestling in his heart.

IV

Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all and his own life for each.

At the wharf Weston was still some time in advance of the boat. There were others besides himself who were waiting for Katherine, but such people did not interest him. In his own mind the world held but two people, himself and her. He spoke to her brothers and then wandered back across the landing to the corner where he had stood that afternoon. He was thinking about her face, the pride and the dainty power in it, the coiled hair and the eyes as bright as falcons'. Did she love him? He cast the question from him—of course she did!

And that was the whistle of the boat! The hour had come. He strained his eyes along the broadly shining moon-gilt path of water to catch the first glimpse of the steamer. Faintly, far away, shone the red and green lights which blended with the moonshine into a vast and opalescent bubble, gliding down the bosom of that white, scintillating stream. Presently the bubble opened, revealing the shadowy lines of the steamer. It came swiftly toward him, growing rapidly more imposing. Weston felt that this was the way Kate ought to come to him, her barge growing up into stately proportions, out of a varicolored haze of moving lights.

The steamer was just above the upper bridge. It towered out of the water in all the airy gracefulness that belongs to Western river-craft by moonlight. As it came onward, with the sound of its panting engines, even the beating of the great side-wheels and the swish of the water, faintly audible through the still night, nothing could have given less suggestion of harm, of accident. But Weston knew the perils of the bridge and his heart was in his mouth. The boat was close upon a pier where the current was like

a fury, and to waver at that point was to be lost; it was to be driven straight upon the pier and crushed like an egg-shell. Barclay Weston felt his eyes swim with blackness and his footing become unsteady. But when, with a cry, he had recovered himself, he saw that he was not mistaken. There, in plain sight, at the fourth pier from the Ohio side, the Eureka wavered.

In another moment the river caught her, neck and heels, piled up a low wave along her whole length and swept her toward the pier. The strain had been too great; the steering-chains had broken, the pilot had lost control; and the boat was helpless. In another instant there was a loud, shattering crash, a sound of ripping timbers, of splintering bulkheads, of crackling glass. The boat had struck.

For one long moment the Eureka hung to the pier. Then it swung loose and drifted down the river. The port side was deep in the water. The cabins were threatening to heel over with their own weight. The boat was settling visibly.

Nevertheless Weston could see the officers hurrying to and fro quietly, promptly. Some of them had sprung upstairs into the cabin where they were throwing the coal-oil lamps out of the windows. Though their boat would go down, in all likelihood, before help could reach them, they would do what they could to prevent the fire which generally follows collision in those light-built steamers of the Ohio.

But, prompt as they were, they were not prompt enough. A tongue of flame leaped up through the cabin and against it the whole steamer stood out distinct. There were silhouettes of men running hither and thither; a black mass huddled forward and screaming to the shore were the passengers; high over all stood the pilot at his useless wheel. He did not deign to turn his head. He simply stood there, like a lost soul, looking forward into space toward the ruin he had been powerless to avoid.

All these details of the catastrophe flashed upon Weston with a convincingness swift as lightning. With them flashed past him his own life. He real-

ized all the past and the future in one interminable moment—life with Kate and life without Kate, what he had been, what he was, and what he might become, the terrible loneliness of the world with her out of it, the intimations of hopelessness which he had had that day, the venomous talk of Mrs. Moore, the bowed figure of the old General, and then, in a magnificent changing of the note, the war-horns of the Salvationists and the pride in the Captain's face and the happiness in his wife's. They whirled about him and battered into his heart, but it was the last of all that did the work. As he thought of the Captain and his wife, the figure of Katharine Martins, the proud, alert little figure, rose so vividly in his memory that there leaped upon his lips the cry which he had brushed aside so carelessly but a little space before—the cry, "Does she love me?" It was followed, like an echo, by the stern determination, "I will know before I die."

Weston caught his nerves in a grip of iron and looked about him, taking stock of the situation. He saw that escape was impossible. The steamer was drifting fast down stream and Weston knew that he was going to his death. None the less he turned and ran out Front Street light-footed as the wind. He reached the suspension bridge. Along it he sped like fire to a point above the centre of the channel. His one chance was to drop upon the upper deck of the Eureka as it passed beneath him. It was a daring thing to do. The leap downward would not be many feet, but the boat was already staggering like a drunken man, lurching and stumbling and threatening every moment to spin round and plunge away in a new direction.

Nearer and nearer swept the burning wreck. A ferry-boat, which had steam up, had left its wharf far away near the Kentucky end of the railway bridge and was doing its poor best to make speed toward the wreck. Weston laughed as he saw it. He laughed, too, to see the officers of the Eureka laboring in vain to lower those perfunctory life-boats which are carried amidship by steamers of this class. He laughed to feel himself in the clutch of fate amid

the powerlessness of the world. Even as he laughed he shivered. The night wind that has its home upon the river came ripping through the air, taking the cables of the bridge between its teeth and champing them like a horse upon the bit.

It swept into Weston's blood and his nerves sang back to the whirl of the cables. But now the Eureka was almost on him. The fire at the stern was rising to a tower, toppling over into a plume, and streaming far away along the wind. The next instant the boat was beneath the bridge, and all of Weston's nerve was demanded for the leap. But it did not fail him. As the prow drove out of shadow a thrill of triumph throbbed into Barclay Weston's heart. He could have shouted for sheer gladness when he let go the bridge-rail, and leaped down upon the staggering hurricane-deck of the Eureka. He was face to face with death.

But where was Kate? One instant Weston hesitated. Then he dashed down the stairs toward the cabin-guards and turned to the right. He knew, now, intuitively, that Kate would be there, at the point which had been nearest to the wharf, watching for him. He was not mistaken. Clear forward, entirely alone, far out of the hubbub around the useless boats, stood his Lady of Life, her face turned back toward the wharf. She did not heed the fire at the farther end of the boat. She did not notice the stinging chill of the wind. Her eyes were still riveted upon the landing when Weston's footstep struck upon the deck, and he cried out,

"Kate!"

Her face flamed and her breath stopped short. For an instant she wavered where she stood. Then the girl wheeled and sprang toward him with her arms outstretched:

"Barclay!"

The tone was enough. He knew that he had prevailed. Death was swallowed up in victory. Yet his first words were not of love.

"Aren't you cold, dear?" he whispered as he folded her close into his arms. For answer she laughed lightly, her eyes like stars, and lifted her face that he might kiss her, and, even as she

did it, the deck rose under them for the last plunge. That first love-kiss was given in the instant when the sinking steamer heaved its starboard side far up into the air, rolled vehemently upon itself, and with one gigantic, gurgling hiss, the scream of its own drowning boilers, went roaring down in fifty feet of water.

SLEEP

By Arthur Willis Colton

WHEN to the welcome of unthoughtful sleep
 We give our hands, and like a tired guest
 Enter the whispering galleries of rest,
 Through whose unmeditative vistas sweep
 The faint spice currents of imagined dreams,
 The sound of palm-trees waving in the wind
 About the gardens of Damascus, streams
 Of cavy ocean, and old voices thinned
 To a mere fancy; when sweet slumber fills
 The corridors where cold thought moves by day
 With filmy faces that the night distils;
 Deep in the temples of our hearts we pray,
 Oh, might some vision, o'er the barriers borne,
 Smile on our waking hours, of dreams forlorn.

THE LONELY MAN

By J. West Roosevelt, M.D.

I HAVE always thought it probable that the name which he gave us when he entered the hospital was not his real name. It is by no means uncommon for hospital patients to wish to conceal their identity, for various reasons, and such patients naturally register themselves under some alias in the hospital books. Since it is the function of a hospital to provide for the care of the sick poor so far as its resources permit, and not to verify the genealogical statements of applicants for admission, it is pretty safe to do this, for, unless a person has done something which has attracted the attention of the police, there is small

chance that the deception will be discovered. We are apt to look upon anyone who has changed his name, without complying with the legal formalities made and provided, with suspicion; we think it fair to assume that the reasons for the change are dishonorable. While in the great majority of cases our suspicions are well founded, in certain instances they are not. Indeed, the reasons which induce some people to attempt to hide their identity are rather to their credit than otherwise.

In the case of the man who is the subject of this sketch, there is no positive evidence that he had given us a false name. The facts that his manners were singularly polished and refined, and that he was far many of

the byways of English and German literature, are not incompatible with his statement that he was a mechanic of very humble origin; politeness and familiarity with books characterize many men whose business it is to run steam-engines or to do any work requiring skill of hand and brain. There was, however, something about this man which rarely, if ever, is acquired save from the training of earliest childhood—something indescribable yet very real—which we partially express in the term “good breeding.” Very gentle, modest, and unassuming, he had a dignity which was felt by all who knew him; many respected and loved him, but no one attempted to treat him with familiarity. It was not that his manner repelled familiarity—it made even the thought of it impossible.

In short, he was a person of whom one would not be surprised to hear “that he had seen better days”—and possibly very much better days than those which were destined to be his last on earth, and which he passed as a charity patient in a hospital, thousands of miles away from his native land. It is possible that, as he lay slowly dying in the big ward—gazing during the daytime at the cheerless light, gray walls, with the wretched, cheap engravings and lithographs hanging here and there upon them between the high windows, and at night watching the flickering light and shade cast by the dim gas-burner—as he lay surrounded by all the hospital sights and hospital sounds, his memory may have gone back to very different scenes in his far-off home and among his own people!

He was a native of one of the German-speaking countries. He was rather under-sized, but carried himself so well that he seemed taller than he really was. Even when very feeble, he never lost altogether the soldierly erectness which was one of his most marked characteristics when I first saw him. He was past middle age—over fifty-five, I believe—and his straight, rather scanty hair and long, bushy beard, which seemed originally to have been of a color not uncommon among blonds, resembling in hue old hemp-rope, were plentifully streaked with gray. His

mouth was hidden by a large gray mustache, and the lines about it indicated more sweetness than strength. The forehead was deeply lined by the horizontal furrows which time and sadness make, and by the deeper vertical lines between the eyebrows which are carved by sharp pain, mental or physical. Heavy gray brows overhung the purest and gentlest blue eyes which I have ever seen in man or woman. The nose was somewhat large, but delicately moulded. His face was in no sense handsome, yet there was something singularly winning and attractive about his expression.

He was in the hospital for a long time, and was always, while in it, an influence for good upon all who came in contact with him. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of inspiring others with sincere love for himself. I have never been able to understand what there was in him which caused this affection. He was unselfish, it is true, but so were many others in the hospital. He was gentle and sympathetic, considerate and patient, courteous and straightforward. The same qualities were possessed by several other patients to an equal degree. The others inspired respect, he—love. I do not mean that he was a *popular* man. Popular men are not *loved*, they are only *liked*; and they usually inspire an active conscious liking. Probably many of those whom this man influenced most strongly were hardly conscious of the love they bore him. Yet the most incongruous visitors were to be found round his bed when he grew so sick as to be unable to leave it, and all of them had made his acquaintance in the hospital. I do not remember accurately who they were, but I know that among them were a confectioner and a convict or two, a negro, several Irishmen, a number of Germans and Americans, and representatives of several other nations. And all these people really *loved* the man. If any near relative came to see him, I do not remember the fact; neither do I remember that he ever asked to see any clergyman.

He was cheerful even under the terrible strain which comes to those who know that they are suffering from a dis-

ease which they themselves can perceive is slowly but surely progressing toward a fatal termination, and yet which it is beyond the skill of medical men even to recognize. We did not know what was the matter with him until after his death. Then we had, at least, the satisfaction of learning that his malady was not only unrecognizable during life, but also incurable.

Although we could not tell what was killing him, it became only too evident that he would soon die. He grew steadily thinner and weaker, and spent more and more time in his bed, and then the day came when he no longer could sit up. He suffered no pain in the ordinary sense of the word; but he had quite frequent attacks of intense shortness of breath—what the Germans call “air-hunger”—which must have been far harder to bear than severe acute pain. Yet when asked how he felt he usually replied, with absolute cheerfulness, “No better, I think, Doctor; I am still weak—and this hard breathing which I sometimes have tires me; but I am glad that I have no pain!”

He never asked if he could hope to get better, except during the first few weeks of hospital treatment. He was never told that he could not live long; he realized that it was so, and waited calmly for the end. He did not fear death; few people do when it is near—at least when it results from disease or old age. When in good health most people fear—or at least dread—death; but when the end of pain and weariness which we call death is at hand most human beings show no trace of dread—unless they have been frightened by the attempts of well-meaning friends to “prepare” them for it!

It was during the last months of his life that the singular loveliness of the man became most plainly evident, and it was then that my attention was attracted by the incongruous assemblages of visitors which congregated about his bed whenever the hospital rules permitted the presence of the friends of patients in the wards. Not only were patients attracted by him, the nurses and various attendants and servants who came in contact with him, as well as we who were on the medical

staff, all shared more or less in the feeling of affection. So it came about that his latter days were spent in closer companionship with his fellow-beings than is the case with most men.

He lingered long in the most extreme state of weakness, and we expected that each day would be his last for some time before the end came. I was, at that time, quite frequently in the ward, both by day and night; and on such occasions, I usually stopped by his bed before returning to my room, to see how he was. If he happened to be awake I sometimes talked with him for awhile. So we became quite intimate in a way. In these talks he rarely spoke of himself except in reply to some direct question, and never alluded to his early life or to his native land; he spoke quite freely of his experiences in this country, however.

One night I happened to be in the ward and, as usual, went to his bedside before retiring. I thought him asleep, and stooped over the bed to see how he looked, and in so doing let my hand fall close to his side. As I was about to leave, he moved a little and his hand touched mine. I remained motionless, fearing lest I should wake him. Then he opened his eyes and feebly grasped my hand. I did not speak, but leaned a little closer to him, waiting to hear what he might want to say.

“Doctor, am I going to die soon?”

“I think so,” I said, “but I do not know how soon.”

No other answer was possible. He was silent for a short time, and then the grasp on my hand tightened a little:

“Doctor, I don’t want to die! It is lonely to die!”

I did not speak. What could be said in the presence of death? Far from his home, and with no old-time friend to speak to or old-time face to look upon, this loving and much loved man was about to close his eyes upon all faces, and have done with human life and human love as he had known it in this world forever!

So I stood silent, and soon he withdrew his hand, and closing his eyes, said, wearily:

“But I am tired! Good-night.”

A few days later he was at rest where there is no more loneliness.

THE SQUARE DIAMOND

By Clinton Ross

THE Britannia pitched in the Biscayan swell, and the crowd in the smoking-room had lessened until five men were left, exchanging yarns, as men will who go to and fro in ships. Captain Willoughby had been silent through most, and only the subject of Indian trickery seemed to arouse him. Now and then the screw gave its dismal whir, the men drew closer, and the steward hurried with the Scotch, almost tumbling in a quick lurch.

"You know that old trick, when the fakir takes a boy, cuts him into pieces, and then puts him together again?" said the short, fat, dark man.

"Yes, but I never knew a man who could swear positively he had seen it."

"I have seen it," said the short, fat, dark man, swigging his Scotch.

"And I," said Captain Willoughby, beating a tattoo with his boot.

"But while we stood at first in horror, in amazement, a boy climbed down a tree, saying he had seen the fakir cut up a squash—that was all," said the short, fat, dark man.

"You mean that the boy was outside the mesmeric circle? Do you believe that bosh?" said one.

"I do," said the short, fat, dark man.

"I do," said Captain Willoughby, decidedly.

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, for I know," said the bronzed captain, who bore his fifty years as lightly as a coquette her second affair. He paused, looking about. Still the screw whirred its chorus to the now beating storm. Willoughby suddenly reached into his waistcoat, taking from a little leathern case a ring, in a curious setting—a single, square diamond. Holding it up, he asked, "Do you notice that ring?"

"It's beautiful," said the short, fat, dark man; "and the setting an antique, too. But it's hard to sell a square stone, the dealers say."

"Yes," said Willoughby. "But the setting is new—an imitation; I had it made for the stone."

"Yes, but what has this to do with occultism and our fakir? Is it the old tale of the Rajah's diamond?" said the sceptic.

"Yes, the old tale," said Willoughby, soberly. He put the ring back into its case and looked about. He was not given to story-telling, and yet to-night the whirring screw, the beating storm—some strange impulse—led him on.

"I will tell you how it was," he said, stretching his long legs. "That stone cost me the best servant, and, indeed, the best friend a man ever had—an

Irish boy who was brought up with me. You may say what you will about theosophy, or occultism, or fakirism. I only know what I have experienced, and there are twenty men in the Sixtieth Bengal who will bear me out. I am too old a man, gentlemen, to sneer at the unknown. I have not lived in India, and spent my youth and some health, without having reached the knowledge that the unknown sits in the lap of the known, and that there is some curious relation between matter and mind which doubtless will be made known some day. Only the day before our sailing you heard of the Roentgen discovery of the cathodic rays. Why may there not be some light that one mind may shed on another, creating an illusion? That is mesmerism, you may say. Why may there not be a material object, like my square diamond, which may be able, in connection with some particular personality, to produce certain illusions?"

"Can you do it with your diamond?" asked the sceptic.

"Listen," Willoughby continued, almost sternly, "and I will tell you why I always carry that stone with me, a circumstance which may appear strange. I don't know why I tell the story now. But I have begun, and something seems to make me.

"Two years ago I had been down in the old place in Devon, and there developed a sentimentality—you know how it may be with a very old bachelor—requiring a ring. Passing a shop in Regent Street, I saw in a tiara—a new one, made in an old fashion—this stone. I have a fancy for unusual things, you know. The man agreed to take the stone from the tiara."

"Your taste is excellent, sir," he was pleased to comment, in their way. 'The stone is very old; five thousand years, maybe; an Indian stone from an old tiara.'

"The present setting is modern."

"Yes, I tried to imitate the idea of the old piece—that is all. I came by the stone very curiously."

"How curiously?"

"He moved uneasily."

"I can't tell you, sir."

"I looked at him narrowly; yet it

was one of the best shops in London, and why should I ask questions. We bargained a bit, and securing the stone at a remarkably low price—it seemed to me, considering its intrinsic value and Regent Street—I drew myself a design for a fitting setting to carry an unique gem. But when my ring was ready, my sentimental affair was over, like many another in my life; and I simply had the ring, instead of its once probable wearer. On my return to India, and in my duties, which came over me with all the force of habit to a man long in the service, I almost forgot it.

"Well, a year ago, if you may remember, came the little trouble with the little Rajah of Renaub. You may not even remember it, or know that Renaub is on the northern border among the Himalayas. The affair did not amount to much, and I, with some twenty men of the Sixtieth Bengal, had reason to curse it—and particularly my servant, Teddy Burns, had his reason, poor devil!

"In the first place, we were stationed in a narrow, barren, gray valley, a pass perhaps a quarter of a mile broad, with a sheer rise of the gray mountains five thousand feet each side. The valley is about fifteen miles wide, opening at the north on the plateau of Renaub. We were at a wretched village, some five miles from the northern opening, a station with an official. The official had a wife, a pale little London woman, worn out by Indian life. I pitied the pair from the bottom of my heart in that God-forsaken spot—not the only dismal spot in India, as I know. We played cards, and talked, and drank, until we were tired of ourselves; and the man's sad-eyed pale little wife would chatter of London, and tell how she longed to see just Trafalgar Square.

"One afternoon, going back to my quarters, I had occasion to look for something in a box, when out tumbled a case with some pins and trinkets which Teddy had put in, probably thinking that Renaub was a gay spot and that I might wish to dress up. I opened it, throwing out among other things the ring, which I had forgotten. What I wanted was a little painting on porcelain—very decently done—of our place

"Teddy was stretched speechless in a pool of blood."—Page 756.

in Devon, which I wished to show to the homesick woman. As I looked at it, leaving the other things on the table, I heard a rustling behind, and saw a tall, thin native peering over my shoulder. His ascetic face was illuminated by great eyes, with a reddish glow as of rubies—greedy, covetous.

“‘What the devil?’ I began.

“‘Did the Sahib call?’ he said, bending. I thought he might be a servant I had not seen.

“‘Get out!’ I said, simply; for such a place leaves you irritable; when he turned, and, with all the dignity of a personage, stalked through the door.

“‘Teddy,’ I called, thinking Teddy could not be far away. And sure enough Teddy appeared.

“‘What are you coming to in your old age, that you need an assistant to help you now?’ I asked.

“‘What d’yez mean, sor?’ said Teddy, most respectfully, although the words may not so sound.

“‘Who was the man in here just now?’

“‘I saw no one, sor.’

“‘Didn’t you pass him, coming in?’

“‘Who, sor?’

“The matter seemed strange. I knew Teddy wouldn’t lie; and I concluded it had been some familiar servant who had the run of the house, whom, in a short stay, neither Teddy nor I had noticed.

“‘Put those things up then,’ I said, knowing Teddy was incorruptible, and starting to take the porcelain to our official’s wife. I hardly was at the outer door when I heard a scuffle and a muffled cry. With a sudden fear I rushed back, and at the threshold, for a moment, stood horrified. Teddy was stretched speechless in a pool of blood, a knife with a strangely carved handle sticking in his side; and a stealthy figure—the same that had faced me so shortly before—stood over him. For a moment we looked at each other; for a moment I could not move; and then, with a snarl, the creature sprang toward me. I was ready for him, but he slipped through my hands, and passed me—through the door.

“Raising a dreadful cry, I was after. At the outside door I saw him; a lithe

figure, that had dropped the loin-cloth from his naked legs, running up the valley, past three of my men, who were on ponies.

“‘Stop him!’ I cried. But he slipped past; and before they had recovered from their astonishment I was by them.

“‘Go in! Look to Teddy,’ I called, dragging one from his pony and taking his seat.

“‘After him!’ I said, kicking my brute. ‘Shoot him, if you can bring him down.’ I hadn’t my pistols.

“And we chased up that brown valley under the glaring North Indian sun. He seemed to run as fast as our ponies; but at last we gained a little. He looked about, showing white, grinning teeth. Two of the men answered with pistol-shots. I bent well onto the pony’s neck.

“‘Where is he?’ asked one of the men.

“‘Where—?’ began the other.

“For before our eyes the runner had vanished, faded; what you will; and where he should have been was a lean wolf, turning now and then hungry eyes, and snarling lips, and grinning teeth.

“The thing was so uncanny that I pulled up my pony; and then was charging up to the spot where the man had disappeared and the wolf appeared—believing he had found a hole in the earth. But there the short, yellow furze was unbroken. There was another click and report—a long, horrid, brutish howl—and the wolf was over a low slope, too, out of view, and the men after. After a moment I followed, to find them dismounted by the man we had been chasing—without a wolf in sight; the man on his back.

“‘Damn it, sir, where’s the wolf?’ one of my bewildered fellows asked.

“The great eyes stared brutishly up to mine. One fist was clinched. With sudden expectation I leaned over, and opened the sinewy fist, when from it fell the ring. I put it into my pocket, leaving the men with the dead thing, and rode back to Teddy, only to be met by my friend the official. Teddy was dead, like his murderer, who proved to be unknown at the station, and probably some wandering thief.

And where he should have been was a lean wolf.—Page 756.

"I told the eager listener of our hallucination."

"The men will swear to it, and I."

"He looked at me a moment, curiously."

"I have lived too long in India to doubt it," said he, slowly. "Tell me how did you come by the stone?" When I had finished he asked, strangely:

"Have you not heard that a certain mind associated with a certain talisman can produce such an illusion?"

"I have seen it," said I.

"As I said at the beginning of this story, 'I have seen it.' That square diamond at any rate cost me the best servant a man ever had—more than servant, a friend. Whether it were ordinary cupidity, or some desire for that particular stone, I cannot say. But I saw the wolf where the man was, and the dead man where the dead wolf should have been. Some persons would have given the diamond away, or have sold it, but I have kept it."

"There was no boy up a tree outside the mesmeric influence," said the sceptic. "May I see that stone again?"

"Yes, certainly," said Captain Willoughby, taking the diamond from the case. "That thing happened a year ago to-day."

They passed it from hand to hand; and above the storm roared.

"Will you mind if I look at it, sir?" asked a low, distant voice. They looked up startled, for no one had seen this last enter; they saw a tall, dark person, modishly dressed—with all the western affectations of some East Indians.

"You were listening," said Willoughby. "I didn't hear or see you. I must have been so absorbed in my story. Certainly, sir. I should like to have one of your race look at that stone."

A lean, sinewy hand stretched out, grasping the stone. Willoughby shivered and looked up.

"Where the devil?" he began; for

hand, and ring, and man, were not there. They rubbed their eyes, ran into the passage.

The steward was called. He knew no one on the ship answering the description; nor did the thorough search the next morning show the thief; perhaps he had been some strange stowa-

way—perhaps he had been washed from the deck.

The Britannia then was tossing and groaning in the arms of the roaring storm, and, as far as that ship's company was concerned, the dark-visaged unknown seemed to have gone back into the tempest whence he had come.

SONGS FOR TWO

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

Love me not, Dearest, for the smile,
The tender greeting, or the wile
By which, unconscious of its road,
My soul seeks thine in its abode,
Nor say "I love thee for thine eyes"—
For when Death shuts them, where thy skies?
But love me for my love,
Then am I safe from all surprise,
And thou above
The loss of all that dies.

Thy names are like sweet flowers that grow
Within a garden where I go,
Sometimes at dawn, to see each one
Lift its head proudly in the sun;
Sometimes at night,
When only by the fragrant air
I know them there.
And none are grieved or think I slight
Their worth, if closest to my breast
This one I take which holds within its own
Each single fragrance of the rest—
My friend, my friend!
And as I loved it first alone,
So shall I love it to the end,
For none were half so dear were it not best.

To give is more than to receive, men say—
But thou hast made them one! What if, some day
Men bade me render back the gifts I cannot pay—
Since all are undeserved!—should I obey?
Lo, all these years of giving, when we try
To own our thanks we hear the giver cry:
"Nay, it was thou who gavest, Dear, not I!"
If Wisdom smile, let Wisdom go!
All things above
This is the truest: that we know because we love,
Not love because we know.

THE DROUTH AT SAN ANTON

By William Henry Shelton

UP and down the cañon of the Apishapa not a drop of rain had fallen for three months, and all the masses of the little Padre had not so much as persuaded one white cloud to come from behind the great mountains or rise out of the eastern plain into the clear blue sky which arched over San Anton. In all that time the good God had not suffered this one longed-for banner of hope to cheer the upturned eyes of the pious villagers. Despite their prayers and flagellations, and the good offices of the Padre, and the intercessions of all the saints, the hot sun blazed across the spotless blue sky by day, and the dry moon hung among the countless stars by night. The river, which in better times was the glory of San Anton, bringing the tumbling waters from the cool mountains past the very doors of the people, was now just a thread of creeping water, flanked by stagnant pools among the dry stones, and the parched street that overhung the bank from the store of Red Mike (the one spot in San Anton that was never dry) down to the last adobe house in the

village, that of Don Miguel, just opposite to the foot-bridge, was thick with dust and wallowing dogs. If there were any men in San Anton between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, they were drinking up their credit for good fleeces and pulled goat's hair at the bar of Red Mike, or sleeping off the effect of earlier potations in the privacy of their own adobe walls. And well they might abide in-doors, for the sky was still blue and the sun was fierce, and a furnace heat palpitated about the black cross on the little chapel of mud, and threatened to roast alive the red pigs wallowing in the dust under the sacred bell, which swung between two wooden horses in the dirty plaza of San Anton.

Every object in sight was gray with dust; the houses, the rocks, the withered grass, the stunted cotton-woods and ragged alders that fringed the sorry river, the curled leaves of the thirsty corn, the sickly bean-stalks clinging to lurching poles. Dust clung to the sagebrush and prickly pears along the rocky, treeless road down the mountain. It slid in small drifts over the gravelly

banks and the jutting ledges of soft granite crumbling to powder. Dust and drouth and heat were everywhere from San Anton above, to the ranch of the Two Soldiers in the narrow plain below.

And this was the condition in the Apishapa country when the solitary outfit of John Dorchester drew near to the ranch. The outfit consisted of one small horse and one tall man. When the horse was not burdened with the man, he carried sundry six-ounce fishing-rods, double-barrelled guns, dried sheep, buffalo-robos, and clothing and camping utensils disposed about the saddle. As for the man, he trudged mostly alongside his horse, his soft hat gay with red and yellow and green flies, a revolver and cartridges in his belt, and a gun across his broad shoulders.

For three days man and horse had been journeying from water to water, guided by the rose-colored Spanish Peaks by day, and by the same silvered domes by night, which, somehow, seemed to retreat before them into the mist as they advanced. And yet these twin sentinels stood fast over San Anton and the ranch, invisible to the dwellers at either point, and few of the Mexicans in the shabby village had ever been far enough from home to see their own rose-colored peaks. As the man and horse came on, they, too, lost sight of the strange Beacons which had guided them, and, finally, drawing near to the ranch, they saw instead Uncle Foster seated in the doorway, tossing bits of raw meat to a half-dozen collies, and Uncle McIntyre's broad back and gray locks, as he counted his flock of goats filing past at the heels of the old bell-ewe.

The man and horse stopped behind a clump of screw-pines that they might enjoy for a moment, unobserved, this tranquil haven to which they had been journeying so painfully. Even the dogs, in their eagerness to secure the meat, were not aware of any intruders, and the boy who stood behind Uncle Foster in the doorway was gazing open-mouthed into the branches of an apple-tree hard by. Dorchester noted the great shining knife in the hand of Uncle Foster, cutting off the bits of meat, the eagerness of the dogs, and the uncon-

scious grimaces on the beardless face of the boy, and wondered what it all meant. He had not long to wait for the solution of this domestic riddle, for, as Uncle Foster threw the next piece of meat, a magpie swooped down from the very apple-tree at which the boy was making faces, and caught the prize in mid-air, away from the snapping jaws of the foremost collie, and bore it skyward. Then the boy's face changed to laughter, and Uncle Foster flourished the shining knife and uttered some language that is not commonly printed in books, and Dorchester added to the commotion at the ranch of the Two Soldiers by appearing on the scene.

That night the two old men, of whom Uncle McIntyre was the older by a decade, sat side by side outside the lighted door and questioned the welcome stranger, after the manner of the new country, and at each piece of personal information, and with every scrap of news from the great outside world, they chuckled and slapped each other's legs with an unmistakable affection which was a pleasure to behold. And, while the guest talked, the boy stood by, an attentive listener. It was cool now outside, after the heat of the day, and, when the two old men had fired their last question, a silence fell on the group for a moment, during which Dorchester listened to the clatter of the supper-dishes which Uncle Foster's good woman was washing inside, and to the occasional jangle of a sheep-bell in the darkness. The two old men were smoking their pipes and pondering in beautiful contentment on what they had heard.

"You seem very fond of each other," said Dorchester, at length. He was almost startled at the sound of his own voice.

"That's right," said Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster in a breath.

"I suppose you came out here from somewhere in the East," continued Dorchester.

"From Gettysburg," said the two old voices, with a chuckle.

"That's right," said Uncle McIntyre. "Uncle Foster, here, was fighten' on the Ribil side, and when he see how the battle was goin', he just bruk and run,

and never stopped till he landed on the Apishapa."

"Look here, stranger," said Uncle Foster, "I'll give ye a scrap o' Uncle McIntyre's record. When he was, a matter of nineteen, he landed in New Orleans offen a Scotch brig. The fust thing he seen was a United States soldier in white gloves and shinin' uniform a standin' on the levy, an' he goes straight away an' lists. He never fired a gun in the Florida war, nor yit in Mexico. He only jest carried the regimental guide-on. I reckon, stranger, that he never shot an Injun in all the years that followed, an' that's how Uncle McIntyre drifted into Gettysburg on the North side."

"That's right," said Uncle McIntyre, laying his big hand fondly on Uncle Foster's knee. "We're both from Gettysburg, an' we haint got no hard feelin's agin each other noways."

The second silence was broken by the far-away barking of dogs.

"Got some neighbors up above?" suggested Dorchester.

Uncle Foster shrugged his shoulders and muttered something very like an oath.

"Jest a village o' Greasers up yander," said Uncle McIntyre, "settin' up cross-poles and prayin' to the saints for rain—when they're sober."

"We ain't built that way," said Uncle Foster, "but all the same, stranger, we'd be mighty glad of a little fallin' weather."

It occurred to Dorchester that the drouth in the Apishapa country would suit his purpose to a nicety, as the trout would all be collected in the pools, and he said as much, to which Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster assented.

"It's that dry," said the boy, Jule, "that it's mighty hard to git worms."

"I'll show you a better way in the morning," said Dorchester, smiling at the boy's ignorance, and feeling tenderly over his hat as he spoke.

"We'll go t'other way from San Anton," said Jule, "for the Greasers has fished the streams out up yander."

After that Dorchester and Jule went out regularly in the early morning, and the success they had was wonderful.

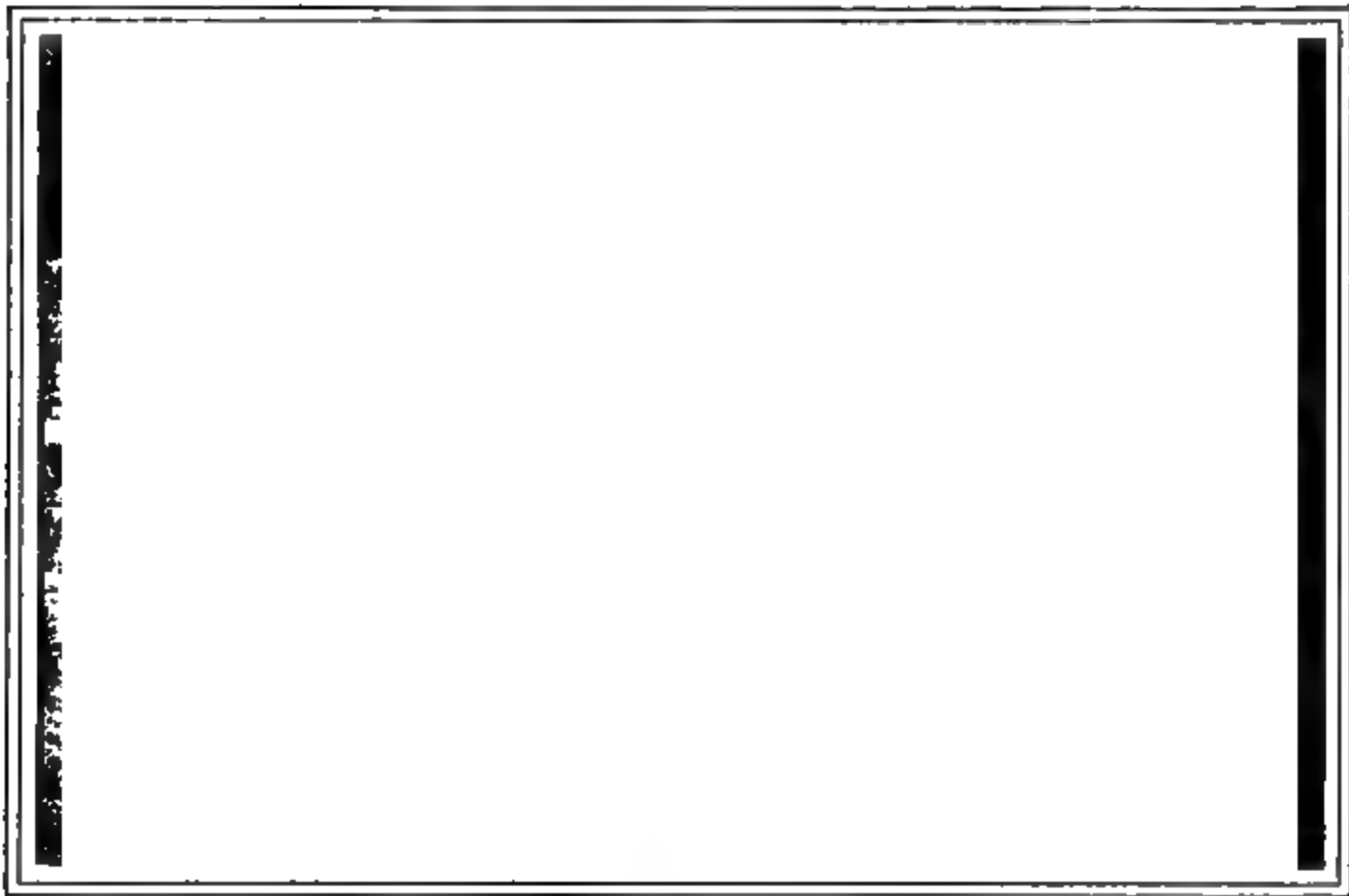
Jule led the way to the cool, dark pools, and Dorchester cast the fly with unerring accuracy into the very mouths of the fish. The boy, who had never seen fly-fishing before, marvelled at the skill of this strange man, and at the toughness of his whip of a rod, and at the ease with which he flipped the trout out of the water, and at the length of the string he was privileged to carry home. He regarded Dorchester as a sort of magician at first, until he learned to cast the fly himself and trail it across the eddies, and the two, man and boy, were inseparable during the first half of each day. And so it happened that, for the first week, Dorchester got no nearer to San Anton than the buildings at the ranch, where he rested every afternoon, in the company of Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster.

As for Jule, it was his duty every evening to fetch the cows from off the mountain, and by mid-afternoon he was afield in search of his saddle-mule. Sometimes it was sundown by the time he brought in that refractory animal, and then he dashed away with an extra whoop, and in an incredibly short time he was back with the drove.

"Why in the name of common-sense," said Dorchester, one morning, turning the boy around by the shoulders until they stood face to face, "don't you go up after the cows on foot and leave that long-eared mule in the pasture? You would accomplish the business in about a quarter of the time. I never take two steps——"

Dorchester was not interrupted, but stopped of his own accord, when he saw the face of the boy, which had suddenly assumed the old open-mouthed stare, with the addition of a half-scared expression that could never have been called there by magpie or trout.

"Lord, Mr. Dorchester, you haint been up to San Anton yit," said Jule, as soon as he could get control of his mouth. "There's a black dog up thar as big as a calf, and he hates a white worse'n pison. Why, he jest jumps up and snaps at my heels, Mr. Dorchester, when I'm ridin' that mule. Look o' thar," and Jule showed his boot, which was certainly marked with fresh scratches.



Tossing bits of raw meat to a half-dozen collies.—Page 761.

"Why don't you shoot the brute?"

"Sacre," said Jule, with a touch of the old expression on his face. "You don't understand the ways of San Anton. I have to go to school to the Padre in the winter, an' if I shot that dog them Greasers 'ud knife me sure. But I sha'n't go near the Padre's school next winter," continued Jule, "if I never larn to cipher. That dog's sartain gittin' worse, Mr. Dorchester."

"Don't Uncle Foster go up there sometimes?"

"Him?" cried Jule, with a fine gesture of scorn. "I guess not. Neither of 'em haint set foot in San Anton for a year. Uncle McIntyre says Gettysburg was hell, but San Anton is heller."

"But the store up there," observed Dorchester, "is the only one this side of Trinidad."

"I know that," said Jule. "Don't I have to go up thar on the mule to git things? Uncle Foster did cart the goats' fleece up thar in the spring, but he never got out of the wagon."

"Whew!" exclaimed Dorchester, straightening himself, and half forgetting the presence of the boy. "I must take a look at this San Anton."

"There's nothin' easier, Mr. Dorches-

ter," said Jule. "We're all goin' past thar to the hay-ranch to-morrer. Wagon's asoakin' in the river right now. Uncle McIntyre says if it gits much drier we'll have to soak the oxen."

Next morning the sun was but an hour above the plain when the wagon started up the mountain, drawn by three yoke of lumbering cattle, who managed to stir up such a stifling cloud of dust that Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster were just two gray silhouettes on the front bar of the hay-rack, and John Dorchester and Jule were glad to bury their faces and cough in the straw.

When they had gone a matter of two miles, the wheels of the wagon ground over the bare rock for a space, and then rolled out of the dust-cloud into view of the barren, treeless mountain-side. Close on the left, across the narrow gorge of the Apishapa, lay San Anton, baking and cracking in the sun. Not a Mexican or even a dog was stirring on the dirty street. To Dorchester it looked like a village of the dead, buried under the one black cross beside the silent bell, but for the sole survivor in the person of Red Mike, who sat in his shirt-sleeves on the steps of his store. The adobe huts looked like

tombs in contrast with the glaring, white clap-boarded walls and shingled roof of that flourishing emporium.

"Gee! Haw! Come up!" cried Uncle Foster, with a crack of the whip, and the wagon rolled on into another cloud of dust. It was a time to keep mouths tightly closed, but nevertheless Dorchester heard a voice which sounded like the voice of Uncle McIntyre.

"He's got 'em drunk airy."

The words were preceded by a contemptuous grunt and ended in a cough, which was half lost in the grinding of the wheels and the rattle of the ox-chains. For another half mile, they kept on in wise silence, and then, when Dorchester ventured to look up, he was surprised to see something like telegraph-poles pricking out of the cloud on the right. They stood at surprisingly irregular intervals, as if some had been blown down in the enviable time when there was wind on the mountain. Then he heard the barking of dogs and strange voices ahead, and when, presently, the wagon rolled out of the dust, they were close upon a seething, scrambling crowd, in which it was difficult to distinguish the men from the women, or the children from the dogs, for the sky was blue and the air was hot, and the frantic people were gray in the scintillating dust particles. One of the black telegraph-poles trailed on the ground, and its cross-barred top swayed and plunged above the bobbing heads, like a thing exhausted, but alive. There was something indistinguishable under the pole, but, as the wagon came nearer, the something resolved itself into a man stripped to the waist. The little Padre of San Anton was trotting alongside, and whips of many lashes writhed in the palpitating heat and fell on the back of the cross-bearer, which was grimy with dirt and red with blood. The women uttered shrill cries and dismal moans, and the dogs barked, and the black pole heaved and disappeared in the crowd, and the people cheered, for the interval was long between this pole and the last. Surely the good God would hear!

Then the men threw down their whips and dug a hole and set up the brave pole, and the little Padre blessed

the cross, and the women fell on their knees and counted their beads in blessed hope of a little rain on San Anton. Already another wiry Mexican had cast off his poncho, and was baring his back for the pious sacrifice, and doubtless swearing to the saints that he would bear the cross some yards farther than his fainting predecessor.

Uncle McIntyre and Uncle Foster only grunted their disgust, or perhaps their satisfaction, and, as the wagon drove on toward the fringe of piñon-trees which skirted the woods beyond, Jule pointed back at the black dog, his enemy, who was scratching the ground and barking at the white men, whom he hated "worse'n pison."

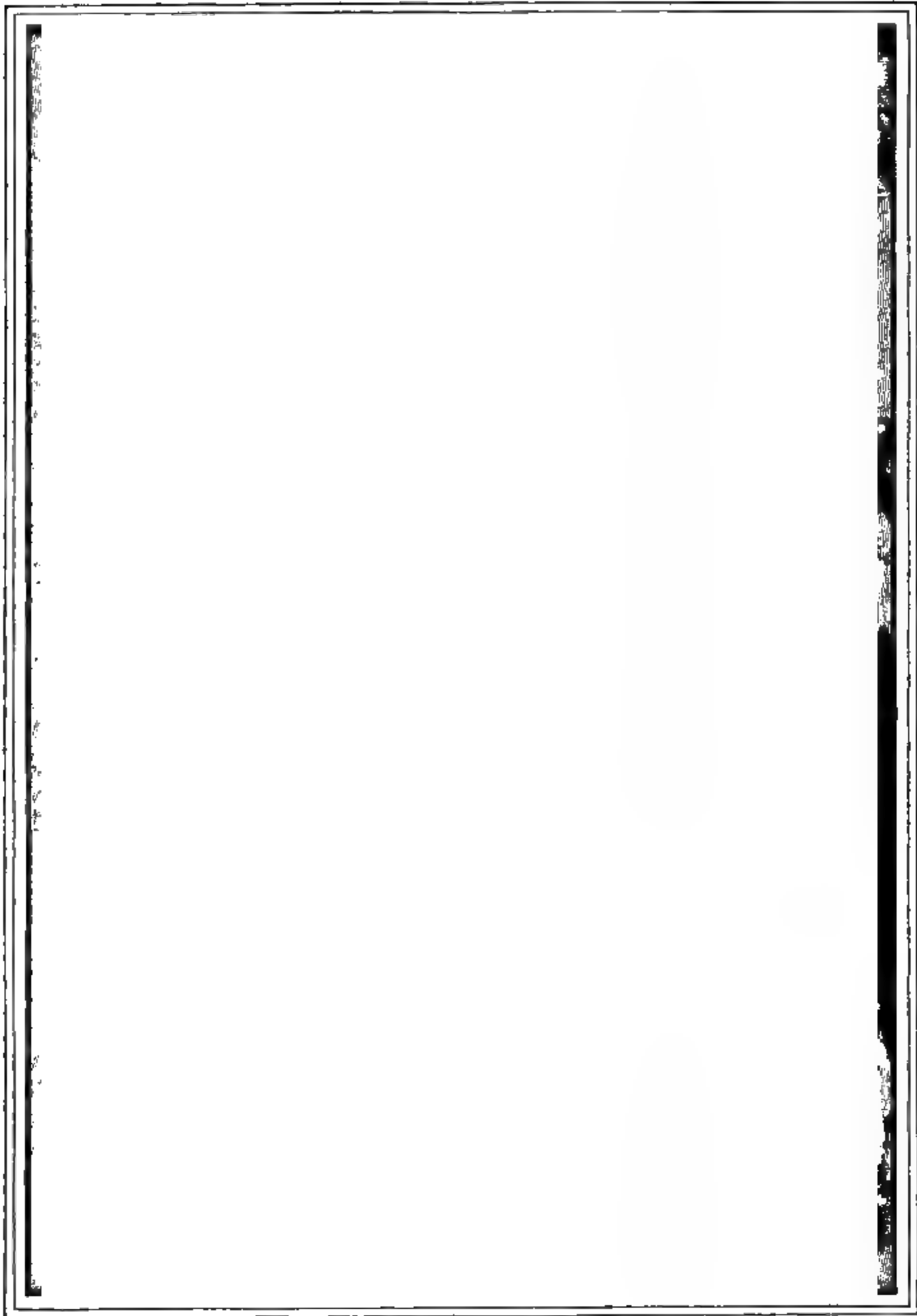
At night, when they returned on the top of the hay, the line of cotton-wood crosses had climbed nearly up to the first piñon-trees, but there was no sign of rain over San Anton.

As the days passed, the earth grew drier, and cracked open in little seams. The leaves on the few trees took on a sickly green, and the blazing sun laughed in the ever-blue sky as it fried and blistered the black paint on the crosses stained with blood.

It was Sunday morning at the ranch, and John Dorchester stood outside, belted with his revolver and leaning on his double-barrelled fowling-piece. Uncle McIntyre was salting the goats down by the river, where his white shirt-sleeves gleamed in first-day freshness against the dusty alders, and Uncle Foster sat in his favorite place in the doorway.

"Goin' up the mountain a piece, be ye?" said Uncle Foster, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Ye better keep clear o' San Anton."

Dorchester said nothing in reply, and it rather pleased the old frontiersman that this particular "tenderfoot" was a man of few words. From his view-point a close mouth meant business, whether the game were men or varmints. He wondered if the young man was well provided with ammunition. He thought of the day when, out of an innocent-looking patch of brown leaves, a mountain-lion rose up to dispute his way, and how, for the want of one cartridge, he had been obliged to



They were close upon a seething, scrambling crowd.—Page 764.

stare that lion out of countenance until the beast backed away and loped down the rocks. To all outward appearance the old man had been gazing absently at Dorchester's handsome gun. There were still lions to be met with on the mountain, and the prudent old hunter reached inside the door, and then he stepped down and poured the half of a flask of buck-shot into Dorchester's coat pocket.

"Ye might want it, my boy, an' mind ye, keep clear o' San Anton."

All this talk about the Mexican village only piqued Jack Dorchester's curiosity. It was his habit to investigate things, and he rarely allowed any difficulty or danger to balk his curiosity.

"I must look into this San Anton," he said to himself, "and there is no better time than the present."

This resolution formed, he quickened his pace, and a little farther up the road he met the red-headed storekeeper, who, next to the Padre, was the great man of the village. They sat together on a rock by the wayside and exchanged some friendly ideas about Greasers in general, and about the peculiar effect of whiskey at certain altitudes.

"I jist kem out fur a short shtroll," said Mike, "whoile they're inside the church prayin' fur rain, an' ut's bad enough they made ut. Sure the banes are dryin' on the poles. An fwat's a Graser widout fejole?" The storekeeper sighed and looked up at the sun. "Arrah! Ut's mesilf they'll be wantin' divilish soon afther prayers."

When they crossed the foot-bridge and turned up the street, San Anton was deserted but for the wallowing dogs and the pigs which had gone to sleep in the soft dust under the bell, as soon as the boy had ceased to beat it with the wooden clapper before mass. There was a droning sound of voices in the chapel, and the shaggy hind-quarters of an old milch goat stuck out of the open doorway. The head and shoulders of the animal were lost to view by reason of the earthen floor having been swept like the houses, until it was a good step below the level of the street.

"They're comin'," said Mike, when he saw the goat begin to scramble backward out of the doorway.

Like so many children released from

school, the chattering people flocked out into the sunlight. The women turned to the left, fluttering their sober-colored serapes, and the men trooped in the opposite direction, and, lo! out from under every yellow- and -brown poncho came a black-and-red gamecock. Each man held his bird aloft and danced about, flourishing as many extended fingers in his neighbor's face as he wished to stake nickels on his champion. In a trice they had traced a cockpit in the dust and each man was down on his haunches behind his bird. The last to come out of church was the little Padre, and the sparkling eyes of his bird peered eagerly out from under his cape.

"He couldn't have said mass with that thing under his arm," remarked Dorchester.

"Whist, no," said Mike. "His acholyte hild ut behind the alther."

The Padre flourished his broad hat in acknowledgment of the shouts of his flock, which greeted him from the pit, and then he extended all the fat fingers of one hand as he trotted forward to the fray.

It was Don Miguel himself who matched the priest, and Pedro, the lame cobbler, held the ten nickels. And how the birds eyed each other and sidled about, and trailed their wings in the dust, and then fell to and slashed each other with their sharp spurs, and backed off and circled around for a favorable opening, and got wet and red as if they, too, were shedding their blood for rain—and, in the end, Don Miguel's bird turned tail, and the Padre secured his pet and the ten nickels, and all the men cheered.

While this was going on at the pit, the women of San Anton sat in another circle and combed each other's heads and the heads of the children, and never so much as looked at the men. Surely, after the people had said their prayers and counted their beads for rain, they had a right to be merry on this weekly holiday; and so the women combed and combed, and the fighting went on at the cockpit, until every red-and-black bird had won or lost a battle. Then the good Padre trotted off with his victorious rooster,

Now the birds eyed each other and sidled about.—Page 766.

and disappeared into the doorway of his house, for the sky was blue and the sun was hot, and there were some things about to happen in San Anton not fit for priestly eyes to see.

Red Mike led the way to the great white store, and Dorchester followed, with twoscore pairs of beady eyes glowering on the red, yellow, and green flies that decorated his hat.

"Mayhap this stranger is the evil spirit," the people cried, "that thwarts the good Padre's prayers and blasts the holy crosses and keeps the rain from falling on San Anton."

The women were even more voluble than the men, but their threatening

words fell on the stranger's ears in an unknown tongue and disturbed him not as he walked jauntily forward, with his shining gun. When he faced about, however, on the steps of the store, he was not a little puzzled to understand the meaning of what seemed to be an altercation between the women and the men. The former were fumbling under the brown-and-yellow ponchos, unclasping belts and drawing out glittering knives.

"Ut's jist the urtherinary program," said Mike, with a wink of the eye on Dorchester's side, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth. "They're disarmin' the haythen."

And so it was that, when the last man had surrendered his weapons to wife or sweetheart, the women went away muttering, and the men filed in through the open door, and lined up before the high counter. There were threatening eyes still flashing on the stranger's hat, to the interruption of the business in hand, and Don Miguel took a step forward toward the evil spirit, who smiled blandly from the embrasure of the window and understood nothing. The Mexican began to speak in a loud tone with angry gestures, and the crowd muttered behind him. It was then that the brawny storekeeper pushed Don Miguel rudely back, and, with a wave of his hand toward the stranger, said something in the unknown tongue which had a wonderfully soothing effect on the men. All opened their eyes. Some nodded and some shook their heads. Don Miguel was the first to climb onto the high counter, and the others scrambled after him, except Pedro, the shoemaker, who limped over and shook his fist up at Dorchester, crying loudly, in very good English: "Impostor! impostor! Only the good God can send rain!"

As quick as a flash, Red Mike smote the offender with the flat of his hand, and, picking him up from the floor, he seated him on the counter, at the foot of the class, with a jounce that made the glasses ring in the bar behind.

"He'll be the last to be served," said the philosophical Irishman, "an' ut's what he deserves. Right driss!"

And with this military command he marched back to Don Miguel, who headed the row on the counter, and faced down the line like an orderly sergeant about to call the roll. His right hand rested gracefully on his hip, and his left palm was extended, into which Don Miguel dropped his nickel. As the storekeeper advanced the coins chinked merrily, and he twisted his ugly mouth and winked his outside eye as he passed Dorchester, leaning against the window, and, having gathered the last nickel, he gave the cobbler another warning slap. As the storekeeper turned away toward the barrel of pulque, with a quart can in his hand, the line of men sat like graven images on the high counter,

their mouths watering and their toes twisting in anticipation, and all stoically indifferent to the flies, which were thick in the air, as Dorchester had never seen flies before.

When the can was filled the Irishman advanced to the head of the line with a small whiskey-glass in his left hand, which he filled carefully to the brim. Don Miguel was the first to turn off his portion, and after him every man in succession was served with a full measure, even to Pedro, the shoemaker, whose business could hardly have been thriving just then, for not a shoe or a boot hung over the counter.

The line had scarcely been served with the fiery liquor before certain individuals began to clamor for more; but Red Mike was not the man to countenance any irregularity at this early stage of the drinking. He preferred to take up an unbroken collection, and so the can followed the nickels, until, before the dusty clock had marked fifteen minutes, every Mexican had turned off his third dram. By this time the voices of the women were heard outside the door, and the men on the counter began to draw up their feet, and make strange faces and half-hearted passes at the flies which buzzed about their heads like swarming bees. There was one big fellow near the middle of the line who had indulged in an extra drink, and he was the first to fall backward and slide off the counter.

"Señora Annetta!" cried the Irishman, and straightway that woman appeared, holding her serape in her teeth, and dragged out her man.

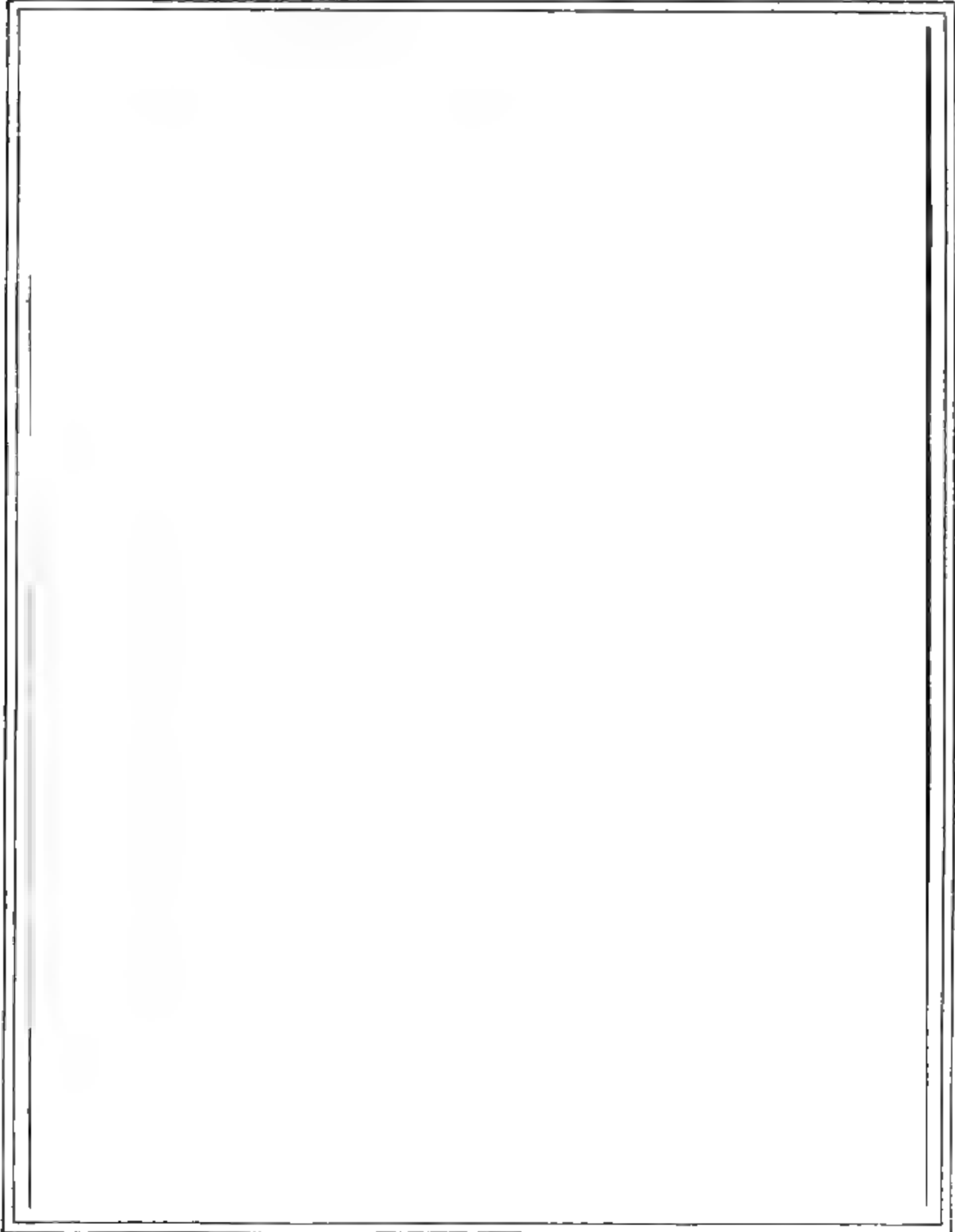
And then the others, by ones and by twos, began to drop off the counter like windfalls in a summer orchard shaken by the wind, and they were removed as deftly as ever the farmer's wife gathered the over-ripe fruit into the folds of her apron.

The line had begun to collapse in the centre, like some other lines, at the weakest strand, or, perhaps, where the strain was greatest, and so it happened that, in the end, Don Miguel remained at one extremity of the counter and Pedro, the shoemaker, held his post at the other. The little cobbler made a feeble effort to extend his hands, as if

he were drawing a waxed thread, and when he lurched forward, Mike eased him to the floor, out of respect to his lameness, and handed him over to his wife. And then Don Miguel screwed his face into a horrible contortion, on account of a green fly which was stinging his nose, and, having laid all his companions by the heels, he presently

settled backward onto the counter with a dignity that would have swelled his heart with pride to behold, if it were possible for him to be conscious and unconscious at the same time. He was removed like the others, and Dorchester and Red Mike remained alone in the big store.

The spirit of investigation was strong



in the man from the East, and he asked some pertinent questions about the composition of the whiskey called pulque, and then, warming to his subject, he expressed a desire, for purely scientific reasons, to try the personal effect of a drink.

"All right," said the Irishman. "Ye betther go into yon room an' take a comfortable seat on thim flaces, an' I'll bring ut to ye. How much of a dhrink would ye loike now, Mr. Dorchester?"

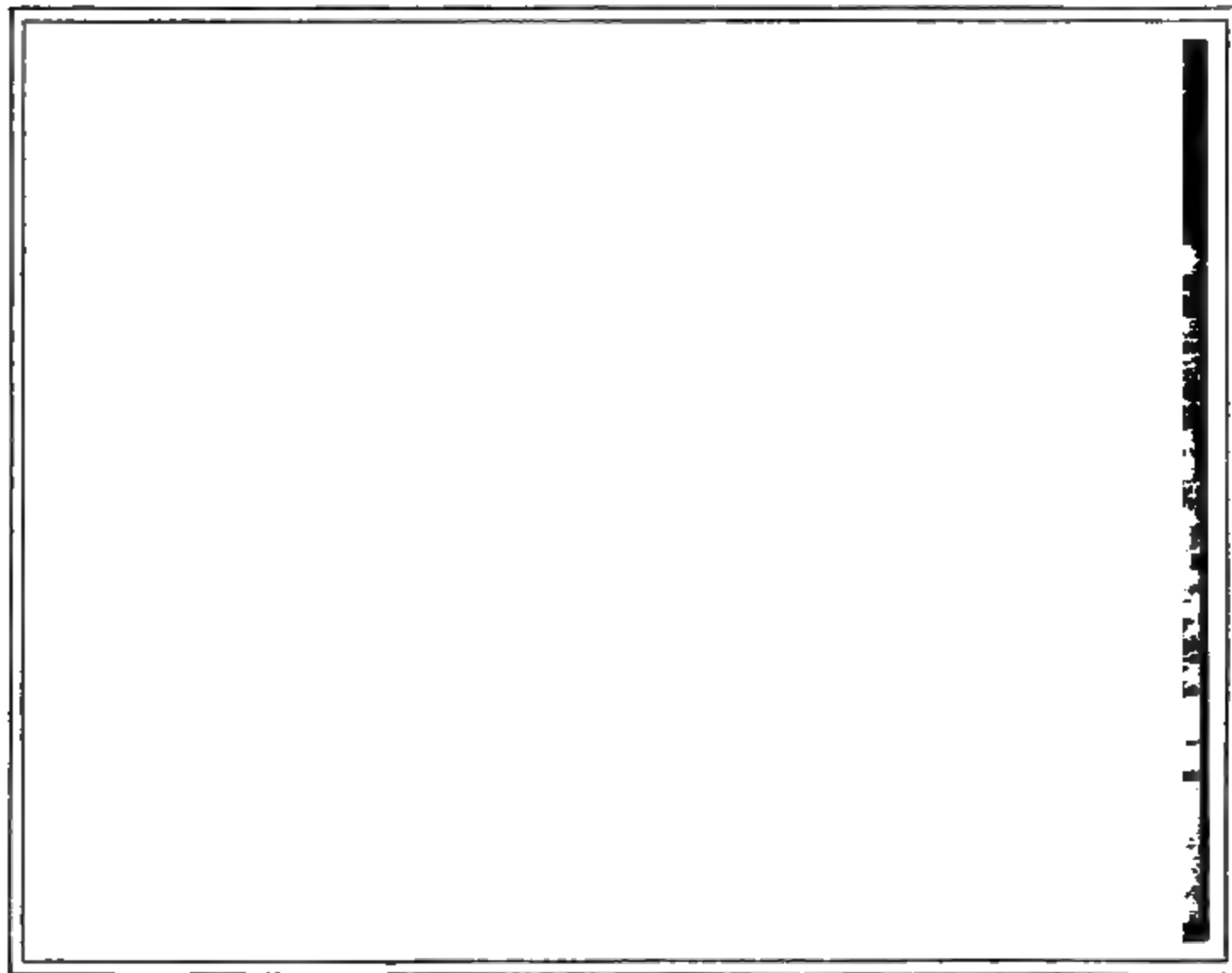
"Oh, just the ordinary dram," replied that prudent person. "No more and no less," and he retired to the room and seated himself on the wool, as directed.

In about the space of two minutes thereafter, the liquor having been swallowed with sundry grimaces and a glass of water, certain brooms and buckets hanging on the wall took on a fantastic and wavy motion, and then the fleeces began to heave like angry billows, and then the smoky ceiling above and the white wool below began to whirl in opposite directions, and then a great calm

followed, in which the scientific gentleman slept soundly. There was a stillness in the great white store for the space of half an hour, save for the buzzing of the flies and the ticking of the wooden clock. The Irishman looked in, from time to time, at his patient, and, on the stroke of four, Jack Dorchester arose and shook himself. He was none the worse for his experiment, except that certain tufts of wool adhered to his clothing, which, in addition to the party-colored flies in his hat, made him look more than ever like an evil spirit.

"By the way," he said to the Irishman, as he came forth from his seclusion and resumed his gun, "you said something to the Mexicans about me that had a wonderful effect to pacify them, except in the case of the lame chap. What was the trouble?"

"Sure, that's where the joke comes in, sir," said Mike, in soft accents of confidence, and prodding Dorchester in the side with his stubby thumb. "On account of thim dragon-flies in yer hat, they mistook yez for the divil himself,



Every Mexican fell on his knees and crossed himself.—Page 772.

perventin' the rain, so I ups and tells thim that they was niver more mish-taken in ther lives—that, on the contrary, ye was a great white rain-doc-ther."

Dorchester laughed at this newly attributed accomplishment, and passed a moment of amused reflection on the commotion he had unconsciously caused among the Mexicans in his double character of devil and rain-doctor, and then the two men passed out of the open doorway onto the store steps.

"Holy Mother!" cried Red Mike, seizing Dorchester's arm in a vice-like grip, and pointing his finger at the western sky; "there's many a true word said in a joke."

And, strange to relate, there was a bank of white clouds pushing up from behind the wooded shoulder of the mountain which shut off the view of the famous peaks.

"Ut's comin' up behind the houses," whispered Mike, "an' not one Greaser in the village has seen it yit. I don't know

how they'll be takin' ut. Sure there'll be great excitement presently, an' ut's aven chances for divil or docther. They'll be hot afther the avil sphirit that's been kapin' San Anton dhry, an' I'm thinkin', Mr. Dorchester, that ye'd betther go quietly off while the coast is clear."

As he walked down the dusty street with the adobe houses on the left, facing the solitary chapel under the black cross, Dorchester was reminded of his first view from the hay-rack of the village of the dead. Not a soul was visible.

As he came, presently, to the last house in the village, over opposite to the foot-bridge crossing the gorge of the Apishapa, the wife of Don Miguel stood in the doorway, rolling a cigarette. She had not yet seen the clouds bearing the welcome rain, but when her eyes fell on the stranger with the shining gun and the multicolored dragonflies on his head, and the tufts of wool on his clothing, a dark scowl came

over her face, and her busy fingers paused to make the sign of the cross. If the Señora had been more amiable Dorchester might have halted long enough to point out to her the rain-clouds; but it was not altogether encouraging to be mistaken for an evil spirit, and so he proceeded silently on his way—for three strides—not more—for these brought him past the corner of the house, and into view of the black dog that hated a white man “worse’n pison”—the ugly Cerberus that guarded the approach to San Anton.

The evil-visaged dog was not slow to begin his advance on the stranger.

The woman still stood in the doorway, glowering.

“Call off your dog,” said Dorchester, accompanying his words with such gestures as she could understand.

The black eyes of the Señora snapped in reply, and, for further answer, she coolly turned her back and continued to roll her cigarette.

And all the time the black dog came steadily on. There could be no doubt of his hostile purpose. His eyes were bloodshot; the bristly hair was rising on his shoulders; his white teeth gleamed in his red, open jaws.

“Ah, well, if the Señora so wills it,” and Jack Dorchester dropped the butt of his fowling-piece in the dust. He thrust his right hand behind him and drew his revolver from the holster. With his thumb he raised the hammer.

The shrunken stream of the Apishapa tinkled over the stones at the bottom of the gorge. A new wind from the west rustled the dry leaves of the cotton-woods, and then a sharp report rang through the empty street of San Anton.

A wreath of smoke hung above the multicolored dragon-flies on Dorchester’s hat, and the black dog was threshing the dust at his feet.

The woman turned, and, with a look of hatred at the stranger, ran screaming up the street. Out from every doorway poured the angry Mexicans, and long knives flashed in the sunlight.

With brandishing weapons and fluttering ponchos, the Mexicans swept down toward Dorchester, who backed across the foot-bridge, gun in hand, and took his post behind a rock which

commanded the passage. For a moment he held the angry crowd at bay, and when they began again to press toward the bridge, he stepped boldly out into the open, and, grounding his gun, he poured into each barrel a handful of the buck-shot with which Uncle Foster had provided him.

It was no time then for any trifling misunderstanding. “The first man that sets his foot on that bridge, dies,” said Dorchester, as he brought his shining gun to his shoulder. His clear voice rang out with that distinctness peculiar to all sounds before a storm, for it was already growing dark, and a fresh breeze shook the dusty alders at his feet.

These signs the Mexicans failed to see, in their anger, or, perhaps, they attributed them to the influence of the white devil. For a moment they hesitated, and in that moment Red Mike appeared in their midst, striking right and left, and with each blow from his brawny arm a Mexican rolled in the dust.

“Fools,” cried the Irishman, “didn’t I tell yez that the man was a great rain-doctor?”

Jack Dorchester held his ground at the head of the foot-bridge, and the men, disconcerted by this double attack, pointed in remonstrance to the dog which lay quivering on the dusty street. The shouts of the women, who surged up behind the men, were hushed by a sort of magnetic influence, and all the people watched spell-bound for the last death-agony of the brute.

Even as they looked a tremor ran through the frame of the black dog—his muscles gave a last spasmodic twitch—he was dead.

For a moment the angry crowd swayed backward, gripping their gleaming knives and coiling like a snake to strike. It was not the threatening gun that held them back, but a voice from heaven; for a dull rumble of thunder rolled over the mountain, and lo! the welcome rain began to fall on San Anton.

Every Mexican sank on his knees and crossed himself.

“Surely,” the people said, “this strange man of courage must be a great rain-doctor, and the dead dog of Don Miguel was the evil spirit that kept the rain from San Anton.”

MONT SAINT MICHEL

BY JULIA LARNED

H vision wonderful, out of the sea,
The dim, gray sea, beneath the twilight sky,
Mystic, majestic, uplifting high
Thy carven pinnacles that seem to be
The rude rock's living flower of stone—in thee
Is imaged forth to the entranced gaze
The haunting spirit of those olden days
That gave thee birth—the days of chivalry
And pomp and power, of war and ruthless crime,
Exulting triumph and unpitied woe,
Of aspiration shrined in fane sublime,
And cruel hate in dungeon glooms below.
Oh, marvel, reared by Titan hands, stand fast
Bodying forevermore the shadowy past!



"MARY"

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer



WHEN she returned from her daily drive and sat in the corner of the big brocaded sofa by the fire, awaiting the possible visitors who were far from probable, Mrs. Mortimer did not seem at home in her own house. She was beautifully dressed, with a delicate adjustment of the fashion of the hour to her age and her tiny proportions. But her house was not like her clothes; it did not look as though it had been made especially for her, especially to suit her.

She was so quiet and so small that one might almost have walked twice around the great drawing-room without perceiving her. And when she arose from time to time, pulled back the lace curtains, and looked abroad for a bit of entertainment, she had the air of a waif—tossed aside into a pompous house of refuge by the streaming life which filled the avenue beneath her windows and spread through the roads and walks of the wide park beyond.

In truth, since the death of her husband, Mrs. Mortimer, with old Jane and the other servants, and the gray parrot, hardly sufficed to give the new house by the park an inhabited aspect. Often the cries of the parrot sounded like those of a bird who felt himself abandoned by mankind. And just now there was more silence and emptiness than ever, for old Jane had followed her master. Mrs. Mortimer and the parrot were alone upstairs.

She had thought of getting a companion. A paid companion—she was so gentle that she did not tell herself it was a hateful idea; but she felt that it was hopelessly self-contradicting. How could one buy companionship? How could one expect to get a piece of another's self by purchase? It was an insult to old Jane to think of replacing her through a bargain. No one attempts to replace a husband through a bargain, a child at so much a month.

Is companionship in its other forms more marketable? Of course old Jane had been paid. But she had nursed the two children, dead so long ago. Love and confidence, sympathy and friendship, had grown up between her and their mother as year followed year. Money mattered nothing in such a relation as this. The monthly sum which had once been wages was afterward merely a token, a symbol of kindred feelings, common needs, inseparable interests. It was money and yet not money, like the half of a broken sixpence.

And so it had been with the pretty little hospital nurse who had carried Mrs. Mortimer through three or four attacks of lingering bronchitis. Was it for her pay that she had kissed Mrs. Mortimer good-night so often, and had let the parrot sleep on her own bed when his leg was torn in a fight with a cat? Was it for the sake of a fortnight's wage that she had postponed her wedding-day to care for old Jane until she died, and to hold Mrs. Mortimer's hand as they stood beside the grave? Mrs. Mortimer knew better, and the bird seemed to think that she had slandered the girl by bringing up the question, for, as she looked at him, he ruffled up his feathers and grumbled crossly.

No; this girl's profession was to be a careful sick-nurse. Even while she was no more than this, her part of the bargain had been fulfilled; and when she became more than this, the bargain was forgotten. But another girl, whose actual profession would be companionship? A girl whose affection Mrs. Mortimer could not take time to win but whom she must at once install as a friend? She still gazed at the parrot. Had he any idea how a girl of this sort would regard her bargain? How could she know what she ought to do to fulfil it—what she ought to give? So many smiles each hour, and so much conversation? So much interest and

sympathy each day? Mrs. Mortimer almost told herself that it was indeed a hateful as well as an impossible idea.

Yet she did not always feel as though her hours were full, with only the parrot to talk to. She had never been fond of reading; her sewing did not interest her now that nothing really needed to be sewed; and, besides, her eyes had grown old. Her dressmakers and milliners did most of her shopping for her; and the household part, which old Jane had supervised, could be done through the mail or by the parlor-maid, who was intelligent, and seemed almost to like the crowds in the stores. The crowds and the heat in lecture-rooms and concert-rooms would have distressed Mrs. Mortimer now even if she had had the habit of frequenting such places; but her husband had never cared for them. Nor did the things in the picture galleries and museums interest her. There had been few of these in New World towns when Mrs. Mortimer was young. She did not understand about them, and so they were like the people whom she saw from her window—they gave her the air of a waif and a stranger in the city of her birth. Her daily drives she enjoyed; yet she would have rejoiced if they could more often have had an object. There was scarcely anyone whom she felt that she had a right to visit, and she seldom found courage now for the drive across the great bridge, out to the great cemetery. She liked to stand by the graves where her husband slept, and her boy and girl, and old Jane; but she feared that her coachman, who had not been with her long, might misunderstand if she shed no tears.

One afternoon her door-bell rang, and a visitor sat beside her on the brocaded sofa. She was an elderly woman, with gray hair, and her clothes were more old-ladyish than Mrs. Mortimer's. But she was not an old friend—only the daughters of the old friends were left. These daughters had their children and grandchildren on their minds, and many schemes for self-improvement, and for the improvement of others, which had not been known in Mrs. Mortimer's time. They seldom remembered their mothers' friend, and when they

did, there were reasons which usually made it seem best not to go to see her. She could not be in the habit of having visitors, and might be disturbed by them. It was hard to talk to her; if others felt this, she must feel it also, and their attempts at conversation could give her little pleasure. Old ladies usually lie down late in the afternoon when busy women must make their calls. Old ladies, when they are used to being alone, must be happiest if left comfortably to their daily habits and occupations.

This daughter of a friend, who, for once, had ventured to come, was not familiar with the house by the park, and looked about her with favor.

"Yes, it is a beautiful house," said Mrs. Mortimer. She would not have chosen so personal a theme, but when it was opened to her she talked more than her wont. "I do not know much about such things, but Mr. Mortimer had the best people to do it, and was perfectly satisfied. And of course I could understand when they said that it would be spoiled if I brought in too many things from the old house. I have some in my bedroom. They are very different, but I did not want to leave them all behind me."

"I should think not," said the visitor. "I should think you would have wanted to bring them *all*. You had lived there so many years, and all your associations——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mortimer, "I would have brought more, but I did not like to speak to Mr. Mortimer about them. He might have thought that I did not wish to leave the old house at all. And he had arranged about this one just to please me, without telling me beforehand. He thought that I would like to get away from the associations. He thought that I would be less lonely in a new place, and find new interests. It gave him a great deal of pleasure, planning it all. I don't think you have ever seen his library—everybody has said that it is a very fine one. It used to be such an interest for him to stop in every few days at the booksellers', to see the books they had picked out for him, and at the decorators', too, to see what they called 'the scheme' that they

had decided upon, first for one room and then for another. It gave him a great deal of pleasure, and he was perfectly satisfied when it was done. But he liked the books best. He was not a great reader, but he always said that he would have been if he had had time to form the habit when he was young."

"Yes," said the visitor, "that used to be the trouble—people worked too hard and did not think of improving their minds. I always tried to impress it upon my children that they should cultivate resources—intellectual interests. If you don't when you are young, you are sorry for it afterward."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Mortimer. Then, as the parrot, wishing for notice, hopped about on the hearth-rug, she added, "Polly is a great resource for me."

The visitor smiled indulgently—she could not expect old Mrs. Mortimer to understand her. But, glad of another theme for conversation, she spoke affably to the parrot.

"Come here, Polly," she said. "Come and speak to the strange lady."

"He is not very sociable, even with me," Mrs. Mortimer explained. "He will never let me touch him. He seldom lets anybody touch him."

"Really!" cried the strange lady. "Why do you keep him if he is so cross? If you are fond of parrots I should think you would get one that would be more friendly."

"I don't like parrots, as a rule," Mrs. Mortimer replied, "but Mr. Mortimer bought this one a great many years ago, to keep me company, without telling me beforehand. And he used to compliment me because I did not mind his noise. He said it showed that I had better nerves than most women. Really, I did mind the noise, very much, for a long time; but I have got used to it now and should miss it if I sent Polly away. He shrieks a good deal, especially if he does not want to go out of the room when I do. Then he screams and screams until I come back. I have to do pretty much what he wants me to; don't I, Polly?"

"I should think it would interfere dreadfully with your occupations," said the visitor. "I hate to be interrupted

in anything I want to do. I have every hour of the day arranged in advance, and so much to do in every one of them. It is impossible even to accommodate myself to my grandchildren when they come to pass the day with me. And to be put out by a parrot—I should think it would upset you dreadfully!"

"No," said Mrs. Mortimer, "it does not seem to. I seem to find time to do what Polly wants me to, usually."

Hearing this, the parrot shrieked with a vigor which may have been approval but sounded more like rage.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the visitor, with a little jump.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Mortimer. "That is only his way. He likes to be noticed, and he doesn't often see me talking to anyone else. I fancy he's jealous," and she smiled.

Again the strange lady tried to wheedle the parrot, and this time he responded. It was not an amiable answer. He flew at her dress, caught it in his beak, and tore a square hole in it.

"Go away! Go away!" she cried, trying to pull it from his grasp and striking at him with her parasol.

At the second stroke she hit him, smartly, and the bird fled, turning in his toes and lamenting shrilly as he waddled across the room to take refuge under the fringes of a big arm-chair.

Mrs. Mortimer ran after him more quickly than she had moved in a long time, bent down beside him with comforting words, and tried to hide the blood on the finger which he promptly bit. Rising, she faced her fluttered visitor. She was fluttered herself, and almost angry. This, too, had not happened in a long time, and she hardly knew how to express herself.

"Please do not strike him," she said, tremulously. "I am very sorry about your dress. It is a great pity, and when people so seldom come to see me. But it was an accident. I am very sorry it happened, but I can't bear to have Polly hurt!"

"I don't think it was an accident precisely," said the strange lady, amazed at Mrs. Mortimer's distress; "but of course I shouldn't have struck him if I had had time to think—he startled me

so! And I didn't know that you would mind so much. You must not mind about my dress—it doesn't matter—I am going right home in the carriage. But he did frighten me. I should not think you would like to keep such a cross bird—he might hurt you some time."

"Oh, no, Polly won't hurt me," Mrs. Mortimer protested, still hiding her finger, "he wouldn't hurt anybody, though I don't wonder that he frightened you. I have had him so long—I could not send him away."

The visitor did not feel that she could leave just yet with good grace. Therefore she smiled and remarked, "I know that is the way that Helen feels about her pug. But a parrot seems different—not so interesting. A dog is really quite human, when you know him."

"But Polly is that," his mistress affirmed. "And he is very interesting when you know him; he does such funny things—you cannot imagine." The visitor felt that she had no desire to exert her fancy, but Mrs. Mortimer continued, almost eagerly.

"Nobody could be more human than Polly. Why, he follows me wherever I go, or else he insists upon my coming back to him. And he calls me 'Mary,' just as plainly as a real person could."

"I should not think you would like that. I should not like a parrot to call me Louisa; it would sound so irreverent—disrespectful, you know."

As if to emphasize this truth the parrot, from his hiding-place beneath the chair, screamed, imperiously, "Mary! Mary *Mortmer*! Get me a bone, quick!"

The visitor looked shocked. Mrs. Mortimer's face brightened. "I like to hear him say it," she declared. "I suppose there are many people who call you Louisa?"

"Why, yes," said Louisa, wondering at the question. "There are always people who call one by one's Christian name, aren't there? Why, I often meet women that I haven't seen or thought about for years who call me Louisa—people that I used to go to school with. And I have never allowed my husband to drop into the habit of calling me 'Mother.'"

"Polly caught 'Mary' from my husband," said her hostess; and then, as the lady rose to take leave, she exclaimed, gently, "I don't dare to ask you to come again, my dear, when Polly has frightened you. But he won't do it again. It was only because he has got to be so—so shy with strangers. And it has been a great pleasure to me to see you. I used to see your children sometimes, but I have never seen their children, and I should like to."

"I will send them to see you some day," their grandmother promised. "I will tell Helen to bring hers—that will be the best way. Then they will not bother you as much as if they came with the nurse."

Her hostess accompanied her as far as possible, as far as the front-door, for afterward the house might seem dull with Polly in a bad humor.

"It has been a great pleasure to me," Mrs. Mortimer repeated, laying her hand on the other's arm. Then as the strident voice called "Mary! Mary *Mortmer*!" she repeated, "I like to hear him say it. At first, I used to think how it would have amused the children if they could have heard it. And now that their father—and everybody else of my age——"

"Indeed, I can quite understand that Polly must be great company for you. You look so strong and well, but I suppose that you can't do quite *everything* that you used to—and there must be minutes now and then—Good-by, I will come again very soon if you really want me to."

She kissed Mrs. Mortimer, for she fancied that her mind was failing a little and felt sorry for her. As she drove off in her carriage she said to herself:

"It was a mistake, of course. It is just what I have always felt—I did more harm than good by going. She will worry about my dress, for she must have seen that it is a perfectly new one. It would have been better not to go—it has just upset her; she will think about my dress for days and days. I won't go again. I will send some flowers instead. I will remember about them at Easter. And of course she doesn't really want to be bothered with the children. She only thought it would please me if she

said she would like to see them. But she is certainly getting a little bit childish herself."

When she had closed the front-door Mrs. Mortimer went back to the drawing-room and coaxed the parrot until he mounted upon the back of a tall chair by the window. Then she drew the curtains aside so that they could see the crowded street with the late winter sunshine sifting through the trees from the opposite side of the park.

"It is pretty, isn't it, Polly?" she asked. "You are not homesick for the old house, are you?"

Polly ruffled his feathers and looked as though he were sick of everything in the world.

"Nice Polly!" said his mistress, caressing him, but only with her eyes. "Didn't you like the strange lady?"

The parrot jabbered in a bitter tone.

"I understand, Polly—you are not used to strangers, nowadays, are you? Well, you needn't mind about her dress. It doesn't matter, for *she* did not mind at all. She knew it was an accident. But I am glad that she was here for a good while before you frightened her so. I happened to feel like having a visitor to-day. I am afraid, almost, that she will forget to send the dear little children. I don't think any little children have ever been in this house, Polly. Perhaps that is why it seems so—big. People have promised to send them, sometimes, and have forgotten about it. But perhaps she will remember, for she will think how it would amuse them to look at you, Polly, and to hear you talk. We will find time to play with them, and to show them all the pretty things, won't we? And it will make them laugh to hear you call an old lady 'Mary.'"

The bird took the word from her mouth, repeating it more gruffly than ever. Quite a sunny little smile spread over Mrs. Mortimer's face.

"You say it very nicely, Polly. And it would be lonesome not to hear it at all, wouldn't it? And nobody else in all the world calls me Mary now."

She drew the curtains and rang the bell for the maid to bring the chicken-bone for which the parrot still clamored. It was amusing to watch him with it while he balanced himself on the back of the tall chair, and he picked at it for half an hour before it was quite clean. Perhaps he had learned from his mistress that it was wise not to do things quickly when there were not very many of them to be done.

Her old friend's daughter was alighting just then at her own house. While she stood on the doorstep she saw the rent in her dress again.

"Such a cross, disagreeable bird!" she repeated to herself. "And she *likes* him to scream out her name! One of my very best dresses perfectly ruined! I wish that I had not gone. It seems wicked to say so, but I almost *hope* the old lady will worry about it—she ought not to have such a bird about. Why, I should be afraid to have the children go near him. I won't tell Helen that I promised Mrs. Mortimer—it will be much better not to take the children there."

As her conscience thus helped her not to trouble her mother's friend, she forgot about the flowers when Easter came around. But Mrs. Mortimer saw a great many beautiful flowers—lilies and azaleas and hydrangeas in big pots, and bunches of roses tied with long ribbons—carried past her window by the florists' carts and messengers. It was a great pleasure to her to watch them go by, up and down the avenue, and it seemed to be a pleasure to Polly also, for several times, when he called out "Mary," his voice was almost mild. Mrs. Mortimer wished that every day in the year, or at least every Saturday, were as interesting as the one before Easter Day.

THE POINT OF VIEW

PEACE on earth, good-will toward men, have not yet come fully to pass.

At this writing, and with Christmas still a prospect of some remoteness, the wails of desolate Armenians are still borne across the salt seas; Spain goes stubbornly on with her life-and-death conflict with the Cubans, giving what attention she can spare to the Philippines; every power in Europe watches intently every other power, jealous of intervention, and fearful that every movement may precipitate

Peace and
Good-will.

a breach of the peace. There is much peace on earth, but it is still far from universal, and what there is of it is maintained at immense cost for weapons and defences, and by dint of the wariest behavior and incessant diplomacy. As yet it is based not on love but on self-interest and fear. Every power in Europe has learned the cost of modern war, and dreads to incur it on any ground. Fighting has never been cheap, but nowadays wars between civilized nations have fairly outgrown the means of the combatants. Nobody dares fight even in a good cause, and it begins to seem possible that a great police force may keep the peace of Europe, and promote, if not actually compel, the peace of all the world.

But even when universal peace is achieved, good-will will not necessarily follow. That is a matter between individuals, and if it has the defect of not being procurable by wholesale, like peace, there is the merit about it that no one need wait for any powers to agree before he begins to provide so much of it as depends upon himself.

Good-will would come easier if we could all contrive to make our expectations of one another bear a more reasonable relation to facts. Most of us are apt to have a general

standard of looks, conduct, morals, intelligence, and agreeableness, and to think favorably of persons who come up to it or surpass it, and more or less unfavorably of persons who don't. People who come up to our standard are "nice," and we like their company and cultivate their society, and other people are not "nice," and we are apt to speak of them with some disparagement, to avoid being thrown with them, to sigh when they ask us to dinner, and to think the time spent with them is time wasted. It is too much to expect of us that we should not have preferences in companions, and indeed it is not altogether desirable that one person should seem as good as another to us. It is necessary to human progress that the qualities that make people liked and respected should command due rewards. It is expedient that shrewd people should get rich, that gentle people should be beloved, that honorable people should be honored, and handsome and clever people admired. If we did not like some people better than others we should run the risk of being justly regarded as rather sapless folks ourselves, and if with only one set of time at our disposal, and only a small part of that to spare, we did not discriminate as to the company we spent our leisure in, we should miss a great deal of pleasure and no little profit. But we can easily discriminate overmuch and be ungenerously fastidious about our companions. People whose circle of playmates is limited to a select few of a certain scarce kind are bound to be narrowed by their social squeamishness. It is much better for them to compel themselves to take people more as they come, and try to get some pleasure out of every one, even if it is only such self-denying happiness as comes from pleasure given. It

is right for us to have a standard, and it is natural for us to use our discernment in measuring people by it; but it is neither kind nor wise to reject or condemn everybody who does not happen to come up to it.

If we are going to censure our fellows, let us at least blame them only for what in them is justly censurable. People are born into this world with vastly different outfits of intelligence, comeliness, and health, and they are born into vastly different environments. We should not blame them for the absence of qualities or instincts which they had no means of inheriting, nor for the lack of knowledge, or manners, or dispositions which their environments gave them no opportunity to acquire. If we are to blame them at all, we ought to limit our censure to such faults as they might reasonably have avoided. Some folks try very hard to be good and to make the very most and best of what they have, but have such distorted materials to work with that they never win more than a very moderate success. Other people don't seem to try half as hard, but being born sounder, sweeter, and more sane, with better wits and better instinct, work out what is in them under advantageous conditions and find the best things in life fairly tumbling into their laps. They are not really so deserving as their brethren who started with less and made more effort, but we applaud them a great deal more, and like them a great deal better.

It is the law of this world that to him that hath shall be given. The man with five talents who makes the most of them gets five

cities; the man with two talents, two cities; the poor creature with only one talent very likely has not sense enough to use that, and will probably lose what he has and come on the county. But he is our brother, too. Are we to sniff at him and insist that he is worthless, and contrast him, to his detriment, with the five-talent man whom we are glad to call our friend? We shall pay for it if we do. It is our affair to help the one-talent man, if we can, to get his poor talent out at usury. It may not be possible for us to accomplish it, but if we avoid him altogether we shall avoid all chance of helping him, and ill will it be with us when our fastidiousness has finally done its perfect work and we have no companions at all except five-talent people who do not need our help.

There is no need that the law which gives to him that hath should regulate our goodwill. Let us give that out somewhat more generally, according our five-talent friends that ample share of it which their qualities compel, but without taking from our one-talent brethren the sympathy, the companionship, and the help which may do them some good, and is certain to be good for ourselves. Our standards are poor affairs if charity has no part in them. If we are satisfied with people who are not kind we are satisfied with too little; and if we are satisfied not to be kind ourselves, we ought to hope that the five-talent people whom we affect may be dissatisfied with us, and teach us a useful lesson by ceasing to be at home to us when we come to call.

THE FIELD OF ART

SOCIAL ART GATHERINGS IN NEW YORK—THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.



It has been held by those who are interested in these matters that the cultivation of the artistic sense in New York is attended with something more than the usual difficulties. If an inquiry were instituted, it is possible that among these hindrances would be found a certain deficiency in the social elements, a want of those assemblages for friendly discussion and dissemination of mutual knowledge, cheerfulness, enthusiasm, and an abiding sense of the high importance of their calling which are to be found among the artists in most foreign artistic centres. The uncalculating enthusiasm and all-absorbing interest of student days are not to be expected, although occasionally a demonstration at the Art Students' League or the Salmagundi Club recalls that fine epoch of youthful unreason. But it is doubtful if there is to be met with among the professional artists in New York that spirit which enlivens so many formal and informal gatherings in foreign capitals. There are no serious social functions like the annual openings of the Royal Academy or the Salons, or even of such more cheerful ones taken seriously as the annual "Punch" dinners. There seems to be a general want of those more or less informal gatherings in which men of the same profession come together to give mutual counsel; to air their theories and technical methods; to feel themselves sure enough of the sympathies of their listeners to launch out into expositions concerning things about which there is still a

haziness in their own mind. Even though they are not quite convinced themselves of the soundness of these propositions the mere vocal presentation of them, in more or less distinct terms, is an intellectual unburdening. The intelligent listener who catches sympathetically at this stammering message, who supplements, enlightens, brings in other supporters, very likely but half believing himself—who has not longed for him! The comfort, profit, and general heartening of this mental communion to a professional man is self-evident. "Iron sharpeneth iron," saith the Scripture; "so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. . . . As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Whether it is the want of the congenial atmosphere of encouragement and appreciation in our city streets, or the heavy burden of earning daily bread, or the anxious American conscientiousness, which instils doubts of the sacredness of his trade as compared with other men's and of his own imperative call to such ministry—whatever be the cause, sure it is that the painter or sculptor within the city walls does not often find this free and desirable commingling with his fellows. Possibly a certain lack of respect for each other's professional excellence may have something to do with it; and the steadily lessening attendance at the annual exhibitions probably has. There have occasionally been gatherings in this country in which something of the mellowness of the Golden Age of Art prevailed, as at the convocation of decorative painters and sculptors in a Chicago hotel during the preparative days of the great Exposition; and in this city there are not wanting occasional efforts to encourage a friendly and confident feeling among the discouraged limners and

carvers. The National Academy gives once a winter an informal reception, "for the PROFESSION only," invitations to which are freely distributed among the male practitioners, and at which the appropriate artificial aids to the drowning of dull care are plentifully provided—in accordance with a rule which governs in all social gatherings. The Academy, the older Water Color Society, the little Woman's Art Club, and some others, mark the opening of their annual exhibitions with festivity; the Architectural League endeavors to secure a fuller attendance at its monthly meetings by a dinner, and the weekly "Smokers' Nights" of its last exhibition were truly marked by a good deal of that cheerful holiday spirit, that enthusiasm in enjoyment, which proceeds from a personal sense of comparative importance in a noble avocation. But such instances are the exceptions, not the rule, and there is great need of development along these lines.

It is not for want of artistic organizations that this social and professional success is lacking. At least fifteen of these societies are extant in New York; each of them with a broader or narrower shade of distinction separating it from its neighbor. In addition to the most ancient of all, the Academy, and the much more recent Society of American Artists, there are two organizations for the encouragement of water-color painting, the older of which is the American Water Color Society, and the other a growth of the last few years, the New York Water Color Club. The cheerful little Pastel Society has departed this life, we believe; the Architectural League has recently emphasized its claim to the honor of being the only organization in which the allied arts are represented by amending its constitution so as to secure two Vice-Presidents, one a decorative painter and the other a sculptor. The American Fine Art Society, so handsomely housed in West Fifty-seventh Street, includes this organization, the educational one of the Art Students' League, and the Society of American Artists. Within a very few years have been brought into existence the Municipal Art Society, formed for the encouragement of the appropriate decoration of the municipal public buildings; the National Sculpture Society; that of Mural Painters; the Art Federation, composed of delegates elected from all the more important organizations; and, very recently, the Illustra-

tors' Club. The Beaux-Arts Society consists of young architects, graduates or graduates by proxy of the famous Parisian school. Among the mutually beneficial organizations, the Artists' Fund is much the older and more valuable, and of the lesser, more cheerfully social organizations, the most important are the Salmagundi and the Kit-Kat. The former was originally founded as a "black-and-white" institution, but its informal little exhibitions in the comfortable club-house in Twelfth Street now glow with color. The Etchers' Club maintains the dignity of that art; and the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architecture is the official representative in the city of that august body. Of the many female painters, the Woman's Club includes a distinguished selection, and the high quality of the annual private exhibitions is equally apparent during the opening reception in the works of fair hands on the walls and those served to the thirsty guests. But the existence is still doubtful of that desirable something which is set forth in the title of the new Parisian Société Populaire des Beaux-Arts, and which has brought it over 3,500 members in the less than two years of its existence; of that comfortable, cheerful confidence in his mission and in its recognition by his fellows which is the most enlivening of the many stimulants required to develop a mere man into an artist.

Among the remedies which have been suggested for this comparative isolation and scattering of effect, among the architects as among the painters and sculptors, has been a proposed closer organization, or even the founding of one or more great national artistic societies, with headquarters at Washington, after the manner of other nations which extend official aid to art. But this is evidently anticipating by a century or two.

IT is but a couple of years since the vision of the White City of Chicago ended in flame and smoke, or vanished behind the rains of winter, and yet already the dream is materializing, the phoenix has risen from the ashes by Lake Michigan to fly from city to city, wherein the plaster and stucco of the Columbian palaces are becoming enduring stone. The great educational institutions have opened the way not only with plan but also with realization, with colleges in New York, and the beautiful Library of Boston, and with the huge

and magnificent pile which has arisen beside the National Capitol. But although some of these buildings were projected and designed before the World's Fair grew into being, the latter has taught to the people that shall visit them the lesson of enthusiasm and appreciation; above all, of that enthusiasm which results in a common direction, of that inter-appreciation which results in harmony. Harmony was the great lesson of the Columbian city; the architects joined hands, and in the Court of Honor each of the great buildings assumed greater beauty and significance from the fellowship of the charming palaces that surrounded it.

To-day in the central city of the United States we are learning this lesson of harmony again. There two monuments, one old, one new, face each other, and we begin to realize what the Greek, or the man of the middle ages, knew quite well, namely, that the relation of cornice to architrave, of column to entablature, of pier to vaulting was hardly more important than was the orientation of his monument, the relation of one temple to another, of colonnade to square, even of street to street. One grand building will not make a fine capital, though one such has often made a little town fine to all time. Indeed, in many a mountain town of Italy the church cresting the climbing sky-line of hill-set houses is so completely dominant that it seems to *be* the town. Assisi means to us first and always the one church of St. Francis, Orvieto its great Duomo.

But it is not so with a metropolis, not so with a national capital. Paris and London, Vienna and Berlin, each name represents many fair buildings, which relate one to another, and aid each other to make up that great composition of tower and church, river and bridge, street and square, which to each

townsman means his own familiar native city.

In the race of nations America started a whole millennium later than did the modern metropolises of Europe, and her people were naturally more anxious to fell trees, reclaim land, and keep off the Indians than to give much thought to municipal topography. But to one city, Washington, there fell the great good fortune of well-ordered avenues and round points, vistas and trees, and one noble building—the Capitol.

Anyone who has gone down the incline to the north of it toward evening and has seen it against the red southern sunset, the Potomac mists flat tinting its broad planes of shadow and of light, must have been proud of it as the representative of the nation. The detail, indeed, is not always happy, though some of it is excellent, and even the presence of what is bad is not deeply disturbing, for it would be so easy to replace the bad detail, so hard to replace the admirable mass and sally of the building, the soaring of the dome. By her topographical ordering Washington stood ready to become in the future the finest city of the Republic, and to-day she has made an immense step in the acquisition of her New Congressional Library. Under the wise direction of General Thomas Lincoln Casey, a form of building has been chosen, which enhances the Capitol and is enhanced by it; each monument is incomparably the better for the presence of the other; the tall dome and the flattened cupola rise side by side in harmony; and for almost the first time in America we see an example of two enormous buildings comparing admirably one with the other, and affording a nucleus around which other monuments may arise until the terraced highland about the Capitol shall become our Columbian Acropolis.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE last—at this writing—Armenian butchery was the most dramatic occasion of all those which have made up the European reports of Ottoman history for the past two years. Forty Armenians, well supplied with dynamite, entered the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople, drove out the clerks, officials, and police, and by threats of setting off their mine of explosives, held the building against the Turkish myrmidons for many hours. It was a daring but utterly

Mr. Gladstone
and Armenia.

ineffective protest against Ottoman oppression, and vengeance fell swiftly and fearfully. The punishment of the offenders sharpened the Bashi-Bazouk appetite for Armenian gore, and with the countenance, even with the assistance, of the Sultan's police, a wholesale massacre continued until some four thousand of the wretched race were destroyed in the streets of Constantinople. This final and consummate atrocity so horrified the "Powers" that their ambassadors despatched a "brusque telegram" to Abdul Hamid, and not content with the thought of this Nemesis, actually went to the length of refusing to illuminate the embassy buildings on the anniversary of the Sultan's accession to the throne.

No one seems to know just what should be done with this pestiferous Abdul Hamid under the existing complicated circumstances. But as to England's duty, one voice has rung out clear and strong, in the great meeting which Mr. Gladstone addressed at Liverpool. With all his old fire blazing again for once into a passionate, and yet wise and statesmanlike appeal, the champion of the Greeks and Bulgarians told with no uncertain words the obligation which lay on Englishmen as human beings and Christians. Mr.

Gladstone not only denied the necessity of concerted action with the rest of Europe, but proved that very little real reform in the East had ever come from concerted action. He assumed that it was impossible to hope that Turkey would keep any pledges, and bluntly laid the whole responsibility for the inhuman scenes in the Ottoman Empire on its head, Abdul Hamid. He advised that England should make a peremptory demand that Turkey should introduce the promised reforms in Armenia. If immediate acquiescence did not come, England should withdraw her ambassador from Constantinople, and dismiss the Turkish minister from her shores. Should this not bring the Sultan to his senses, the co-operation of the other European powers should be asked in a war which would enforce the reforms. In the event of a refusal on the part of Russia, Germany, France, and Italy to partake in this crusade, Mr. Gladstone boldly hopes that England would herself undertake the task, after passing a "self-denying ordinance"—that is, pledging her honor that the war should not be used for her own advantage or aggrandizement. Mr. Gladstone does not think that the other powers would have so little faith in the integrity of this course as to combine their forces in defence of Turkey. He is not so carried away by his zeal for reform as to be blind to the horrors of a general European war; to complete his programme for England's action, he declared that if such a portentous situation were reached, it would be entirely dignified and right for his country to recede from her minatory position, in the face of such combined opposition, with the consciousness that she had done what was possible to banish the Sultan's chamber of

horrors, and that she had only relinquished her effort as an alternative to the greater evil of a general war.

There is something refreshing to the great mass of mankind, from whom the origins of great diplomatic moves are hidden, in hearing this splendid old statesman, unhampered by official position or private interests, plan thus simply and directly the course which promises to affect so vitally the history of the world. And in addition, it is really the first sane and effective method that anyone has suggested for a rescue of the Armenians.

THERE are few events of more interest in the intellectual life of the year than the meeting, each fall, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The occasion this year was particularly notable, and of uncommon general interest because of Sir Joseph Lister's address. The

Sir Joseph
Lister.

great surgeon succeeded Sir Douglas Galton as President of the Association, and undertook to show the true dependence of surgery and medicine on pure science, and the worthy place which the art of healing should hold as an ally of the sciences, properly so called. Such an address was a departure from the custom of the Association, whose President has generally undertaken to review, in his address, the entire general advance of scientific achievement the world over during the previous year; and the innovation in such a tremendously conservative institution is a striking evidence of the specialization of the age. Sir Joseph Lister explained the effects of the Röntgen rays on surgical practice—he called them “the most astonishing of all results of purely physical inquiry”—of anæsthesia, of Koch's tubercle discoveries, of vaccination, of the antitoxic treatment of diphtheria; but the greatest attention was commanded by his words on antiseptic surgery. Although he may be reasonably called the father of this priceless blessing to the human race, these were the first words that he had ever given forth publicly regarding the great work. So deadly were the ravages of putrefaction in fractures of the human frame, that Mr. Syme, whom Sir Joseph Lister called “the safest surgeon of his time,” had deliberately given it as his opinion that it would be better if all compound fractures of the leg were subjected to amputation without any attempt to save the limb. Sir Joseph

Lister acknowledges his supreme indebtedness to Pasteur for the discovery that putrefaction was a fermentation due to microbes, which could not arise *de novo* from the decomposable substance. With this as a basis the great surgeon persisted, in the face of much opposition, in perfecting a simple antiseptic dressing—that is, one which would destroy any microbes that would fall on the wound, and purify the surgeon's hands and instruments. His success accomplished a veritable revolution in surgery. To select a single instance: the great General Hospital at Munich had come to such a state of unhealth that fully eighty per cent. of all wounds were infected by the poisonous gangrene. A surgeon was sent to England to learn the new “Listerism,” and after his return not a single case of hospital gangrene appeared in the Munich *Krankenhaus*. Many allied dangers were totally destroyed by this gospel of cleanliness, and in addition, the suffering of patients during necessary operations was vastly relieved owing to the absence of inflammation. The most conservative savants estimate that the Lister antiseptic has increased the field of remedial surgery twenty-fold, and that the mortality of hazardous operations has been reduced from probably fifty per cent. to something like one per cent. With antiseptic treatment the skull, even the viscera, can be safely entered for operation, and it is literally true that modern surgery can without danger remove any part of the human organism which is not itself essential to life.

LONDON'S flare of dynamite excitement subsided with unusual promptness; but the most exacting reader of the daily press will not complain that, in its short life, the light of P. J. Tynan and company was hid under a bushel. While the author of “The Dynamiter” may have surpassed the London papers in mere grace of workmanship and structural coherence, the star reporters and able editors of England have certainly displayed a luxuriant “fancy and imaginashun” which leave the fiction just named pale

A Dynamite
Opéra Bouffe.

and *fadaise* in comparison. The few known facts were as follows: The alert tenants of Scotland Yard became aware of the transatlantic journey of several gentlemen whose Fenian sympathies and turbulent records had for many years endeared to them the climate

of America. It was more than suspected that one of these was the ghoulis "No. 1," the master-mind of the Phoenix Park tragedy, in which, thirteen years ago, at Dublin, Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated in broad daylight by the knife. In the ides of September, "No. 1," better known to casual acquaintances as P. J. Tynan, was arrested at Boulogne, and almost simultaneously three other men were apprehended, at the prompting of the London police, in Rotterdam and Glasgow. The two Rotterdam visitors were proved to be intimate in a mysterious house near Antwerp, that disgorged much store of bomb-making utensils and high explosives. The continental trio were abundantly supplied with funds, which were disbursed right royally for constant relays of champagne; the saloon talk of the conspirators bristled with allusions to their heroic determination to be bad men and dynamiters, evincing a maudlin candor as to their mission in life which savored strongly of *opéra bouffe*. When, apparently to their utter surprise, the police pounced upon these four genial assassins in the several cities, documents were found in their possession which revealed the awful fact of secret correspondence between them, the inexorable officials refusing to believe that the letters had been found "in a lavatory."

Thus far history goes. But the *Daily Telegraph et al.* stepped in, and for several days the world rang with grisly tidings of a "vast and dangerous conspiracy"—the reader was confidentially informed that it was the vastest and most dangerous in the history of nitroglycerine—to blow up the young Czar of Russia and dear old Queen Victoria, when the former was visiting the latter at Balmoral. Even the architectural details of the *débâcle* which would follow the bomb's explosion were more than hinted at. Then the Prince of Wales was to suffer amid the *débris* of

Marlborough House. Explosives were to be insinuated beneath this edifice by way of a tunnel under the street, the conspirators making their point of departure a house immediately opposite. New York gladly caught up the spirit of impending horrors and the fever for "scare-head" type. Some aid was proffered from this side in the discovery that a Russian Nihilist residing in America, Professor Metzgeroff, had tutored the Irish prisoners in the fine art of dynamiting. This gave the basis for a superlatively dark and comprehensive theory that all the centres of Nihilism, Fenianism, and Anarchism had for once joined hands to make one huge bloody demonstration against the Order of Things. It seemed decidedly improbable, to any one who remembered the silent and single methods of the Nihilist, that he should be in communion with swashbuckler companions, such as Tynan, Kearney, Bell, and Wallace, and the theory lost color still more rapidly when Metzgeroff's more authentic name became known as Flaherty.

This sensational exaggeration seems absurd enough, but is it stranger than the explanation of the incident suggested very seriously by the most conservative English editors, who can find no irony too fine for the antics of the alarmists? It is well known that many well-informed members of the Clan-na-Gael are in the pay of Scotland Yard, and those who remember the astonishing disclosures of Major le Caron will not find it incredible that an innocuous dynamite conspiracy may be hatched for the money there is in it. The *Saturday Review*, then, thinks it not at all impossible that the professional informers of England projected this dynamite scare *ab ovo*, paying Tynan handsomely for his trouble, and receiving from the Government a sum which still left them a handsome profit over this preliminary disbursement!

Nothing equals a

VIVE

[Pronounced as in Revive.]

\$5.00
CAMERA
AS A GIFT

[SIZE OF CAMERA, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$.]

*Takes picture size
of this cut*

12 Glass Plates or 36 Cut Films
 $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ taken without reloading.

Our No. 2, \$7.50 VIVE
takes 24 plates or 72
films of same size

Every Camera Guaranteed
to take as good Photos as
"sample pictures" mailed.

Before buying any other send
2-cent stamp for Catalogue con-
taining sample picture, or 3 cents
extra for finely embossed mounted
photograph.

The *Chicago Tribune* has se-
lected the VIVE as its premium
camera.

VIVE CAMERA COMPANY

Home Office

155 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Eastern Office

621 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

I enclose you my first picture taken with the VIVE (a "Snap Shot" of four ladies in a carriage). I developed, printed, and mounted it. I did not know the first principle of photography, but I followed your Manual of Instructions, and you can judge for yourself what success I had."
From WM. M. SMITH, Mason City, Ill., Oct. 7, 1896.

EVERYBODY KNOWS

TRIBUNE BICYCLES

Write for new '97 Catalogue

A MOMENT OF ABSTRACTION

A DESIRABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

The "Gorham" Postal Scale

IN STERLING SILVER

Indicates instantly and accurately the requisite amount of postage — in cents — required for letters, books, newspapers, circulars, and merchandise. For foreign postage it indicates the weight in half-ounces, to the limit of one pound.

For sale by all the better class of Jewelers.

GORHAM MFG. CO.,

SILVERSMITHS,

Broadway and 19th St., New York.

THE "GORHAM" POSTAL SCALE, No. 20.
In Sterling Silver. Actual Size. Patents Pending.
Warranted absolutely accurate.
Price, \$10.00.

NEVER in the history of the world was the Diamond market at the present low ebb. We are the leading importers and cutters in this line, and will send our catalogue, filled with bargains, free on application. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀



Diamond Link
Cuff Button, No. 317,
\$5.00.

Marquis Ring,
5 Rubies, 11 Dia-
monds, No. 304,
\$20.00.

Diamond Star, 73 pure white stones,
No. 443, \$40.00.

Solid 14-carat Gold Watch (ladies')
No. 8, \$10.00.

Goods sent subject to examination. Should a customer at any time be dissatisfied with his purchase, goods will be taken back and full amount allowed. Address

MRS. T. LYNCH, 1 and 3 Union Square, cor. 14th St., New York



THE WHITELY EXERCISER
is used and indorsed
by America's leading
men and women.
It is adapted to all
classes, both sexes
and is sold at prices
to suit all.

Good Machine \$2.00, Cone Bearing \$2.00,
Gymnasium style \$4.00, Holiday number
\$5.00. Elegant ladies' chart \$5.00. Cms.
free. **CHRISTMAS OFFER.** Either
style express paid with book and chart on
receipt of price. Money returned if not
satisfactory.

Whitely Exerciser Co., Chicago.



GRIND YOUR PEPPER as you need it by using
our handsome, new, all metal, heavily plated, patented
grinding box, which will insure pure, unadulterated and
strongly flavored pepper at half the cost of the ready-
ground, weak, store article.

NOTHING LIKE IT for grace, finish, beauty,
strength, and price. Agents wanted, both ladies and
gentlemen, write for full particulars. Price, 40 cents each
by mail, or club rates, 3 for \$1.00. Agents special rates.

Full size, 3 1/4 inches high.
A handsome table ornament.

Address
The Union Lock and Hardware Co.,
LANCASTER, PA.



MOREY GAS BURNER, \$2.50. Very best in-
vented; hand-
some, durable center-piece, not "mineral ashes," but
guaranteed against self-destruction 40 years.

Agents with means given territory.
A. G. MOREY, La Grange, Ill., Inventor and Mfr.

Mexico Tours

leave Feb. 2d and 6th, 1897.
Send for program H.
CHAS. H. GATES, TOLEDO, OHIO.

OUT!
HIGH BICYCLES AND
all Crandall Typewriters No. 3

Wanted Everywhere. Send for Catalogs

L. L. MACHINE CO., GROTON, N. Y.



F. A. O. SCHWARZ

THE MARLBOROUGH

A

REVERSIBLE SWING BACK RISING AND SWING FRONT

8 x 7, fitted with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, B. & L. Shutter, and
Two Double Holders, \$60.
8 x 10 without lens and shutter, . . . 80. *Send for Free*
6 1/2 x 8 1/2 45. *Illustrated*
8 x 7 35. *Booklet.*

Catalogue containing all requisites for photography, mailed on application **Free.**

We recommend **CLIMAX DRY PLATES** They are quick and reliable.
to amateurs

The INTERNATIONAL ANNUAL, Vol. IX., now ready. Price, 75 cents, postage 15 cents

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.
391 Broadway, New York.

C
O
N
T
A
I
N
S

Just hear dem bells a ringing,
dey's ringing everywhere."

The Chimes of Normandy could not
excel in sweetness and purity of tone

THE
'New Departure'
BICYCLE BELLS

Best standard of excellence the wide
world over. In 16 different styles
and prices. All dealers sell them.

The New Departure Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

No Fire, Smoke or Heat, Absolutely safe. Send for Catalogue.



\$250
and up

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., Drawer G, St. Joseph, Michigan.



BANKRUPT STOCK BICYCLES
\$20 each. New, High-grade '96 models.
Must be sold. Write at once.
D. N. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago, Ill.

**A Novelty
Knife**

Your name and address, photos, society and trade emblems, eminent men and women, actresses,
machinery, etc., under durable transparent handles. **WARRANTED**
best of material and workmanship and free from defects. Knife
same style as cut, \$1.20; 3 blades, \$1.60; heavy 3 bladed, \$1.60;



NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.,

6 Bar St.

Carpenter's knife, 3 blades, \$2.00; Razor, novelty
handle, \$1.50; Ladies' knife, 3 blades, 80c.
3 blades, \$1.25; Boy's knife, 2 blades 75c.
Special photos in knife each, 25c. extra.
Stamp photos \$1.00 per 100. Circular
for stamp. Agents wanted.

EXCELLENT CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

CANTON, OHIO.



Some Dealers

Deal from the bottom of the pack
because the best cards are on top.
Waterloo Sleighs are always on
top and you are entitled to an hon-
est deal. If your dealer won't deal
that way, write us direct for cata-
logue.

WATERLOO WAGON CO., Ltd.,
Waterloo, N. Y.

MARLIN

Made in all styles and sizes.
Lightest, strongest, easiest-
working, safest, simplest
most accurate, most com-
pact, and most modern.

Model 1891 in .32 cal. uses the reg-
ular short and long rim and center-
fire cartridges in the same rifle.
Saves 60 per cent. on cost of ammu-
nition over any other .32 calibre
repeater made.

Catalogues Mailed Free **The Marlin Fire Arms Co.** NEW HAVEN, CONN.

RIFLES

The Universum Clock represents the universe. It
shows the earth revolving
round its axis, the time at the point passing the sun, and the
stars in the heavens in their proper position.

The Northern Hemisphere Clock shows at a
glance the
time in every place between the North Pole and Equator.

Universum Clock Co., 1 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The Best Present of them All

... THE ...

Regina Music Box

...Plays 1000 Tunes...

Renders the most beautiful music on a steel comb with a brilliance and richness of tone that has been a perfect revelation to all lovers of fine music.

Plays all your Favorite Music

c and popular. Cannot get out of order like the viss box, because of the simplicity and massive-movement. Indestructible metal tune discs are the box runs 30 minutes with each winding, e most accurate time.

nderful entertainer, which never needs tuning, o, and is always ready to play.

... The Christmas Regina ...

autifully carved case, is being offered at the same e boxes in plain cases and makes a very hand-acceptable holiday present. The prices of these

boxes place them within reach of all. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue showing the Christmas Regina. Sold by all music dealers. **Boxes from \$14 to \$200.**

Regina Music Box Co., Rahway, N. J.

The New Orchestral Regina

The largest Music Box made. Having the same scope as a seven octave piano. A wonderful instrument. Can be arranged with money-drop attachment for hotels and public places.

AGENT FOR METROPOLITAN DISTRICT:
CHARLES J. STEBBINS,
103 Rensselaer Street, New York.

Ride HARTFORD TIRES
and bad roads turn to
good ones. The TIRES
are built that way.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.
Minneapolis. Toronto.

For Christmas Gifts

Consult our catalogues.

They bring you in touch with one of the largest and choicest stocks of Fine China and Glass ever shown in this country, offered at lowest prices, by a house of 58 years standing.

Catalogue No. 10F shows latest Table and Toilet Wares, Cut Glass, Ornaments, Lamps, Cutlery, Etc.

Catalogue No. 12F shows White China for Decorating.

Special
\$2.50
EACH

or \$27.00 per doz.

These fine French China plates, 9½ inches in diameter, with painted portraits of the French Nobility. Assorted subjects and rich red, green, pink and blue borders with inside border of ch gold.

Burley & Co.
145-147 State St. Established 1838.
CHICAGO.

Whist Players

ASK FOR THE NEW

Kalamazoo



**Duplicate Whist
Tray**

**The Newest and Best of All
Simplest to Operate . . .**

Cards easily inserted, securely held, easily removed.
Small and neat in appearance. Always ready.
Never out of order.

Ask your Stationer for

The Kalamazoo IDEAL Whist Tray

MANUFACTURED BY

Descriptive Circular
and Price-list sent
upon request.

IHLING BROS. & EVERARD

Kalamazoo, Mich.

SPAULDING & Co.

PARIS
36 Ave. de l'Opera.

Goldsmiths, Silversmiths
and Jewelers.

CHICAGO
State and Jackson Sts.

Holiday Gifts and Remembrances

In Gold, Silver, Precious Stones, Watches, Clocks, Leather Goods, Fans, Glass, Marbles, Bronzes, Opera and Field Glasses, Ivory, Ebony, Brass and other metals, Fine China, Bric-a-Brac, and Novelties from all the markets of the world.

A collection, containing the newest and best in styles and designs, in gathering which we have studied the probable wants of the public, both as to taste and price. This we offer as a most complete and varied stock from which a choice of Christmas Gifts can be made.

Our little book of "Suggestions" (which we will send to anyone who asks for it) contains valuable hints as to what to give, and tells the price of thousands of articles from which to select.

We will send, at our own expense, to people known to us, or to those furnishing satisfactory references, goods from which they may make a selection.

"The Gift of Utility"
"An Everlasting Remembrance"

Always All Write

Handier than a pencil, because you don't have to sharpen it.
Quicker than a regular pen, because you don't have to dip it.
Cleaner than either, because it neither crocks nor spills.
Better than all others, because it is ready when you are.
The best present, because the receiver remembers you
all day long for many years.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Sold everywhere.

Catalogue free.

L. E. Waterman & Co., New York.

TALKING MACHINES

PHONOGRAPHS,
GRAPHOPHONES

Reproduce

Songs, Bands,
Orchestras

and your own voice.

Send for circular.
Agents wanted.

ONLY 325.
CHICAGO TALKING MACHINE CO.,
107 Madison St., CHICAGO.

MENDS YOUR TIRE WHILE YOU RIDE AND

KEEPS THEM MENDED

NO WALKING HOME. No taking out of valves. Guaranteed not to injure tires. One treatment insures your tires against leaks for a year. Can contain enough Puncturoid for two tires. For Sale by Bicycle Dealers, or sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of

PRICE, \$1.00

PUNCTUROID MFG. CO.

CHELSEA, - - MASS.

CHRISTMAS!

Grand Simultaneous Publication

—IN—

America, England, and France

NOW READY.

The Christmas Numbers

—OF—

	Price, \$0.50
THE LONDON GRAPHIC	..
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS	..
SKETCH	..
PEARS' PICTORIAL	..
LADY'S PICTORIAL	..
BLACK & WHITE	..
HOLLY LEAVES	..
CHATTERBOX CHRISTMAS-BOX	..
FATHEN CHRISTMAS	..
LE FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ, English Text	1.00
LE FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ, French Text	1.00
ART ANNUAL, the Christmas Number of the Art Journal	.75
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL	.60
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE	.35
UNDER THE MISTLETOE	.35

The Finest Christmas Numbers in the World. They all contain colored pictures which are

GEMS OF ART.

All Newsdealers and

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,

63 and 85 Duane St. (one door east of Broadway), New York.

Subscriptions Received for any Periodical, Foreign or Domestic.

Use any test you like

and you will find the

No. 4 **Caligraph**
Typewriter

*Su
to
eve
oth*

New Catalogue and pamphlets may be had on application

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.

337 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.



**AUTOMATIC
MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN.....**

or writing machine, when quick, accurate copying is required—100 times as rapid. Anybody can operate it; it can't get out of order. These are some of the good points of the

▲ ▲ **EDISON MIMEOGRAPH** ▲ ▲
Invented by THOMAS A. EDISON

It makes any number of fac-simile copies of anything you may write with a pen or typewriter. Cheap—compact—cleanly.

ENDORSED BY OVER 200,000 USERS

Send for catalogue and samples of work.

152-154 Lake St., Chicago A. B. DICK COMPANY 47 Nassau St., New York

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

**Pall
Mall
Magazine**

CONTAINS: CONSTANTINOPLE, the Queen of Cities. Illustrated in colors.

**NOW
READY**

25 Cents

\$3.00 A YEAR

SILVER "NEFS" (personally revised by H.R.H. the DUKE of SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA). An account of the famous quaint collection of Silver Ships of the 16th and 17th Centuries preserved at Clarence House, St. James's.

MATHURIN. A Sinner of Pontiac. By GILBERT PARKER.

ST. IVES. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
LETTERS from PARIS during the FRENCH REVOLUTION. By the first DUCHESS of SUTHERLAND.

New York: International News Company, 83 Duane Street

A Gift that is doubly Welcome—
One that combines utility with beauty.

**New
MOND**

D. 2

its all that is
new in Typewriting.
better work

in greater variety than any other machine.

Why:

It writes in a straight line with uniform type impression, doing automatically what an experienced operator cannot accomplish on other machines.

It offers the choice of 42 type styles and writes 14 languages, changes from one type or language to another occupying only a few seconds.

Its work is in the operator's sight. Outlasts all other makes, and has fewer parts.

Every clergyman, business or professional man or woman, teacher, student, journalist and mercantile employee ought to have a Hammond next Christmas.

Will you send for a little pamphlet, with catalogue, on this topic? Post free.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.,
407 East 62d St., New York, N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS!

WE BOUGHT FOR CASH during the hard times, at our own prices, and now offer **AT UNHEARD-OF FIGURES** an immense stock of all makes, embracing (Nov. 1, 1896), among others, the following:

368 REMINGTONS,
113 CALIGRAPHS,
69 HAMMONDS,
21 YOSTS,
67 SMITHS,
32 CRANDALLS,

\$15 UP

And a miscellaneous stock of all other makes, including Williams, Denkmores, Munsons, Franklins, Bar-Locks, Fords, Nationals, etc., etc.

Our Prices will Astound You!

We are the largest handlers in the world of all makes of typewriters. Established in New York for fourteen years. Unprejudiced advice given. 52-page illustrated catalogue and samples, free on application.

Machines shipped anywhere for examination before purchase.

Don't buy before writing us!

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,
102-104 Fulton St., New York.

Three

Nos.....

New

Models.

Smith 2, 3^A & 4^D.

**HAVE YOU
EXAMINED THEM?**

Premier

Many improvements heretofore overlooked by other manufacturers.

Durability the first consideration.

ADDRESS

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N.Y., U. S. A. | Branch Offices in 20 principal cities in the United States.

**HAVE YOU SEEN
THE LATEST MODEL**

**No. 1 Munson
Typewriter?**

A writing machine possessing many distinct points of advantage over all others. The most durable typewriter manufacturer. Catalogue free. Address, for particulars,

THE MUNSON TYPEWRITER CO.

MANUFACTURERS,

4 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

WORK SHOP

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT-POWER MACHINERY allow lower bids

on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Cat. free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.,
528 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.

**1
2**

SAVED

ON ANY TYPEWRITER

We have machines of every make. Guaranteed in perfect order or money refunded. Sent anywhere with privilege of examination.

TYPEWRITERS

SOLD, RENTED, EXCHANGED.

Write us before buying. Send for illustrated catalog of new and old machines.

NATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 214 La Salle Street, CHICAGO.

**Th
Yo**

Has
recently
had
many
improve-
ments
put
on it
which
add to its convenience and capacity.

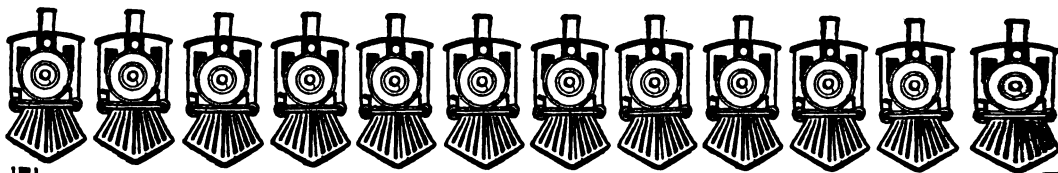
**BETTER PAPER FEED.
ADJUSTABLE PAPER GUIDE.
IMPROVED LINE LOCK.**

See the Latest Model.
Catalogue on Application.

Yost Writing Machine Co.,

61 Chambers St., New York.

50 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.



Every Train that carries passengers over the

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

Between
Chicago and
St. Paul,
Minneapolis,
Ashland,
Duluth and
Superior.

is carefully equipped for your comfort and enjoyment. A quick trip amid pleasant surroundings is the guarantee that goes with every Wisconsin Central ticket.

JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. Agt. C. L. WELLINGTON, Traffic Mgr.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB ...TOURS...

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED

A party will leave New York Saturday, January 23, via the North German Lloyd Line, for a

SPECIAL TOUR THROUGH EUROPE AND THE Mediterranean Countries

Including Northern Africa, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France and England. First-class accommodations invariably, and liberal allowance of time in all places visited. Other tours at frequent intervals. Tours by special vestibuled trains to California, Mexico, Florida, also tours to Jamaica, Round the World, etc. Railroad and Steamship Tickets at Lowest Rates to all points.

Any circular on application to

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB

31 East 14th St., Cor. Union Sq., W., New York.
296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE

Select Parties under Personal Escort, all Traveling Expenses included, Jan. 5, Feb. 13, March 6, 1897.

COOK'S NILE STEAMERS

Only fleet of first-class steamers on the Nile. Sailings from Cairo to First and Second Cataracts every few days

BERMUDA AND WEST INDIES

Delightful 30 day Cruises to Caribbees, Trinidad, Jamaica, etc. Short Conducted Tours to Bermuda, Dec. 3, 17, 30, March 30; and other Southern Resorts. Independent Tickets to all Winter Resorts. Official Trunk Line Ticket Agents.

Programmes, etc., free from

THOS. COOK & SON

261 and 1,225 Broadway, New York

THE BOOK OF A 100 GAMES

By MARY WHITE

16mo, \$1.00

These games are for adults, and will be found exceedingly serviceable for parlor entertainment. The author has been for some years a member of a club devoted to the inventing and playing of new games, and she has brought together in this book the most successful of these games.

"There is lots of fun in this book."—*The Independent*.

"The games are all good. The book will be found a charming one not only for winter evenings, but it is destined to make the pleasantest of summer resorts pleasant."

—*Boston Advertiser*.

. Sold by all booksellers, or sent, post-paid, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
4th Ave., New York.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAIN
CONSISTING ONLY OF
PULLMAN SLEEPERS,
DINING CAR AND
BUFFET SMOKING
CAR.

RETURNING MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS. CONNECTING
TRAIN FOR SAN FRANCISCO VIA MOJAVE.

ALSO DAILY THROUGH EXPRESS TO AND FROM CAL-
IFORNIA CARRYING STANDARD & TOURIST SLEEPERS

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

LEAVES CHICAGO 6 P.M.
WEDNESDAYS AND SAT-
URDAYS, REACHING
LOS ANGELES IN 72
HOURS AND SAN
DIEGO IN 76½ HOURS

GEO. T. NICHOLSON,

Gen'l Pass. Agt., A.T. & S.F. Ry.

2301 Great Northern Building, Chicago.

THE STUPID FARMER.

With sturdy blows he nailed the sign-board to the slender tree,
And every plum fell to the ground, he smote so mightily.

Armour's Two Christmas Dainties
Celebrated "STAR" Fancy HAMS
Celebrated SLICED "STAR" BACON—the Newest Thing
IN 1 LB. KEY OPENING TIN BOXES

READ IN MORE THAN 100,000 HOMES A VALUABLE MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS

THE

The Most Practical and Most Helpful Household Publication in America

THE HOUSEWIFE will, in 1897, continue its successful mission of teaching "Young housekeepers who do not know enough," and "Older ones who do not know too much," the best ways of doing everything that is right and proper for them to do in the upbuilding of the home, which is practically the upbuilding of the Nation.

Leading Features and Departments of THE HOUSEWIFE

Original Stories	Woman's Wit
Occasional Serials	Home Culture
Poems Worth Keeping	Fads in Fancy Work
The Literary World	Tested Recipes
Helps for Mothers	Home Amusements
Hints for the Nursery	Seasonable Suggestions
How to Care for the Sick	Best Ways About the House
Hygienic Advice	The Servant Problem
Hints for the Toilet	Children's Stories
Fresh Fashions	Beautiful Illustrations

Among the past, present, and future contributors to THE HOUSEWIFE are the following well-known writers

MARY E. WILKINS	MRS. M. P. HANDY	ALICE CHITTENDEN
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS	MARY KYLE DALLAS	ABBY MORTON DIAZ
MARIA PARLOA	MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD	ELIZA R. PARKER
MARION HARLAND	JULIET CORSON	AGNES C. STODDARD
KATE UPSON CLARK	MARY A. DENISON	SARAH E. BURTON
MARY C. HUNGERFORD	HELEN M. WINSLOW	HELEN T. CLARKE
ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP	MARY F. BUTTS	ELEANOR M. LUCAS
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	HELEN CAMPBELL	MARGRET HOLMES BATES
BESSIE CHANDLER	ABBY M. GANNETT	MARY LOWE DICKINSON
LAURA E. RICHARDS	EVA LOVETT CARSON	ROSE HARTWICK THORPE
CLARA DOTY BATES	JENNY JUNE	ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS
AMANDA M. DOUGLAS	DORA REED GOODALE	FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL
SUSAN HALE	LUCRETIA P. HALE	ELIZA CHESTER ATWOOD
KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD	FLORENCE TYNG	CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK
SALLY JOY WHITE	DINAH STURGIS	ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND	LUCY C. LILLIE	CORA STEWART WHEELER
CARRIE MAY ASHTON	EMMA C. HEWITT	ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON
EMMA C. MONROE		

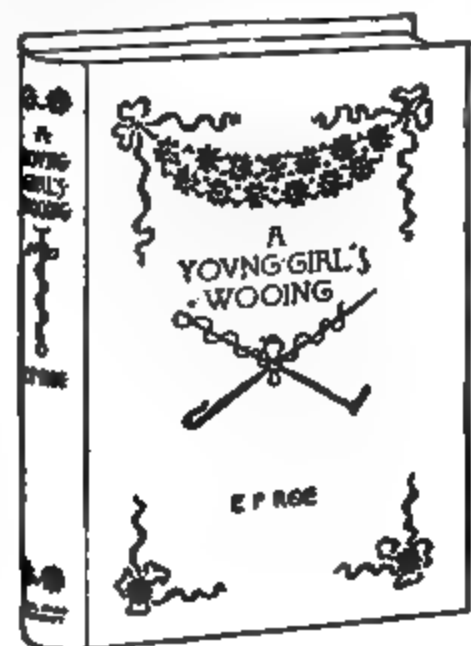
In order to more thoroughly introduce THE HOUSEWIFE, we send it on trial from now until January, 1898, together with an attractive book, for only **SIXTY CENTS**. These books are all by famous authors and are handsomely bound in attractive cloth covers, stamped in silver or ink, and some contain nearly 400 pages, 16mo. The list of books are as follows:

An Original Belle. By E. P. ROE
A Border Shepherdess. By AMELIA E. BARR
Samantha at Saratoga. By "JOSHUA ALLEN'S WIFE"
The Stories of Three Burglars. By FRANK R. STOCKTON
Opening a Chestnut Burr. By E. P. ROE
Barriers Burned Away. By E. P. ROE
The Bow of Orange Ribbon. By AMELIA E. BARR
Jan Vedder's Wife. By AMELIA E. BARR
Elsie Dinwiddie. By MARTHA FINLEY
A Young Girl's Wooing. By E. P. ROE
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By IAN MACLAREN

Until quite recently these books have been obtainable only in higher-priced editions. Any one book and a subscription as specified above for only **Sixty Cents**, or any two books with the subscription for **One Dollar**. Remit by P. O. Order, or Express Money Order; stamps taken if either cannot be procured. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address

THE A. D. PORTER CO., Publishers

24 and 26 Reade St. (P. O. Box 1198), NEW YORK



FINE VARNISHES.

NO. 228.—THE RULE OF TWO. "JEWELS PURCHASED AT AN EASY PRICE."

An expert says there are just two things to learn in a game of billiards. 1: to hit the first ball. 2: to hit the second.

There are just two things to learn in buying goods. 1: to get the most for the price. 2: to get the best for the price.

In buying the Murphy Varnishes you get the same quantity at the same price that you pay for other makes; and good judges pronounce that the measure of quality is more liberal.

Your dealer can probably supply you. If not, we will send direct on your order.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.

Head Office : Newark, N. J.

Other Offices : Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago.

Factories : Newark and Chicago.

A PIANO
BANJO
CORNET
SAXOPHONE
CLARINET
ORGAN
BAND
ORCHESTRA
ORATOR
PUBLIC READER
FRENCH TEACHER
GERMAN TEACHER
SPANISH TEACHER
OPERA ARTIST
MUSIC HALL SINGER
ETC., ETC., ETC.

The
Best **Christmas**
Present for

\$25

that money
can buy

DESCRIPTION OF MACHINE.—The above cut represents the Spring Motor **Berliner Gramophone**, entertaining friends in the parlor. Will run three Records without rewinding; is of solid construction, and not likely to get out of order; is thoroughly well governed, and will give you better satisfaction than any talking machine **at any price**. The tone is louder and more natural, the Records indestructible, and the whole outfit thoroughly satisfactory. This Spring Motor Machine is \$25. Two selections with each machine. Extra Records 60c. each; \$6 per dozen.

We have a hand-machine which is thoroughly regulated so that anybody can turn it properly, provided with every equipment necessary, for \$15.00.

We have a smaller hand-machine, which is provided with ear-tubes only, and which gives good satisfaction, at \$10.00.

We guarantee satisfaction or we will return your money, less express charges.

Send Money by Registered Letter, Money Order or New York Draft. **Catalogue Free.**
Address

National Gramophone Company
874-883 Broadway, New York City

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1896

CONTENTS

AUTUMN LEAVES. Painted by	Sir John Millais	<i>Frontispiece</i>
By permission of the Committee of the City Art Gallery, Manchester.		
SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.	Cosmo Monkhouse	659
Illustrations from photographs directly from Millais' paintings, with a portrait of the artist, and four reproductions of engraved plates.		
THE PHANTOM GOVERNESS	T. R. Sullivan	680
THE MAGIC RING	Kenneth Grahame	693
With decorative illustrations by Oliver Herford. Printed in gold and colors.		
THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER—A SKETCH CONTAINING THREE POINTS OF VIEW	Richard Harding Davis	705
A PRACTICAL REFORMATION	James Barnes	708
Illustrated by Peter Newell.		
LITTLE PHARISEES IN FICTION	Agnes Repplier	718
THERE IS SUCH LOVE	Martha Gilbert Dickinson	724
A LAW-LATIN LOVE STORY	F. J. Stimson	725
With illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen.		
STEVENSON'S BIRTHDAY	Katherine Miller	733
A MAGIC GIFT	H. C. Bunner	735
With a full-page illustration and border by Genevieve and Maude A. Cowles.		
FLOWER O' THE WORLD	Nathaniel Stephenson	737
With a full-page illustration by Carlton T. Chapman		
SLEEP	Arthur Willis Colton	746
THE LONELY MAN	J. West Roosevelt, M.D.	746
THE SANCTUARY LAMP	Julla C. R. Dorr	749
With decoration and drawings by Will H. Low.		
THE SQUARE DIAMOND	Clinton Ross	753
Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer.		
SONGS FOR TWO	Arthur Sherburne Hardy	759
THE DROUTH AT SAN ANTON	William Henry Shelton	760
Illustrated by Gilbert Gaul.		
MONT SAINT MICHEL	Julia Larned	773
Illustrated by Henry McCarter.		
"MARY"	Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer	776
THE POINT OF VIEW		781
Peace and Good-will.		
THE FIELD OF ART		783
Social Art Gatherings in New York—The Congressional Library at Washington.		
ABOUT THE WORLD		
Mr. Gladstone and Armenia—Sir Joseph Lister—A Dynamite Opéra Bouffe.		786

The first issue of this Magazine bore the date January, 1887, and in the January number, 1897, the publishers will begin a notable programme which they have had in preparation for the past two years.

The features of the coming twelve months will appeal directly to those readers who wish to keep abreast with the genuinely good in contemporary literature, and the original work of the best artists connected with subjects of present-day interest.

THE entire novelty of some of the plans for 1897 is noticeable. For instance, the series devoted to "LONDON AS SEEN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON." Mr. Gibson has not before appeared as a writer. He visited London last summer for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, for the purpose of depicting with pen and pencil those scenes and types which the huge metropolis of the world presents in endless variety. For the reader it will be a ramble over

London town in company with a rarely shrewd and sympathetic observer. The abundant illustrations present portraits of the most striking figures in London life:

THE OLD RECRUITING
SERGEANT

Royalties, the celebrities of art, literature and the army; the social functions, the theatres, the Queen's Drawing Room; types of street singers, flower girls, recruiting sergeants, etc., etc. Noted Londoners—General Sir Evelyn Wood, Du Maurier, Anthony Hope, Phil May, etc.—appear in Mr. Gibson's drawings in a way which shows that he drew them as they lived. Of like novelty is the first con-

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S SERIAL,
"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."
ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. GIBSON

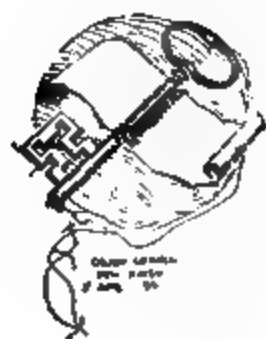
siderable novel by Richard Harding Davis, "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," which will begin in January. The hero is a young American engineer who is sent to a small South American Republic to superintend the mines of an American company. The mines are not far from the capital of the Republic, where a revolution is already brewing when the story opens. The rich American owner of the mines and his two daughters are brought into the action, and there is a love tale running through the whole romance. The hero is one of the most vigorous men that Mr. Davis has drawn in fiction, and the episodes which culminate in the revolution are exciting and picturesque from first to last. There is not a slow page, and the scenes will be illustrated throughout by C. D. Gibson, the author's friend and associate in most of his best work.

An altogether original plan in the lines which it will follow and in its point of view, is a series of well-illustrated articles to be begun in the January number, devoted to the CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES. To the average American his business occupation is one of absorbing interest. He wants to know how other business men manage their affairs and push great enterprises to success. His chief aim in life is a higher economy of effort, a finer quality of product, a better system of distribution, a greater skill in management, a nearer approximation to underlying ideals of right dealing between employer and employed. While no separate establishments will be described, the authors have made diligent study of the most successful firms in each branch, and have gone to the fountain-head of information. The articles already completed are: "THE GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE" by Samuel H. Adams; "THE MANAGEMENT OF A GREAT HOTEL," by Jesse L. Williams; "THE WORKING OF A BANK," by Charles D. Lanier; "THE GREAT MANUFACTORY," by P. G. Hubert, Jr. The illustrations have been secured with the utmost care, and represent the actual scenes. This year in SCRIBNER'S the American people will see itself at work.

As these papers bear especially upon questions

"THE CASH POOL," FROM "THE DEPARTMENT STORE" ARTICLE. ONE OF THE SERIES DEVOTED TO "THE CONDUCT OF A GREAT BUSINESS."

of national interest, another group deals with some of the conditions of the great foreign rivalries. The whole world has had its attention directed to JAPAN AND CHINA SINCE THE WAR between them. The interest in Li Hung Chang's visit, and the rumor so constantly circulated that American capital is going into Oriental cotton mills, and that the "New East" threatens to become the real commercial competitor, shows how general is the wish to know about them as they are to-day. Early in the year Mr. Stephen Bonsal, an experienced traveler and writer, was commissioned by the Magazine to study Japan, China and Formosa; to look into Japanese industrial conditions, to learn in what direction China has been affected by the war, to describe the changes going on in Formosa, and to tell generally of the people and their tendencies. The articles will be abundantly illustrated by material collected by Mr. Bonsal.



Travel is decidedly one of the most striking elements in modern life. While it has long since been reduced to a business, it is only of late that anybody has regarded it as an art. From this standpoint, how to travel wisely, skilfully, with a minimum of wear and tear, Mr. Lewis Morris Iddings takes up the subject; and in two articles he offers a variety of useful suggestions and data on "Ocean and Land Travel." This will be happily rounded out by an article from Mr. Richard Harding Davis on "Travellers one Meets: Their Ways and Methods." The illustrations by American and foreign artists will be highly pertinent.

of great colleges without end; but a
series on "UNDERGRADUATE LIFE

IN AMERICAN COLLEGES," such as is now proposed, touches upon the life of our older universities as represented by the doings of the students themselves. These articles have nothing of the cut-and-dried manner of the familiar sketches, but tell how undergraduates have lived and how they live now, as this might be told by the memorabilia preserved by many students, by the societies in Yale, the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, etc. This abundant material has indeed been drawn upon heavily by both text and pictures. College men will pleasurably anticipate these articles from the names of their authors: Judge Henry E. Howland writing on "UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT YALE"; Mr. James W. Alexander on "PRINCETON"; and Robert Grant and Edward S. Martin on "HARVARD." The artists of the Magazine who will illustrate the articles have lived for some time in close contact with the student life at each college, making sketches and studies of actual rooms and scenes.

Among the series of the year, one to which readers will turn with the most curiosity is that in which, under the title of the "Unquiet Sex," Mrs. Helen Watterson Moody will write of "Woman and Reforms," "The College-Bred Woman," "Women's Clubs," and

"The Case of Maria," a paper on domestic service. These essays are serious, though relieved by bright treatment, and grapple vigorously with modern pressing problems. They round out felicitously the recent kindred discussion in SCRIBNER'S pages of the conditions of life by Robert Grant in his "Art of Living," which has now passed into permanent literature.

FROM "THE BASHFULNESS OF BODLEY,"
ILLUSTRATED BY C. S. REINHART

The good fiction of the Magazine's year is only begun by Mr. Davis's novel. Beginning but little later will appear Mr. Howells's

"STORY OF A PLAY." Mr. Howells is never so thoroughly charming as when he is in his delightful vein of light comedy. He gives us now his best novel produced in this vein. It sparkles from first to last with amusing situations and dialogues that are full of sentiment. It is also the first time in American fiction that an accurate description of a young author's adventures in getting his play produced has been given by a master-hand. The play is not a burlesque, but the characters introduced, such as the star actor and the leading lady, the theatrical managers of various types, the door-keeper—all are so unusual in fiction (except as burlesque types) that the vivacity of the story is assured.

There will be a group of "STORIES OF LABOR" by Octave Thanet. Miss Alice French has already shown her familiarity with the artisan's view of life, and her five stories will serve to make clear to both employer and workman the difficulties each has to contend with, and will draw them closer together.

Beyond the fiction before enumerated comes a series of four short stories by Mr. Cable, the only ones he has written for many years past, and prepared exclusively for the Magazine. Mr. Cable's art is in its ripest maturity, and these stories will add greatly to the esteem and reputation in which his work is already held.

THE ART FEATURES

FOR 1897

In all its illustrations which are not purely imaginative, the aim of the Magazine is to unite the value of the photograph to the highest artistic interpretation, so that such pictures shall present in a truly artistic form things as they are, and be documents of interest to people who desire all the facts, as well as to artists. In imaginative work the Magazine aims to present in as varied and bright a manner as possible examples of all the best contemporary schools.

ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE HOME AND HAUNTS
OF THACKERAY"

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE lays special stress upon the quality of its reproductions. After wood-engraving had been so largely replaced by the mechanical half-tone process, a combination of the two processes for their mutual benefit appeared in re-engraved process plates. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was the pioneer in this direction, and its lead has been followed generally.

Looking ahead for the possible adaptation to the Magazine of the novel developments which are constantly making in all branches of the art of printing, and not less boldly experimental than in the past, it will make further essays in color-printing and will give the public the benefit of some of its researches. In the Christmas number, one series of illustrations will be presented in blue, black and gold. Another, later in the year, a poem illustrated by A. B. Wenzell, will venture upon eight large pastels in color, each of the three tones in the plates being done in wood by Florian, one of the master engravers of the day.

PALM SUNDAY AT ROME. AN ILLUSTRATION
BY GORGUET

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse continues his famous series of papers on great English and his article on Sir John Millais is : illustrations in the selection of which the late Royal Academy assisted. Another typical and favorite English master, Orchardson, will also be critically reviewed. There will be several papers, most of them short, upon the work and personality of leading American artists : the discussion of Mr. James McNeill Whistler's lithographs, by Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell, with reproductions suggested by the master, being the appropriate commencement of the series.

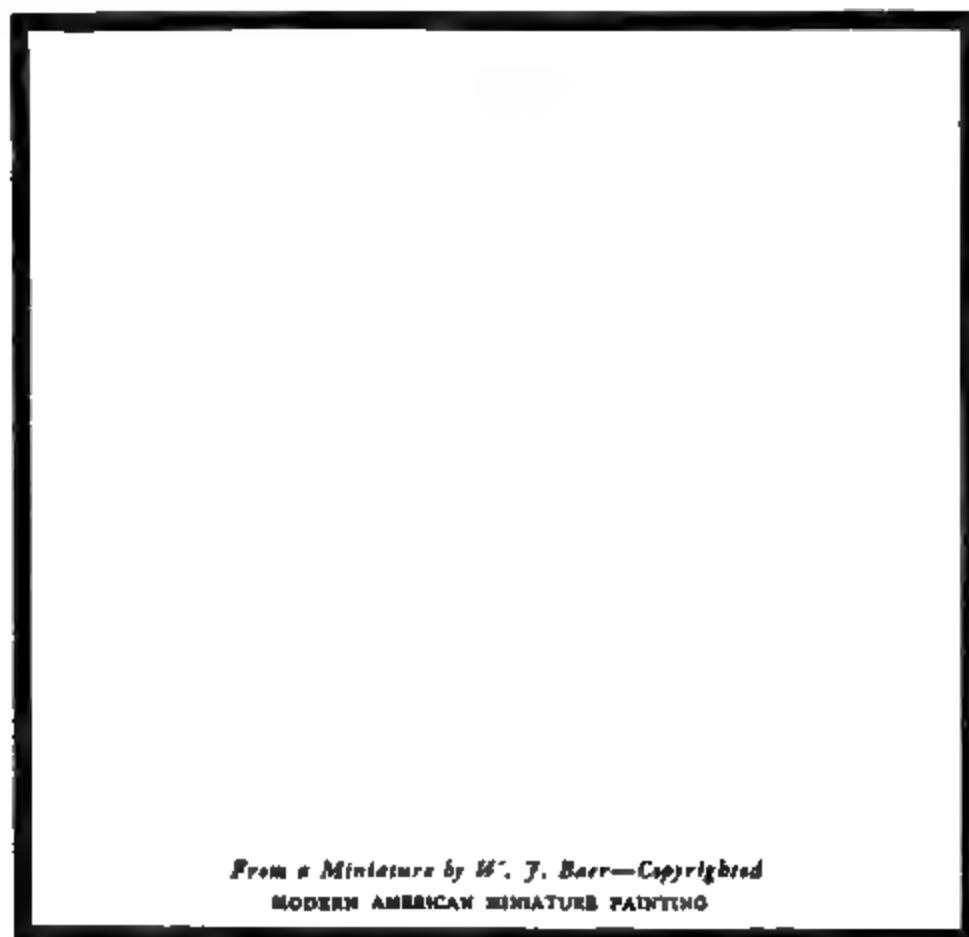
Beginning with the January number and continuing through the year, the frontispieces to the magazine will present leading scenes in the world's greatest novels, so that the result will be a series of the finest imaginative drawings ever produced. Each scene has been

undertaken by an artist in sympathy with it, as will be seen from the following list :

THE THREE MUSKETEERS, Daniel Vierge.	ROMOLA Van Schaick.
Subject : <i>D'Artagnan Meeting Athos, Porthos and Aramis for the Triple Duels.</i>	Subject : <i>Tito and Tessa at the Fair.</i>
DAVID COPPERFIELD, L. Raven-Hill.	DOCTOR JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, . . William Hole
Subject : <i>Mr. Micawber's Gauntlet.</i>	Subject : <i>The Transformation in Langen's Office.</i>
PICKWICK PAPERS, A. B. Frost.	HYPATIA, A. Castaigne
Subject : <i>A Scene from Pickwick.</i>	Subject : <i>Pelagia Personating Aphrodite in the Circus.</i>
HENRY ESMOND, Howard Pyle	SCARLET LETTER, Douglas Volk.
Subject : <i>Esmond and the Prince.</i>	Subject : <i>Dimmesdale's Confession</i>
LORNA DOONE, William Hatherell	THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, . . . C. D. Gibson
Subject : <i>John Ridd and Lorna at Bagworthy Water Slide.</i>	IVANHOE, Edwin A. Abbey.
	Subject : <i>Rebecca and Rowena.</i>

At appropriate seasons through the year, Mr. A. B. Frost will furnish groups of characteristic drawings illustrative of "Outdoor Life." The advent of spring will be signalized by some Fishing Pictures in a new vein ; in the fall a set of Hunting Pictures will appear, also Golf and Christmas Pictures at appropriate seasons.

Thus, with a new font of type, improved mechanical facilities and plans interesting a wider range of readers, begins the New Decade for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.



From a Miniature by W. J. Baer—Copyrighted
MODERN AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTING

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR SCRIBNER'S
MAGAZINE RECEIVED BY ALL
BOOKSELLERS AND DEALERS
PRICE \$3.00 A YEAR POSTAGE
PREPAID . . ADDRESS CHARLES
SCRIBNER'S SONS 153-157 FIFTH
AVENUE NEW YORK ♣ ♣ ♣

Houghton, Mifflin & Company's

NEW AND HOLIDAY BOOKS.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Her Writings in, a New Riverside Edition.

From new plates. Thoroughly edited and rearranged with a Biographical Sketch and Notes. With portraits, views of Mrs. Stowe's Homes, and other illustrations on the engraved title-pages. In 16 vols., 12mo, handsomely bound, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50 each.

A handsome, every way desirable edition of the writings of one of the greatest and most famous of American women.

Letters of Victor Hugo.

Edited by PAUL MEURICE. In two volumes, 8vo, carefully printed, and bound in handsome library style. First Series, with a fine portrait, \$3.00. [Second Series will appear in a few months.]

A work of remarkable interest, including Hugo's unpublished letters to his father, wife, children, and to many famous persons, including a notable series of fifty letters to Sainte Beuve.

Mere Literature and other Essays.

By WOODROW WILSON, Professor in Princeton, author of "Congressional Government," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

This book might fairly be called a varied statement of the proper aims of literature and historical study, and represents both admirably.

Whitman: A Study.

An entirely new, original, noteworthy book, by JOHN BURROUGHS. 16mo, \$1.25. Also uniform with the limited Riverside Edition of Burroughs' writings, gilt top, with fine portrait of Whitman, \$1.50 net.

Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell.

Cambridge Edition. Uniform with the Cambridge Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Browning. From new plates, large type, on opaque paper, and attractively bound. With a portrait and engraved title-page, with a vignette of Lowell's home, Elmwood. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00; half calf, gilt top, \$3.50; tree calf, or full levant, \$5.50.

Judith and Holofernes. A Poem.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$1.25.

The old Maccabean story, with its Oriental scenes and characters, is told with all the imaginative charm and the literary force and felicity which belong to Mr. Aldrich, and it forms a very notable addition to American poetry.

Poems by Celia Thaxter.

Appledore Edition. Edited, with a charming preface, by SARAH ORNE JEWETT. 12mo, uniform with Mrs. Thaxter's "Letters," cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; cloth, paper label, uncut edges, \$1.50; in decorative binding, \$1.50.

A Quiet Road.

A tasteful book of unusually good poems, by LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, author of "A Handful of Lavender." 16mo, \$1.00.

Marm Lisa.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc. 16mo, \$1.00.

Little Marm Lisa is a fresh child-figure in fiction, and this story is at once the longest, and one of the most absorbingly interesting that Mrs. Wiggin has yet produced.

The Country of the Pointed Firs.

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT, author of "The Life of Nancy," "A White Heron," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

This story, of which parts have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a charming account of a summer on the coast of Maine and the adjacent islands, and is one of the most delightful books Miss Jewett has written.

Authors and Friends.

By Mrs. JAMES T. FIELDS. 1 vol., 12mo, artistically printed, \$1.50.

Very interesting papers on Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Stowe, Whittier and Tennyson.

Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, author of the "Uncle Remus" books, etc. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

Except "Uncle Remus" himself, no person has stepped out of old Southern life into literature quite so natural and thoroughly representative as Sister Jane. The story is a notable addition to American fiction.

Barker's Luck, and Other Stories.

By BRET HARTE. 16mo, \$1.25.

Another book of Mr. Harte's inimitable stories, of which the public never has quite enough.

A Genuine Girl.

By JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN, author of "Marjorie's Quest." 16mo, \$1.25.

Some of the characters in "Marjorie's Quest" reappear in this book, but the story is complete in itself, and is very readable.

Friendly Letters to Girl Friends.

By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

Full of good sense, useful suggestions, and a tonic spirit.

A Second Century of Charades.

By WILLIAM BELLAMY, author of "A Century of Charades." 18mo, \$1.00.

Of the same unique character as the previous hundred charades—thoughtful, ingenious, brilliant, delightfully puzzling and very satisfactory when guessed.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston; 11 East 17th Street, New York.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company's

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The American Revolution.

By JOHN FISKE. *Illustrated Edition*. Containing 22 photogravures of portraits and paintings, 15 colored maps and plates, and 280 text cuts and maps. 2 vols., 8vo, \$8.00.

Large-paper Edition, limited to 250 copies. 2 vols., large 8vo, \$16.00 net.

To supplement Mr. Fiske's admirable descriptions, and give completeness to his masterly account of the causes and course of the American Revolution, these columns have been profusely illustrated with superb portraits, maps, plans of battles, pictures of historic buildings and scenes, medals, fac-similes of important documents, etc., which form a very important addition to the value and interest of the work. The object has been not only to embellish the volumes, but to reproduce in the various art features whatever would illustrate and emphasize the historic characteristics of the epoch.

The *Large-paper Edition* presents the work in all the perfection of the most artistic book-making. It is printed on English hand-made paper, and is admirably adapted to extension.

Cape Cod.

By HENRY D. THOREAU. *Holiday Edition*. Illustrated in water colors by Miss AMELIA M. WATSON. 2 vols., crown 8vo, handsomely stamped, gilt top, \$5.00.

Thoreau's unequalled description of Cape Cod is here supplemented by a hundred admirable illustrations printed in colors on the margins. The great variety of these, the happy choice of subjects, and their high artistic character, make this a notable Holiday book.

Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Artistically printed in black and red, and bound in antique leather, handsomely stamped, 16mo, \$1.50. *Large-paper Edition*, consisting of 250 numbered copies, with a special title-page, and printed on Arnold hand-made paper, bound in red parchment and gold, forming a remarkably beautiful volume, \$5.00 net.

The rubrication and artistic printing and binding of this book make it very rich and attractive.

Talks About Autographs.

By Dr. GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, editor of "Boswell's Life of Johnson." With portraits and fac-similes. Square 8vo, bound in antique leather, \$3.50; in buckram, paper label, \$3.50 net.

Dr. Hill has opened an exceedingly interesting field of literary exploration, and has produced an unusually attractive volume. Fifty famous persons are embraced in his delightful "talks," and the book is brought out in uncommonly handsome style.

Chapters from a Life.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "A Singular Life," "The Gates Ajar," etc. A beautiful book, with 24 portraits and other illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

This is a remarkably attractive book of biographical and literary interest. It is delightfully written and is likely to prove one of Miss Phelps' most popular books. It describes her girlhood, her entrance into the field of literature, her life at East Gloucester, and gives glimpses, sometimes full views, of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Mr. Fields, Bishop Brooks, Mrs. Thaxter, Miss Larcom, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and others. The book is printed on excellent paper and very tastefully bound.

The Mycenæan Age.

By Dr. CHRESTOS TSOUNTAS, Ephor of Antiquities and Director of Excavations at Mycenæ, and J. IRVING MANATT, Ph.D., Professor in Brown University. With an introduction by Dr. WILHELM DÖRFFELD, the eminent archæologist, a map, plans, tables, and over 150 illustrations. 1 vol., large 8vo.

A book of the first order of value and interest, like Schliemann's and Lanciani's volumes.

A Year in the Fields.

An artistic and very attractive book, containing eight of JOHN BURROUGHS' delightful papers, with 20 charming pictures from photographs, and an introduction by CLIFTON JOHNSON. 12mo, gilt top, \$1.50.

The Story of Aaron, So-named, the Son of Ben Ali.

A Sequel to "Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country," and "Mr. Rabbit at Home." By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. With 25 illustrations by Oliver Herford. Square 8vo, illuminated cover, \$2.00.

Aaron can talk with animals; he tells the secret to the "Thimblefinger" children, and here are the stories they heard.

Three Little Daughters of the Revolution.

Three capital stories ("Dorothy," "Patty," and "Betty Boston's Fourth of July") by NORA PERRY, author of "A Flock of Girls," "The Youngest Miss Lorton," etc. With illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. Square 12mo, tastefully bound, 75 cents.

A Little Girl of Long Ago.

By ELIZA ORNE WHITE, author of "Winterborough," "The Coming of Theodora," etc. A charming companion volume to Miss White's "When Molly was Six." With cover design and two other illustrations. Square 12mo, \$1.00.

Sold by all booksellers. Sent,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston;

et, New York.

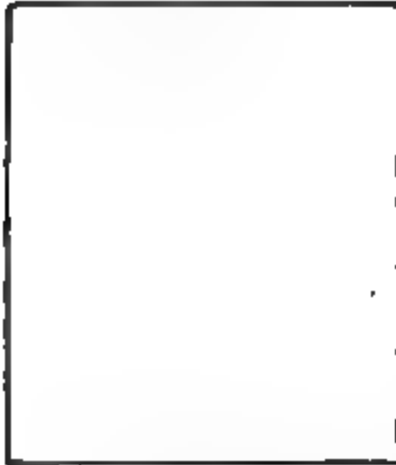
The Atlantic Monthly for 1897

AMONG OTHER FEATURES FOR THE COMING YEAR THE PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCE THE FOLLOWING:—

THE INTERPRETATION OF DEMOCRACY.

By Mr. E. L. GODKIN, Editor of *The Nation* (New York)—a series of important and interesting articles on **The First Test of Democratic Institutions**, being an interpretation of Political Life and Problems in the United States since the Civil War. Mr. GODKIN will point out definitely the new problems that have arisen since the war. His career as an independent commentator on events extends over this whole period; and it is in this period of complex life and new difficulties that democratic institutions have really for the first time been put to a severe test.

DIRECT STUDIES OF THE PEOPLE.



COL. HIGGINSON

The West. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has engaged Mr. FREDERICK J. TURNER, Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin, to write of civilization in the West,—to point out the dominant ideas and tendencies, and to interpret the higher activities of the people.

E. L. GODKIN

The South. In a corresponding way, Mr. W. P. TRENT of Sewanee, Tennessee, will write of the dominant tendencies in the life of the South.

New England. Mr. ALVAN F. SANBORN, who has distinguished himself by his first-hand study of people in his sketches of tenement life, will make studies of typical rural communities and small towns in New England.

SURVEYS OF THE XIX CENTURY.

Papers, summing up the advance made during the Nineteenth Century.

A Century of Exploration. A Century of Social Betterment. The Growth of Religious Liberty. The Development of American Nationality. The United States among the Nations.

REMINISCENCES OF COL. HIGGINSON.

Under the title of **Cheerful Yesterdays**, Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON will contribute a series of personal recollections—**"A Cambridge Boyhood," "A Child of the College," "The Gospel of the Newness," "The Rearing of a Reformer," "The Fugitive Slave Period," "The Birth of a Literature,"** and subsequent experiences.

PROF. GILDERSLEEVE



CHAR. EGBERT CRADDOCK

STUDIES IN GREECE

Professor B. L. GILDERSLEEVE, of the Johns Hopkins University, will write of his recent pleasant and instructive **Rambles in Greek Lands**, giving his impressions and reflections.

FICTION.

The Juggler, A Tragedy of the Tennessee Mountains, by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, was begun as a serial in the November number. Miss MURFREE in this story goes further in the use of the strange people whom the world knows only through her descriptions than she has gone in her preceding books. It is a story, not only of mountaineer life, but of the conventional civilization of the West put in most dramatic contrast with it.

Among the lighter features of the Atlantic Monthly will be, **The Contributors' Club**. There will be brief signed literary confessions and suggestions grouped under the title **Men and Letters**.

On all subscriptions received before December 10, the November and December 1896 issues will be sent free of charge. Sample copy sent prepaid on receipt of 10 cents.

35 cents a copy.

\$4.00 a year.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,
4 Park Street. Boston. Mass.

D. APPLETON & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

A Great Historical Work THE BEGINNERS OF A NATION

A History of the Source and Rise of the Earliest English Settlements in America, with Special Reference to the Life and Character of the People. The first volume in A History of Life in the United States. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. Small 8vo, Cloth, \$1.50.

In announcing this important work the publishers deem it necessary to call attention to only two facts: one, the modern interest in life and character; the other, that Mr. Eggleston is conspicuously the best equipped student of the life and character which have gone to the making of American history. It is within bounds to say that the appearance of this work marks an epoch in American historical literature.

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE

An Outline of the Styles in All Countries. By CHARLES THOMPSON MATHEWS, M.A., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, author of "The Renaissance Under the Valois," etc. Illustrated. Uniform with "Schools and Masters of Painting" and "Schools and Masters of Sculpture." 12mo, Cloth, \$3.00.

This compact yet comprehensive history of architecture offers a study of the effects of civilization upon architecture as a necessity and an art. Almost all the architectural monuments specially referred to are described from personal knowledge. American architecture receives careful attention.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY (Vol. III.)

By HERBERT SPENCER. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

This volume contains, in addition to parts already published, "Professional Institutions" and "Industrial Institutions," and completes Mr. Spencer's great work on Synthetic Philosophy, upon which he has worked for so many years.

STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

Uniform Edition. Each Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

Now Ready:

New Jersey. By FRANK R. STOCKTON.
Georgia. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH NATION

With Special Reference to Epochs and Crises. A History of and for the People. By W. H. S. AUBREY, LL.D. In three volumes. 12mo, Cloth, \$4.50.

THE STORY OF THE MINE

Illustrated by the Great Comstock Lode of Nevada. By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN. A new volume in "The Story of the West" Series. Uniform with "The Story of the Indian," by GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL. Edited by RIPLEY HITCHCOCK. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

NEW JUVENILE BOOKS

The Windfall; or, After the Flood. By WILLIAM O. STODDARD, author of "Little Smoke," "On the Old Frontier," "Chris, the Model-maker," etc. Illustrated by B. WEST CLINEDINST. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

Midshipman Farragut. By JAMES BARNES, author of "For King or Country," etc. Illustrated by CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. "Young Heroes of Our Navy" Series. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.00.

Rudyard Kipling's New Book THE SEVEN SEAS

A new volume of poems by RUDYARD KIPLING, author of "Many Inventions," "Barrack-Room Ballads," etc. 12mo, special binding, \$1.50.

Mr. Kipling's new volume is one of special importance, in that it represents in an admirable and conclusive manner not only the verse of the soldier's life, but also the poetry of patriotism, of adventure, and of the sea, and of a modern field, to be termed roughly the romance of applied science, which the author has made his own.

DRIVING FOR PLEASURE

Or, the Harness Stable, and its Appointments. By FRANCIS T. UNDERHILL. With 125 full-page Illustrations. Small 4to, bound in glazed kid, with suède sides, \$7.50.

This sumptuous volume is the first book which we have had on the subject of proper appointments, etc., and it will take rank both as the recognized authority and also as one of the most elaborately illustrated and beautiful of the books dealing in any way with the horse.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE NATIONS:

Egypt, Syria, and Assyria. By Prof. G. MASPERO. Edited by Rev. A. H. SAYCE. Translated by M. L. MCCLURE. With map, 3 colored plates, and over 400 illustrations. Quarto, Cloth, \$7.50.

This is a companion volume to "The Dawn of Civilization," and contains the History of the Ancient Peoples of the East from the 14th Egyptian Dynasty to the end of the Ramesside period.

THE FORGOTTEN ISLANDS

Travels in Corsica, Sardinia, Majorca, and Minorca. By G. VUILLIER. Translated by FREDERIC BRETON. With 162 Illustrations by the author. 8vo, Cloth, \$4.50.

WHEN WILLIAM IV. WAS KING

By JOHN ASHTON, author of "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," etc. With 47 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, \$3.50.

RODNEY STONE

By A. CONAN DOYLE, author of "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," "The Stark Munro Letters," etc. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

THE LITTLE REGIMENT,

And Other Episodes of the American Civil War. By STEPHEN CRANE, author of "Maggie," "The Red Badge of Courage," etc. 12mo, cloth, uniform with "The Red Badge of Courage," \$1.00.

THE COMPLETE BACHELOR

Manners for Men. By the author of the "As Seen by Him" Papers. 18mo, Cloth, with Index, \$1.25.

The Wampum Belt; or, The Fairest Page of History. A Tale of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, author of "The Patriot Schoolmaster," "The Boys of Greenway Court," "The Knight of Liberty," etc. With Six Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

Christine's Career. A Story for Girls. By PAULINE KING. Illustrated. "Good Books for Young Readers" Series. 12mo, Cloth, specially bound, \$1.50.

Send for a copy (free) of the illustrated holiday number of
descriptions of the above and other

Bulletin, containing de-

D. APPLETON & CO., - - -

1e, New York

KING NOANETT

A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay

A New Historical Novel by

F. J. STIMSON (J. S. of DALE)

"We are not afraid to predict that 'King Noanett' will take its place in the hearts of the people with such books as 'Lorna Doone' and 'The Little Minister.' A most noble book."

—JAMES MACARTHUR, in the September *Bookman*.

"It is marked in conception and in execution alike by a trait which, without reserve, we may name beauty. The quality of charm which pervades the romantic tales of the Old World is just what distinguishes 'King Noanett.' The real spirit of the book, the temper which gives it inevitable romantic charm, comes from no documents at all, but straight from nature. The beauty of this book in its conception is like the beauty of our woods and our fields, of our flowers and of our streams. It is native. That is why we love it. Subtly rhythmical cadences which belong to the essence of lyric prose. In substance and in style alike, then, we may welcome 'King Noanett' as a thing of beauty."

—Prof. BARRETT WENDELL, of Harvard University, in the Boston *Transcript*.

"A book which it is hard to put down until the end is reached. The climax is a triumph of clever manipulation. It is a credit to American letters to have produced such a book. We trust that no one will miss the opportunity of making the acquaintance of 'King Noanett.'"

—New York *Examiner*.

"We have read few fictions whose interest was so steady, so continuous, and so absorbing. 'King Noanett' must, however, be read in full to be justly appreciated. We sincerely commend the story to our readers."—New York *Independent*.

"And who but an Irishman could have said, 'Heigho! 'Tis the women who make the trouble of this life—and life worth the trouble.' Mr. Stimson has done his best work in 'King Noanett,' and in Miles Courtenay he has added an immortal figure to the characters of fiction."

—JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, in the *Pilot*.

"'King Noanett' is a book designed for all ages."—New York *Tribune*.

"Mr. Stimson writes as good a story as Du Maurier."—Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"So far as American fiction is concerned, 'King Noanett' is far and away the book of the year."—Boston *Transcript*.

Price, bound in cloth, \$2.00 ; in vellum, \$10.00

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

The Forge in the Forest. A novel by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. With seven full-page illustrations by Henry Sandham, R.C.A. \$1.50.

The Book of the Native. A volume of poems by CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. \$1.00.

A History of Canada. With chronological chart. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. \$2.00.

A Bad Penny. A novel by JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT. With ten full-page illustrations by F. G. Attwood. \$1.25.

Is Polite Society Polite? and Other Essays. By Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. With a portrait of the author taken especially for this book. \$1.50.

Behind the Arras. A Book of the Unseen. Poems by BLISS CARMAN. With designs by T. B. Meteyard. \$1.50 net.

Low Tide on Grand Pré. A Book of Lyrics. By BLISS CARMAN. \$1.00 net.

Fairy Tales. By MABEL FULLER BLODGETT. With twelve full-page illustrations by Ethel Reed. \$2.00.

The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú. By CHARLES F. LUMMIS. With seven full-page illustrations by Henry Sandham, R.C.A. \$1.50.

Two Unpublished Essays. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. With an introduction by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. \$1.00.

An Opal. Verses by EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE. \$1.00.

If Jesus Came to Boston. By Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. \$0.50.

My Double and How He Und'd Me. By Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Republished with a new preface and portrait of the author. \$0.75.

A Man Without a Country, and Its History. By Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. A limited edition of one thousand. \$0.75.

LAMSON, WOLFFE, AND COMPANY

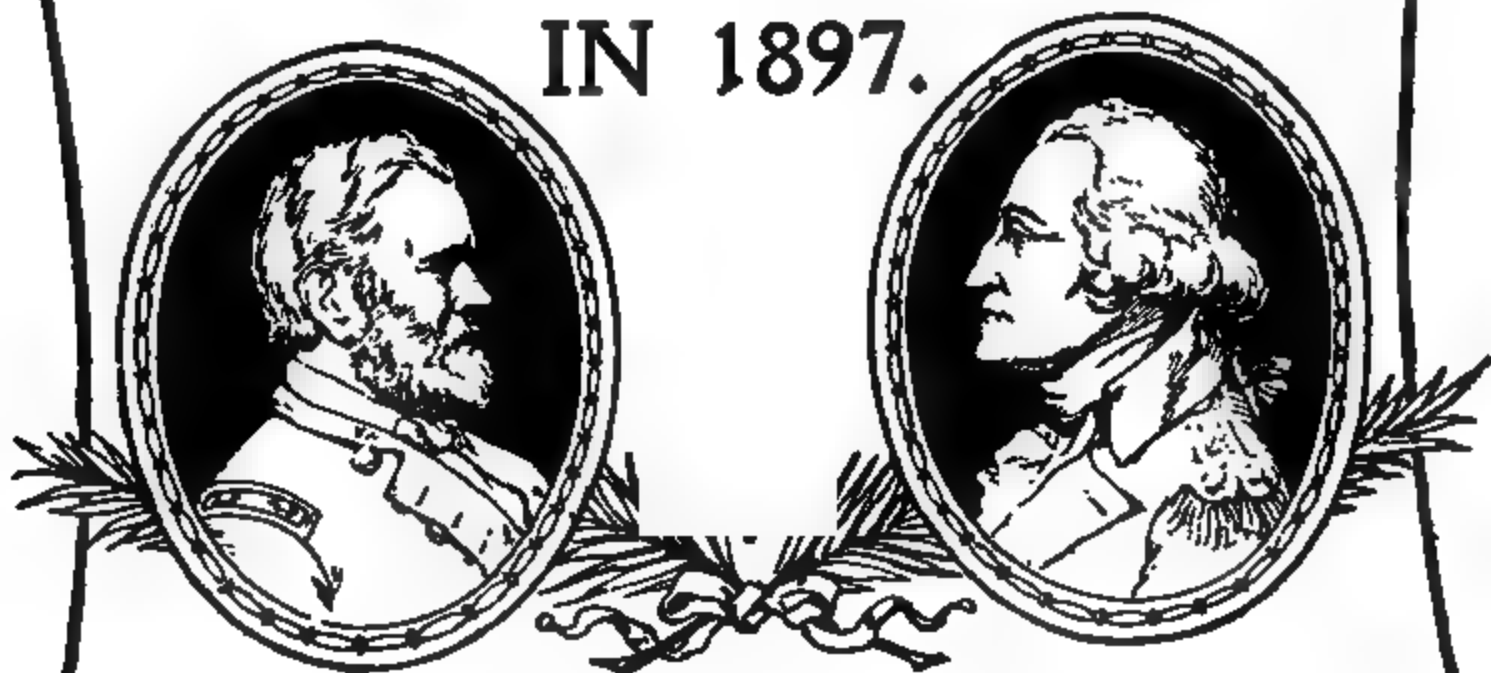
BOSTON: 6 Beacon Street

LONDON

156 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

"At the head
of periodical literature."—*Chicago Journal.*

THE CENTURY IN 1897.



ALL NEW FEATURES.

THE coming year will be one of extraordinary interest to readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. There are to be many novel and timely features and several strong serials, announcements of which will be made from time to time. The following serials begin in the November issue, the first number of the new volume:

"Campaigning with Grant," BY GEN. HORACE PORTER.

A remarkable series of papers by the man who was closest to General Grant. Pen pictures of Grant as a man and as a soldier, and of campaign life and scenes. Full of anecdote; richly illustrated.

A Great Novel of the American Revolution.

"HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER,"

Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of his Excellency, General Washington."

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

This powerful romance, Dr. Mitchell's masterpiece, is a story of the American Revolution and of Philadelphia society from 1753 to 1783. Washington, Franklin, Lafayette and other famous men figure in it. It is safe to say that readers of this story will obtain from it a clearer idea of the people who were foremost in Revolutionary days and of the social life of the times than can be had from any other single source. It is not only historically accurate, but it is a most interesting romance of love and war. The hero serves on Washington's staff.

A Novel by F. Marion Crawford,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc., entitled "A Rose of Yesterday," a story of modern life in Europe, with American characters, begins in November. The first of a series of engravings, made by the famous wood-engraver, T. Cole, of the old English masters, is in this issue.

SUPERB ART FEATURES.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES.

December is the Christmas Issue,

a number of great pictorial beauty and full of entertainment. New subscribers who begin with December may have the November number free, and so get first chapters of all the serials. \$4.00 a year. All dealers take subscriptions, or remittance may be made directly to

THE CENTURY CO.,

Union Square,
New York.



\$3.00 a year.

All dealers take subscriptions, or
remittance may be made directly
to the publishers,

THE CENTURY CO.,
Union Square, New York.



by Co's
the
.

The Century Co's

OF THE YEAR.

ERN MASTERS.

ical and Critical
well-known
Artists.

Illustrated.

haz, Corot, Rous-
Millet, Courbet,
epage, etc., writ-
-rican pupils and
ow, E. H. Blash-
J. Carroll Beck-
edited by Prof.
A magnificent
making. \$10.00.

QUOTATIONS FOR OCCASIONS.

A COLLECTION of 2,500 clever and appropriate quo-
tations intended for use on dinner menus, invitations,
programs, etc., compiled by Katharine B. Wood. Extreme-
ly bright and readable. Hand-made paper, uncut, \$1.50.

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYBODY.

A POPULAR book on electricity, explaining it in an un-
technical way. By Philip Atkinson. 100 illus., \$1.50.

THE THUMB-NAIL SERIES.

Small Books in Dainty Leather Bindings.

By George Wharton Edwards.

"Break o' Day." Stories of
the Maine coast. Illus., \$1.00.
"Thumb-Nail Sketches."
Quaint stories of adventure. \$1.00.
"P'tit Matinée." Nova
Scotia stories. Illustrated, \$1.25.
"The Rivalries of Long and
Short Codiac." With the au-
thor's illustrations. \$1.00.

By Various Authors.

"Tracings." 200 apothegms
by E. Scott O'Connor. \$1.00.
"Writing to Rosina." A
delightful novelette, by William
Henry Bishop. \$1.00.
"Notes of a Professional
Exile." By E. S. Nadal. \$1.00.
"A Madeira Party." Stories
by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. \$1.00.

YARD KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOKS.

3 best bid for immortality." "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle
rated; \$1.50 each. The two, in uniform binding, in a box, \$3.00.

Novels.

erub." Stories by Chester Bai-

Red Town." By Lucy S. Fur-
thumism in a Kentucky commu-

Has novel, by Annie Linden. A
ess and fascination for American

"A satire on New York Society,
as laid in New York and in the

mel." A romance of Louisiana,
charming tale. \$1.25.

Ruth McEnery Stuart. \$1.00.

dition of
s Memoirs.

F. D. Grant; new illus-
volumes, cloth, \$5.00.

dition of
'Ranch Life.'

ious illustrations. For-
New edition, \$2.50.

Beautiful Art Books.

"Old Italian Masters." Raphael, Titian, and others,
engraved by T. Cole, with notes by W. J. Stillman. \$10.00.

"Old Dutch and Flemish Masters." Rembrandt,
Frans Hals, and others, engraved by T. Cole, with notes by
Prof. J. C. Van Dyke. \$7.50.

"The Century Gallery." A portfolio of 64 engravings
from THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS. \$10.00.

"English Cathedrals." By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rens-
selaer, magnificently illustrated by Joseph Pennell. \$6.00.

"Henriette Renner, the Painter of Cat Life and
Cat Character." With photogravures. \$15.00.

"The Reign of Queen Anne." By Mrs. M. O. W.
Oliphant. Superbly illustrated. \$6.00.

"Life in the Tailor's under the Second Empire."
By Anna L. Bicknell. Richly illustrated. \$2.25.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

A choice collection. Illustrated by Kemble. Cloth, \$1.50; vellum, \$2.50.

AMERICAN HIGHWAYS.

BY Prof. N. S. Shaler, setting forth the gospel of good
roads. Practical and suggestive. Every bicyclist will
especially appreciate it. 300 pages, illustrated, \$1.50.

THE CENTURY COOK BOOK.

comprehensive and concise cook book that we know of."—*Home Journal, N. Y.*
ook book of the present day, containing a remarkable collection of photographs
d. The most complete work of its kind ever published. 600 pages, \$2.00.



Christmas Books.

For sale by all dealers or sent,
post-paid, to any address
on receipt of price.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S NEW BOOK.

"THE PRIZE CUP." A story that will interest healthy boys everywhere. Beautifully illustrated. \$1.50.

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

"THE SWORDMAKER'S SON." By W. O. Stoddard. A dramatic tale of boy life at the beginning of the Christian era. Beautifully illustrated. \$1.50.

A NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS BOOK.

"SINDBAD, SMITH & CO." By Albert Stearns. The author revives Sindbad the Sailor, who becomes a partner of an American boy of to-day. Illustrated by Birch. \$1.50.

A New Edition of an "UNCLE REMUS" BOOK.

"DADDY JAKE." By Joel Chandler Harris. Stories of Brer B'ar, Brer Fox, etc., told by Uncle Remus. Illustrated by Kemble. New edition, uniform with Kipling's Jungle Stories, \$1.25.

A STORY LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

"A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE." The adventures of a young French boy befriended by Napoleon. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated by H. A. Ogden. \$1.50.

BOOKS BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

"DONALD AND DOROTHY"; new edition, beautifully illustrated, \$1.50. "The Land of Pluck"; stories and sketches of Holland for young folks, richly illustrated, \$1.50. "When Life is Young"; a collection of verses for boys and girls, with numerous illustrations, \$1.25. "Baby World," stories, pictures, and rhymes for little folks selected from St. Nicholas and edited by Mrs. Dodge.—300 illustrations, \$1.00.

BOOKS BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

"LADY JANE"; a charming story, with illustrations by Birch, \$1.50. "Toinette's Philip"; the successor of "Lady Jane" in the hearts of the children. Illustrated by Birch, \$1.50.

THE FAMOUS BROWNIE BOOKS.

By Palmer Cox. "Blest be the man who first created the Brownies!" says the *New-York Observer*. "There are now five Brownie Books, with verses and pictures that have delighted hundreds of thousands of homes. The children 'read them to pieces.'" \$1.50 a copy.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

"The Shadow Show." By Peter S. Newell, author of the Topsy Turvy Books. One of his most unique productions. \$1.00.

"Gobolinks for Young and Old." By Ruth McEnery Stuart and Albert Bigelow Paine. Grotesque pictures, reproductions of odd-shaped blots of ink with nonsense verses and with directions for playing the new game of gobolinks. \$1.00.

"Rhymes of the States." A geographical aid to young people. By Garrett Newkirk. Illustrated. \$1.00.

"Paper Doll Poems." Pictures in imitation of dolls and animals cut out of paper, with verses by Pauline King. 75 cents.

"Artful Anticks." A collection of humorous verses and pictures by Oliver Herford. \$1.00.

"A Book of Cheerful Cats." Funny cat pictures and verses by J. G. Francis. \$1.00.

ST. NICHOLAS SONGS.

THE music book of the day. 112 songs by 32 composers, beautifully illustrated. Used in the nursery and in the concert room. Boards, \$1.25; cloth, \$2.00.

PATRIOTIC BOOKS.

The Century Book of Famous Americans.

By Elbridge S. Brooks. The story of a young people's pilgrimage to the homes of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Franklin, Webster, and other famous men. 250 pages, 250 illustrations, \$1.50. Published under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Century Book for Young Americans.

By Elbridge S. Brooks. Telling in attractive story form what every American boy and girl ought to know about the government. 200 illustrations, \$1.50. Published under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Hero Tales from American History.

By Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. Graphic descriptions. 300 pages, illustrated, \$1.50.

Jack Ballister's Fortunes.
By Howard Pyle. \$2.00.

Tom Paulding.
By Brander Matthews. \$1.50.

The Horse Fair.
By James Baldwin. \$1.50.

Imaginations.
By Tudor Jenks. \$1.50.

The Man Who Married
The Moon.
Some Strange Corners of Our
Country.

By Charles F. Lummis.
Each \$1.50.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

A copy of the beautifully illustrated thirty-two page catalogue of The Century Co.'s publications will be sent to any address, free, on request.

THE CENTURY CO
UNION SQ. NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

FOR THE COMING YEAR
WILL CONTINUE TO BE A

Panorama of the World

TOPICS OF
INTERNATIONAL INTEREST
WILL BE FULLY TREATED

SERIALS

A New England Story, by
MARY E. WILKINS

A Tale of a Greek Uprising, by
E. F. BENSON

A Sequel to "The House-Boat on the Styx," by
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Will also appear early in the year. Illustrated by **PETER NEWELL**

ARMY AND NAVY LIFE

WILL BE
Presented by Special Writers and Well-known Artists

Special Attention will be Given to
WESTERN SUBJECTS

The Department of
AMATEUR SPORT

By **CASPAR WHITNEY**
will remain the most important department of its kind in the country

10 CENTS A COPY \$4.00 A YEAR
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

HARPER'S BAZAR

IN 1897

Will be, as in the past
An Unequalled Fashion Journal
An Unrivalled Paper for the Home

3 Splendid Serials

MARIA LOUISE POOL

BY

OCTAVE THANET

S. R. CROCKETT

WORKING-GIRLS' CLUBS AND YOUNG WOMEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WORK

By LILLIAN W. BETTS

STRONG SHORT STORIES

By well-known writers

THE EARLIEST YEARS
OF CHILDHOOD

By FRANCES FISHER WOOD

BREAD-WINNING AVOCATIONS
IN NEW LINES

By CLARE BUNCE

THE OUTDOOR WOMAN

By ADELIA K. BRAINERD

EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK

Illustrated by CANDACE WHEELER, ALICE C. MORSE, and others

WOMEN AND MEN

By COL. T. W. HIGGINSON

CEREMONY AND ETIQUETTE

By ANNA WENTWORTH SEARS

WOMEN IN SOCIETY AND
AT HOME

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE

WHAT GIRLS ARE DOING

By a New York Girl

10 CENTS A COPY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

\$4.00 A YEAR

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

HARPER'S NEW BOOKS

George Washington. By WOODROW WILSON, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Jurisprudence, Princeton University. Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE and Others. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckle Edges and Gilt Top, \$3.00.

Contemporary Essayists. Uniform in Size and Style. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt top.

Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. \$1.50.

Impressions and Experiences. By W. D. HOWELLS. \$1.50.

The Relation of Literature to Life. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. \$1.50.

In the First Person. A Novel. By MARIA LOUISE POOL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

History of the German Struggle for Liberty. By POULTNEY BIGELOW, B.A. Copiously Illustrated with Drawings by R. CATON WOODVILLE, and with Portraits and Maps. Two Volumes. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, \$5.00. (*In a Box.*)

The Dwarfs' Tailor, and Other Fairy Tales. Collected by ZOE DANA UNDERHILL. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.75.

Frances Waldeaux. A Novel. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Author of "Dr. War-
rick's Daughters." Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

Limitations. A Novel. By E. F. BENSON, Author of "Dodo," "The Judgment Books," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

The Gray Man. A Novel. By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," etc. Illustrated by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

Clarissa Furiosa. A Novel. By W. E. NORRIS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories. By M. E. M. DAVIS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

The Mystery of Sleep. By JOHN BIGELOW. Post 8vo, Cloth, Deckle Edges and Gilt Top, \$1.50.

Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, and Other Tales. By RUTH MCENERY STUART. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

In the Old Herrick House, and Other Stories. By ELLEN DOUGLAS DALAND. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

Iras: A Mystery. By THRO. DOUGLAS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.00.

Green Fire. A Romance. By FIONA MACLEOD. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

Naval Actions of the War of 1812.

By JAMES BARNES. With 21 Full-page Illustrations by CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, printed in color or tint. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckle Edges and Gilt Top, \$4.50.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816-1860). By CHAS. H. HASWELL. With many Illustrations, a Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and a Map of New York in 1816. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, \$3.00.

Alone in China, and Other Stories. By JULIAN RALPH. Illustrated by C. D. WELDON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2.00.

The Ship's Company, and Other Sea People. By J. D. JERROLD KEILEY, Lieutenant-Commander U.S.N. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2.50.

A Rebellious Heroine. A Story. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges, \$1.25.

Mark Twain's Joan of Arc. Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. Illustrated by F. V. DU MOND. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$2.50.

Books by Mark Twain. New and Uniform Library Editions from New Electrotpe Plates. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. With Photogravure Portrait of the Author, and other Illustrations. \$1.75.

Life on the Mississippi. Illustrated. \$1.75.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Illustrated. \$1.75.

The Prince and the Pauper. Illustrated. \$1.75.

Tom Sawyer Abroad; Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Other Stories, etc., etc. Illustrated. \$1.75.

The American Claimant, and Other Stories. Illustrated. \$1.75.

Amyas Egerton, Cavalier. A Novel. By MAURICE H. HERVEY. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$1.50.

Bound in Shallows. A Novel. By EVA WILDER BRODHEAD. Illustrated by W. A. ROGERS. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

Love in the Backwoods. Two Stories. "Two Mormons from Muddlety." "Alfred's Wife." By LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

Gascoigne's "Ghost." A Novel. By G. B. BURGIN. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.00.

Tomalyn's Quest. A Novel. By G. B. BURGIN. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.25.

A Virginia Cavalier. By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

CHOICE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SWEETHEART TRAVELLERS

"A child's book for children, for women, and for men."

By S. R. CROCKETT, author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," etc.

This book should be the most popular book for young people of the coming season.

Its sale in Great Britain during the holidays was second only to that of "Trilby." With numerous and beautiful illustrations by Gordon Browne and W. H. C. Groome.

"Had anyone ever been disinclined to believe in Mr. Crockett's genius he must have recanted and repented in sackcloth after enjoying 'Sweetheart Travellers.'"—*London Times*.
4to, cloth, \$1.50.

WORKS BY MRS. BRUNDAGE

Three delightful books for children.

Children of To-day. With twelve fac-similes of water-color sketches by Frances M. Brundage. The subjects she has chosen are the heads of children, a field in which she is unsurpassed. Charming studies of child life. With appropriate stories or sketches by Miss ELIZABETH S. TUCKER, printed in inks of different colors and enclosed in beautiful decorative borders designed by Miss Tucker.

Large 4to, boards, with cover in colors, \$2.00.

Little Belles and Beaux. Little Men and Maids. These books are made up of selections from "Children of To-day," each containing just half the illustrations and text in the larger volume.

Large 4to, boards, with covers in colors, \$1.25.

THE VILLAGE OF YOUTH AND OTHER FAIRY TALES

By BESSIE HATTON

Interesting stories written in a beautiful style, which appeal especially to young people. With numerous illustrations by W. H. Margetson.

4to, Holliston cloth, \$1.50.

FAIRY TALES FAR AND NEAR

Retold by Q (ARTHUR T. QUILLER-ROUCH)

Ten well-known fairy tales, including "Blue Beard," etc., have been rewritten by the distinguished author. With many excellent illustrations by H. R. Millar.

12mo, blue cloth, full gilt, \$1.50.

CHILDREN'S SINGING GAMES

Illustrated and arranged by ELEANOR WITHEY WILLARD

A most unique and valuable little work, containing many pretty songs and games. Games little known in this country are given, as well as those familiar to all. The tunes are all simple, and to the old well-known songs are given the old well-known tunes.

4to, buckram, \$1.25.

THE EGYPTIAN STRUWWELPETER

A clever parody of the famous story of "Slovenly Peter." It purports to be the Struwwelpeter Papyrus, with full text and 100 original vignettes from the Vienna Papyrus, and is dedicated to children of all ages. Both the text and pictures are very humorous and original. The illustrations are all printed in many colors by E. Nister & Co., of Nuremberg.

4to, boards, with cover in colors, \$1.50.

THE WORLD AWHEEL

A collection of verse and prose with bicycles and bicyclists as the topic, edited by VOLNEY STREAMER. Illustrated by 12 fac-similes of water-color designs by Eugene Grievaz. Each picture represents a different place, the scenes being Russia, Riverside Drive, New York, The Riviera, Holland, Scotland, Switzerland, The Rhine, Newport, The Champs Elysees, Central Park at Night, Pompeii, and Egypt.

1 vol., 4to, gilt top, full cloth, in a box, \$2.50. Full buckram, boxed, \$3.00. Silk, boxed, \$3.50.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent (at the publisher's expense) to any address on receipt of price. Send for Descriptive Catalogue. On receipt of 10 cents a calendar or a sample copy of the Pocket Magazine will be sent to any address.

CLASSICAL AUTHORS

Edited by ROSA BELLE HOLT

This contains selections from the writings of 52 ancient philosophers, poets, etc., all extant before Christ. Among the authors represented are SOLOMON, HOMER, HESIOD, SOLON, SOPHOCLES, HERODOTUS, EURIPIDES, THUCYDIDES, and SOC-RATES.

Many of these selections are especially interesting as indicating the origin of familiar sayings of the present day.

The translations have been passed upon by professors of various colleges and have received the greatest praise from Edward Everett Hale and others.

A brief biography of each writer is given with dates. The most important feature of the book, however, is the collection of fifty-two illustrations, which are portraits of the different authors. These are half-tone cuts, from entirely new drawings of great merit, made by Izora C. Chandler, from paintings, sculptures, etc., collected at a very heavy expense.

12mo, buckram or orchid binding, \$1.50.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By PAUL DE LONGPRÉ

A collection of six reproductions of water-color drawings of chrysanthemums.

Mr. de Longpré is one of the most distinguished painters of flowers in this country, and his pictures are all of great value as studies of this beautiful flower. Size of plate, 11x12½.

1 vol., 4to, gilt top, buckram, with the outer half sides in an illuminated design, \$2.00.

VIOLETS

By HENRIETTA D. LA PRAIK

A collection of six reproductions of water-color drawings of violets. Very pretty studies of this popular flower by a competent artist. Size of plates, 11x12½ inches.

1 vol., 4to, gilt top, buckram, with outer half sides in an illuminated design, \$2.00.

THE QUILTING BEE

By JOHN LANGDON HEATON

The first part of this volume is devoted to dialect poems, some of which have been compared with those of James Whitcomb Riley. Another section is headed "The Patter of Park Row," and consists mostly of verses dealing with the phases of life in the vicinity of "Newspaper Row."

"There is a spontaneity and freshness about these jingling verses that set your feet to dancing in spite of yourself, and make you young again."—*Ogdensburg Journal*.

16mo, cloth or orchid, \$1.00.

This also comes in a very attractive patchwork binding, with the front side in colors in imitation of an old-fashioned quilt, \$1.25.

ARTISTIC CALENDARS

Over one hundred varieties of all styles and shapes, and varying in price from 10 cents to \$15.00.

The finest line of calendars ever offered. They are the only important line of calendars designed by American artists and manufactured in this country, and they include Calendars of etchings—artist's proofs or plain prints—of photogravures, and also of fac-similes of water-color paintings by well-known artists.

One distinctive feature of the fac-similes is that they are perfect reproductions of the original water-colors, and have none of the gloss that characterizes foreign lithographic work. Every picture is well worth framing.

Also, a fine line of French Calendars. Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York

COMPANY'S

Countess Schimmelmänn.

ly. With numerous illustrations.
10, \$1.50.

Schimmelmänn's mission in life was one of re-
human pity, and for vicissitudes of a tragical
as well-nigh unexampled in recent times.

ON BOOKS AND CULTURE.

WRIGHT MABIE, author of "My
e," "Essays on Nature and Culture,"
16mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

THE OLD TESTAMENT

Life. By the Rev. STOFFORD A.
author of "Tennyson, his Life and
'A Primer of English Literature,"
8vo, \$1.50.

LETTERS TO THE CLERGY.

d's Prayer and the Church. By JOHN
Edited by the Rev. T. A. Malleon.
handsomely printed, \$1.50.

TALES OF THE SLAV PEASANTS

men. From the French by ALEX.
Translated and illustrated by
Harding. Large 12mo, \$2.00.

FROM RIVER AND MOUNTAIN.

SYLVA (H. M. Queen of Roumania).
strations by T. H. Robinson. Large
00.

MONEY—ON MARRIAGE.

THOROLD. 2 vols., 16mo, cloth, each,

THE VOLCANIC EIFEL.

Ramble. By KATHARINE S. and GIL-
MACQUOID. With 3 maps and 50 illus-
by Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. 8vo,

PICTURES FROM PALESTINE.

WELLS, D.D., author of "Bible
"Bible Children," etc. Fully illus-
Arthur Twiddle. 8vo, cloth, \$3.00.

IS AND CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

ROBERT C. MORRIS. With numerous
ns by Thomas F. Moessner. 12mo,
50.

Valuable Present

idays. An annual subscription to
KMAN. THE BOOKMAN will be sent
dress in the United States for one
ive numbers), for \$2.00. All sub-
must be accompanied by remit-
low is the time to subscribe.

NEWEST BOOKS.

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

By IAN MACLAREN. Illustrated Holiday Edition. With 75 reproductions of photographs taken in Drumtochty by Clifton Johnson. In decorated cloth binding with gilt top, \$2.00.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

By IAN MACLAREN. Illustrated Holiday Edition. With 75 reproductions of photographs taken in Drumtochty by Clifton Johnson. In decorated cloth binding with gilt top, \$2.00.

BOTTICELLI'S DRAWINGS.

Illustrative of "Dante's Inferno." With ninety-two plates. With an introduction and commentary by Herr F. Lippman, Director of the Imperial Museum in Berlin. 4to, \$25.00 *net*.

RICHELIEU.

A Drama. By E. BULWER LYTTON. With illustrations by F. C. Gordon. Cover in full gold, gilt edges, \$2.00.

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE:

Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Tennyson's *Becket*. Sheridan's *Rivals*. Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. Goethe's *Faust*.

LEGENDS OF THE VIRGIN

And Christ. By H. A. GUERBER. With illustrations from the old masters. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

By CHARLES READE. Cloth, gilt edges, \$2.00. With illustrations reproduced in photogravure, cover design and title-page, all by George Wharton Edwards.

In the Same Series of Illustrated \$2.00 Gift Books.

Christie Johnston. *Letters from My Mill*.

LOVE'S DEMESNE.

A Garland of Love-poems, from many sources, gathered by GEORGE H. ELLWANGER, author of "The Garden's Story." In two volumes, \$2.50.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS.

By J. M. BARRIE. Crown 8vo, in handsome binding, \$2.00. Illustrated with about seventy-five photographs taken in "Thrum" (Kirriemuir) expressly for this edition by Clifton Johnson.

A BOOK OF CHRISTMAS VERSE.

With illustrations by Walter Crane. Edited by H. C. Beeching, M.D. Cloth, full gilt, 12mo, \$2.00.

18th CENTURY VIGNETTES.

By AUSTIN DOBSON. Third series. 12mo, cloth, with portraits, \$2.00.

This volume is similar in general character to Mr. Dobson's earlier volumes of *Essays*.

THE BOOKS OF JOB AND RUTH.

Each with an introduction by Stopford A. Brooke. Illustrated and decorated by H. Granville Fell. Small crown 4to, each, \$3.50 *net*.

A DOG OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

By IZORA C. CHANDLER. With numerous illustrations by the author. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ELSIE AT HOME.

By MARTHA FINLEY. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

GYPSY'S SOWING AND REAPING.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD. With illustrations by Mary Fairman Clark. Large 12mo, \$1.50.

WITCH WINNIE IN HOLLAND.

By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. With illustrations. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

THE MISTRESS OF SHERBURNE.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

IN HONOR'S CAUSE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. With many illustrations. Large 12mo, \$1.50.

THE MABEL STORIES.

For children of five and six. By a new author. Illustrated. Large 8vo, \$1.50.

WALLYPUG OF WHY.

A Fanciful Story. By G. E. FARROW. With 65 illustrations by Harry and Dorothy Furniss. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

A LITTLE GIRL IN OLD NEW YORK.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

WE TEN.

By BARBARA YECHTON. Large 12mo, illustrated, \$1.50.

BOOKS OF FICTION.

KATE CARNEGIE.

By IAN MACLAREN, author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." With 50 illustrations by F. C. Gordon. 12mo, \$1.50.

Ian MacLaren's first long story. The scene is "Drumtochty," and many of the characters in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne" reappear in its pages.

A PURITAN'S WIFE.

By MAX PEMBERTON, author of "Her Little Huguenot." 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

A KNIGHT OF THE NETS.

By AMELIA E. BARR. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

CAPTAIN SHANNON.

By COULSON KERNAHAN, author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "A Book of Strange Sins," "God and the Ant," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE.

By JANE H. FINDLATER. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

TALES OF OUR COAST.

By S. R. CROCKETT and others. With 13 full-page illustrations by Frank Brangwyn. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

JOHN; A TALE OF KING MESSIAH.

By KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS, author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

THE STORY OF HANNAH.

By W. J. DAWSON, author of "London Idylls." 12mo, illustrated, \$1.50.

The above books are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, mail prepaid, on receipt of price by

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,

5th Avenue and 21st Street,
New York.

NEW YORK.. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS .. LONDON

Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humourists.

By WASHINGTON IRVING. "Surrey Edition," uniform in general style with the very successful "Buckthorne Edition" of "Tales of a Traveler," published last year. This edition is printed from entirely new plates, and is by far the most sumptuous presentation of "Bracebridge" ever issued. It is embellished with borders printed in colors, specially designed by Margaret Armstrong. The photogravure illustrations have been specially prepared for this edition by the well-known artists, F. S. Church, C. S. Reinhart, H. Sandham, A. Rackham, etc. Two vols., large 8°, beautifully printed and bound. Cloth extra, gilt tops, \$6.00; three-quarters levant, \$12.00.

Rome of To-day and Yesterday.

The Pagan City. By JOHN DENNIE. With 5 maps and plans, and 62 full-page illustrations from Roman photographs. 8vo, beautifully printed and bound, gilt top, \$4.00.
"This scholarly and valuable work first describes in a comprehensive chapter the Rome of to-day, and for the rest devotes itself entirely to its yesterday. It is not a history of the great city, but a description based upon the history. The book is a complete chronological guide, which one may peruse with pleasure and with profit. . . . Much historical matter is brought into the book, and no one can read it without adding to his knowledge of what is really the most historic and splendid city of the ages."—*Churchman*.

Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages.

A Study of the Conditions of the Production and Distribution of Literature from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Close of the Seventeenth Century. By GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM, A.M., author of "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times." Now complete, in two volumes. Sold separately. 8°, gilt tops, each, \$2.50.
VOL. I. A.D. 467-1600.
VOL. II. 1500-1709 (the date of the first Copyright Statute).
"The work has an irresistible fascination. The amount of original research that has gone into it is simply enormous, and the materials have been most thoroughly assimilated and methodically presented."—*Literary World*.

Constantinople.

By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. "Stamboul Edition." With many beautiful illustrations. 8°, handsomely printed and bound in cloth extra, full gilt, \$2.25.
The success of the illustrated editions of Amicis' "Holland" and "Spain," both of which have run through many editions, has induced the publishers to bring out this new impression of one of the author's most picturesque works. These illustrated volumes are now put up in a box, selling together for \$6.50.

The Historical Development of Modern Europe.

From the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time. By CHARLES M. ANDREWS, Associate Professor of History in Bryn Mawr College. To be completed in two volumes. Sold separately. With maps. 8°, gilt tops, each, \$2.50.
PART I. From 1815-1850. (*Ready*).
PART II. From 1850 to the Present Time. (*In preparation*).
Professor Andrews' volume has been prepared with reference more particularly to the requirements of higher grade students in modern history. The narrative is, however, written in a graceful and dramatic form; and presenting, as it does, a clear account of historic events, the influence of which still continues, it will be found of no little interest for the general reader.

Ancient Ideals.

A Study of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth from Early Times to the Establishment of Christianity. By HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR. 2 vols., 8°, gilt tops, \$5.00.
"The work is an attempt to treat human development from the stand-point of the ideals of the different races, as these ideals disclose themselves, in the art and literature, in the philosophy and religion, and in the conduct and political fortunes of each race. It has been the author's special endeavor to preserve a unity of plan in setting forth the part taken by each race in the human drama. He has sought to make clear the nature of the contribution made by each of the stages of human growth reached before the Christian era."

Heroes of the Nations Series.

New Numbers. Large 12°, fully illustrated, each, cloth, \$1.50; half leather, \$1.75.
LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Washington Irving. Abridged by the author. Printed from new type.—ROBERT THE BRUCE, AND THE STRUGGLE FOR SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE. By Sir Herbert Maxwell.

Story of the Nations Series.

New Numbers. Large 12°, fully illustrated, each, cloth \$1.50; half leather, \$1.75.
THE STORY OF BOHEMIA. By C. Edmund Maurice.—THE STORY OF CANADA. By J. G. BOURINOT.—THE STORY OF THE BALKANS (Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro). By William Miller.

Undercurrents of the Second Empire. (Notes and Recollections.)

By ALBERT D. VANDAM, author of "An Englishman in Paris," etc. 8°, \$2.00.
Summary of Contents: How the Empire was Restored—The Beginnings of the New Empire—The Friends of the New Emperor—The Transformation of Paris—The Franco-Austrian War—The Heyday of the Second Empire—The Corruption of Paris Society under the Empire—Undercurrents of the War in Mexico—Sadown and its Consequences—The Outbreak of the War of 1870.—The Influence of the Empress—The Exit of Napoleon, the Little.

Rome and Pompeii.

Archæological Rambles. By GASTON BOISSIER of the French Academy. Translated by D. Havelock Fisher. With maps and plans. Uniform with Boissier's "The Country of Horace and Virgil" and Leuthéric's "The Riviera, Ancient and Modern." 8°, \$2.50.
"Gaston Boissier is a refreshing writer with whom to travel. He gives us ideas and improves our knowledge, while improving his own, and adds to the treasures of his memory what can be gained by direct contact with events and even with ruins. . . . Particularly interesting and valuable are the notes to be found in his archæological rambles."
—*Paris Correspondent of New York Evening Post*.

Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York.

By ABRAM C. DAYTON. *New Edition*. Fully illustrated, 8°, gilt top.
The attractive and interesting reminiscences of a long and honorable career as a citizen of New York, by the late Mr. Abram C. Dayton, have attracted continued attention from New Yorkers who are interested in the history of the social life of their city. To meet this renewed demand, a new edition of the book, entirely reset and carefully printed, has been prepared, and in this edition are included a series of selected illustrations characteristic of the life of the city during the years described.

A History of Oratory and Orators.

A Study of the Influence of Oratory on Politics and Literature. With examples from the lives of the famous orators of the world's history. By HENRY HARDWICKE, member of the New York Bar, the New York Historical Society, etc., author of "The Art of Living Long and Happily," etc. 8°, \$3.00.
"The young man who wants to become an orator ought to read this work."—*New York Observer*.

(Continued on next page)

NEW YORK.. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS .. LONDON

The Final War.

An Historical Romance of the Near Future. By LOUIS TRACY. With 16 full-page illustrations. Large 12°, \$1.75.
 "The clever historian of 'The Final War' has described, with historic fidelity and with no little dramatic force, certain very important international complications which are to occur toward the close of the present century. Jealousy of Great Britain has united for the moment certain of the other great powers in a scheme for the dismemberment of the British Empire. The United States, taking the ground that this constitutes a crime against civilization, joins hands with Great Britain. The result of a war so general as to be universal is to lay an assured foundation of a final peace among the nations of the world."

The Maker of Moons.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, author of "The Red Republic," "A King and a Few Dukes," etc. With frontispiece. Large 12°, gilt top, \$1.50.
 "Mr. Chambers has an original creative imagination of great power, and has a dramatic faculty which enables him easily and artistically to shape his stories so that there is no lagging of interest. . . . He is a master of natural dialogue, a strong, picturesque descriptive writer, and the possessor of a keen sense of humor."—New York Press.

An Uncrowned King.

A Romance of High Politics. By SYDNEY C. GRIER, author of "In Furthest Ind," "His Excellency's English Government," etc. 12°, \$1.50.
 This story has, in the course of its publication as the serial of the year in *Blackwood's*, attracted no little attention for its keen insight into diplomatic possibilities, for the fresh humor shown in its situations and character studies, and for the dramatic power shown in the narrative.

The Long Walls.

An American Boy's Adventures in Greece. A Story of Diggings and Discovery, Temples and Treasures. By ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS, author of "Historic Boys," "Great Men's Sons," etc., and JOHN ALDEN, formerly Member of the American School at Athens. Illustrated by George Foster Barnes. 8°, \$1.50.

Stories and Legends from Washington Irving.

Illustrated. 12°, gilt top, \$1.50.
 This excellent collection has been made more particularly with reference to the interests of younger readers.
 Contents: I. The Story of Dolph Heyliger.—II. The Legend of Kidd the Pirate.—III. The Story of Tom Walker.—IV. The Story of Rip Van Winkle.—V. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.—VI. The Story of Philip of Pokanoket.—VII. The Story of Ralph Ringwood.—VIII. The Legend of the Phantom Island.

A Princetonian.

A Story of Undergraduate Life at the College of New Jersey. By JAMES BARNES, author of "For King and Country," "Midshipman Farragut," etc. Uniform with "Harvard Stories" and "Yale Yarns." Fourth issue in "The University Series." Illustrated. 12°, \$1.00.

In My Lady's Name.

Poems of Love and Beauty. Selected by CHARLES WELLS MOULTON. Frontispiece. 16°, gilt top, about \$1.50.

The Incas.

The Children of the Sun. By TELFORD GROESBECK, with an Introduction by Clements R. Markham. With illustrations by Eric Pape, engraved on wood by M. Haider. 8°, \$2.00.

**A Venetian June, and
A Literary Courtship.**

By ANNA FULLER. Holiday style, with additional illustrations, and printed on deckle-edge paper. Two volumes in a box. Per set, \$2.50.

About Children:

What Men and Women Have Said. Compiled by ROSE PORTER. Uniform with "About Women: What Men Have Said," etc. 16°, gilt top, \$1.00.

Concerning Friendship:

An Everyday Book. Compiled by ELIZA ATKINS STONE. Uniform with "About Men: What Women Have Said." 16°, gilt top, \$1.00.

**Little Journeys to the Homes of
American Authors.**

Illustrated with 13 portraits and 4 fac-simile MSS. pages. Uniform in style with the series of "Little Journeys" for 1895. 16°, printed on deckle-edge paper, gilt top, \$1.75.

Contents: 1. Emerson, by Curtis.—2. Bryant, by Kirkland.—3. Prescott, by Hillard.—4. Lowell, by Briggs.—5. Simms, by Bryant.—6. Walt Whitman, by Hubbard.—7. Hawthorne, by Curtis.—8. Audubon, by Godwin.—9. Irving, by Tuckerman.—10. Longfellow, by Curtis.—11. Everett, by Hillard.—12. Bancroft, by Greene.

**Little Journeys to the Homes of
Good Men and Great.**

By ELBERT HUBBARD, author of "No Enemy but Himself," etc. Illustrated with twelve portraits, some of which are in photogravure. 16°, printed on deckle-edge paper, gilt top, \$1.75.

The 1895 series and the 1896 series, two volumes together in a box, per set, \$3.50.

"The two series are well conceived and excellently sustained. The most captious critic could not suggest an improvement. Never was there more satisfactory packing, in more attractive shape, of matter worth at least ten times the money."—Buffalo Commercial.

Sir Knight of the Golden Pathway.

By ANNA S. P. DURYEA. With illustrations and borders by Mabel Wilder Baldwin. 8°, gilt top, \$1.25.

Household Economics.

A Course of Lectures in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin. By HELEN CAMPBELL, author of "American Girls' Home Book," etc. 8°, \$1.50.

The Majestic Family Cook-Book.

By ADOLPHE GALLIER, Chef of the Hotel Majestic, New York. Containing 1,300 selected receipts, simplified for the use of housekeepers; also a few choice bills of fare. 8°, \$2.50.

Cooper's Complete Works.

"Mohawk Edition," 32 volumes, sold separately. 8°, gilt tops, each, \$1.25. For titles of the 32 volumes, send for separate prospectus. For the convenience of purchasers, the volumes have been divided into five sections, each section being put up in a box. Publication now completed.

Parakites.

A Treatise on the Making and Flying of Tailless Kites for Scientific Purposes and for Recreation. By GILBERT TOTTEN WOGLOM. Fully illustrated. Quarto, \$1.75.

* * * "Notes on New Books," a quarterly bulletin, prospectuses of the "Heroes" and "Story of the Nations" Series, "Cooper's Works," list of newest fiction, and attractive books for young people, sent on application.
 Putnam's Portrait Catalogue sent on receipt of ten cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S NEW HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS

Under Two Flags

By "**Ouida.**" *A New Edition.* With 8 full-page illustrations specially drawn by G. MONTBARD. Two volumes. Cloth, \$3.00; half morocco, \$6.00.

To meet the demand of many admirers of Ouida's novels, the publishers take pleasure in announcing an entirely new edition printed from newly set type on deckle-edge paper. The illustrations have been drawn specially for this edition by G. Montbard, one of the best known modern illustrators.

The Murder of Delicia

By **Marie Corelli**, author of "Barabbas," "Sorrows of Satan," etc. 12mo. Buckram, \$1.25.

"Her style is so clear-cut, keen, and incisive, so trenchant and yet so delicate, so easily wielded—so like a javelin, in short—that one cannot but be fascinated throughout the book."
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Jane

By **Marie Corelli.** In the *Lotos Library.* Illustrated. 16mo. Buckram, 75 cents.

The Mistress of Brae Farm

By **Rosa Nouchette Carey**, author of "The Old, Old Story," "Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

"Rosa Nouchette Carey's stories, while interesting in themselves, have a moral charm that emanates from the principal characters. It teaches without preaching, it lifts the reader into a fine atmosphere without lecturing."

—*New York Morning Journal.*

A Golden Autumn

By **Mrs. Alexander.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

"This author's stories are always worth reading."

—*Boston Congregationalist.*

A Triumph of Destiny

By **Julia Helen Twells, Jr.** 12mo. Cloth, deckle edges, \$1.25.

Miss Twells is a new star in the firmament of fiction which shines with the brilliancy due to first ideas and young enthusiasm.

John Littlejohn, of J.

Being in particular on account of his remarkable entanglement with the King's intrigues against General Washington. By **George Morgan.** 12mo. Cloth extra, deckle edges, \$1.25.

Among fiction dealing with Colonial America nothing has yet been done to surpass in swift action, readiness of resource, dramatic power, and good humor this singularly able romance of Washington at Valley Forge.

JUVENILES

Captain Chap; or, The Rolling Stones

By **Frank R. Stockton**, author of "Rudder Grange," "A Jolly Fellowship," etc. With illustrations by **CHARLES H. STEPHENS.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The Oracle of Baal

A Narrative of Some Curious Events in the Life of Professor **Horatio Carmichael, M.A.** By **J. Provand Webster.** With numerous illustrations by **WARWICK GOBLE.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Through Thick and Thin

A Story of a School Campaign. By **Andrew Home.** Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

Swept Out to Sea

By **David Ker**, author of "The Wizard King," etc. With illustrations by **J. AYTON SYMINGTON.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The Black Tor

By **George Manville Penn.** With numerous illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Prince Little Boy, and Other Tales Out of Fairyland

A *New Edition.* By **S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.** Illustrated. Quarto. Cloth, extra, \$1.50.

The Mystery of the Island

A Tale of Bush and Pampas, Wreck and Treasure-Trove. By **Henry Kingsley**, author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," "Ravenshoe," etc. *First American Edition.* With illustrations by **WARNE BROWNE.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

Romance of Industry and Invention

Selected by **Robert Cochrane.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

Philippa

By **Mrs. Molesworth**, author of "Olivia." Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

Betty of Wye

By **Amy E. Blanchard**, author of "Twenty Little Maidens," "Two Girls," "Girls Together," etc. With illustrations by **FLORENCE P. ENGLAND.** 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

Molesworth Library for Girls

"Olivia," "Philippa." Two volumes. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.50.

Blanchard Library for Girls

"Two Girls," "Girls Together," "Betty of Wye." Three volumes in a box. Illustrated. Cloth, \$3.75.

Catalina, Art Student

By **Laura T. Mead.** With 8 full-page illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

Two Little Wooden Shoes

By "**Ouida.**" Uniform with "Bimbi" and "Dog of Flanders." With illustrations by **EDMUND H. GARRETT.** Small 4to. \$1.50.

Upon receipt of postal-card mentioning SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, we will take pleasure in sending you our Illustrated Christmas Catalogue.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S

NEW HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS

Myths and Legends of Our Own Land

By **Charles M. Skinner**. Illustrated with photogravures. Two volumes in box. 12mo. Polished buckram, gilt top, deckle edges, \$3.00; half calf or half morocco, \$6.00.

The bibliography of American Legends is slight, and these tales have been gathered from sources the most diverse—records, histories, newspapers, magazines, oral narrative—in every case reconstructed. The pursuit of them has been so long that a claim may be set forth for some measure of completeness.

Half-Hours of Travel at Home and Abroad

America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Selected and arranged by **Charles Morris**. Uniform with Morris' Half-Hours Series. Four volumes. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$6.00; half calf, \$10.00; three-quarters calf, \$13.00.

The widely varying diversity is what interests us in the works of travelers, and in the present volumes has been gathered a series of descriptive passages covering all regions of the several continents.

The True George Washington

By **Paul Leicester Ford**, author of "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc. With 24 full-page illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$2.00.

The present book has been prepared to show the human side of the great American—his family life, and his love affairs, what he ate and wore, who were his friends and enemies, his amusements and his illnesses, and much else of a personal nature. In this it is a radical departure from all previous biographies, and will include much new material never yet printed, as well as many interesting illustrations.

Historical Tales

Two new volumes in this Series

Greece. Rome

By **Charles Morris**. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, per volume, \$1.25. *Previously issued: America, England, France, Germany.*

Each volume contains from twenty-five to thirty stories concerning well-authenticated incidents, passages of history, or personal adventure in the different countries named. The stories are told in excellent style, the truth of history is carefully preserved, and each volume is admirably illustrated. The volumes are issued in uniform style.

A Comic History of England

From the Druids to the Reign of Henry VIII. By **Bill Nye**. Profusely illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$1.25.

"This Comic History of England was evidently written in the author's best vein of humor, as well as with the strong attempt of making a funny history an instructive one; for, throughout, he follows and adheres to dates and events with an historian's accuracy."—*Boston Courier*.

Robert Burns' Poems and Songs Complete

Chronologically arranged. Notes, glossaries, and index by **W. SCOTT DOUGLAS**. The fourth volume containing a new Life of Burns by **Professor Nichol**. Four volumes, with 12 photogravures after drawings by **MARSHALL BROWN**. Cloth, \$5.00; half calf or half morocco, \$10.00.

The Thousand and One Nights or, Arabian Nights' Entertainment

Translated by **Edward William Lane**. With an Introduction by **JOSEPH JACOBS**, and illustrations by **FRANK BRANGWYN**. In six volumes. 16mo. Cloth, \$6.00; half calf or half morocco, \$15.00.

The Opera

A Sketch of the Development of the Opera from the Earlier Times. With Full Description of Every Work in the Modern Repertory. By **R. A. Streatfield, B.A.** With an Introduction by **J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND**. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.00.

Bird-Land Echoes

By **Charles Conrad Abbott**, author of "The Birds About Us," etc. Profusely illustrated by **WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM**. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

"The triumph of his spontaneous art in writing is to impart to the reader a goodly proportion of the love he bears to all birds, 'whether they are commonplace or rare, stupid or entertaining, gentle or vicious, large or small.' The volume is further enriched by about a hundred portraits of birds from the skillful pencil of William Everett Cram."

—*Philadelphia Press*.

Edition de Luxe.

A Literary Pilgrimage

AMONG THE HAUNTS OF FAMOUS BRITISH AUTHORS

Literary Shrines

THE HAUNTS OF SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORS.

By **Dr. Theodore Wolfe, Ph.D.** With many extra photogravure illustrations. Printed on Dutch hand-made paper. Two volumes. 8vo. Buckram, \$7.00 net.

Seventh Edition of the Regular Issue. Two volumes. Illustrated with four photogravures. 12mo. Crushed buckram, gilt top, deckle edges, per volume \$1.25; half calf or half morocco, \$3.00 per volume.

Mr. William Shakespeare's

Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, Poems. Printed from new plates and published in connection with George Newnes, Ltd., London. Twelve volumes in a case. 16mo. Cloth, in cloth case, \$9.00; full morocco limp, morocco case, \$12.50; half morocco, \$20.00; half levant, \$25.00.

Gil Blas of Santillane

A New Edition. Four volumes. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, \$4.00; half calf or half morocco, \$10.00.

Dictionary of Phrase and Fable

By **E. Cobham Brewer**. Giving the Derivation, Source, or Origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that have a Tale to Tell. *New Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged.* To which is added a concise bibliography of English literature. Crown 8vo. Half morocco, \$3.50.

Upon receipt of postal-card mentioning SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, we will take pleasure in sending you our Illustrated Christmas Catalogue.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS

POEMS BY JOHANNA AMBROSIIUS

Translated from the twenty-sixth German edition by MARY J. SAFFORD. Portrait. 16mo, cloth, \$1.50.

"How she acquired the exquisite literary style she possesses will not be explained this side of the hereafter. * * * Nothing so precious has come from the Fatherland since the hymns of Luther and the writings of Goethe."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

"Here is a woman who, by sheer force of genius, has risen in a few months, from a common laborer of the fields, to be known as one of Germany's most popular modern poets. The striking thing in her poems is their lyrical quality. Whether the thought be sad or hopeful, the singing quality of the verse is ever apparent."—*New York Tribune*.

CONSTANTINOPE

By EDWIN A. GROSVENOR, Professor of European History at Amherst College; Formerly Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople. With an Introduction by Gen. LEW. WALLACE. With 250 illustrations of important places, rulers and noted people of ancient Constantinople. Two volumes, royal 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$10.00. Half morocco, \$14.00.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL

First and Second Series. By LILIAN WHITING, author of "From Dreamland Sent." Two volumes, each 16mo, cloth, \$1.00. White and gold, \$1.25.

EMILY DICKINSON'S POEMS

Edited by T. W. HIGGINSON and MABEL LOOMIS TODD. Both series in one volume. 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$2.00.

MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE

By BENJAMIN W. WELLS, Ph. D., author of "Modern German Literature." 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

An autobiography (1834-1859) and a memoir by his wife (1859-1894), with a portrait. Demy 8vo, cloth. Price, \$3.00.

THE LOVER'S YEAR-BOOK OF POETRY

Youth. Married Life and Child Life. The Other Life. A collection of Love Poems for every day in the year. By HORACE PARKER CHANDLER. Each series in two volumes, January to June, July to December. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25 per volume. White and gold, \$1.50 per volume.

AN ECLIPSE PARTY IN AFRICA

Chasing Summer Across the Equator in the U. S. S. Pensacola. By EBEN J. LOOMIS of the U. S. Scientific Expedition to West Africa, 1889-90, Senior's Assistant U. S. Nautical Almanac Office. With an Introduction by Prof. DAVID P. TODD, M. A., Ph. D., Chief of the Expedition. 84 illustrations, 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$4.50.

MOTHER, BABY, AND NURSERY

By DR. GENEVIEVE TUCKER. Fully illustrated. Small 4to, cloth, \$1.50.

OLD COLONY DAYS

By MAY ALDEN WARD, author of "Dante," "Petrarch," etc. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

THE PURITAN IN ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND

By EZRA HOYT BYINGTON, D. D., Member of the American Society of Church History. With an Introduction by ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D. 8vo, cloth, 3 illustrations, \$2.00.

Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM'S WORKS

New Illustrated Edition. With illustrations and cover designs by Victor A. Searles.

The Prince of the House of David; or, Three Years in the Holy City. 25 illustrations.

The Pillar of Fire; or, Israel in Bondage. 20 illustrations.

The Throne of David; from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom. 20 illustrations.

Each 12mo, cloth, gilt, \$2.00.

NUGÆ LITTERARIÆ; or, Brief Essays on Literary, Social, and Other Themes

By WILLIAM MATTHEWS, author of "Getting on in the World," etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

LEAVES FROM JULIANA HORATIA EWING'S "CANADA HOME"

Gathered by ELIZABETH S. TUCKER. With illustrations by the author, and facsimiles of Mrs. Ewing's color sketches made while at Frederickton. Quarto, cloth, \$3.00.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

NAN AT CAMP CHICOPEE

By MYRA SAWYER HAMLIN. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

THE BLACK DOG AND OTHER STORIES

By A. G. PLYMPTON, author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy," "Betty, a Butterfly," etc. Illustrated by the author. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

JERRY THE BLUNDERER

By LILY F. WESSELHOEFT, author of "Sparrow the Tramp," etc. Illustrated from photographs taken from life. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

A CAPE MAY DIAMOND

By EVELYN RAYMOND, author of "The Little Lady of the Horse" and "The Mushroom Cave." Illustrated by Lilian Crawford True. Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

JOEL: A BOY OF GALILEE

By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON. With ten illustrations by Searles. Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

THE WONDERFUL FAIRIES OF THE SUN

By ERNEST VINCENT WRIGHT. With 30 illustrations by Cora M. Norman. Quarto, cloth, \$1.25.

THE KEEPER OF THE SALAMANDER'S ORDER

A Tale of Strange Adventures in Unknown Climes. By WILLIAM SHATTUCK. With ninety-five illustrations by Walter and Isabel Shattuck. Small 4to, cloth, \$2.00.

A JOLLY GOOD SUMMER

By MARY P. WELLS SMITH, author of "Jolly Good Times," etc. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. Square 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN

By JULIA P. DABNEY. Illustrated by the author. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

COMIC TRAGEDIES

Written by "Jo" and "Meg," and acted by the "Little Women." With a "Foreword" by "Meg," and portraits of "Jo" and "Meg." 16mo, cloth, uniform with "Little Women," \$1.50.

THE MUSHROOM CAVE

By EVELYN RAYMOND, author of "The Little Lady of the Horse." Illustrated by Searles. Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

ANOTHER GIRL'S EXPERIENCE

A Story for Girls. By LEIGH WEBSTER. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

JOCK O'DREAMS

A Child's Story Book. By JULIE M. LIPPMANN. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.25.

DOROTHY AND ANTON

A Sequel to "Dear Daughter Dorothy." By A. G. PLYMPTON. Illustrated by the author. Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

FROWZLE, THE RUNAWAY

A Fable for Children. By LILY F. WESSELHOEFT, author of "Sparrow the Tramp," "Flipwing the Spy," etc. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott. Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE KITTIEWINK

A Cape Ann Story for Boys. By HERBERT D. WARD. Illustrated. 16mo, cloth, \$1.25.

IN THE OKEFENOKEE

A Story of War Time and the Great Georgia Swamp. By LOUIS PENDLETON, author of "The Wedding Garment," etc. Illustrated by Searles. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

The Coolidge Books

5 vols. \$1.25 each.

The "What Katy Did" Books

10 vols. \$1.25 each.

Flora L. Shaw's Stories

4 vols. \$1.00 each.

Edward E. Hale's Stories

For Boys. 5 vols. \$1.00 each.

Jean Ingelow's Stories

5 vols. \$1.25 each.

Mrs. Moulton's Stories

5 vols. \$1.25 each.

The Everett Books

3 vols. \$1.25 each.

Mrs. Ewing's Stories

10 vols. 50 cents each.

The Wesselhoeft Books

4 vols. \$1.25 each.

A LOST HERO

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD and HERBERT D. WARD. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. Small 4to, cloth, \$1.50.

IN MY NURSERY

Rhymes, Chimes and Jingles for Children. By LAURA E. RICHARDS, author of "The Toto Books." Profusely illustrated. Small 4to, cloth, \$1.25.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES. POST-PAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON

A. C. McCLURG & Co.'s NEW BOOKS.

ITALY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER. Illustrated. 8vo, \$2.50.

After a rapid glance at the early history of Italy, the author paints broadly the leading events of the early part of this century, and enters more into details in dealing with subjects closely belonging to the present day.

Mrs. Latimer's previous volumes:

Europe in Africa in the 19th Century.

England in the 19th Century.

Russia and Turkey in the 19th Century.

France in the 19th Century.

THE LIFE OF ROGER SHERMAN. By LEWIS H. BOUTELL. Crown 8vo, \$2.00.

The valuable services that Sherman rendered are ample cause for national gratitude, and in return for them this timely publication will keep his memory green.

ENGLISH EPITHALAMIES. Edited by R. H. CASE. 12mo, uncut edges, 198 pages, \$1.75 net.

This collection of nuptial songs of the 16th and 17th centuries, intended primarily for scholars, will be found interesting to the general reader.

MUSA PISCATRIX. Sixty Poems on the Renowned Art of Angling. Selected and prefaced by JOHN BUCHAN. With six full-page etchings. 12mo, uncut edges, 134 pages, \$1.50 net.

Some of these poems are humorous, some are pathetic, and all have "the fragrance and piquancy of poetry which busies itself with things not far removed from the tastes of human-kind."

THE SCRAPE THAT JACK BUILT. By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ. 12mo, 240 pages. Illustrated. \$1.25.

This is a wholesome and fascinating story, recounting the jolly doings of a happy company of boys and girls. The ambition of the girls to assist a deserving family is heartily seconded by the boys, and the account of their efforts in this work will be found entertaining and stimulating to readers of their own age.

PIERRETTE. By MARGUERITE BOUVET. Illustrated by Will Phillips Hooper. Small 4to, \$1.25.

The story has enough of romance to make it delightful to the little ones, although it has none of the impossibilities of the fairy tale; and mothers will be glad to put it into the hands of their children, because it is both sweet and wholesome.

FAIRY STARLIGHT AND THE DOLLS. By ELIZABETH S. BLAKELY. Illustrated. Small 4to, \$1.00.

A charming story of the impossible happenings of two little girls and their dolls, in the fascinating realm of fairy-land. The events are supposed to take place after the children have gone to sleep. The unusual situation affords much fun, and will greatly amuse the little ones.

MISTRESS SPITFIRE. By J. S. FLETCHER, author of "The Wonderful Wapentake," "When Charles I. was King," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

A crisp and charming story of the times of Cromwell, fully equaling if not surpassing in interest the former stories by this fascinating writer.

THE METHOD OF DARWIN. A Study in Scientific Method. By FRANK CRAMER. 12mo, 232 pages, \$1.00.

Not to teach Darwinism, but to commend to all thinkers Darwin's method in the pursuit of knowledge, is the object of this excellent work.

EATING AND DRINKING. By Dr. ALBERT H. HOY. 12mo, \$1.50.

Dr. Hoy has given thirty years of study to the subject of foods and drinks and their effect upon the digestive organs and general well-being of the body. His conclusions are impartial and his reasoning lucid; untechnical language is employed, and no one should be ignorant of what this book contains. To medical men the researches and discoveries of the author in connection with the alkalinity of the blood will be of especial interest.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALY. By ELIZABETH S. KIRKLAND, author of "A Short History of France," "A Short History of England," "A Short History of English Literature." 12mo, 475 pages, \$1.25.

Miss Kirkland's histories, written, as the *Nation* says, "in the way in which a history for young people ought to be written," are already very favorably known to a wide circle of readers who are doubtless ready to welcome this new and valuable work.

NATIONAL EPICS. By KATE MILNER RABB. 12mo, \$1.50.

Such a book as this will render valuable service to that large class of readers who have literary tastes, but who have not sufficient leisure from business cares for the indulgence of those tastes to the full. It gives an historical and descriptive sketch of each of the great epics of various nations, with a short bibliography of the same, and with illustrative extracts from the poems themselves.

KARINE. A Story of Swedish Love. Translated from the German of Wilhelm Jensen. *Tales from Foreign Lands.* 16mo, gilt tops, \$1.00.

This latest addition to "The Tales from Foreign Lands" Series is a thrilling tale of the time of Gustave Vasa, who indeed is the hero, and mingles delightfully the sweet love story of Karine of Sweden with the warlike deeds of that eventful time.

A FEARLESS INVESTIGATOR. A Novel. 12mo, 353 pages, \$1.25.

In this fascinating novel the author has cleverly introduced the mysterious and the occult amidst the every-day affairs of a genial company. The development of the story is skillful and the language and style delightful.

ROS ROSARUM. Dew of the Ever-living Rose. Gathered from the Poets' Garden in Many Lands. By E. V. B. Gilt top, vellum paper, in box, \$1.50 net.

A collection of short verses on the rose taken from the literature of various nations. Many of the foreign verses are given in the original language together with their English translation, the whole making a delightful anthology of this queen of flowers.

THE JOY OF LIFE. A Novel, By EMMA WOLF, author of "Other Things Being Equal." 12mo, 253 pages, \$1.00.

This new story is likely to prove even more successful than that popular book "Other Things Being Equal." Not until the very end of the last chapter will the reader find the thread which will lead to the end of the passage.

AUDIENCES. A Few Suggestions to Those who Look and Listen. By FLORENCE P. HOLDEN. 12mo, 222 pages. Illustrated. \$1.25.

This is a valuable guide for the intelligent appreciation of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and the drama. Most people need an interpreter; and this book comes to aid the reader to be his own interpreter.

SCIENCE SKETCHES. By DAVID STARR JORDAN. *New and Enlarged Edition.* 12mo, 287 pages, \$1.50.

To those who have read and enjoyed the original work this will prove almost a new book, and to all new readers it will prove a great treat.

ON THE RED STAIRCASE. By M. IMLAY TAYLOR. 12mo, \$1.25.

The scene of this historical romance is laid in Moscow during the boyhood of Peter the Great. The hero is a French gentleman who, after successfully executing a mission of State, remains for a time at the Russian capital on business of his own. Falling in love with the daughter of a powerful boyar during the famous uprising of the Streltsi, he becomes entangled in the dangerous current of politics, and barely escapes with his life. After a most exciting series of perilous adventures, he finally carries off his bride to France in safety. The tale is told in a direct, straightforward fashion, with little historical detail, and the reader's interest is not for an instant allowed to flag.

Sold by booksellers generally, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.'S

SELECTED NEW BOOKS

FRIDTIOF NANSEN, 1861-1893

By W. C. BRÖGGER and NORDAHL ROLFSEN. Translated by William Archer. With numerous illustrations, portraits, and maps. 8vo.

. *Though Fridtjof Nansen is still a young man, his life has from the first been full of activity and adventure. His countrymen, Nordahl Rolfsen and Professor W. Brögger, have written and edited a popular account of his family (which is noted in Scandinavian history), his training, his domestic life, and his scientific and sporting enterprises. They have applied to specialists for chapters on his work as a biologist, on the scientific significance of his famous crossing of Greenland, and on the history and conditions of Arctic exploration. A full account is given of the "Fram," and of the preparations for the recent expedition.*

COLLECTOR SERIES

Fine Prints. By FREDERICK WEDMORE. Illustrated by examples after Mantegna, Marc Antonio, Schöngauer, Dürer, Beham, Lukas van Leyden, Rembrandt (both portraiture and landscape), Watteau, Chardin, Reynolds, and Turner. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, \$2.25 net. [New volume.]

The Coin Collector. By W. CAREW HAZLITT. Illustrated by 12 collotype plates of coins. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, \$2.25 net.

. Other volumes to follow. *

A NEW COLOR BOOK FOR CHILDREN

THE GOLLIWOGG'S BICYCLE CLUB

Pictures by FLORENCE K. UPTON. Words by BERTHA UPTON. With colored plates and numerous illustrations in the text. Oblong 4to, \$2.00.

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO DUTCH DOLLS AND A "GOLLIWOGG"

Illustrated in color by FLORENCE K. UPTON, with words by BERTHA UPTON. Oblong 4to, \$2.00.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK, 1896

THE ANIMAL STORY BOOK

Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 66 plates and other illustrations by H. J. Ford. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, \$2.00.

A NEW WORK ON AFRICA

TIMBUCTOO THE MYSTERIOUS

By FELIX DUBOIS. Translated from the French. With 158 illustrations and 8 maps. Demy 8vo, cloth ornamental, \$3.50.

"Timbuctoo has always been mysterious, and is less known to English readers than the City of the Sun. To the ordinary reader the very name is but a geographical expression signifying some city in the very farthest corner of the world, and of the inhabitants he knows nothing. This book, however, will enlighten him, for it traces the history of the city from the early ages of Egyptian civilization up to the present day, and shows, with the aid of many beautiful illustrations, the rise and fall of the capital of Darkest Africa."

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW STORY

THE WIZARD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Joan Haste," etc., etc. With 19 full-page illustrations by CHARLES KERR. Crown 8vo, cloth ornamental, \$1 25.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new story has a motive which is believed to be new to recent fiction. The tale is African, and deals with the conversion of a savage tribe by a missionary and martyr, who does not trust to the ordinary resources of proselytism, but takes his stand upon a literal interpretation of the New Testament promises. The story tells how his faith triumphed and how it was strangely supported and justified by a superior Power working through the forces of nature and granting a direct aid which so many deny in these latter days to be vouchsafed to man. The keynote of the book is that Faith can, and still does, work miracles.

THE PRINCESS DESIRÉE

A Romance. By CLEMENTINA BLACK. With 8 illustrations by John Williamson. Crown 8vo, \$1.25.

NELSON AND HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS

By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, M.A., R.N., Honorary Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; Professor of Modern History in King's College, London; Lecturer on Naval History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. With 14 portraits, 10 being in photogravure, and about 13 other full-page illustrations, besides 4 plans of battles, and numerous fac-similes of letters and autographs from MSS. in the Record Office and British Museum, and a reproduction in color of Nelson's last orders. Large imperial, 16mo, 367 pages, \$4.00.

Sold by Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., Publishers, 91-93 Fifth Avenue, New York

HARPER'S WEEKLY

ANNOUNCES A MOST FAVORABLE OFFER
MADE BY THE HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB TO
SUBSCRIBERS IN CONNECTION WITH THAT
IMPORTANT NEW WORK,

A LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

A comprehensive survey of all writers, speakers,
and thinkers, ancient and modern, with their
master productions, and with hundreds of
elaborate essays on great authors and
great books by leading literary critics
of this country and Europe.

Editor-in-Chief

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Associate Editors

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE

GEORGE H. WARNER

Assisted by

AN ADVISORY COUNCIL

Selected from

**YALE, HARVARD, COLUMBIA, AND
LEADING UNIVERSITIES**

This magnificent work is alike valuable for purposes of

**EDUCATION, ENTERTAINMENT,
REFERENCE**

The critical essays alone, which have been prepared
by nearly 300 leading writers in this country and Eu-
rope, are permanent contributions to contemporary
literature by those qualified to speak with the very
highest authority, and are worth much more than the
entire cost of the 30 volumes.

A Few Writers of the Essays, with Subjects Treated

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT writes on "HENRY WARD BEECHER"; PAUL BOURGET on "FLAUBERT";
MRS. HUMPHREY WARD on "GEORGE ELIOT"; DR. ANDREW D. WHITE on "ERASMUS";
PROF. WILLARD FISKE on "SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE"; REV. F. W. FARRAR on "THE
NEW TESTAMENT"; PROF. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY on "MATTHEW ARNOLD"; DR. HER-
MANN GRIMM on "GOETHE"; ANDREW LANG on "ALEXANDER DUMAS" (père et fils); DR. J. P. MAHAFFY on "SOPHOCLES";
PROF. PASQUALE VILLARI on "MACHIAVELLI"; DR. BIRKBECK HILL on "DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON"; CHARLES ELIOT NORTON
on "DANTE"; HENRY JAMES on "LOWELL"; W. D. HOWELLS on "TOLSTOI," Etc., Etc.

Much might well be expected of such a splendid array of able editors, judicious advisers, and brilliant writers, and
the public is confidently assured that no work on literature of like plan, scope, importance, and magnitude, has ever
before been attempted.

Two volumes are now ready, and advance orders will be received through Harper's Weekly Club at a great
reduction from the subscription price for the completed work, and on easy monthly payments.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

**TO HARPER'S
WEEKLY
CLUB ONLY**

at an average of less than half the regular subscription price, and
on easy terms of payment.

THE LIBRARY is now in course of publication; the first two
volumes are ready and the others will follow, from two to four
at a time, at brief intervals. During this
period of publication only, and in order to
introduce the work, THE HARPER'S WEEKLY
CLUB will furnish the Library to its members

**FOR A
LIMITED
TIME ONLY**

PRICES

Greatly Reduced to Harper's
Weekly Club Members, as follows:

	Regular Price per Volume.	Price to Members of the Club.	Total Amount Saved.
Cloth Edition,	\$3.00	\$1.60	\$42.00
Quarter Russia,	3.50	1.90	48.00
Half Morocco,	4.00	2.20	54.00
Full " (Extra),	5.00	3.20	69.00

In order to secure the
benefit of this great
reduction it is only
necessary to join the
Harper's Weekly Club.
Membership fee, \$2.00,
which includes 6 mos'
subscription to Har-
per's Weekly.

Full particulars regarding other distinctive and useful features not detailed here, such as the system of general
indexes and cross-references, the Biographical Dictionary of Authors, the Synopses of the Plots and Descriptions of char-
acters of all important Novels, Dramas, and other works, together with sample pages and specimen engravings from the
work, will be furnished on application. Address

HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB

C. L. BOWMAN, Manager

Headquarters, 91-93 Fifth Avenue, New York

How to Order the Library

On receipt of \$3, which includes
membership fee, your name will be
enrolled for whichever edition you
select, and the volumes already is-
sued will be sent you at once—the
others to follow at brief intervals.
Owing to the extremely low price
at which the work is supplied to
members, the cost of delivery must
be paid by the purchaser. Since
the initial payment is only \$3 in
any case, be sure to state which
edition you desire. We especially
recommend the Half Morocco
style, which is rich, handsome,
and will last a lifetime—important
considerations in a work for perma-
nent possession and study. Bal-
ance on set arranged in monthly
payments so small that subscribers
will hardly feel the outlay.

COPELAND AND DAY

THE LISTENER IN THE TOWN and THE LISTENER IN THE COUNTRY by JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN. Being selections from the "Listener" column of the Boston Evening Transcript. In two volumes cloth, octavo 75 cents each.

"None of these charming, witty, bright-glancing sketches of Mr. Chamberlin's could have been lost without impoverishing the rare literature of the essay. . . . Of the Listener it may be said that no individual in his field has surpassed him in freshness and in high average of literary value." *Time and the Hours*.

MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA by BLISS CARMAN and RICHARD HOVEY with new designs by T. B. METEYARD Paper boards \$1.00.

Companion volume to "Songs from Vagabondia" now in its third edition.

Hail to poets! Good poets, real poets, with a swig of wine and a lit of rhyme and sound hearts beneath their undulating ribs. Who would have thought that good fellowship and the free air of heaven could fan such fancies as these into a right merry woodland blaze in times when satyrs and hamadryads lie hid under the dead willows waiting till great Pan shall come again? *New York Times*.

PENHALLOW TALES by EDITH ROBINSON with cover design by C. B. MURPHY. cloth octavo \$1.25.

The title of Miss Robinson's book is taken from the opening story which it will be remembered created no little attention some time ago when it appeared in *The Century*.

SONGS OF EXILE by HERBERT SBATES. OATEN STOP SERIES NO. V. Paper Boards octavo 75 cents.

Copeland and Day are doing a genuine service by giving us the Oaten Stop Series, where "the general choir of poets," as Stedman calls them, may sing to whomsoever will give heed. *Springfield Republican*.

MATINS: A BOOK OF POEMS by FRANCIS SHERMAN with cover design by F. R. ANDERSON cloth octavo \$1.00.

NO. II YELLOW HAIR LIBRARY IN CHILDHOODS COUNTRY by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON with cover design and ten full page illustrations by ETHEL REED Large square octavo \$2.00.

To touch the heart of childhood with verse is an achievement that not many authors compass, and Mrs. Moulton is one of the few who are successful.

CINDER-PATH TALES by WILLIAM CLINDSEY with cover design by JOHN SLOAN cloth octavo \$1.00.

"They will be found more than merely enjoyable to every one, man or woman, youth or maiden who has watched an out door race or athletic contest of any kind with the slightest feeling akin to enthusiasm." *Boston Times*.

"The author has managed to give his work such an air of reality that he seems to be narrating actual events. Although the stories treat solely of cinder-path themes, wrestling, running, leaping, jumping, throwing, and all such things, they are so imbued with the knowledge and the feeling of life in its greatest and widest sense that they must appeal to a large audience than the nature of the subject would indicate." *The Bookman*.

AN OUTLAND JOURNEY: A SATIRE by WALTER LEON SAWYER with fifty illustrations by R. F. BUNNER ornamental cloth cover octavo \$1.00.

Under the "reversible Stevenson title" as it has been termed, Mr. Sawyer tells an ingenious and amusing story by way of satirising some "institutions" and many falls. That the tone of the work is uniformly genial does not lessen the force of the censure. The usual suggestions of the text have all been headed by Mr. Bunner, whose pointed sketches supplement both description and dialogue.

MEG MCINTYRE'S RAFFLE and other stories by ALVAN F. SANBORN cloth octavo \$1.00.

Although Mr. Sanborn has here followed the same transcript from life, which characterised his "Moody's Lodging House and Other Tenement Sketches," he has added to them the element of fiction which will fascinate even a wider audience than the absolute realism of the earlier book could appeal to.

GOLD STORIES OF '49 by A CALIFORNIAN with cover design by ETHEL B. APPEL cloth octavo \$1.00.

A BOY'S BOOK OF RHYME by ACLINTON SCOLLARD with cover design by EMMA KAN octavo \$1.00.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE by ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING. NO. III ENGLISH LOVE SONNET SERIES. With new designs by B. G. GOODHUE printed on English Hand Made Paper square octavo \$2.00.

69 CORNHILL BOSTON

Save Money

We are subscription agents. We have the largest

SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY

In the world. Before you subscribe for your list of publications for the coming year, let us quote you prices. It will cost you nothing to get these prices. All correspondence will have prompt attention. We make a specialty of library and university orders.

SCRIBNER'S AND } One year, to \$5.80
HARPER'S MAGAZINE } one address, for

SCRIBNER'S AND } One year, to \$6.25
CENTURY MAGAZINE . } one address, for

SCRIBNER'S AND } One year, to \$5.90
ART INTERCHANGE . . } one address, for

SCRIBNER'S AND MUNSEY'S, or } \$3.55
COSMOPOLITAN or McCLURE'S }

Other combinations at like low rates. ✽

✽ We can save you time, trouble and money. ✽ ✽ ✽

References: Dun or Bradstreet, or any periodical. ✽ ✽ ✽

Catalogue of 2,500 Periodicals free. ✽

Scribner's, with all three—Munsey's, Cosmopolitan and McClure's—for \$5.30; or Scribner's with either two, for \$4.45.

Address

W. H. MOORE'S CLUB AGENCY, Brockport, N. Y.

Mention Scribner's Magazine.

R. H. Russell & Son's NEW PUBLICATIONS

PICTURES OF PEOPLE. By CHARLES DANA GIBSON. White vellum and Imperial Japan. Large folio, 12 x 18 inches. Price, \$ 5.00.

Edition-de-Luxe of above, numbered and signed by Mr. GIBSON. Price, \$10.00.

IN VANITY FAIR. Drawings by A. B. WENZELL. Large folio, 12 x 18 inches, on heavy coated paper. Price, \$ 5.00.

OXFORD CHARACTERS. Lithographs on stone by WILL ROTHEMSTRIN. 50 signed copies only for America. Large folio, 12 x 18 inches. Price, \$15.00.

POSTERS IN MINIATURE. Cover and introduction by EDWARD PENFIELD. Yellow buckram cover, stamped in colors. 12mo, 260 pages. Price, \$ 1.50.

THE LANTERN-PIECE MINSTRELS. By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. Illustrated by F. BERKELEY SMITH. Illuminated cover. Price, \$.75.

THE DELFT CAT. By ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL. Illustrated by F. BERKELEY SMITH. Cover in Delft colors. Price, \$.75.

KEMBLE'S COONS. Drawings by E. W. KEMBLE. Large 4to, 9½ x 12 inches. Cover of buckram and Japan vellum. Price, \$ 2.00.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES. By H. W. PHILLIPS. Illustrated by T. S. SULLIVANT. 9½ x 12 in., illuminated cover. Price, \$ 1.25.

POSTER CALENDAR FOR 1897. Designed by EDWARD PENFIELD. Five designs, 10 x 14 inches, printed in colors. Price, \$.50.
Imperial Japan edition, numbered and signed by Mr. PENFIELD. Price, \$ 2.00.

The above publications are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price by the publishers.

R. H. RUSSELL & SON, New York

THE CONGREGATIONALIST

A religious newspaper for the family; a mirror of Congregational church life and of the religious progress of the world; an interpreter of current history; a helper in every department of Christian life and organization; a friend of every one in the home. Its chief features:

NEWS—of churches, schools, colleges, missions, throughout the world; of Sunday school, Christian Endeavor, and other great religious, educational, and philanthropic movements.

LETTERS—from staff correspondents in the chief centers of the United States, England, and foreign lands, attractively describing the most important events as related to the progress of the kingdom of God.

EDITORIALS and brief comments explaining and illustrating the spiritual and ethical meaning of religious, political, educational, literary, and social events and movements throughout the world.

REVIEWS of all important new books, giving full information of current literature.

THE HOME—its life pictured, its problems discussed, its members instructed and entertained. The Conversation Corner, Mothers in Council, Sunday School Lessons, Prayer Meeting Suggestions, Closet and Altar—a guide to the noblest Christian family life.

STORIES—short, winning, uplifting; by the best American and English writers.

ARTICLES—suggestive, practical, stimulating; by thinkers, workers, leaders in church, State, school, business. Frequent illustrations.

SKETCHES—of persons and places, with portraits and pictures; interviews, studies, descriptions; letters of travel, accounts of home and society, the best results of historic knowledge, of acquaintance with public characters, of appreciation of natural scenery, of familiarity with literature, of aspiration for holiness.

A subscription to THE CONGREGATIONALIST is an investment for mind, heart, home, church, country.

1 year, \$3.00; 2 years, \$5.00; 5 years, \$10.00.

Club of FIVE, one at least being new, \$10.00.

On trial, 3 months, 25 cents; 6 months, \$1.00.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST,

1 Somerset Street, Boston.

Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine

The Art Amateur

(Established 1879)

\$4.00 a year. Single copy, 25 cents. Color Plates and Easy Working Designs every month. Artists' Biographies, Art News, and Simple Lessons in Oil, Water-color, Pastel, Tapestry, and China Painting, Designing, Illustrating, Carving, Pyrography, Embroidery, etc.

Special

To all who send \$4.00 (regular subscription price of THE ART AMATEUR) and mention this (SCRIBNER'S) advertisement, we offer as a special gift the Color Plates included in the year's subscription, your

subscription to THE ART AMATEUR, instead of 12 months.

\$1.00

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER. For one dollar we will send you THE ART AMATEUR for THREE MONTHS, with Color Plates and other Supplements, together with the valuable Little Manual "Hints to Beginners in Painting," giving you the privilege of sending ONLY \$2.00 more to secure any one of the portfolios mentioned above and the additional NINE MONTHS' subscription for 1897.

Specimen Number (with all Supplements), 25 cents, if SCRIBNER'S is mentioned. Illustrated Catalogue of 300 Color Studies Free. MONTAGUE HARKES, Publisher, 20 Union Square, New York.

1844

1897

The Churchman

NOW in its fifty-third year, continues to occupy its pre-eminent position as the leading and representative weekly of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

During 1897 it will number among its contributors Canons Gore and Scott Holland, of England, and the most distinguished writers among the bishops and clergy of this country. Serials by Sir Walter Besant, Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, Miss Coleridge, Barbara Yechton, and others.

Each number is elaborately enriched by handsome and appropriate illustrations.

Subscription price, \$3.50 per year. To the Clergy, \$3.00. Trial Subscription, five weeks, 25 cents.

M. H. MALLORY & CO., Publishers
47 Lafayette Place
New York

New Holiday Books.

Rustic Life in France. Translated from the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET, by Mrs. HELEN B. DOLE. Illustrations by LÉON LHERMITTE. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, boxed, \$2.50. One of the most beautiful books ever produced in the United States, and will appeal to all lovers of the truly artistic, whether in literature or bookmaking.

Saul. By ROBERT BROWNING. Holiday Edition, with 20 illustrations by FRANK O. SMALL. 8vo, gilt top, \$1.50. It is a masterpiece of verse, and the illustrations add greatly to the enjoyment of its exquisite beauty. The volume is exquisitely printed and richly bound, and makes an admirable gift-book for the lovers of Browning.

Famous American Actors of To-day. Edited by F. E. MCKAY and CHARLES E. L. WINGATE. Illustrated with 40 portraits. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.00. Relates the story of upwards of forty of the brightest stars that have shone in our theatrical galaxy. The authors of the various sketches are well-known writers who have had exceptionally close acquaintance with those whom they portray: thus, the novelist Edward King takes Joseph Jefferson; Mr. Wingate takes Modjeska; Professor Baker of Harvard takes Mrs. Vincent; A. M. Palmer, the famous manager, takes Charles R. Thorne, Jr.; and William T. Adams takes Sol Smith Russell. The combination of authors and subjects makes a strong theatrical company.

Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage. By C. E. L. WINGATE, author of "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage," with numerous portraits. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.00. Like its predecessor, abounds with piquant anecdotes and reproductions of rare engravings.

An Iceland Fisherman. By PIERRE LOTI. Translated by Mrs. HELEN B. DOLE. Daintily illustrated and bound. 16mo, cloth, gilt top (Falcon Edition), \$1.00. Is now universally recognized as a classic of modern literature.

Fadette. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by Mrs. J. M. LANCASTER. Daintily illustrated and bound, 16mo, cloth, gilt top (Falcon Edition), \$1.00.

This story is still considered George Sand's masterpiece. Its simplicity and beauty of style, its purity and depth of feeling, its poetic grace of description, its perfection of plot, have kept its popularity undiminished for more than half a century.

THIS advertisement includes only a partial list of our new and important publications. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and Announcement List.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. 16mo, cloth, gilt top (Falcon Edition), \$1.00.

The present edition contains an excellent sketch of the translator's life; it reproduces the text of the edition of 1850, the original of which is now worth its weight in gold, and also the fifth and last edition, published posthumously, but with the author's final corrections. There is also appended as a special feature the same scholar's version of Jami's "Salāman and Absāl."

Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales. New edition from new plates, with introduction by Prof. BRANDER MATTHEWS. With 15 photogravure illustrations by FRANK T. MERRILL, and vignette title-pages. 5 vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, per set, \$7.50. 5 vols., half calf, gilt top, per set, \$15.00.

The present edition has been prepared with the greatest attention to details. The paper and typography are of the best. Mr. Merrill has taken great pride in making the illustrations faithful to tradition and worthy of the text. It is indeed the best issue of these immortal works which has ever been put on the market.

Robert Browning's Poems. His own selections, with additions from his latest works. Reprinted from the revised text of 1889. Edited with biographical and critical notes and introductions by CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE. Illustrated with portraits and photographs. Photogravure frontispieces. 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$3.00. White back, gilt top, \$3.00. Half calf, gilt top, \$6.00.

The text has been scrupulously compared with the author's own revised readings of 1889, and may be relied upon as the best, in fact the only, edition of the Selections in which the numerous changes made by the poet have been embodied.

Don Quixote. By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. Translated with notes and introduction by JOHN ORMSBY. With portrait and 33 illustrations by LALAUZE. Photogravure frontispieces. 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$3.00. With back, gilt top, \$3.00. Half calf, gilt top, \$6.00.

Mr. Ormsby's translation stands as the most satisfactory version so far in the market. No better edition can be found than this.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR SENT, POST-PAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., Publishers,
46 East 14th Street, New York.

HURRY UP!

**A Most Sensible Gift
For Your Family or Friends
LIMITED TO DECEMBER 31.**

For Use in Your Home or Office, or to Assist the Children in their Studies, no other Reference Book in the World Compares with the New

AMERICAN STANDARD ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Years for
3 Cents
a Day

Edition of November 1, 1906. The finished work of more than 100 of the world's greatest scholars, educators, scientists and specialists.

A SUPERB REFERENCE LIBRARY covering the entire range of human knowledge, invention and discovery up to the present day, including the Arts, Sciences, History, Biography, Philosophy, Astronomy, Meteorology, Geography, Navigation, Geology, Exploration, Botany, Agriculture, Commerce, Finance, Zoology, Ethnology, Physiology, Chemistry, Electricity, Law, Medicine, Theology, Statistics, etc., etc.

JUST OFF THE PRESS!

The new American Standard Encyclopedia is brought right down to the date of its issue, and contains hundreds of articles on subjects on which all the older reference works are necessarily silent. It is also a superior Pronouncing Dictionary, giving all words in general use, carefully defined. Its contents embody a Biographical Dictionary, a Gazetteer of the World, a Glossary of Technical Terms, late Census Reports, an Atlas of the whole Globe, and a rich storehouse of general, practical, up-to-date information—scientific, historical, military, social and civil—all arranged and classified in convenient form for ready reference.

UNTIL Dec. 31 ONE DOLLAR

Secures immediate possession of this superb library. Balance payable \$1.00 monthly for 6 months—about 3 cents a day. Total Only \$7.00.

IT IS THE VERY LATEST OF ALL REFERENCE WORKS. These are some of the live topics that are treated with 1906 accuracy and freshness, viz: Argon, X-rays, Atlanta Exposition, Li Hung Chang, Nansen's and Peary's Arctic Explorations, Horseless Carriage, Color Photography, Air Ships, Free Silver, Electrical Science, Acetylene, Prof. Roentgen, Radiography, etc. On these and a thousand other important topics of to-day the older books say nothing or are years behind the age. This great new work is an absolute necessity to all who want to keep abreast of the times.

IT IS MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT with beautiful colored maps of every country on the globe, superb charts bearing upon anatomy, mineralogy, entomology, zoology, fossils, electrical science, ordnance, etc., besides the countless wood-cut engravings that graphically illustrate the thousands of subjects.

OUR GREAT SPECIAL OFFER FOR INTRODUCTION

As a means of quickly introducing and popularizing this peerless home reference library, we have decided to distribute a few advance sets in each community, regardless of cost and purely as an advertising project. We know that every set so placed will prove an advertisement of the greatest power, and lead to hundreds of sales at paying prices. Comparison with any and all other reference works will quickly demonstrate the immeasurable superiority of our grand new work. This distribution will occur during December only. On January 1 prices will be advanced to regular rates—\$19.00 to \$31.00 a set. We reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time without notice, in which case money will be returned without cost to sender.

HOW TO ORDER.

Send \$1.00 to American Newspaper Syndicate (address below) and the entire set will be forwarded. Subsequent payments to be made as follows: On cloth style, \$1.00 a month for 6 months; on Half-Russia style, \$1.00 a month for 8 months. When ordering be sure to state style of binding wanted, (we recommend the Half-Russia) with full shipping directions. All transportation charges to be paid by purchaser. Books guaranteed as represented or first payment refunded if not returned within ten days. We refer to any newspaper or bank in Philadelphia.

SPECIAL TO CASH BUYERS: If cash in full be sent with order, prices will be \$5.00 for cloth style, \$7.00 for Half-Russia, until December 24 only. Book of Specimen Pages mailed free upon request.

CAUTION! We are the sole publishers of the new American Standard Encyclopedia, and can assume no responsibility for any orders except those sent directly to us. Beware of inferior imitations brazenly advertised at higher prices. See that our imprint, as below, is on the title page of each volume.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE, 8th & Locust Sts., Philadelphia.

New Gift Books.

Prosper Mérimée's Masterpiece. *Carmen*.

Translated by EDMUND H. GARRETT. With a Memoir by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Illustrated with five etched plates and seven etched vignettes from drawings by EDMUND H. GARRETT, and a photogravure frontispiece of Calvé as Carmen. 12mo. Cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

In the same size and general style, each, \$2.00.

Three Heroines of New England Romance.

The Colonial Cavalier. By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.
Elizabethan Songs. Illustrated by E. H. GARRETT.

Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo.

A new Holiday Edition of this famous art work. Translated from the German by FANNY ELIZABETH BUNNETT. New edition, with additions. Illustrated with a steel portrait of Michael Angelo and forty photogravure plates from famous paintings and sculptures. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, \$6.00.

Nuttall's Hand-book of Birds.

New edition, with important additions, and a series of more than one hundred colored illustrations.

A Popular Hand-book of the Ornithology of Eastern North America. By THOMAS NUTTALL. Second revised and annotated edition, by MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN, with additions. Illustrated with one hundred and seventy-two beautifully engraved figures and a series of twenty exquisitely colored plates, containing one hundred and ten full-length figures of the most important land and water birds. 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, \$7.50 net.

In a North Country Village.

By M. E. FRANCES (Mrs. Frances Blundell), author of "A Daughter of the Soil," "Whither," etc. With a colored frontispiece and nearly fifty illustrations in the text by FRANK FELLOES. Crown 8vo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, \$2.00.

Victorian Songs.

A companion work to Mr. Garrett's beautiful volume of "Elizabethan Songs."

Victorian Songs. Lyrics of the Affections and Nature, collected and illustrated by EDMUND H. GARRETT. With introduction by EDMUND GOSSE. 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper, especially manufactured for the volume, and illustrated with twenty photogravure plates from the original paintings, etched portrait of Queen Victoria, four etched vignettes, and fifty head and tail pieces. Bound in white cloth, gilt top, with choice cover design, \$6.00.

Charles Lever's Novels of Adventure.

Comprising "Maurice Tiernay," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Con Cregan," and "Roland Cashel." With twenty etched plates by PHIZ and VAN MUYDEN and numerous smaller illustrations. 6 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$15.00.

A New Series of Dumas Romances.

Comprising "Ascanio," "The War of Women," "Black," and "Tales of the Caucasus." With frontispieces. 6 vols. 12mo. Decorated cloth, \$9.00; plain cloth, \$7.50.

New Fiction.

The End of the Beginning.

A New England Romance. 16mo. Buckram, \$1.25.

"Quo Vadis." A New Historical Romance by the Author of "With Fire and Sword."

"Quo Vadis." A Narrative of Rome in the Time of Nero. By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, author of "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "Pan Michael," etc. Translated from the Polish by JEREMIAH CURTIN. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$2.00.

A remarkable romance likely to take a place as the greatest of this famous author's works. The period is A.D. 64.

By the Same Author.

With Fire and Sword. 1 vol. \$2.00.

The Deluge. 2 vols. \$3.00.

Pan Michael. 1 vol. \$2.00.

Without Dogma. 1 vol. \$1.50.

Children of the Soil. 1 vol. \$2.00.

Mrs. Goodwin's Romances of Colonial Virginia.

WHITE APRONS. A Romance of Bacon's Rebellion, Virginia, 1676. By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN, author of "The Colonial Cavalier," etc. 16mo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, \$1.25. (Third edition now ready.)

THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED. Being an account of certain passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntton, Esq., sometime an Officer in the Colony of Virginia. By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN. 16mo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, \$1.25.

The Choice Works of George Sand.

I. *Fadette.*

II. *The Master Mosaic Workers.*

III. *Francois the Wolf.* (Just Ready.)

IV. *The Devil's Pool.* (Just Ready.)

With etched frontispieces. 16mo. Cloth, extra, gilt top, each, \$1.25.

The Novels of Captain Marryat.

A new edition of Captain Marryat's famous Sea Novels, with sixty-six etched plates. Edited by REGINALD BRINLEY JOHNSON. 22 vols. 12mo. Buckram, gilt top, \$1.50 per vol.

Other New Books.

Salamon's Memoirs during the Revolution.

MGR. DE SALAMON. UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF THE INTERNUNCIO AT PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION, 1790-1801. With Preface, Introduction, Notes, and Documents by the Abbé Bridier, of the Clergy of Paris. Portrait. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.

A narrative of some of the most remarkable events in the French Revolution, from the pen of an eye-witness.

The Boston Cooking School Cook-Book.

FANNIE MERRITT FARMER, Principal of the Boston Cooking School. With twenty-five illustrations in half-tone. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

Iron-Clads in Action.

A sketch of Naval Warfare, 1855 to 1895. With some account of the development of the Battleship in England. By H. W. WILSON. With introduction by Captain A. T. MAHAN. With thirty maps and plans, and forty-six full-page plates. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth, \$8.00.

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, Publishers, Boston.

A. S. BARNES & CO., PUBLISHERS,

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

JUST PUBLISHED:

MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S MODERN NEW YORK.

The Externals of Modern New York. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. 1 vol., cloth, gilt top, \$3.00.
Supplementary to the "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Complete in itself. Beautifully illustrated and covering the period from 1880 to 1896. Most interesting and attractive.

NEW EDITION.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

The History of the City of New York. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. 3 vols., 8vo, cloth, \$15.00.
A new, handy edition, in three volumes, including Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Modern New York," bringing the work down to date. Every library, public or private, would do well to possess this standard work.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED:

Crowns: The Crown of Gold, The Crown of Thorns, The Crown of Life, and The Crown of Glory. With 22 fine cartoon illustrations by Blanche McManus. 1 vol., small 4to, cloth, \$1.00.
Legends of the Rhine. By H. A. Guerber. 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, 40 full-page illustrations, \$2.00.

SOME STANDARD HISTORICAL BOOKS.

Barnes' Popular History of the United States. Illus. 1 vol., cloth, 8vo, \$3.50.
Carrington's Battles of the Revolution. Illus. 1 vol., cloth, 8vo, \$5.00.
Allison's History of Europe. Abridged. 1 vol., cloth, 8vo, \$2.00.

Fay's Three Germanys. 3 vols., cloth, 8vo, \$7.00.
Mann's Ancient and Medieval Republics. 1 vol., cloth, 8vo, \$3.00.
Antebellum Constitutions. State and Federal. \$2.50.
De Tocqueville's Democracy in America. 1 vol., \$2.50.
Goodyear's History of Art. New edition. 2 vols., \$3.50.

* * For sale by all booksellers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,

156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading, IN FIVE IMPERIAL VOLUMES.

By J. N. LARNED, *Ex-Pres. Am. Library Ass'n.*

Giving History on All Topics in the Exact Words of the Historians Themselves.

This work is a New Departure in Book Making, as it fills a place hitherto wholly unoccupied.

It gives History in the very language of its best interpreters, and within easy reach of the reader.

Its system of Ready Reference and Cross Reference is new and complete, and shows History in its relations as does no other work.

It also presents History in its Literature, hence in its most attractive form, and with its sources clearly given.

Quotations from over five thousand volumes make it equivalent, practically, to a library of very many volumes, or, as Bishop Vincent says, "puts the history of the world on a single shelf."

It will answer more questions in History, more authoritatively, with greater excellence of literary expression, and with a greater economy of time, than any other work in the world.

Sent carriage free to responsible subscribers on easy payments. Send for circular, giving full information.

SOLICITORS EMPLOYED.

The C. A. Nichols Co., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Translated by ARTHUR HORNBLow. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

Press Opinions:

"The writer of the greatest promise to-day in Italy, and perhaps one of the most unique figures in contemporary literature, is Gabriele D'Annunzio, the poet-novelist."

"A pagan of the time of Nero" is the comparison which M. de Vogue, the most lenient of critics, has found for him, and it is well applied; nowhere since the time of the Caesars can one find the same daring crudeness side by side with the purest gems of poetic thought. —*The Bookman*.

TALES FROM A MOTHER-OF-PEARL CASKET.

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

Translated by HENRI PENE DU BOIS. 16mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

A charming collection of short stories and sketches by one of the first of contemporary French authors.

ANDRIA.

By PERCY WHITE.

Author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," "Corruption," etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

DAYBREAK:

A Romance of an Old World.

By JAMES COWAN.

With illustrations by WALTER C. GREENOUGH. 12mo, cloth extra, gilt top, \$1.50.

"It is the most remarkable book which has appeared from this part of the country since Edward Bellamy's famous 'Looking Backward,' and like that work it is a picture of a Utopia; but the perfected state of society which Mr. Cowan presents is not that of a Boston of the year 2000, but that of an imagined Mars of the present day, an older and vastly more advanced world. Mr. Cowan has attained a measure of success which is distinctly creditable." —*Springfield Republican*.

GEORGE H. RICHMOND & CO., Publishers,

12 East 15th St., New York.

SUPERB SETS OF SOME POPULAR
AUTHORS HAVE JUST BEEN COM-
PLETED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S
SONS, AND MAKE PRESENTS OF
LASTING VALUE 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿 🌿



Robert Louis Stevenson

Thistle Edition. 21 vols. \$42.00.

J. M. Barrie

Thistle Edition. 8 vols. \$16.00.

Eugene Field

Sabine Edition. 10 vols. \$15.00.



From the Critic, January 18, 1896.

The Messrs. Scribner are making a new departure in the subscription-book business. They are not only publishing books that have a permanent literary value, but are publishing them in as dainty and beautiful a form as one usually looks for only in books that are brought out in limited editions. We have before this had occasion to speak of the delightful Thistle Edition of Stevenson's complete works. It would be difficult to find a finer piece of book-making, and we marvel at its cheapness. We are not surprised that Mrs. Stevenson should write to the Messrs. Scribner in terms of high praise of this book. "I wish," she writes, "to convey my appreciation of the artistic merits and exquisite workmanship of the Thistle Edition of Mr. Stevenson's works. I wonder if you know that my husband always wore, pinned to his breast, a small silver thistle, the badge of a Scots society, to which he belonged in Honolulu? Certainly, the title of the edition is a very happy one."



Sold only by Subscription, but upon small payments

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Charles Scribner's Sons' Announcement of New Books for the Holidays.

VASARI'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS.

This new edition of Vasari's classic work comprises seventy of the most eminent painters, sculptors, and architects, and is edited and annotated in the light of the most recent discoveries, by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. The work has long called for systematic editing in English. Documents of all kinds have been discovered, new canvases and frescoes found, and old ones brought to light. The present editors have for two years been engaged in preparing what must long remain the definitive English edition of this great work. Mr. Blashfield's eminence as a painter and critic, and the familiarity of himself and his collaborators with the Renaissance period, are guarantees of completeness and scholarly accuracy. The edition, limited to 500 numbered sets, is richly illustrated with 48 handsome photogravure reproductions of masterpieces of Italian painting and sculpture. (4 vols., large 8vo, \$15.00 net.)

IN OLE VIRGINIA.

This handsome volume contains Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's famous stories of Southern life—"Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," "Polly," "Unc' Edinburg," "Ole Stracted," and "No Haid Pawn"—with 24 beautiful full-page illustrations by A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, W. T. Smedley, C. S. Reinhart, A. Castaigne, and B. W. Clinedinst. The illustrations are as notable for the exquisitely sympathetic manner in which they reflect the spirit of the text, as for their charming artistic qualities. The book is richly made and in its combination of handsome illustrations, fine paper, and dainty binding forms an ideal holiday gift. (12mo, \$2.50.)

THE HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES.

A unique historical work, covering the period 1870-1895, and written by E. Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. Never before

have the many history-making events of this period been gathered together in a historical narrative by a competent hand. The illustrations, 350 in number, prepared at a great expense, are remarkable for their combination of artistic charm with absolute historical accuracy. Since its publication in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the History has been thoroughly revised and increased in size, almost one-half, with 100 additional illustrations. (2 vols., 8vo, \$6.00.)

Charleston Earthquake. From "Last Quarter-Century"

CYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHITECTURE in Italy, Greece, and the Levant. Edited by W. P. P. Longfellow. An elaborate and exhaustive work, the fruit of years' preparation. It contains 12 full-page plates and over 250 text illustrations, also a glossary and a bibliography. The *New York Tribune* says: "It will fill at once, and permanently, an important place. Its magnificently printed pages offer a judicious mingling of lay and professional qualities." (Limited to 500 numbered copies, of which only a few remain unsold. 4to, \$15.00 net.)

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

MY VILLAGE. By E. Boyd Smith.

A vivid, thorough, and sympathetic picture of the life of the French peasant. Mr. Smith spent many years in the village he calls Valombre, and lived there the life of the peasants themselves. He describes most charmingly with pen and pencil the many picturesque types of character that abound, the fêtes, occupations and diversions, and daily incidents, the varied round of comedy and tragedy that make up the peasant's calendar, enlivening his sketches with touches of quaint humor. An interesting feature of the book is the illustrations, of which there are nearly 150 reproduced by an original process from drawings by the author. (12mo, \$2.00.)

THE SPRIGHTLY ROMANCE OF MARSAC.

A New York *Herald* prize story by Molly Elliot Seawell. Marsac is a real discovery of Miss Seawell's. His character is but hinted at in the epithet "sprightly," and the way in which the wit and good nature of this Bohemian of the Latin Quarter triumph over adverse circumstances and land him and his friend Fontaine in affluence and bliss is set forth in a remarkably brisk narrative that recalls Murger. The illustrations, by Gustave Verbeek, are numerous and as cleverly conceived and executed as the story. (12mo, \$1.25.)

THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT.

Mr. Robert Howard Russell here presents the account of an interesting trip along the picturesque coast of Dalmatia and Montenegro, an unfamiliar field of travel, and continuing through Constantinople and the Eastern coast of Asia Minor to Cairo and the Nile. He brings to the study and portrayal of the scenes and types of these Eastern localities a fresh eye, a contagious enthusiasm, and a graphic and picturesque style. The illustrations, 130

in number, are for the most part reproduced from photographs, and are a valuable and entertaining accompaniment to the text. (12mo, \$2.00.)

From "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac."

ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE.

The volume is in a sense the outgrowth of a long friendship between the artist, Daniel Vierge, who was born and bred a Spaniard, and the author, Mr. A. F. Jaccaci, who is familiar from hood and from recent travel with the province of La Mancha. Mr. J.

From "The Edge of the Orient." is, moreover, himself an artist, and his descriptions have the color and vivacity that come from an eye trained to see what is picturesque and unusual. The book is in no sense an attempt to follow Don Quixote's wanderings in detail, but its plan is to describe Don Quixote's country as it is to-day, with incidental allusions to such scenes as are acknowledged and easily recognizable. The illustrations, of which there are 130, were three years in course of making, and are the best work of the famous artist. (12mo, \$2.50.)

From "On the Trail of Don Quixote."

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. By J. M. Barrie.

(12mo, \$1.50.)

"There is every reason to think that 'Sentimental Tommy,' J. M. Barrie's story, is going to have a wider interest than any he has written, with, perhaps, the one exception of 'The Little Minister.' Personally we prefer the new story. The subtle mixture of humor and pathos is unusual, even with this master of those qualities."—*The Critic*.

"The scope is broader, perhaps, even than 'The Little Minister,' and there is the same flashing of humor and pathos, the quality which, as much as any other, has gained Mr. Barrie his great popularity."—*The Chicago Record*.

MARGARET OGLVY. By her son, J. M. Barrie.

An affectionate sketch of the life and character of a mother by her son, which is necessarily also a sketch of much of his own life and surroundings, as well as his work. (12mo, with portrait, \$1.25.)

From "Sentimental Tommy."
(Reduced.)

MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT. By Frank R. Stockton.

"The characteristics of style that have made Frank R. Stockton one of our most popular writers of fiction are exhibited at their best in this his latest novel. Mr. Stockton has the faculty of giving an air of reality to the most improbable tales, and his humor is delicate, refined, and irresistible. It is one of Mr. Stockton's best works."—*Boston Advertiser*. (Illustrated by A. Forestier. 12mo, \$1.50.)

Sixteenth Thousand: The Adventures of Captain Horn. 12mo, \$1.50.

"Mr. Stockton has touched the high-water mark of romantic fiction and has shown his power to grasp the immortal magic of Defoe and Stevenson."

—*The London Speaker*.

A TRAGIC IDYL. By Paul Bourget.

"It tells the story of a struggle between love and friendship. Friendship appears to triumph for a time, but the fateful passion reasserts itself and the idyl becomes a tragedy. Its cleverness and brilliancy of style are its greatest qualities. It gives, perhaps, more striking pictures of certain manifestations of European social life than any other book that has been published in a decade. It is suggestive of Daudet's 'Kings in Exile,' with greater polish of style."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*. (12mo, \$1.50.)

Fifth Edition: Outre-Mer. Impressions of America. By PAUL BOURGET. 12mo, \$1.75.

A WINTER SWALLOW. By Edith M. Thomas.

This new volume by Miss Thomas, whose poetry has a widely recognized reputation for beauty of both thought and expression, contains besides a large number of lyrics and sonnets, two long and sustained poems, one which gives its title to the volume, and which tells in dramatic form the charming story of Cleombrotus and Chelonis, and the other a Tuscan tale of great romantic beauty. (12mo, \$1.50.)

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

NEW BOOKS BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Many readers will remember the interesting sketches contributed to periodicals by Mr. Stevenson, narrating his experiences and observations in the Marquesas, Paumotu, and the Gilbert Islands. A number of these have been collected into a volume entitled "In the South Seas." (With map, 12mo, \$1.50.) Another new volume from Mr. Stevenson's pen is a collection of his delightful "Fables," issued for the first time in book form, in uniform style with the "Vailima Letters." (16mo, \$1.00.)

Just Issued: **Ways of Harmlston.** 12mo, \$1.50. Mr. Stevenson wrote, "It will be my best work. I feel myself so sure in every word."
Poems and Ballads. 12mo, \$1.50. Including "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Ballads," "Underwoods," and over forty pieces of verse written since the issue of those volumes.

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD. By Eugene Field.

The delightful lyric quality in Eugene Field's poems of Childhood has led to the preparation of a volume of his choicest songs, which have been set to music by the most popular of American song writers, Reginald de Koven, and by other distinguished composers. There are twenty of these lyrics, including those upon which Mr. Field's fame mainly rests. (Small 4to, \$2.00 net.)

NEW BOOKS BY EUGENE FIELD.

The best of Mr. Field's verses and tales remaining unpublished in book form at the time of his death have been collected and issued in two new volumes, "Songs and Other Verse" and "Second Book of Tales." "In these verses are mingled the most delicate humor, the most touching pathos," says the *Boston Advertiser*, and adds, concerning the "Tales," "They are in Mr. Field's most characteristic and inimitable style." A new edition of "The Holy Cross and Other Tales" is also now issued, containing five additional tales. (Each, 12mo, \$1.25.)

NEW STORIES AND POEMS BY H. C. BUNNER.

"Mr. H. C. Bunner's 'Love in Old Cloathes,' with various other of his popular stories," says the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, "has been reproduced in a particularly handsome volume with illuminated covers, gilt edges, and numerous fine illustrations by Smedley and Castaigne, and other leading artists. This will, no doubt, be a book of leading interest in the approaching holidays." (12mo, \$1.50.)

In the Same Series. **The Bachelor's Christmas, and Other Stories.** By ROBERT GRANT. 12mo, \$1.50. **Comedies of Courtship.** By ANTHONY HOPE.

It needs the complete "Poems" of H. C. Bunner to show how wide was the range of his poetic power. The volume includes the verses in "Airs from Arcady," "Rowen," and his poems printed since their publication. "It is with Frederick Locker-Lampson and Austin Dobson, and with Dr. Holmes that Bunner is to be classed," wrote Professor Brander Matthews, and those who read this volume will confirm this judgment. (With portrait. 12mo, \$1.75.)



Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

NEW STORIES BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMOS JUDD."

"That First Affair and Other Sketches" is the title of Mr. J. A. Mitchell's new book, and it will increase the wide reputation as a writer of fiction gained for him by "Amos Judd." Mr. Mitchell's gift as a story-teller lies in the direction of fancy and satire, mingled with delicate sentiment. The five stories in the volume are different in motive, but of equally surprising workmanship. "The Bachelor's Supper" is a splendid bit of sentiment. "Mrs. Lofter's Ride" is satirical. "That First Affair" is a modernized version of the Garden of Eden told with extreme delicacy. The book is beautifully illustrated by C. D. Gibson, A. B. Frost, F. T. Richards, and the author. (12mo, \$1.25.)



From "That First Affair."

THE ROGUE'S MARCH. By E. W. Hornung.

"A singularly attractive romance. The scene is laid in England and Australia in the early part of the century, and the book contains many graphic descriptions of convict life. The story itself, aside from its historical interest, is unusually attractive. A stirring book it is and one which will please all those who like stirring adventures."—*New York Herald*. (12mo, \$1.50.)



From "That First Affair."

A LADY OF QUALITY. By Mrs. Burnett.

"No more striking proof has been given of Mrs. Burnett's versatility than in her latest work; and versatility is not the only feature that strikes us in 'A Lady of Quality.' Clorinda is a dramatic figure after the style of George Meredith. The reader will follow with fascinated interest the fortunes of Clorinda Wildairs."—*London Athenaeum*. (\$1.50.)

In Uniform Style: That Lass o' Lowrie's. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. *New Edition*. (12mo, \$1.25.)

THE IVORY SERIES.

New Volumes:

A Book of Martyrs. By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT. (75 cents.)

"There is as much thought and feeling packed into the slightest of them as usually go to the making of a novel."—*The Critic*.

One of the Visconti. By EVA WILDER BRODHEAD. (75 cents.)

"She is crisp and bright, and her story is a very attractive, entertaining bit of work."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Previous Volumes: **Amos Judd.** By J. A. MITCHELL, Editor of *Life*. *Seventh Edition*.—**A Love Story.** By "Q."—**Irralle's Bushranger.** By E. W. HORNUNG.—**A Master Spirit.** By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.—**The Suicide Club.** By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.—**Madame Delphine.** By G. W. CABLE (Each, 16mo, 75 cents.)

J. G. HOLLAND'S MOST POPULAR NOVELS.

New and cheaper editions are now issued of Dr. Holland's two most popular novels, "Sevenoaks," which has been pronounced the best of his novels, and "Arthur Bonnicastle," a great favorite with his readers. The volumes are issued in uniform style. (Each vol., 16mo, 75 cents.)

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

In this popular historical series a new volume has just been issued on Mercy Warren, sister of James Otis, written by Alice Brown. There are now four volumes published in the series, each of which presents a carefully studied and graphic portrait of a distinguished colonial woman, and a vivid picture of the time in which she lived.

Mercy Warren. By ALICE BROWN.

Eliza Pinckney. By HARRIOTT HORRY RAVENEL.

Dolly Madison. By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

Margaret Winthrop. By ALICE MORSE EARLE.

Each with portrait or fac-simile, 12mo, \$1.25. The set, 4 volumes in a box, \$5.00.

"The series is admirable in intention and excellent in execution, and we may safely predict that it will prove a valuable element in the education of the American girl."—*New York Times*.

COLONIAL DAYS IN OLD NEW YORK.

In this new book Mrs. Alice Morse Earle describes the daily life, the habits, the dress, occupations, furniture, domestic economy, the characteristic customs of Dutch times in Old New York. She treats the subject as graphically and humorously as she treated New England in her former well-known books, "Sabbath in Puritan New England" and "Customs and Fashions of Old New England." (12mo, \$1.25)

THE NATIONAL COOK BOOK.

An entirely new work by MARION HARLAND and CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, which has been in preparation during a period of seven years, and contains 1,000 recipes carefully prepared in the light of the latest methods of cooking and serving. Of these over 600 are absolutely new, and among them are included dishes of various nations, adapted to the use of American housewives. The book will assume at once, in thousands of homes, the position of authority long occupied by Marion Harland's "Common Sense in the Household," of which over 130,000 have been sold. (12mo, \$1.50.)

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC.

In all the extensive literature of music there is no book that supplies just the kind of information that Mr. Krehbiel's does, that tells in plain, untechnical language how to enjoy music intelligently; that explains simply and clearly the elements of music, the content of music, and describes and analyzes the various musical forms. The book is thoroughly popular in style, and is addressed to that extensive class of music lovers who have had no special training and no means of obtaining more than a superficial enjoyment of music. (Illustrated. \$1.25 net.)



WINNING WHIST.

"Those who enjoy the game of Whist will be instructed in this little booklet by Emery Boardman. It is a series of sketches of a harmonious system of combined long-suit and short-suit play, told clearly and explicitly."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*. (16mo, \$1.00.)

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN DEMOCRACY.

"Eleven essays on political and economic themes by Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Mr. Godkin is always a virile and incisive writer, and even in dealing with abstruse themes his calm lucidity of expression and piquant satire are a constant source of literary pleasure. No student of American affairs can read this collection of essays without being stimulated, edified, and refreshed."—*Boston Beacon*. (8vo, \$2.00.)

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

"The basis of Mr. George Santayana's book is that beauty depends upon the satisfaction of the perceiving sense, and, in consequence, his book is mainly psychological on its philosophic side. The theme, however, is treated with much originality and with admirable clearness, and its literary qualities are of the best. It is, indeed, in felicity of expression, fecundity of illustration and allusions, grace of style and acuteness of analysis, a substantial contribution to the literature of scientific discussion."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*. (12mo, \$1.50.)

LITTLE RIVERS.

This popular book of Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE's is now in its fifth edition. *The Nation* describes it as "A series of angling sketches on a more serious background, worked into a combination so simple and charming, and so full of the spirit of pastoral and woodland scenes, as to make it sure to become a classic on its subject." (Illustrated. 12mo, \$2.00.)

*A few copies of the Japan Paper Edition still unsold, price, \$10.00 net.

JESUS CHRIST BEFORE HIS MINISTRY.

M. EDMOND STAPFER, professor in the Protestant theological faculty of Paris, and brother of M. Paul Stapfer, the eminent writer, considers in this volume the earlier portion of Christ's life. Professor Stapfer's stand-point is a wholly personal one, differing entirely from that of Strauss and Renan, and yet, unlike theologians, taking no account of the formally miraculous. It is a spiritual biography, based solely on the Gospel record, following reverently and sympathetically the interior developments of the mind and heart of Jesus, and the gradual awakening of his Messianic consciousness. It will be followed by two other volumes, completing the life of Christ. (Translated from the French by Louise Seymour Houghton. 12mo, \$1.25.)

ANGLING AND HUNTING.

These volumes are made up of articles from SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, treating of various kinds of fishing and hunting, and written by ROBERT GRANT, Dr. LEROY, M. YALE, J. G. A. CREIGHTON, C. F. HOLDER, A. FOSTER HIGGINS, ALEXANDER CARGILL, ARCHIBALD ROGERS, W. S. RAINSFORD, GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL, BIRGE HARRISON, FREDERIC IRLAND, and Lt. H. C. HALE. With many illustrations by Alfred Parsons, Kenyon Cox, A. B. Frost, Herbert Denman, C. D. Hudson, M. J. Burns, Dan C. Beard, and others. They are the first volumes in the "Out-of-Door Library." (Each, 8vo, \$1.50.)

CHURCHES AND CASTLES OF MEDIAEVAL FRANCE.

Mr. WALTER CRANSTON LARNED presents in this book "a very graphic account of many of the buildings which have been declared to be Monuments Historiques. It makes a very handsome volume. It is richly illustrated with excellent photo-prints of famous buildings."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*. (Crown 8vo, \$1.50.)

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

WITH OPEN FACE. By A. B. Bruce, D.D.

Dr. A. B. Bruce in this volume has sketched the life, spirit, and teachings of Jesus as they are recorded in Matthew, Mark, and Luke. In Matthew Dr. Bruce finds the prophetic picture, in Mark the realistic picture, and in Luke the idealized picture of Christ. In other chapters Dr. Bruce treats of the synagogue ministry, the mission to the publicans, the escapes of Jesus, and other incidents in his life. The last chapter is in primer form, and the chief events of Jesus' life are there put down in the form of questions and answers, adapted for children. (Crown 8vo, \$1.50.)

GOD, CREATOR, AND LORD OF ALL.

This work, by Prof. SAMUEL HARRIS, D.D., of Yale University, rests on the principle that the idea of God is not attained by mere subjective thinking, but that God is known through his action, revealing himself in the constitution and evolution of the universe, and in the constitution and history of man issuing in Christ, and in the Holy Spirit bringing gracious, divine influences on men. (2 vols., 8vo, \$5.00 net.)

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

In this book Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS STERRETT discusses what thought is and what it does. Prof. J. Mark Baldwin says in his introduction to the book: "I find it in many respects a timely and valuable work. . . . Mr. Sterrett seems to have done what many psychologists would like to be able to do, *i.e.*, write a book which interests people generally without repelling them by scientific terms, and phrases unfamiliar to the lay mind; and at the same time, not to fall into that other pit of popular scientific writers, the condemnation of having cheapened science by watering it." (12mo, \$1.75.)

DR. GREEN'S SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

A handsome volume giving a complete account of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the appointment of Prof. Green as an Instructor in Princeton Theological Seminary, May 5, 1896, including Addresses, Testimonials, and Letters, and a Bibliography and a portrait. (8vo, \$1.50 net.)

INTERNATIONAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

Edited by Prof. C. A. BRIGGS, D.D., and Prof. S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D.

"One of the most valuable collections of theological works in print."—*New York Examiner*.

"It is to me quite a marvel how a book of this kind (Fisher's 'History of Christian Doctrine') can be written so accurately to scale. It could only be done by one who had a very complete command of all the periods."—Prof. WILLIAM SANDAY, *Oxford*.

History of Christian Doctrine. By Prof. GEORGE P. FISHER, Yale University. Crown 8vo, \$2.50 net. *Just issued.*

Christian Ethics. By NEWMAN SMYTH, D.D., New Haven. Crown 8vo, \$2.50 net.

Apologetics; or, Christianity Defensively Stated. By Prof. A. B. BRUCE, University of Glasgow. Crown 8vo, \$2.50 net.

An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament. By Prof. S. R. DRIVER, Oxford. Crown 8vo, \$2.50 net.

INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY.

Edited by Prof. C. A. BRIGGS, D.D., Prof. S. R. DRIVER, and ALFRED PLUMMER, D.D.

"We believe this series to be of epoch-making importance."—*New York Evangelist*.

"A decided advance on all other commentaries."—*The Outlook*.

St. Mark. By Prof. E. P. GOULD, Philadelphia. Crown 8vo, \$2.50 net. *Just issued.*

Deuteronomy. By Prof. S. R. DRIVER, D.D., Oxford. Crown 8vo, \$3.00 net.

Judges. By Prof. GEORGE F. MOORE, Andover. Crown 8vo, \$3.00 net.

Romans. By Prof. W. SANDAY and Rev. A. C. HEADLAM, Oxford. Crown 8vo, \$3.00 net.

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

New Books for Young Readers.

THREE NEW BOOKS. By G. A. Henty.

At Agincourt. A Tale of the White Hoods of Paris. With 12 full-page illustrations by Walter Paget. Crown 8vo, olive edges, \$1.50.

"It is an exciting story and one that will command the interest of the reader from the first page to the last. Mr. Henty is a master of fiction and a thorough student of history."—*New York Observer*.

On the Irrawaddy. A Story of the First Burmese War. With 8 full-page illustrations by W. H. Overend. Crown 8vo, olive edges, \$1.50.

"A stirring romance based on the incidents of the first war between England and Burmah three-quarters of a century ago. Mr. Henty has studied the history of the campaign very thoroughly, and makes it the background of a most interesting story."—*Boston Transcript*.

With Cochrane the Dauntless. A Tale of the Exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American Waters. With 12 full-page illustrations by W. H. Margetson. Crown 8vo, olive edges, \$1.50.

"A tale of the exploits of a boy who accompanied the famous fighter during the war between Chili and Peru. His adventures, his battles, his capture, and condemnation to death, his escape and fight through the wilderness and down the Amazon make up a thrilling story."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.

Stories from the Land of the Round Table. By W. H. FROST, author of "The Wagner Story Book." Illustrated by S. R. Burleigh. 12mo, \$1.50.

Mr. Frost has had the happy idea of making a journey to the different places connected with the Arthurian romances by history or legend, and of relating the ever new Round Table Tales on their sites, to the same little girl, now somewhat older, to whom he told his charming Wagner stories.

By the Same Author: **The Wagner Story Book.** Firelight Tales of the Great Music Dramas. Illustrated by Sidney R. Burleigh. 12mo, \$1.50.

"The author has full command of his subject, and the style is easy, simple, and graceful."—*Boston Beacon*.

HANS BRINKER; OR, THE SILVER SKATES.

New Amsterdam Edition. By Mary Mapes Dodge.

A new edition with over 100 illustrations by Allan B. Doggett. 12mo, \$2.50. Mrs. Dodge's ever-popular story will appear afresh to old and new readers in this handsome new edition. The pictures not only adorn the book most attractively, but illustrate it in the highest sense, reflecting the spirit of the text most admirably, and depicting the Dutch scenes and characters with great fidelity. They are the result of a special journey to Holland, undertaken by the artist in order that he might visit, in person, the places where the scenes of Mrs. Dodge's story were laid.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

Charles Scribner's Sons' Books for the Holidays.

New Books for Young Readers.

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD.

The Field-de Koven Song Book. Verses by EUGENE FIELD.
Music by Reginald de Koven and others. Large 8vo, \$2.00.

Over twenty of Mr. Field's lyrics are here set to charmingly appropriate music by Reginald de Koven, the most popular of American song writers, and other well-known composers.

THE AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF SPORT.

Out-door Games for All Seasons. By DANIEL C. BEARD.
With over 300 illustrations by the author. 8vo, \$2.50.

This is an entirely new book by Mr. Beard, containing altogether new matter of great interest to all young lovers of sport. It is a companion volume to the author's well-known "American Boy's Handy Book," of which over twenty-five thousand copies have been sold, and will undoubtedly rival that famous work in popularity as it does in interest.

By the Same Author: **The Wagner Story Book.** Firelight Tales of the Great Music Dramas. Illustrated by Sidney R. Burleigh. 12mo, \$1.50.

THROUGH SWAMP AND GLADE. By Kirk Munroe.

A Tale of the Seminole War. Illustrated. (*White Conqueror Series*.) 12mo, \$1.25.

"The leading events as well as the leading characters are true to history. It was a campaign of tragic romance where real events needed no romance to make them thrilling. Kirk Munroe is at home in such a story and his book has no dull pages."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Previous Volumes: **The White Conquerors.** Illustrated by W. S. Stacey. **At War with Pontiac.** Illustrated by J. Finnemore. Each, 12mo, \$1.25.

THE LOG OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

By HARRY COLLINGWOOD. With 12 full-page illustrations by W. I. Rainey. 12mo, \$1.50.

"The scene of the story is laid in the early years of the present century, when British privateers were scouring the ocean in pursuit of French or Spanish merchantmen. There is plenty of fighting. The book will be devoured eagerly by any boy who is fortunate enough to get a copy."

—*Boston Advertiser*.

TO TELL THE KING THE SKY IS FALLING.

By SHEILA E. BRAINE. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. 12mo, \$1.75. A pretty, fanciful story for children, attractively illustrated.

CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

1860-1896. By HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT. 12mo, \$1.25.

A new volume continuing Miss Wright's former delightful books of stories for children in American literature and American history.

Previous Volumes, each, \$1.25. Children's Stories in American Literature, 1660-1860. Children's Stories of the Great Scientists. Children's Stories in American History. Children's Stories in English Literature. Children's Stories of American Progress. 2 vols.

MRS. BURNETT'S FAMOUS JUVENILES.

Each, square 8vo. Fully illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, \$2.00.

Sara Crewe, \$1.50.

Little Saint Elizabeth, \$1.50.

Giovanni and the Other, \$1.50.

Piccolo, \$1.50.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, \$1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons' Importations

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV.

(Le Grand Siècle.) Translated from the French of EMILE BOURGEOIS. Imperial 8vo, beautifully bound, \$15.00.

An altogether notable work, based upon the writings of Voltaire, Saint Simon, Madame de Sévigné, La Bruyère, the Princess Palatine, etc., etc. It is distinguished alike for the historical value of its contents, the interest and charm of its style, and for the richness and profuseness of its illustrative material, which has been drawn from every source, public and private.

With 22
Photogravures and
500 other
illustrations.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, A BIOGRAPHY.

By ANDREW LANG. 2 volumes, large 8vo, \$12.50.

As Mr. Lockhart was the editor of the *Quarterly Review* for twenty-five years, and the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, this biography is naturally of the utmost literary interest. In addition to the story of Mr. Lockhart's life, the volume contains a large mass of unprinted matter relating to the literary celebrities of the day, which Mrs. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford has placed at Mr. Lang's disposal.

With 4
Engraved Portraits,
7 Colored Plates,
and other
illustrations.

THE CENTENARY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

30 volumes, square 8vo, \$1.25 per volume.

This edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle will be the most complete edition ever issued, for it will include a volume of essays and minor writings never before published in a collected form. The edition will be printed on light and strong paper from a special font of type.

With many Portraits
which have never before
appeared, Maps, Plans,
and other illustrations.

CHERRY AND VIOLET.

8vo, \$2.25.

A Tale of the Great Plague. By the author of, and uniform with, "The Household of Sir Thomas More." With an introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton.

With 26 Illustrations
by Herbert Railton
and John Jeilcoe.

CLIMBS IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

Being an Account of Travel and Discovery. By EDWARD A. FITZGERALD. Large 8vo, \$7.50 net.

"A superbly made book. A record of exploration and adventure, a tale of difficulties and triumphs of mountaineering, of the sort which Mr. Whymper, Sir Martin Conway, and others have made us familiar with. The story is admirably told."—*The Dial*.

With over 60
illustrations by Joseph
Pennell, H. G. Willink,
A. D. McCormick, and
from Photographs.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

32 volumes, 8vo, \$4.00 net per volume.

This is the first uniform and complete edition of Mr. George Meredith's works, and will contain, in addition to all the novels and poems which are accessible at the present time, some work never before issued in book form. This is the definitive edition, each book having been carefully edited by the author, and put in its final form. It will be complete in 32 volumes, and there will be but 1,000 sets printed, of which only a limited number are for America. The volumes will be distinguished for their beauty of paper and type, and will closely resemble in style the Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's works.

With New Portrait
from a drawing made for
this Edition by
J. S. Sargent, A.R.A.

SPORT IN THE ALPS.

By W. A. BAILLIE GROHMAN. Square 8vo, \$5.00.

A volume of rare interest and importance, in which the author, a hunter of long experience, tells of the chase of the Chamois, Red Deer, Bouquetin, Capercaillie, Black Cock, etc. The *New York Evening Post* says: "Mr. Grohman has probably a better knowledge of the whole range of Alpine shooting than any other Englishman. He is, moreover, a delightful writer. Throughout he enlivens his text with many good stories."

With 18 Full-page
illustrations and 18
illustrations in the text.

Charles Scribner's Sons' Importations.

THE UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF EDWARD GIBBON. Including Seven Autobiographies, Correspondence, etc., printed verbatim from MSS. in the possession of the Earl of Sheffield. With a preface by the EARL OF SHEFFIELD. Vol. I. The Six Autobiographies, edited by JOHN MURRAY. Vols. II. and III. Gibbon's Private Letters to his Father, Stepmother, Lord Sheffield, and others, from 1753 to 1794; edited, with notes, etc., by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO. 3 vols., 8vo. (*Nearly Ready.*)

THE BLACK WATCH. The Record of a Historic Regiment. By ARCHIBALD FORBES, author of "Memories and Studies of War and Peace." With frontispiece. 8vo, \$1.50.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE. A Personal Narrative of Adventures, Risks, and Escapes during the American Civil War. By THOMAS E. TAYLOR. With illustrations by R. T. Pritchett. Crown 8vo, \$2.50.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SAVONAROLA. By Prof. PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by Linda Villari. With portraits and illustrations. New and popular edition in 1 volume. Cr. 8vo, \$2.50.

A HISTORY OF EGYPT. During the XVIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties. By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE (being Vol. II. of the complete History of Egypt). With numerous illustrations. 8vo, \$2.25.

FROM NORTH POLE TO EQUATOR. Studies of Wild Life and Scenes in Many Lands. By ALFRED EDMUND BREHM. Translated by Margaret R. Thomson. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. 83 illustrations from original drawings. Royal 8vo, \$6.00.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. For the Student, Craftsman, and Amateur. Being a Comparative View of the Historical Styles from the Earliest Period. By B. FLETCHER, Prof. of Arch., King's College, London, and B. F. FLETCHER. With 115 plates, mostly collotypes, and other illustrations in the text. Crown 8vo, \$4.50.

THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY. A Journey to Baringo and Mount Kenya. With some account of the Geography, Native Races, Fauna and Flora of the Region, and the National Migrations in British East Africa, etc. By J. W. GREGORY. Maps and illustrations. 8vo, \$7.50.

THE HEART OF A CONTINENT. A Narrative of Travels in Manchuria—The Desert of Gobi—Turkestan—The Himalayas—The Hindu Kush—The Pamirs, Chitral, etc. From 1884 to 1894. By Captain FRANK YOUNGHUSBAND. With maps. Illustrations by A. D. McCormick. 8vo, \$6.00.

WITH AN AMBULANCE DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870-1871. By CHARLES E. RYAN. With portrait. Crown 8vo, \$3.00.

MY CONFIDENCES. An Autobiographical Sketch, Addressed to my Descendants. By FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON. Edited by Augustine Birrell. 2 portraits. 8vo, \$5.00.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Poet and Pioneer. A Bibliographical Study by HENRY S. SALT. With portrait. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

THE LIFE OF LAURENCE STERNE. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With portrait. 2 vols., 8vo, \$3.00.

THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS. With Critical Observations on their Works. By SAMUEL JOHNSON. With about 30 portraits. Edited by Arthur Waugh. A new edition in 6 vols., 12mo. Price, per volume, \$2.50.

THE STORY OF BRITISH MUSIC. From the Earliest Times to the Tudor Period. By F. J. CROWEST. With numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo, \$3.50.

LYRA CELTICA. An Anthology of Representative Celtic Poetry. Edited by ELIZABETH A. SHARP, with introduction and notes by William Sharp. Crown 8vo, \$2.25.

T. & T. CLARK'S THEOLOGICAL PUBLICATIONS. By special arrangement with Messrs. T. & T. Clark, for whose publications Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the Sole Agents for the United States, a marked reduction has been made in the prices of their books. New catalogue containing these prices sent on application.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York.

RILEY'S NEW BOOK OF POETRY

A CHILD-WORLD

A CONTINUOUS NARRATIVE (IN DIALECT AND SERIOUS VERSE) OF CHILD-LIFE AND OLD-HOME TALES, IN WHICH YOUNG AND OLD PARTICIPATE IN THE STORY-TELLING

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

"A CHILD-WORLD"
UNIFORM WITH HIS OTHER
VOLUMES, 12MO, CLOTH,
ORNAMENTAL, \$4.25

"A CHILD-WORLD"
ON HAND-MADE PAPER,
UNIFORM WITH
"OLD FASHIONED ROSES,"
16MO, \$2.00

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

MR. RILEY'S

OTHER BOOKS

Neighboring Poems. Rhymes of Childhood.
Sketches in Prose. The Flying Islands of the Night.
Afterthoughts. Green Fields and Running Brooks.
Pipes o' Pee. Armazindy.

Each of above, 12mo, Cloth, \$4.25; Half Calf, \$2.50

Old Fashioned Roses. An Old Sweetheart of Mine.
16mo, Cloth, \$4.75 Cloth, Full Gilt, \$2.50

Published by THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO., Indianapolis

For sale by ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR WILL BE SENT BY THE PUBLISHERS, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico on receipt of the price.

BILL NYE'S FUNNIEST BOOK

A GUEST AT THE LUDLOW

A VOLUME OF HUMOROUS STORIES AND SKETCHES

By EDGAR WILSON NYE

[BILL NYE]

WITH TWENTY FULL PAGE AND
TWELVE SMALLER DESIGNS,
THE LATTER BY THE
AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

Go, little booklet, go—
Bearing an honored name,
'Till everywhere that you have
went,
They 're glad that you have
came.



BILL NYE

By arrangement with Mrs. Edgar W. Nye, The Bowen-Merrill Company announce a volume of humorous stories by Bill Nye (Edgar Wilson Nye), prepared for publication by him during the last months of his life, entitled "A GUEST AT THE LUDLOW" AND OTHER STORIES.

It is printed, bound and illustrated in a style surpassing anything heretofore issued of Mr. Nye's in book form, and containing the famous humorist's best and most finished work. Twenty-eight stories and numerous illustrations, including the author's introduction in fac-simile. It is the handsomest copyrighted book published this season for the price.

Crown 8vo, \$4.25, postpaid on receipt of the price.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Publishers, INDIANAPOLIS AND KANSAS CITY

EVERY AMERICAN NEEDS THE STANDARD HISTORY
OF HIS OWN COUNTRY

The New York Tribune

has secured the entire first edition of the new great Standard History of the United States, and by forming subscribers into clubs sells the single copies for one-third less than the regular price, and upon easy terms. After years of preparation

Scribner's History of the United States

is complete, 3500 pages, 1600 illustrations, costing alone more than \$100,000. It is the only large work (notwithstanding the many excellent small histories) which is full, brought down to date, superbly illustrated, meeting all the demands of intelligent American families. The plan of the work was laid by William Cullen Bryant, the text written by Sydney Howard Gay, Noah Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, Horace E. Scudder, Rowiter Johnson, and many specialists.

PRICES ARE ADVANCING

A large part of the entire first edition which The Tribune secured has been subscribed for, but all who join a Tribune Club now (no club fee), can have the set delivered for \$2.00 down and \$2.00 a month for 9 months—about 7 cents a day. Readers have ordered the leather binding usually. It costs \$1.00 a month more, but it will last a lifetime.

HOW TO ORDER

It is impossible to describe this book in a limited space. We are so confident of its value we offer to send it upon approval. Fill out the following blank and mail at once.

REMEMBER

This set of books is for sale nowhere else. The Tribune has the entire edition. Order quickly or the edition may be exhausted.

Address _____

THE TRIBUNE, NEW YORK.

I hereby subscribe through TRIBUNE CLUB to
Scribner's Popular History of the United States
complete in Five Volumes. I agree to pay \$2.00 on receipt of books and to remit to **The Tribune Association**, Tribune Building, New York, \$2.00 monthly for nine months.

Signature _____

Price in
Half Leather:
\$1.00 a month
more.

Address _____

I refer to as to my responsibility.

The New York Tribune, Tribune Building, New York

NEW HOLIDAY BOOKS



- THE ETERNAL CITY, ROME** Its Religions, Monuments, Literature, and Art. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT, author of "The Queen of the Adriatic," etc. With 30 photogravure illustrations from views of the most notable remains, numerous text and full-page woodcuts, and a series of accurate maps and plans from the latest explorations elucidating the historical portions of the text. *Library Edition*, 2 vols., small octavo, cloth, gilt top, \$5.00. *Holiday Edition*, \$6.00
- CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE** By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Holiday Edition. Illustrated with etchings and photogravures. Handsome cover design in gold, stamped, 1 vol., 8vo, cloth, \$4.00
- ISLA HERON** By LAURA E. RICHARDS, author of "Captain January," etc. A companion volume to "Nautilus." Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Small 4to, unique cover design, 75c.
- SOME SAY** and a Companion Story, **NEIGHBORS IN CYRUS** By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Two excellent stories written in the author's graceful manner. Square 12mo, cloth, 50c.
- CHATTERBOX FOR 1896** The King of Juveniles. Six finely lithographed chromos have been added this year. Boards, \$1.25
- TEDDY AND CARROTS;** Or, TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW. By JAMES OTIS. Illustrated by W. A. Rogers. A highly entertaining story of street arab life in New York City. Square 12mo, cloth, \$1.25
- THE BOY CAPTAIN** By JAMES OTIS. Illustrated. A stirring story of the sea, full of the interesting and exciting adventures on a portion of the Chinese coast infested with native pirates. Small 8vo, cloth, fine cover design, \$1.50
- CRICKET AT THE SEASHORE** By ELIZABETH W. TIMLOW. Illustrated. A sequel to "Cricket." 16mo, cloth, \$1.00
- UNDER THE LIBERTY TREE** A Story of the Boston Massacre. By JAMES OTIS. The fifth volume in his Stories of American History Series. Illustrated with seventeen drawings by L. J. Bridgman. Small 12mo, cloth, handsome cover design, 75c.
- THE LOLLIPOPS' VACATION** And Other Stories. By SOPHIE SWETT. A collection of stories reprinted from St. Nicholas. The original illustrations are used and a large number of others, by E. B. Barry. Square 12mo, cloth, handsome cover design, \$1.25
- THE RULERS OF THE SEA** By EDMUND NEUKOMM. Illustrated by G. Roux and L. Benett. The story deals with the discovery of America in the year 1000 by the Norsemen; the early Norsemen's Colonies in America from the 10th to the 14th Century; the new discovery of America at the end of the 14th Century, and explorations in Brazil four years after. 12mo, cloth, handsome cover design, \$1.50
- THE CRYSTAL CITY** By ANDRÉ LAURIE. Illustrated with numerous full-page plates from original drawings by G. Roux. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50
In his description of this marvelous city, and the wonderful inventions by which its inhabitants obtained food and air, M. Laurie much resembles Jules Verne in style.
- PENNYROYAL AND MINT** By SOPHIE SWETT, author of "The Lollipops' Vacation." The present collection is of the best stories that have appeared in *Harper's Bazar*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, etc., during the past few years. 12mo, cloth, attractive cover design, \$1.25
- FIELD CLOVER AND BEACH GRASS** A collection of stories by SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT. The author for years has been a regular contributor to the leading magazines and periodicals, and her stories are well known as being typical ones of New England life. 12mo, cloth, handsome cover design, \$1.25
- MEMORIAL LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO** With Victor Hugo's death the great authors and writers of France united to issue a memorial life of Victor Hugo. The authors and critics contributed the text, and many of the leading artists of France made the illustrations, showing their love for the master. Illustrated with photogravures and wood-cuts. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50
- THE BAY COLONY** Being the Early Colonial History in Massachusetts. By WILLIAM DUMMER NORTHEND. A concise history of the first twenty-five years of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, ending with the death of Winthrop in 1650; the primitive period of the colony. An introductory chapter deals with the settlement at Plymouth and the other settlements prior to the arrival of Winthrop. 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$2.00

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE LIST will be MAILED FREE to any address upon application. The above books are for sale by Booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price by

ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers, BOSTON

For Twenty-five Cents THE BOOK BUYER

FOR NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, AND JANUARY,
THE THREE BEST NUMBERS OF THE YEAR.

No one who loves books should miss **THE BOOK BUYER**. It presents a complete survey of contemporary literature, including special articles, bookish gossip, book reviews, literary news, and many beautiful illustrations. This special offer will enable all to try the periodical for three months at a very slight cost.

SOME OF THE FEATURES OF THESE NUMBERS.

NOVEMBER

A handsome photogravure frontispiece of Rudyard Kipling's house in Vermont.

Kipling Bibliography and review of his new book of ballads by E. C. Stedman.

A talk with J. M. Barrie, and a review of "Sentimental Tommy" by Joel Chandler Harris.

A. B. Wenzell and his work fully illustrated.

Articles on William Morris and Du Maurier.

Signed reviews of the latest books by well-known writers.

The latest literary news, gossip about authors, numerous illustrations, etc., etc.

DECEMBER.

The superb Christmas number, over 200 pages, with special cover in four colors.

A rich photogravure frontispiece of Du Maurier's house, from a drawing by Orson Lowell, made specially for **THE BOOK BUYER**.

The holiday books reviewed by W. C. Brownell, William M. Sloane, Robert Bridges, Frank R. Stockton, Russell Sturgis, Stephen Crane, John C. Van Dyke, Will H. Low, Hamilton W. Mabie, and Noah Brooks.

Nearly 200 handsome illustrations from the latest books, forming with the reviews a complete survey of the autumn and holiday literature.

JANUARY.

A photogravure frontispiece, special illustrated articles on William Morris, Arthur T. Hadley, Charles Robinson, the illustrator, signed reviews of new books by eminent reviewers, many handsome illustrations, and the freshest literary gossip, with the many other interesting monthly features that distinguish **THE BOOK BUYER**.

Send 25 Cents at once and secure these 3 Beautiful Numbers.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a Year.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

153-157 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

THE ART INTERCHANGE

FOR 1897

One Year
\$4
With Premium

Will surpass all former volumes. The aim will be to maintain its present high position as the foremost art and household monthly magazine published. The remarkable success of this popular magazine is due to the great care and pains taken in every department to meet, in a thorough and conscientious manner, the wants of its patrons, and its constantly increasing subscription list is the highest mark of appreciation of our efforts.

Six months
\$2
Single Copies
35 Cents

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

FINE ART
DECORATIVE ART
INDUSTRIAL ART
BIOGRAPHIES OF ARTISTS
ILLUSTRATION
SKETCHING
PAINTING IN OIL AND
WATER COLORS
WOOD-CARVING
PYROGRAPHY

CHINA PAINTING
ART EMBROIDERY
CERAMICS
MODELING IN CLAY
ARCHITECTURAL PLANS
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
HOME DECORATION
EMBROIDERY
ART NOTES AND NEWS
ETC., ETC.

THREE SLEEPY KITTENS. Oil Colors. Size 10x17 in. Given with the Christmas (1896) Number. Price, 25 cents, if sold singly.

During the coming year subscribers will have the benefit of many specially attractive features, which have been arranged for, regardless of expense to the publishers.

The color studies to be given will be superior to any heretofore issued, and will embrace an unusual variety of the best subjects by leading artists. They will be chosen with a view to meeting every purpose, whether as models for copying or for wall decoration.

Every number of this oldest and best household magazine is lavishly illustrated and accompanied by superb fac-similes of oil and water-color paintings and large extra design supplements for all branches of home decoration. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Yearly, \$4.00, trial, three months, \$1.00; single copies, 35 cents.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER IS NOW READY

This number has been in preparation for many months, and the labor and expense involved enable us to offer you a holiday number of rare beauty and exceptional merit in every particular, superior to all previous attempts, and, without a doubt, the handsomest issue of the year. The cover is of special design, printed in two colors. Its pages are filled with beautiful illustrations of high order, many useful holiday suggestions, timely information on art work of various branches, and contains, besides, two large design supplements in black and white and the two exquisite color plates shown in this advertisement. This superb number will be sent as a **Specimen Copy** to any address for only 25 cents in stamps until the limited supply is exhausted. Do not delay in sending for this beautiful Christmas number. Every SCRIBNER reader should have a copy.

SUPERB STUDY OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS. Water Colors. By Paul de Langpré. Size, 8½x35 inches. Given with the Christmas (1896) Number. Price, 50 cents, if sold singly.

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR 1897 AND SECURE ONE OF THE SPECIAL OFFERS MADE BELOW

THE FOLLOWING UNUSUAL OFFERS are made to every SCRIBNER reader subscribing promptly for 1897. The full amount of \$4 must be sent direct to us, with choice of premium clearly specified, so as to avoid confusion in filling your order.

For \$4 you will receive **THE ART INTERCHANGE** for 1897, and will get in addition, **FREE**, the six months' numbers from July to December, 1896, inclusive, accompanied by all the beautiful color and other supplements. By taking advantage of this offer now you get 18 months, which include our Thanksgiving, Xmas, and other specially attractive numbers, for \$4.00 with 24 color pictures and 24 design supplements. The color studies include our Violets, Pansies, Chrysanthemums, Kittens, Landscapes, Marines, Figures, Dog's Head, etc., making a most charming variety; worth in any art store from \$8 to \$15 alone.

This is an exceptionally liberal offer, and to secure full advantages of it you must lose no time in subscribing.

Or, if you prefer china designs, instead of above offer, we will send you, as a premium, **FREE**, a choice collection of 20 sheets, containing a great variety of beautiful designs in color for china painting.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

For \$1.00 will be sent to every one mentioning the December, 1896, SCRIBNER 6 attractive numbers of **THE ART INTERCHANGE**, all beautifully illustrated and full of most valuable information on art matters and practical suggestions in all branches of Home Decoration, together with 12 design supplements and 12 superb oil and water-color pictures. This generous offer includes our exquisite companion pictures, Chrysanthemums (shown above), Roses, and Violets, each, 8x35 inches in size, and embraces landscapes, figures, etc.

The pictures alone, at catalogue prices, sell for \$3.75. They make beautiful subjects for framing, and are admirably adapted for copying.

Order Now before the supply is exhausted. Every one sending for this generous offer has the privilege of subscribing for a full year at only \$4.00.

General catalogue and prospectus for 1897 sent for 2c stamp.

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 152 West 23d Street, New York

The Christian Advocate

Edited by Rev. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

IS the great official newspaper of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is recognized as the best religious weekly paper published.

Every Christian family desirous of keeping in touch with the aggressive movements of this great denomination should take THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Its Departments are varied to suit the wants of all, old and young, and are under the direction of competent assistants.

Its Correspondents are men and women of the highest attainments, whose articles, as they appear, are read with great interest and profit.

Special attention will be given to the Department for our Young People, which will be made increasingly interesting.

**SHOULD BE READ IN EVERY
HOME IN THE LAND . . .**

Our Greatest Bible Offer for New and Old Subscribers
1897

We will send The Christian Advocate
for 1897, price \$2.50, and one copy
of the above described Bible, price \$4,
by Mail or Express, all charges paid,
for \$4.50, cash to accompany each
order. \$6.50 value for \$4.50 . . .

The "International" Self-Pronouncing Teachers' Bible is printed from New Plates in Clear Minion Type, bound in Egyptian Morocco, Divinity Circuit, Overlapping Edges, Red under Gold Edges, Round Corners, Silk Head Bands, Silk Marker, and Leather Lined to Edge.

Price, \$4.00 per Copy

Sample Copies of the Paper will be furnished on application to

EATON & MAINS, Publishers, - 150 Fifth Ave., New York

No Home Should be Without a Copy of

Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia

The Independent, of New York, says that

"In the best sense it is an American work, developed on a distinct plan of its own, and every article written independently for it"; and

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson says that

"For Americans it is altogether the best cyclopaedia now accessible."

IT IS ENTIRELY NEW . . .

and covers the whole round of Science, Literature, Art, History, Politics, Theology, Philosophy, etc., in about 50,000 articles, written specially for it by the most eminent men in each department—men who sign their names to their articles, and whose names carry weight.

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D.,

President of the University of Wisconsin,

Editor-in-Chief

*Thirty-six Eminent Scholars and Specialists as Department Editors
Three Thousand Contributors*

Complete in Eight Extra Royal Octavo Volumes, containing 7264 pages, 130 colored maps, including plans of the chief cities of North America and Europe, and over 3000 Engravings. New and larger type.

Send for Prospectus and Specimen Pages

D. APPLETON & CO., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York

T

H

E

L

C

E

N

T

U

R

Y

The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia

is now given to the world in its completed and perfected form, and those who act promptly will get it at a saving of over 40 per cent. This master production of the world's master minds is a work of **UNIVERSAL** reference—a statement that can be truthfully made of no other publication. So far does it excel all other reference works that in the hands of the public it will prove its own best advertisement. To know its surpassing merits is to recognize it as an absolute necessity for any one who desires to keep abreast of the times. In conception, in plan and in execution all other works of reference are now rendered passe. The Century alone is constructed to meet the needs alike of the practical, busy man of affairs and of the most exacting student. Knowing that the public will be quick to recognize these facts, a novel plan has been decided upon to get this newly completed work before the public. We have arranged with the Century Co. for the formation of a few clubs (one in each of a few leading cities of the United States). These clubs will be limited to a thousand members, and each member will

A LIBRARY IN ITSELF

Embodying in one comprehensive work all the advantages of Dictionary, Encyclopedia, Atlas and a great many other works hitherto indispensable in any well-equipped library.

AS A DICTIONARY IT is not only the most comprehensive ever published, but it is the only one that covers the whole language from the earliest time to the present, and that gives the latest and best results of scholarly research in etymology, spelling, pronunciation and definitions. It gives every shade of meaning of every word, amplified by illustrations, quotations, and synonyms. In addition to this, it includes a collection never before inserted in any one work of the technical terms in all the sciences, arts, trades, and professions. It has a grand total of over **500,000 DEFINITIONS**.

AS AN ENCYCLOPEDIA IT covers far more ground than any other, for it adds to the scientific knowledge generally found in such works the plain, practical, every-day knowledge which is generally omitted, and which is the information that is most sought for. Hence the work is of the greatest value to every one, whether merchant, manufacturer, teacher, student, or professional man. It occupies a field of its own. There is absolutely no other work like it. It covers all knowledge on all subjects. It pronounces proper names—a feature not found in other works of reference. It contains **150,000 ENCYCLOPEDIA ARTICLES, 300,000 QUOTATIONS, 8,000 ENGRAVINGS.**

AS AN ATLAS IT is complete and thoroughly up-to-date. It contains one large map for every State of the Union and for every foreign country. It does not stop where other Atlases stop, but gives much information not found in them, such as the history, description, etc., of cities and countries. It contains **NEARLY 100 DOUBLE-PAGE MAPS.**

receive a set of this great work at our **LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICE**, and may pay for it in **SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS.** You can secure the benefits of this club offer by acting promptly; if you are not a resident of one of these cities, we will direct you to the nearest club, provided your inquiry comes to us before that club has reached its limit. Send us this advertisement with your address and we will forward it by first mail to the nearest club, with instructions to furnish you full particulars. If you are a professional man, name your profession and we will send you matter which shows the practical value of the work in your particular line. **Clarke, Barcus & Co., 33 Union Square, New York, Sole Agents for the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia.**

Published
by

The Century Company

IN FRENCH—

Victor Hugo's Works

THE attention of all readers of French is called to the following editions of Victor Hugo's Works. Their publication in America has been attended with great care, and they are not only the handsomest, but the *cheapest* editions in the original French.

LES MISÉRABLES. The best library edition of Victor Hugo's masterpiece. In 5 volumes: I., *Fantine*; II., *Colette*; III., *Marinus*; IV., *Idylle rue Plumet*; V., *Jean Valjean*.

The set, 12mo, Paper, \$4.50; Cloth, \$6.50; Half-calf, \$13.50.

One volume edition. The whole story intact, episodes and detailed descriptions only omitted, \$1.25.

NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS. With nearly 200 illustrations by Bieler, Myrbach, and Rossi. 2 Volumes, 12mo, Paper, \$3.00; Cloth, \$3.00; Half-calf, \$6.00.

Edition de Grand Luxe. Only 100 copies published. In addition to the illustrations, as in the ordinary edition, it contains 12 fac-simile water colors, and is printed on Imperial Japan paper. The handsomest edition of this work ever published. The set, 2 volumes, each volume numbered, signed, and in a satin portfolio, \$10.00.

Edition de Luxe. Only 400 copies published. With illustrations as in the *Edition de Grand Luxe*, and printed on fine satin paper. The set, 2 volumes, numbered, signed, and bound half morocco Roxburgh style, gilt top, \$6.00.

QUATREVINGT-TREIZE. A graphic and powerful romance. 12mo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50; Half-calf, \$3.00.

LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA MER. This celebrated work, uniform in style with "Quatrevingt-Treize."

12mo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50; Half-calf, \$3.00.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, by the publisher,

WILLIAM R. JENKINS,

851 & 853 Sixth Avenue, cor. 48th Street, New York.

Catalogue of publications in French and other languages sent on application.

New Books on Whist.....

WINNING WHIST.

By EMERY BOARDMAN. 16mo, \$1.00.

Mr. Boardman's book presents a harmonious system of combined long-suit and short-suit plays. While following the lines of Cavendish, and the now universally accepted system of American Leads the author adds some interesting variations and developments of his own. The arrangement of the book and the analyses of the various hands and plays are remarkably clear and simple.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO WHIST.

By the Latest Scientific Methods. By FISHER AMES. With the Laws of Whist as adopted by the American Whist League. *Eighth Edition.* Revised. From New Plates. 16mo, 75 cents.

AMERICAN LEADS AT WHIST.

With Directions for Play. By FISHER AMES. *Sixth Edition.* Small 16mo, paper, 25 cents.

CAVENDISH ON WHIST.

The Laws and Principles of Whist stated and explained, and its practice illustrated by means of hands played completely through. Printed in colors. Copyrighted edition, prepared for the United States by the author, with the revision of the latest, twenty-second, English edition. 16mo, \$1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

PROF. A. LOISETTE'S

WORLD FAMED

Assimilative Memory System,

Endorsed by Educators, Scientific, Professional, and Business Men all over the world. Abridged from six books to one. Handsomely bound, with portrait and autograph. Price, \$2.50 American; 10s. 6d. English. Prospectus and testimonials sent FREE. Address A. LOISETTE, 257 Fifth Ave., New York, or 200 Regent Street, London, England.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS offer for the Holiday Season a Library for Young People, comprising 300 carefully selected and attractive books, at a very low price.

With each library there will be given free of charge a handsome, specially bound catalogue, with the name, address, etc., of the owner.

For list and particulars, address

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

153-157 Fifth Ave., New York.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

The following works by this author will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price:

HEAVEN AND HELL

416 pages, paper cover, 15 cents. Special edition, 8vo, cloth, 377 pages, 25 cents.

DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM

384 pages, paper cover, 15 cents.

FOUR LEADING DOCTRINES

266 pages, cloth, 20 cents.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

196 pages, paper cover, 15 cents.

GOD, PROVIDENCE, AND CREATION

253 pages, paper cover, 15 cents.

Complete Descriptive Catalogue of Swedenborg's Works sent free on request.

The American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society

21 Cooper Institute, NEW YORK CITY

TO INDUCE YOU TO READ

Our circulars, setting forth the great merits of our publication, whereby we hope to persuade a proportion of readers to become subscribers, and thus increase both the reputation and the sale of

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

WE MAKE THIS VERY LIBERAL OFFER

Everybody knows the famous song "Home, Sweet Home," and its celebrated author, John Howard Payne. Few, however, have ever seen a portrait of him whose name has become immortalized by the magic stroke of genius, which gave expression to the tenderest of human sentiments. We have recently acquired the original plate of the only fine steel-engraved portrait ever executed, and have struck off 1,000 impressions on fine heavy plate paper, size, 11x14 inches. Suitable for framing. An ornament for every home.

WE PROPOSE TO SEND YOU FREE

One of these special impressions, which is brilliantly printed from the engraved plate, with the autograph fac-simile signature below the portrait and which is not defaced by any advertising matter whatever, on receipt of your request as per coupon below. Remember, the finest steel-engraved

PORTRAIT OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

WILLIAM EVARTS BENJAMIN, Publisher, 20 West 2nd Street, New York.

Please send me one copy of steel-engraved portrait of John Howard Payne, as per your advertisement in SCRIBNER'S. Enclosed are five a-cent stamps to cover pasteboard mailing roll, postage, addressing expenses etc. I agree to read any circulars sent relative to your publication, "The Library of American Literature," and will consider a purchase if favorably impressed.

HOW CAN WE AFFORD TO DO THIS?

In fact, we doubt if we can continue the offer, for the greater the number of applications, the more our loss, therefore, we reserve the right to return stamps to applicants as soon as the 1,000 impressions are exhausted. It is simply an experiment of giving away a fine print, worth at least one dollar, to attract attention and sell our publication.

Positively only one portrait to each applicant.

The White Conqueror Series.

BY

KIRK MUNROE.

JUST ISSUED.

THROUGH SWAMP AND GLADE.

A Tale of the Seminole War. By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated by Victor Perard. 12mo, \$1.25.

A thrilling story based upon actual facts. It is a tale of that Florida in which the author makes his home, and with whose history he is intimately familiar. The hero was the Indian leader of the Seminole war, and the well-attested incidents of his romantic career, woven into narrative, form a volume of historical value and absorbing interest.

FORMER VOLUMES.

AT WAR WITH PONTIAC;

Or, The Totem of the Bear. A Tale of Redcoat and Redskin. By KIRK MUNROE. With 8 full-page illustrations by J. Finnemore. 12mo, \$1.25.

"A fascinating book for boys, full of action and movement."—*New York Observer*.

THE WHITE CONQUEROR.

A Tale of Toltec and Aztec. By KIRK MUNROE. With 8 full-page illustrations by W. S. Stacey. 12mo, \$1.25.

"The story is replete with scenes of vivid power; it is full of action and rapid movement."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Charles Scribner's Sons,

153-157 Fifth Avenue, - - New York.

Foreign Photographs

Foreign Photographs imported direct of the Paintings, Sculpture and Architecture of the old world.

*** The largest stock in America

of Hanfstaengl's Carbons, Braun's Carbons, Alinari's Carbons. *** Finely Framed Photographs for Xmas.

Original Photographs, both mounted and unmounted — all sizes. Catalogue of 10,000 subjects mailed for 20 cents.

C. H. DUNTON & CO.
136 Boylston Street,
BOSTON.

Webster's International Dictionary

For Christmas and at all other times it makes

A Choice Gift.



Pamphlet free.

IT IS A THOROUGH REVISION OF THE UNABRIDGED.

The purpose of which has been not display nor the provision of material for boastful and showy advertisement, but the due, judicious, scholarly, thorough perfecting of a work which in all the stages of its growth has obtained in an equal degree the favor and confidence of scholars and of the general public.

IT IS THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES, BECAUSE

Words are easily found * * * Pronunciation is easily ascertained.

Meanings are easily learned * * * The growth of words easily traced.

and because excellence of quality rather than superfluity of quantity characterizes its every department. * * * GET THE BEST.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

Captive Memories

SAID TO BE

The Most Beautiful
Gift-book Published

Commemorating in original verse the affection days of a life-time. Embellished with California flowers, and 40 full-page cupids. Quarto, gilt edges, \$3.00; with beautiful hand-painted frontispiece, \$4.50; Wedding Edition in white watered silk, \$7.50. A superb **Edition de Luxe**, from the original plates, on large paper, with 16 hand-painted cupids, \$24.00.

WHAT LITERARY EXPERTS SAY:

"The poems are rarely sweet; the rondeaux are worthy of the Troubadours of Provence."—JOHN G. WHITTIER.
"The most beautiful gift-book I ever saw."—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
"Will be held among our household treasures."—ROBERT COLLYER.
"Altogether a delight."—ANDREW D. WHITE.
"I never saw anything more charming."—S. WHEIR MITCHELL.
"A book which will have many lovers."—CHAS. ELIOT NORTON.
"It is indeed a 'thing of beauty.'"—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.
"All the world loves a lover, and an ideal one will be found in this beautiful book, which might appropriately be called 'The Memoirs of a Lover.'"—*Our Country*.

Before Purchasing Holiday Gifts

Ask to see it at the book stores, or send for Illustrated Prospectus to

JAMES T. WHITE & CO., Publishers
7 East 16th Street, New York

A POPULAR NOVEL

AMOS JUDD

By J. A. MITCHELL, Editor of *Life*.
Eighth Edition. (Twelfth Thousand.) 16mo, 75 cents.

Few story writers meet with the prompt and emphatic success that Mr. Mitchell has obtained in his lively, pleasing story of "Amos Judd." It has passed through six editions within nine months, and remains to-day one of the favorite novels of the season. No one should overlook it in selecting books for summer reading.

FIRST EDITION,	NOVEMBER 15, 1895.
SECOND EDITION,	JANUARY 10, 1896.
THIRD EDITION,	FEBRUARY 28, 1896.
FOURTH EDITION,	APRIL 8, 1896.
FIFTH EDITION,	JUNE 10, 1896.
SIXTH EDITION,	JULY 8, 1896.
SEVENTH EDITION,	SEPTEMBER 23, 1896.

READY
IMMEDIATELY EIGHTH EDITION.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 Fifth Ave., New York

E. W. HORNUNG'S STORIES OF ADVENTURE

A Romance. 12mo, \$1.50.

THE ROGUE'S MARCH

"A singularly attractive romance. The scene is laid in England and Australia in the early part of the century, and the book contains many graphic descriptions of convict life. The story itself, aside from its historical interest, is unusually attractive. A stirring book it is and one which will please all those who like stirring adventures."—*New York Herald*.

IRRALIE'S BUSHRANGER

A Story of Australian Adventure. (*Ivory Series*.) 16mo, 75 cents.

"It is a delightfully tormenting tale, compacted of all the good qualities of romantic adventurous fiction, in combination with a plot ingenious enough to keep Mr. Stockton awake at night reproaching himself for not having thought of it himself."—*New York Tribune*.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York

"JUST AS GOOD AS NEW"

You have the right to examine the work for one whole week; if not entirely satisfactory in every respect you may return it and your money will be refunded.

In making an inventory at the close of our recent Introductory Distribution, we find in stock a few sets of **The Encyclopædic Dictionary** (in cloth and half-Russia bindings only) that are slightly marred—not enough to impair their real value, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock at our regular prices of \$42.00 to \$70.00 a set. There being only a limited number of these special sets, we shall not go to the trouble of rebinding them, but have decided to let

AT ONCE A DICTIONARY AND AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA. COST, \$750,000

them go on easy payments of \$1 down and \$1 a month until paid at little more than half our recent very low introductory prices. By prompt action now, therefore, a number of ambitious and deserving readers, who desire a strictly up-to-date reference library, may secure one of these special sets at about

COST OF MAKING.

WHILE THEY LAST

they are yours for a lifetime
this easy way:

ONLY \$1.00

with order and \$1.00
per month until paid.

WE GUARANTEE

that these volumes, except for slight rubs or abrasions on the binding, are precisely the same as those sold at full prices. Yet we cannot offer them as perfect stock; and our loss shall be your gain. This is

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered in a strictly high-class standard publication. For those who are trying to "get along" with older and inferior reference works, this is a really wonderful opportunity.

WHAT THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY IS

It contains over **\$40,000 defined words**—nearly twice as many as the largest "unabridged" giving the history, derivation, spelling, pronunciation, and varied meanings of each legitimate English word. It is now accepted as an *unquestioned authority* wherever the English language is spoken.

It is one of the best of all Encyclopædias because *practically useful* as well as the latest and most scholarly. **\$40,000 encyclopædic subjects**—the Britannica has about 27,000. *Just think of it!* The whole range of human knowledge condensed for your instant use by such world-famous scientists as Huxley, Proctor, and a hundred other educators of hardly less renown. It is a *time-saver* for busy men; a *college education* for plodding students; a *brain developer* for ambitious mechanics; an inexhaustible treasure-house of information for each member of every family. It easily takes the place of any half dozen other reference books that could be named. It is truly a *family necessity*.

It is an *ornament to any library*; beautifully printed and substantially bound; four great volumes, profusely illustrated, *costing more than \$750,000 to produce*, and never before offered (except during our recent introductory sale) for less than **\$42.00 to \$70.00 a set**.

WHAT THE ABLEST CRITICS SAY

"The Encyclopædic Dictionary is a library condensed into four volumes; a ton of diffusiveness reduced to forty pounds of quietness."—*Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst*, March 9, 1895.

"It forms in itself a library for the busy man of affairs, the mechanic ambitious to advance himself in his line, or the student or apprentice just making a beginning."—*Scientific American*, August 3, 1895.

"Has no superior in any of the qualities that go to make up a good dictionary. I give the work my hearty commendation."—*Ex-Judge Noah Davis*, March 12, 1895.

"The work is undoubtedly an exceedingly useful and trustworthy one."—*Sunday School Times*, May 11, 1895.

"It has all the utility of a superior unabridged dictionary, and all the practical usefulness of a 25-volume encyclopædia without its diffusiveness."—*Ram's Horn*, Nov. 16, 1895.

"The skill and judgment with which the dictionary and encyclopædia have been blended can be appreciated only by comparing The Encyclopædic with other dictionaries."—*Public Opinion*, Sept. 19, 1895.

REMEMBER

These sets are as good, for all practical purposes as those for which we are getting regular prices. We guarantee that the interiors are not injured, and the bindings of our standard grade. The most serious injury to any set is no greater than might occur in a few days' use in your own home or office. As absolute proof of this statement you may retain the set for careful examination for one whole week. If not entirely satisfactory you have the right to return to the Syndicate and money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. *This is positively the chance of a life-time.*

HOW TO SECURE THIS GREAT BARGAIN

Bring or send \$1.00 to the New York Newspaper Syndicate, 93 Fifth Ave., New York, and the entire set of four superb volumes, *lance* is to be paid at the rate of \$1.00 monthly for 12 months. By so doing your first payment please designate the style with the volumes sent, as the charges for delivery must be paid here this special lot is exhausted will be immediately returned. To protect ourselves against book dealers, etc. we must be paid in every case we must require the full name and have only two styles of binding in this lot—cloth and half-Russia. *Order at once to make sure.* The absolute confidence of the y appreciated, highly valued, and cheerfully paid for is clearly oaks, the subscription price of which is from \$42 to \$70, on an ny newspaper in New York.

The half-Russia Binding will be supplied for \$1 down and 5 extra monthly payments.

New York Newspaper Syndicate, 93 Fifth Ave., New York

NEW YORK CITY. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

THE MISSES GRAHAM.

(Successors to the Misses Green.)
School for girls. Established 1816.
At new location,

176 West 72d Street, Sherman Square.

THE COMSTOCK SCHOOL.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, OVERLOOKING A PARK. Academic, College-Preparatory, and Special courses. Individual teaching for backward pupils. Particulars on application. 34th year.
Miss DAY and Miss REED. 32 West 40th St.

THE RUEL SCHOOL.

Eleventh year. Primary, secondary, junior, senior, and college preparatory departments. Full courses in English, French, and German. Small divisions insure individual attention. *Primary, Drawing, and Tonic Sol Fa* classes each in charge of a competent specialist.

Mademoiselle RUEL. 26 East 56th Street.

THE MISSES WREAKE.

Thoroughly graded school for girls. College preparatory class. Special students. Parlor boarders.
21 East 74th Street.

HOME BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. CHARLES H. GARDNER. College preparation. Superior musical advantages. 607 Fifth Avenue.

MISS CHISHOLM.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Primary, advanced, College Preparatory Classes. Kindergarten. Resident pupils.
15 East 65th Street.

MISS MARY E. MERINGTON, } Principals. MISS RUTH MERINGTON,

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
181 Lenox Avenue, Corner 119th Street.

THE VELTIN SCHOOL.

School for girls. French kindergarten.
College preparation.
New fire-proof school building. 160-162 W. 74th St.

MRS. GRAHAM YOUNG.

Home and day school. (Class for little boys.) 18 E. 46th St.

MISS CROCKER.

School for girls. Primary and advanced work.
Classes for little boys. 69 East 32d Street.

MADAME HENRIETTE TISNÉ'S

French School for girls and children will re-open on Thursday, October 1st. 433 West End Ave.

NEW YORK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Certificate accepted by Smith, Vassar, Wells, Wellesley.
Miss MARY SCHOONMAKER, Principal. 233 Lenox Avenue.

SCHOOL OF THE SISTERS OF THE CHURCH.

Boarding and day school. Primary, secondary, collegiate departments. Special courses. College preparatory.
Address SISTERS IN CHARGE. 6 and 8 East 53d Street.

MISS ANNIE BROWN.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Primary, preparatory, academic, and musical departments.
Preparation for college. Special courses.
711-713-715-717 Fifth Avenue.

MISS JULIA A. WILLEY

(many years at Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's School). HOME SCHOOL for young ladies. Music, languages, art, and private classes.
135 West 70th Street.

THE MISSES MOSES.

Boarding and day school for girls. Prepares for Barnard and other colleges.
647 and 649 Madison Avenue.

MISS M. E. RAYSON, B. A.

Boarding and day school for girls. Small classes. College preparation. Special students admitted. 176 West 75th St.

MISS FEEBLE AND MISS THOMPSON.

Boarding and day school for girls
30, 32, 34 East 57th Street.

THE AUDUBON SCHOOL. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

Advantages of town and country. Boarding pupils limited to ten. M. ELIZA AUDUBON, Principal. 152d St. and Boulevard.

THE MISSES ELY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Riverside Drive,
85th and 86th Streets.

MARY B. WHITON, A.B., AND LOIS A. BANGE.

ACADEMIC CLASSES FOR GIRLS. English and classical school. Certificate accepted by Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley. Primary department. Resident pupils.
43 West 47th Street.

MISS GIBSON'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Twenty-fifth year. Primary and advanced classes. Re-opens Sept. 30, 1896. Preparation for all colleges. A few boarding scholars taken.

Mrs. SARAH H. EMERSON, Principal. 55 W. 47th Street.

MISS HENCK.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Primary, Academic, and College Preparatory Courses. Special students admitted. No more than eight pupils constitute any class. 6 W. 42nd St.

School

at page.

NEW YORK CITY SCHOOL FOR BOTH SEXES.

EASTMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Lockbox 4102, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. **New York Business College**, 81 E. 125th St., New York City. Preparatory, Bookkeeping, and Shorthand Departments. These schools train for practical work and obtain salaried positions for all competent students. Most celebrated in America. Catalogue mailed on request.

New York School of Oratory

AND FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

GEO. R. PHILLIPS, Principal. 1244 Broadway.

Church Schools.

SCHOOL OF THE SISTERS OF THE CHURCH, 6 & 8 E. 53d St.

CATHEDRAL SCHOOL OF ST. MARY.

Miss ELIZABETH L. KOUSS, Principal.
Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

ST. AGNES SCHOOL.

Under the direction of Bishop DOANE. 27th year.
Miss ELLEN W. BOYD, Principal. Albany, N. Y.

ST. AUSTIN'S SCHOOL (MILITARY).

Terms, 500. Address
Rev. G. E. QUAILE, M.A., Head-master.
West Brighton, S. I., N. Y.

The secret of Thomas Arnold's influence over his pupils was personal contact. Boys want sympathy and they cannot be permanently influenced till they feel they have it.

Lakewood Heights School Among the Pines.
THOROUGH AND ATTRACTIVE.
AIM: The development of moral, intellectual, and physical manhood.
JAMES W. MOREY, Lakewood, N. J.

NEW YORK.

CAYUGA LAKE MILITARY ACADEMY.

COL. VASA E. STOLBRAND, Superintendent.
Aurora, N. Y.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY.

61st year. Prepares thoroughly for College, the Government Academies, and Business. U. S. Army officer detailed at Riverview by Secretary of War.
JOSEPH B. BISBEE, A.M., Principal.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MT. PLEASANT MILITARY ACADEMY.

82d year. Refers to Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Hamilton W. Mabie, L. H. D.
The Principals. Sing Sing-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

RYE SEMINARY.

For particulars, address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE. Rye, N. Y.

MISS BENNETT'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Opens Sept. 23, 1896. An exceptional school with the most desirable school features. 20 miles from New York. Refers to Charles Dudley Warner, etc. Apply to the Principals,
Miss MAY F. BENNETT,
Miss ELEANOR W. ROSE. Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

OSBURNING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Prepares for college. Advanced courses in Art and Music. Albert Ross Parsons, Musical Director. One hour from New York. 29th year begins September 23d.
Miss C. C. FULLER, Principal.
Sing Sing-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

NEW YORK. (CONTINUED.)

PARADE GROUND.

ST. AUSTIN'S SCHOOL
(MILITARY)

West New Brighton
Staten Island, N. Y.

BOYS must work hard and take regular exercise. Past successes in college examinations are a proof that the work is well directed. Sixteen acres of beautiful playing-fields, military drill, and a well-equipped gymnasium under the directorship of a fully qualified physical instructor, afford excellent opportunities for physical development. Hard work, strict discipline, regular exercise and good food, with unsurpassed surroundings, account for the excellent health and happiness of St. Austin's boys. For prospectus, address

Rev. GEO. E. QUAILE, M.A., Head Master

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL,
(1869)
MANLIUS, N. Y.

A select Military Boarding School, under the visitation of the War Department, and the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York.

President, BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON, S.T.D.
Superintendent, COL. WM. VERBECK, N.G.N.Y.
Chaplain, REV. A. C. CLARKE.

Commandant, LIEUT. J. K. THOMPSON, U.S.A.
Next term begins January 6, 1897. For information apply to Superintendent.

NEW JERSEY.

DWIGHT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

8th year. Preparation for college. Special courses.
Miss CRIGHTON, } Principals.
Miss FARRAR, }
Englewood, N. J.

THE MISSES HICKOK'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for Girls. Near New York City. Lectures by professors in Columbia College. Will re-open October 1st.
Morristown, N. J.

MISS TOWNSEND'S

School for Girls. Academic and college preparatory departments. Special courses. 54 Park Place, Newark, N. J.

PENNSYLVANIA.

MISS MARSHALL'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

College Preparatory. Special Music Department. Opens September 30th. 1408 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Schools continued on next page.

School-books
Bought and Sold.
New—Second-hand

All Publishers
Alphabetical Catalogue
Free if you mention this ad.

Translations
Literal—Interlinear
100 Volumes.

Dictionaries
German, French, Italian,
Spanish, Latin, Greek.

HINDS & NOBLE. Publishers and Schoolbooksellers, 4 COOPER INSTITUTE, N. Y. CITY.

USOE CIVIL

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

WATER

A NEWSPAPER FOR CHILDREN! "THE GREAT ROUND WORLD"

AND WHAT IS GOING ON IN IT.

A WEEKLY PAPER containing important items of the World's news, written in a simple and attractive story form to interest children. This little paper fills a long-felt want; it is the only newspaper published *exclusively* for children; it is bright, newsy, attractive; a paper that they can understand and will read with the greatest interest.

Fact is more interesting than fiction, and every child should know something about the great events that are daily transpiring in our own and other countries.

Sample copy sent to any one mentioning S, 12, '96.

Single numbers, 10c.; Subscription price, 50c. for the first ten numbers

WILLIAM BEVERLEY HARISON
Publisher, 59 Fifth Avenue, New York

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC

By H. E. KREHBIEL

MUSICAL CRITIC OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Author of "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama"

12mo. Illustrated. \$1.25 net

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS:

Introductory. II.—Recognition of Musical Elements. III.—The Content and Kinds of Music. IV.—The Modern Orchestra. V.—At an Orchestral Concert; Classical Forms; The Sonata Form; The Symphony, Concerto, etc. VI.—At a Pianoforte Recital. VII.—At the Opera; Different Schools and Their Characteristics. VIII.—Choral Clubs and Concerts. IX.—Musician, Critic and Public.

In all the extensive literature of music, there is no book that supplies just the kind of information that Mr. Krehbiel's does; that tells in plain, untechnical language just how to enjoy music intelligently; that explains simply and clearly the elements of music, the content of music, and describes and analyzes the various musical forms. The book is thoroughly popular in style, and is addressed to that extensive class of music-lovers who have had no special training, and no means of obtaining more than a superficial knowledge of music.

In addition to the value and interest of its contents, the book presents special claims to consideration as the work of a recognized authority in the field of musical criticism.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

153-157 Fifth Ave., New York

BOOKS AT LIBERAL DISCOUNTS

When calling, please ask for Mr. Grant.

Whenever you need a book, address Mr. Grant.

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices, sent for 10-cent stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Books,

23 West 42d Street, New York.

Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.

FREE HAND-DRAWING AND ILLUSTRATING

taught in *The Art Student*.
3 mos., 25c. Sub. \$1 a year.
132 W. 23d St., New York.

300,000 Back Number Magazines. Subscriptions at club rate. Orders taken for books, new or old. No catalogue. Books and Magazines bought, or exchange made. To secure rate a specified list must be given. **AMERICAN MAGAZINE EXCHANGE**, Emilie Building, St. Louis, Mo.

DISCOUNTS

Lowest Cash Discounts allowed on Architectural, Scientific, Electrical, Mechanical, Industrial, and Technical Books. Catalogue and Discount Sheet Free. **WILLIAM T. COMSTOCK**, 23 Warren Street, New York.

Scribner's Magazine for 1897

will have many novel features, too numerous to mention here. Send for beautiful illustrated prospectus, post free

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of England

By Deans Farrar, Milman, Stanley, and others.

Superbly Illustrated with Over 100 Direct Reproductions of Recent Photographs.

Royal Octavo. Size of Pages, 9 x 12 inches. Extra Cloth, ornamental, in a box, Price, \$3.50.

This elegant volume combines the most graphic descriptions and the best historical accounts of these most interesting buildings with almost perfectly reproduced photographs of both exterior and interior views.

Forty of the illustrations are full-page, and sixty appear in the text. None of the many books hitherto published on this subject have attempted to use, to any extent, the present high art of photography, and cannot, therefore, compare with this in the beauty and faithfulness of its pictorial representations of these monumental buildings. It is believed the work will especially interest travelers, architects, and all students of English History, and will give to the casual reader the quickest and best general idea of the great English Cathedrals and the interesting monuments in them.

A **UNIQUE FEATURE** is the fine collection of portraits of the great Church dignitaries of the past and present, with short sketches of their lives. This collection includes Deans Farrar, Milman, Church, Stanley; Canon Liddon; Archbishops Tait and Benson; Bishops Lightfoot, Westcott, Wilberforce, etc.

The book is carefully printed on heavy coated paper, and is one of the handsomest publications of the year. *Illustrated sample pages sent on application.* *If your bookseller does not have these books, they will be sent to your address, post-paid.*

JOHN C. WINSTON & CO., Philadelphia

CAFÉ ST. DENIS

795 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OPPOSITE GRACE CHURCH

THE patrons of the St. Denis Hotel, and of "Taylor's Restaurant," will be interested to know that Mr. Taylor has acquired possession of the entire building adjoining the hotel on Broadway, which he has fitted up in the most complete manner as a gentlemen's restaurant, lunch-room, and café.

Here the army of diners who patronize the St. Denis will find all the essentials for good eating—perfect service, luxurious appointments, and the best of cooking. The entire lower floor is occupied by a lunch counter, affording the quickest possible service; the second floor is handsomely fitted up as a gentlemen's restaurant, and above this are admirably appointed dining-rooms, large and small, and a fine banquet hall—all furnishing the choicest accommodations for the individual, select parties or elaborate dinners.

The St. Denis has long been popular with societies, clubs, and college classes for dinners, meetings, and reunions. With this new addition it is better equipped than ever to cater to the wants of its patrons. The new Café is a notable addition to an old-established and well-known house, and will uphold and enhance the reputation of the St. Denis for successful methods and competent management.



THE ST. DENIS HOTEL

WM. TAYLOR & SON, Props.

Broadway and 11th Street



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON TO WRITE OF LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

In three notable articles which THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will publish during 1897,—each superbly illustrated. "A Day With the President at His Desk" will take us into the private office of the President; "The Social Life of the President" will describe the President's social duties; "The Domestic Side of the White House" will give an accurate glimpse of life in the family rooms of the White House.

For Only One Dollar
The Ladies' Home Journal
will be sent to any address
for an entire year

MRS. RORER WILL GIVE A SERIES OF PRACTICAL COOKING LESSONS

During the coming year in the pages of *THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*, for which periodical she will hereafter exclusively write. Every part of the table will be separately treated in these lessons, after which Mrs. Rorer will give a complete series of "Domestic Lessons," taking up, in turn and in separate lessons, the arrangement and care of each room of the house. Mrs. Rorer will also tell what there is, each month, in the markets, and answer all domestic questions sent to the *JOURNAL*.

For Only One Dollar
The Ladies' Home Journal
will be sent to any address
for an entire year



A NATIONAL BIBLE CLASS TO BE CONDUCTED BY DWIGHT L. MOODY

The famous Northfield evangelist will personally conduct a great National Bible Class in the pages of *THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* during 1897. It will be called "Mr. Moody's Bible Class," and give a series of popular Bible studies in that wonderful simplicity of style which has made Mr. Moody the most widely effective Bible exponent of the day.

For Only One Dollar
The Ladies' Home Journal
will be sent to any address
for an entire year

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS INSIDE OF A HUNDRED AMERICAN HOMES



Every woman has a natural desire to look into the homes of other women and see how they are furnished. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is about to make this possible in a way never before attempted. During 1897 the magazine will sustain a series in which will be given glimpses into one hundred of the daintiest and most comfortably-furnished rooms in homes of the better, intelligent class,—not the wealthy homes, but those of comfort, where taste goes farther than income. The photographs will be made large enough to serve their chief purpose: to give women ideas and suggestions. The series will be conducted by Edward Hurst Brown.

For Only One Dollar
The Ladies' Home Journal
will be sent to any address
for an entire year

✻
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Copyright 1900, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin. O.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

It means that Ivory Soap is as pure as it is possible to make it; it means too that if Ivory Soap is used there are no complaints of new or nearly new clothing coming from the wash, "worn out."

One adulterant of poor soaps is alkali. Pure soap washes out the dirt, alkali burns and eats it out and it does not stop with the dirt.

Have your laundress use only Ivory Soap and see how much longer the clothes last.

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlline." IT'S FALSE—Pearlline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlline, be honest—*send it back.*

JAMES PYLE, New York.

"Taken from the Enemy."

The following is a translation of part of a speech delivered in Switzerland, November, 1876, by M. Edw. Favre-Perret, the chief Commissioner in the Swiss department and member of the International Jury on watches at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and is worthy the attention of every good American.

"Gentlemen, here is what I have seen. I asked from the manager of the Waltham Company a watch of a certain quality. He opened before me a big chest. I picked out a watch at random and fixed it to my chain. The manager asked me to leave the watch with them for three or four days, that they might regulate it. On the contrary, I said to him, I want to keep it just as it is to get an exact idea of your workmanship. On arriving at Locle I showed this watch to one of our first adjusters * * * who took it apart. At the end of several days he came to me and said literally: 'I am astonished; the result is incredible. You do not find a watch to compare with that in 50,000 of our make.' This watch, I repeat to you, gentlemen, I myself took offhand from a large number, as I have said. One can understand by this example how it is that an American watch should be preferred to a Swiss watch."

The watch movement M. Edw. Favre-Perret picked out at random was a "RIVERSIDE," and all that he said of it then, and a good deal more, is true to-day.

Do not be misled or persuaded into paying more for a Swiss watch which is not so good as a WALTHAM.

Be sure that the name "Riverside" is engraved on the plate.

For sale by all retail jewellers.

HOLIDAY GIFTS IN GOLD AND SILVER.

Send for our NEW 1897 Catalogue, containing hundreds of illustrations of the latest productions in Gold and Silver Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Novelties, etc. We are now perfectly equipped in our mail order department. Any article promptly sent on receipt of price, and at our risk.

22
11

Absolutely pure, it preserves the TEETH, sweetens the BREATH, and hardens the GUMS. The only complete and perfect Dentifrice is that which presents *both liquid and powder* in one package. A sample of the liquid, including a sample of Sozoderma Soap, by mail for three cents. Address P. O. Box 247, New York City
HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, New York, London.

TIFFANY "BLUE BOOK."

1897 Edition Ready December 1st.

A catalogue replete with suggestions for Holiday Gifts, with range of prices of Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Bronzes, Fine Pottery, and Richly-cut Glass, most of them exclusive products, and the choicest importations from abroad.

The book, which contains No Illustrations, will be *sent without charge* to any address.

Messrs. Tiffany & Co. suggest to patrons that early orders permit of more deliberate selections and the advantage of First Choice from this season's products and importations.

To Intending Purchasers known to us, or who will name satisfactory New-York references, we will send upon approval careful selections from our stock.

TIFFANY & Co.

GOLD AND
SILVER SMITHS.

UNION SQUARE,
NEW-YORK.

Cut Glass for Christmas

JUG—INTAGLIO CUTTING.

Dorflinger's American Cut Glass

C. DORFLINGER & SONS,
915 Broadway, near 21st Street, New York.

• Gifts • for the Holidays

Our Holiday Shopping List, issued yearly, aids you to select Christmas Gifts. The illustrations, descriptions, and prices are of such a varied assortment that all of one's friends may be remembered at moderate cost. This Booklet sent free on application and

Simplifies Jewelry Shopping.

From it make your selection and we will send on approval, by express, such pieces as you desire.

If you want something more elaborate and costly, send for our regular Catalog, showing our full line of Diamond and Gold Jewelry, Watches, Sterling Silver Tableware, and choicest Novelties in Gold and Silver.

The illustrations shown here simply suggest some of them.



E. D. Peacock
Jeweler
and Silversmith

Northeast corner
State and Adams Sts.

• • • Chicago

ESTABLISHED IN 1877.

Celebrating in 1897 its seventy-first birthday, The Companion offers its readers many exceptionally brilliant features. The two hemispheres have been explored in search of attractive matter.

The Youth's Companion

IAN MACLAREN,
ONE OF THE EMINENT CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1897.

The Companion of the Whole Family.

Favorites of the Hour.

If one were asked to name the most popular authors of the present time the answer would undoubtedly include the following delightful Story-Tellers, who have written expressly for THE COMPANION for 1897:

WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS. By the Prince of Story-Tellers, Rudyard Kipling.
SKETCHES OF HIGHLAND LIFE. Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," Ian MacLaren.
A BOY IN MANX LAND. By the distinguished Author of "The Deemster," Hall Caine.
GLIMPSES OF WAR. By the Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," Stephen Crane.

Four Absorbing Serials.

Bright, lively, entertaining Serial Stories have long been a feature of THE COMPANION.

Track's End. Hayden Carruth.
The Breath of Allah. C. A. Stephens.
Through the Draft Riot. Anna Sprague Packard.
Octave's Milking-Machine. Chas. Adams.

Entertaining Articles.

My First Trout. Charles Dudley Warner.
My Experiences with Indians. Carl Schurz.
Funny Darkies. Frank R. Stockton.
School Life in France. Max O'Rell.
A Pastor's Experience. Dr. Lyman Abbott.
Among the Immigrants. A. F. Sanborn.
Kinder-Symphonies. Gustave Kobbe.

Eminent Contributors for 1897.

Hon. Hilary A. Herbert. Henry Cabot Lodge. Edward Everett Hale. Mrs. Burton Harrison.
Hon. Wm. L. Wilson. Hon. Carl Schurz. Rev. Lyman Abbott. Elizabeth Bisland.
Hon. Judson Harmon. Marquis of Lorne. Andrew Carnegie. Max O'Rell.
Hon. Thomas B. Reed. Lady Jeune. Mme. Lillian Nordica. Frank R. Stockton.
Dr. Wm. A. Hammond. Alice Longfellow. W. Clark Russell. Harold Frederic.
And more than 100 others.

THE COMPANION also announces for 1897, Four Absorbing Serials, Stories of Adventure on Land and Sea, Stories for Boys and Stories for Girls—all profusely illustrated by popular artists. Six Double Holiday Numbers. More than two thousand Articles of Miscellany—Anecdote, Humor, Travel, etc. The timely Editorials, the "Current Events," "Current Topics" and "Nature and Science" Departments give weekly much valuable information in most condensed form.

52 Weeks for \$1.75. Send for Full Prospectus.

**12-Color
Calendar
FREE.**

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and \$1.75 will receive:
FREE—The Youth's Companion every week till Jan. 1, 1897.
FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Double Numbers.
FREE—The Companion's 4-page Folding Calendar for 1897, lithographed in 12 beautiful colors. The most artistic and expensive color production The Companion has ever offered.
And The Companion Fifty-two weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1898

**See
Special
Offers.**

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

HOME PORTRAITURE.

Views of the snowy landscape, with its leafless trees and fields of glistening ice, and flashlight pictures of congenial friends gathered about the warm fireside in the long winter evenings, all add to the charms of amateur photography.

It's easy, too, with our Film cartridge cameras. They load in daylight, have fine achromatic lenses, improved rotary shutters, set of three stops, and are beautifully finished, *Booklet Free.*



Keep Them in Mind for Christmas.



EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Pocket Kodaks, } \$5.00
Bullets, . . . } to
Bulle-Eyes. . . } \$15.00.

Rochester, N. Y.

A TYROLEAN ROMANCE; OR

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere with trade marks—"Cottolene" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal.

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

The Quantity of food that an infant takes is not the measure of its nourishment. A child may fail to be nourished either because it is unable to digest its food or because the food does not contain enough nutriment; in either case the child's hunger is not satisfied although it may take large quantities of food into its stomach. Mellin's Food as prepared, contains sufficient nourishment in a digestible form to satisfy a child and promote the growth of its body. Mellin's Food makes milk like mother's milk. Write to us (a postal will do) and we will send you a sample of Mellin's Food free of charge.

If you will mention Scribner's Magazine, we will also send you a copy of this beautiful picture of Cupid, 16x21, printed in ten colors. The picture will not be sent if Scribner's is not mentioned.

DOLIBER-GOODALE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"SIMPLY LOVELY"

"Why yes, dear; don't you know it's simply lovely to bathe your face, neck, and arms with PEARS' SOAP, and rinse off with clear water? It freshens the skin and makes the clearest and loveliest complexion in the world. Try it, and I know you will fall in love with Pears'."

There are soaps offered as substitutes for PEARS' which are dangerous—be sure you get Pears'.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Winter Tours to the Tropics.

ATLAS LINE

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Commodious Passenger Steamers direct to
JAMAICA,

Hayti, U. S. Colombia, and Costa Rica.

Sail Weekly from New York, carrying U.S. Mail

SPECIAL TOURS

of from 3 to 5 weeks, with stop-over privileges, embracing some 30 ports in the WEST INDIES and SPANISH MAIN. Strongly recommended to invalids on account of the equability of the climate. An average of about

\$5 PER DAY defrays all expenses of trip through these tropical scenes. *Illustrated Pamphlet, sailing list, and all particulars free.* Address

PIE, FORWOOD & KELLOCK, Gen. Agents,
24 State Street, New York City.

We Might Write a Column

About the delicate flavor of **KORNLET** when nicely cooked, but that couldn't make it better. **KORNLET** What IS better than the succulent kernel of green sweet corn picked at just the right time? **THAT** is **KORNLET**. There is a flavor of September sunshine about it, all the more pronounced because December is upon us.

The wrapper tells how best to use it. If your grocer does not keep it, ask him to write us.

39 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, U. S. A.
FACTORIES:
Forestville, N. Y., Gowanda, N. Y., Clyde, O.



The Haserot Canneries Co.,

S. F. HASEROT, Pres.



For Cold Weather, You Will Want a Beautiful



Transparent Window Thermometer

to fasten outside the window. We shall give away
one of these Thermometers

FREE

(For a Limited Time Only), with Each Dozen Cakes of

WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM

TOILET SOAP.

*This Soap is Strictly Pure—Delicately Scented, and has the
Soft, Healing Effect of—SWEET, RICH CREAM.*

ANY Druggist or dealer in Soaps can supply you, but, if unable
to obtain it for any reason, we will deliver to any express
office in the United States, all charges paid, a package of
this Soap, (one dozen cakes), with THERMOMETER, on receipt
of \$2.00. Sample cake (full size) 15 cents, postpaid.

Address carefully.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Mail Order Department,

Manufacturers for Over Fifty Years of

WILLIAMS' FAMOUS SHAVING SOAPS.



1 1/2 inches. Width, 3 inches.

GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY

CHARLES L. SEABURY AND COMPANY

(CONSOLIDATED)

Builders of PLEASURE BOATS

HIGH-CLASS STEAM YACHTS

Marine Engines and Boilers, Sail Yachts, Dinghys, Gigs, etc.

ALSO SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

THE ONLY NAPHTHA LAUNCH

Widely and favorably known as the safest, simplest, and most economical of power

boats, requiring neither licensed engineer nor government inspection.

Send 10-cent stamp for Catalogue to

GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY

Factory: MORRIS HEIGHTS, New York City

DOWN-TOWN OFFICE: 50 Broadway, New York City



Months' BNER'S

(1896-June)

andsome

IN CLOTH volume

the following agencies and remitting 40 cents
ue cloth; 75 cents if in buckram, gilt top.

nes are to be returned by mail or
xtra per volume should be included.)

'	-	-	-	117
'	-	-	-	340 V
'	-	-	-	-
O,	-	-	-	61-65
'	-	-	-	5
'	-	-	-	1609
BOOK AND STATIONERY COMPANY, 10				
'	-	-	-	502 Bu
IONERY COMPANY,	-	-	-	Fifth and
'	-	-	-	119-121
'	-	-	-	-
OD,	-	-	-	722-723 A

ies may be sent to

SCRIBNER'S SON

NER'S SON^C

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE,

New York, 37 Broadway.

Chicago, cor. La Salle and Randolph Sts.

San Francisco, 401 California St.

RESERVES DEPT.,
GRAND ST. STATION

Boston, 70 State St.

Philadelphia, 337 Walnut St.

FLORIDA

The West Coast *****

THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL, TAMPA, FLA.

Owned and Operated by the Plant System.

The Modern Wonder of the World.

*A Magnificent Structure, Faultlessly Con-
ducted in Every Detail, with its Modern
Theatre, Casino, Swimming Pool,
etc., attached.*

The Plant System

OWNS AND OPERATES THE
FAMOUS HOTELS
OF THE

West Coast of Florida

THE TAMPA BAY HOTEL
Tampa, Fla.

THE INN
Port Tampa, Fla.

THE SEMINOLE
Winter Park, Fla.

THE BELLEVIEW
Belleair, Fla.

THE KISSIMMEE
Kissimmee, Fla.

THE OCALA HOUSE
Ocala, Fla.

THE PUNTA GORDA
Punta Gorda, Fla.

THE LINES OF THE PLANT SYSTEM reach the finest health and pleasure resorts of Florida. The ONLY line operating solid trains between the East and Florida.

Send for beautifully illustrated literature.

H. B. PLANT,
President.

B. W. WRENN,
Passenger Traffic Manager.

J. J. FARNSWORTH,
Eastern Passenger Agent,
361 Broadway, New York.



"GOING"!

Wheel Wisdom—

Better Pay for a Name Than Pay for Repairs

The '97 Remington Bicycle
\$100—of course.

The Remington Arms Co., 315 Broadway, New York.



"GOING" !!

Nothing Nicer than a
"Christmas" Coconut Cake
made with

DUNHAM
DCCOAN

Copyrighted by Dunham Mfg. Co., 1926.

Recipe—"Christmas" Coconut Cake: 2 cups powdered sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix thoroughly and bake in four jelly-cake tins. Flavor with vanilla.
For filling, beat the whites of four eggs thoroughly with 1 lb. powdered sugar, added gradually, until it is stiff, white, and smooth. Stir into this $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. **DUNHAM'S SHRED COCOANUT**. Spread the filling between each layer, and over the top. Sprinkle **DUNHAM'S SHRED COCOANUT** thickly over top. All grocers. 10, 20, and 40 cent packages.

"GONE" !!!

Why not invest a few dollars in a Premo Camera

*! that has been said in praise
his camera you too would say
giving it a thorough trial.
Its makers claim for it the
greatest simplicity, consistent
with structural perfection. Its
admirers and advocates are
increasing daily.*

Send name and address, and details and demonstrations, together with specimens of its work, will be sent you.

Rochester Optical Co., 44 South St., Rochester, N. Y.

Street
New York

ipes

on the
erling
overed
mental
baum,
lollar.

THIS cut represents exact size of our No. 500 Bull Dog pattern

fancy
Briar,
price,
No.
or No.
it any
\$1.00
pieces.
ice,

INC.)

Two Books by "Droch"

(In Uniform Binding.) Fourth Edition.

Overheard in Arcady.

By ROBERT BRIDGES.

With 65 illustrations by O. Herford, F. G. Attwood,
and A. E. Sterner.

London Chronicle.—He has a very pretty fancy of his
own, and he has hit upon a fresh and whimsical literary idea.

London Academy.—Mr. Bridges writes good English;
there is nothing slovenly or crude about his work.

Third Edition.

Suppressed Chapters

AND OTHER BOOKISHNESS.

By ROBERT BRIDGES.

The Sun.—Another series of those able and agreeable
sketches and essays which have recommended this writer so
widely.

Uncut edges, gilt top, 12mo, \$1.25 each.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

153-157 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY'S
"SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS."

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Trade Mark on Spoons, Forks, etc.

Trade-mark
on tea-sets,
etc.



"ALASKA" FIBRE GARMENTS

Is ladies' or men's
muslin lined
covered
at **50c**

Everybody knows the
wind and cold repel-
ling quality of fibre.
Alaska Fibre Gar-
ments are endorsed
by leading physi-
cians as Health pre-
servers, and they
are the

**Warmest, Lightest, Most Durable
and Cheapest Garments**

In the world. Illustrated catalogue, free, showing all
forms and prices of these garments, lined and covered
with muslin or sateen of several grades. If your dealer
does not keep them, take no substitute. Send us your
order.

PORT HURON FIBRE GARMENT MFG. CO.,
181 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The "Kenwood" Steamer Rug

Cut well down the front, it slips
on and off more easily than a
coat. Equipped with special
fasteners. No buttons. No
strings.

A delightfully comfortable,
artistic garment, and thorough
protection against cold and
draughts. Requires no "tucking
in," and the wind cannot disar-
range it.

Makes traveling a luxury in
the coldest weather. It is just
the thing for driving, and is the

handiest and warmest wrap imaginable for all out-door use. Invalids
use it in the house, on the piazza, etc. Indispensable for a Euro-
pean trip. Makes a convenient "hold-all."

Golf and Mountain Cape (Fleece- Lined.)

Is an ideal garment for
all Outing wear, and more
graceful and warmer than
other capes. Is elegant in
appearance, and complete
in tailoring and finish.
Made of double-faced
fleece-lined cloth, in at-
tractive colorings.

FREE samples of ma-
terial, and illustrated cir-
cular of our Camping
Rugs, Baby Bags, and
other specialties.

THE KENWOOD MILLS, ALBANY, N. Y.

THE

"Cluett"

BRAND

Collars AND Cuffs

ARE
GUARANTEED
GOODS.

Delightful
Holiday
Gifts.

YOUR DEALER WILL
SUPPLY YOU.

Cluett, Coon & Co.
MAKERS,
Factories, Troy, N. Y.

Rookwood Pottery

has become better known to more people since the book—of which the first cover is here reproduced—telling about Rookwood ware, has been issued. This book explains why Rookwood ware is unique, illustrates many forms and designs of the pottery, and prints the marks by which it can be identified. Copies of the book may be had for the asking from dealers in Rookwood ware, of whom there is one in each of the larger cities, or from

ROOKWOOD POTTERY,
Cincinnati, O.

CALIFORNIA


NORTHERN PACIFIC

AND

CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA

SHASTA ROUTE



YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

CALIFORNIA

Have the return
 portion of your California
 Ticket read to return via the above
 route. You will not regret it. For six cents
 in stamps I will send a beautiful Tourist Book.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Cribbage.

Parfumerie
Lubin

Counterfeit IF WITHOUT
THIS STAMP

**THE WORLD'S STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE FOR OVER
NINETY-EIGHT YEARS.**

AN ELEGANT,
USEFUL, AND
INEXPENSIVE

Holiday Gift

**Sterling
Silver
Match
Box**

promptly sent
upon receipt of

\$1.50

at our risk

~~~~~

Positively best  
value ever offered

~~~~~

Illustrated Cata-
logue of Diamonds,
Watches, Jewelry,
and Sterling Silver
Novelties mailed free
upon application.

LAMBERT BROS.

Makers of Fine Jewelry

THIRD AVENUE, COR. 58th STREET, NEW YORK.

Sausage.

Garbage



S

FO

1

partment Car, Cafe, Barber, Bath, New Orleans to San Francisco.

LEAVE NEW YORK AND EASTERN CITIES SATURDAYS AND TUESDAYS

Texas, New and Old Mexico, Arizona, California, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, India, Australia,
New Zealand, and Around the World

Pacific Mail Steamship Company,
Occidental & Oriental S.S. Co.

Houston & Texas Central R.R.
Mexican International R.R.

San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railway.

S. F. B. MORSE, G. P. A., New Orleans, La.

T. H. GOODMAN, G. P. A., San Francisco, Cal.

For further information, free illustrated Pamphlets, Maps, and
Time Tables, also lowest Freight and Passage Rates, apply to

EDWIN HAWLEY, A. G. T., Mgr.

L. H. NUTTING, E. P. Agt.

I. SPENCE, E. P. Agt.

349 Broadway, or 1 Battery Place (Washington Bu^{ld})

Marriage.

Luggage.

THE BABY WIZARD The latest, simplest, and best Camera
for universal work. Exquisite
finish and finish. Weighs less
pounds. Makes photo 4x5 inches.
Live catalogue mailed free.

SHOWING CAMERA—OPEN. CARRYING CASE—OPEN. CAMERA—CLOSED.
MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO., Cranford, New Jersey. New York Depot: 1209 Broadway, near 29th St.

HIDE-BOUND
WITH **PREJUDICE**

DON'T CARE TO CHANGE,
BUT, PERHAPS,
The "Daugherty Visible"
IS BETTER THAN YOURS
PRICE, \$75.00.

YOU CAN TRY, WITHOUT HAVING TO BUY.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
MACHINES ON TRIAL.

The Daugherty Typewriter Co.,
P. O. BOX 19, KITTANNING, PA.

Pillage.

Shrinkage.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes.

That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its

beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is, therefore, all important, in order to get its

beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease one may be com-

mended to the most skilful physicians; but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed, Syrup of Figs stands highest.

Manufactured by **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

BIG dividends sometimes are declared in meanly furnished offices, but as a rule the apartments of successful business firms and corporations are handsomely appointed. The largest manufactory in the world of office fixtures and furniture, files and other labor saving devices, is apt to be the one that can do the best work for the lowest prices. Write for illustrated catalogue to

Eastern Branch :
42 Beaver Street.

The Globe Company, Cincinnati, O.

TWO SLIPPERS

...AND A...

TRADE MARK

The slippers speak for themselves. They appeal to any woman, for they are pretty, shapely and comfortable.

The Trade Mark steps well made, will wear tain their shapeliness.



in to say that well, that the and that : : : : .

The Alfred Dolge Felt Slippers and Shoes

WOMEN'S
SLIPPER.

In drab, red
and black. Price
\$1.50. Sent by
mail, prepaid.

are the ideal foot covering for winter, out of doors as well as at home. "On a Felt Footing," a booklet, tells some interesting facts. We send it free.

DANIEL GREEN & CO., 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York

A MOSS GREEN ROOF

gives an artistic effect to any shingled house.

Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains

will produce the Moss Greens, Wood Browns, and Dull Reds. Send for sample boards and sketches to

DEXTER BROTHERS, 59 Broad St., BOSTON.

The following firms act as our agents:
H. M. HOOKER CO., 37 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.
SMITH & YOUNG, San Francisco, Cal.
PRATT & LAMBERT, New York City, N. Y.
THE L. J. MATTISON CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
W. W. LAWRENCE & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
BAKER & RICHARDS, Seattle, Wash.
HENRY SEIM & CO., Baltimore, Md.
GERALD LOMER, Montreal, Canada.

WILLARD M. BACON, Architect, Boston, Mass.

Send 10 cents in postage stamps for artistic colored plates showing exact reproduction of colors.

CURES

FOR

COLD HOUSES

Your old, worn-out or inefficient Furnace
can be quickly supplanted by an Economy
Combination Heater. Some of the regis-
ters can be utilized, and by placing radiators
(either steam or water) in the exposed rooms
and apartments difficult to heat, perfect dis-
tribution of heat can be secured. These
Heaters are also very successful where steam
and water heaters have failed.

The cost of such amended plants is usually less than for ordinary direct steam or water plants, while the service they furnish is superior.

Over 27,500 of our Heaters now in use.
We invite correspondence.

J. F. Pease Furnace Co.

CHICAGO (86 Lake St.) and SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Book on Care of Wood Floors Mailed Free.

Children's
FOR PITCHERS
CASTORIA

Folsom's Roof Snow Guards

upon slate, shingle, or tile roofs, prevent the snow from sliding and injuring shrubbery, falling upon paths and injuring passers. The snow is held so it cannot move. It does not crowd into the gutters and form ice. The water does not overflow to injure the paint or wet the interior.

FOLSOM SNOWGUARD CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

PARQUET FLOORING
NATIONAL WOOD MFG CO.,
120 Fifth Ave., New York.

Inlaid Flooring of every description, $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Wainscoting, Ceilings, and Wood Carpeting. New designs. Finest work. Send for "illustrated book."

"Wood treated with Creosote is not subject to dry rot or other decay."—Century Dictionary.

Preserve your shingles with

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains

which at the same time color them in the beautiful
moss-green, silver-gray, or bark-brown tones that
no other Creosote stains.

Send for Stained Wood Samples, Circulars, and Sketches.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer, 78 Kilby Street, BOSTON, MASS.
Agents at all Central Points.

MADE ON HONOR.

ATTENTION

ATTENTION

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AND GUARANTEE OF
GREATEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD BACK OF
EVERY

SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

ALWAYS SOLD DIRECT THROUGH COMPANY'S
OWN AGENTS.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Imperial Porcelain Roll-Rim Sink

WITH PORCELAIN BACK AND
HINGED ASH DRAIN-BOARDS.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS,

84 to 90 Beekman St., New York.
311 to 313 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
332 and 334 Boylston St., Boston.
Wainwright Building, St. Louis.
Flood Building, San Francisco.

A GOOD MEAL

that leaves you well satisfied is in every can of

VAN CAMP'S BOSTON BAKED PORK AND BEANS



Prepared with tomato sauce. Made of the finest pork, best beans and choicest tomatoes. Delicious either hot or cold. Can be heated in two minutes. At your grocers.

VAN CAMP PACKING CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BUTTERMILK

Toilet Soap

WILL
MAKE
YOUR
SKIN
PROOF
AGAINST
THE
RAVAGES
OF
WINTER
WEATHER.

It is a Tonic for the Skin

GIVING IT

**LIFE,
HEALTH
and BEAUTY.**

Your skin needs it.

Health demands it.

Beware of Counterfeits!

There is only one brand
of **Buttermilk Toilet
Soap** — all others are
frauds. The genuine has
Our Name on the Wrapper.

... COSMO ...

Buttermilk Soap Co.

CHICAGO.

DEAFNESS ALL GONE

80 per cent. of all cases helped
that have used the

Compound

Micro-Audiphone

It is pronounced by experts to be
the most wonderful invention of the
age (for the relief of Deafness)
that has ever been presented to the
public. When placed in the ear
as shown by above cut can hardly
be seen. Send for circular to

COMPOUND MICRO-AUDIPHONE CO.,
Westfield, Mass., U.S.A.

"I am so pleased to think
I can hear you talk."



Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MIL-
LIONS of MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN
WHILE TEETHING with perfect SUCCESS. It
SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS,
ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and
is the BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHCEA. Sold
by druggists in every part of the world.

Twenty

Bottle.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

BEST ALE

And that is

EVANS'



Others may imitate
our circulars and ad-
vertisements, but not
our brewings. . . .



BRILLIANT AND CLEAR

TO THE LAST DROP

No Sediment

**MOST ACCEPTABLE
HOLIDAY PRESENT**

Amyler's

563 BROADWAY
150 BROADWAY
21 W. 42ND STREET
CANDIES CAREFULLY PACKED AND SENT
EVERY WHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.
MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT & CAREFUL ATTENTION

NEW YORK

Fragrance from the Orient

Rieger's PARZIVAL Perfume

Surpassing in delicacy, permanence of odor, and elegance of package. Persons of exquisite tastes adopt Parzival permanent trial.

your dealer, an ounce bottle sent prepaid on receipt of 5 cents postage.

Marshall Field & Co.

S. and Canada)

CHICAGO

Allegretti
Delicious & Co.
Chocolate Creams
161 State St. Chicago

and 949 Broadway, New York City.

By far the finest Chocolate Creams in the world. Just as well have the best.

Sent to any address, in
1, 2, 3 or 5 Pound Boxes,
60c per pound.

ALLEGRETTI & CO.,
161 State Street Chicago.

FREE TO BALD HEADS

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Altshuler Med. Dispensary, Dept. A T, Box 779, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Cancer and Tumor Cured without the aid of knife or plaster, and without pain.

A treatise, testimonials and letter of advice free. Address,

VEGETABLE CANCER CURE CO., CHATHAM, N. Y.

0 VOVVOVOVO VVOVOVOVOVO VVOVOVOVOVO

VVOVOVOVO VVOVOVOVO VVOVOVOVO

Vapo-Cresolene

Cures while you sleep,
**Whooping Cough, Croup,
Asthma, Catarrh, and Colds.**

Cresolene, when vaporized in the sick-room, will give immediate relief. Its curative powers are wonderful, at the same time preventing the spread of contagious diseases by acting as a powerful disinfectant, harmless to the youngest child. Sold by druggists. Descriptive booklet, with testimonials, free.

**The Vapo-Cresolene Co., 69 Wall St.
Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.**

0 VVOVOVOVOVO VVOVOVOVOVO VVOVOVOVOVO

Scientific
Effective
Economical
Convenient



Price reduced
from \$25.00 to

\$10

by express. By
mail, \$10.25.

Is a little instrument the application of which enables the system to take on oxygen freely from the atmosphere. This addition of Nature's Own Tonic increases vitality; tones up the nervous system, purifies the blood, and by expelling the morbid matter and diseased tissues restores the body to its normal condition—health. Quite frequently it has effected cures where other remedies have proved powerless. How the Electropoise accomplishes all this is briefly explained in a neat little book that will be mailed to you for the asking.

CHAR. E. BORDEN, Gen'l Mgr. DAVID G. WORTH, Pres. WM. L. DE ROSSET, Sec. & Treas.

NAVASSA GUANO COMPANY.
Standard Southern Fertilizers

WILMINGTON, N. C., September 16, 1896.

ELECTROLIBRATION CO., New York.

Dear Sirs:—I have been using an Electropoise in my family for eight or more years, with much satisfaction. I find it very useful and relieving in many cases, but particularly in facial neuralgia, which it has relieved in my own case several times within a few minutes after application.

Very truly yours,

WM. L. DEROSSET.

Write for Booklet and learn more of this Self-Applied Discovery for the Treatment of Diseases without Medicine.

ELECTROLIBRATION CO., 1122 Broadway, New York City, or ELECTROPPOSE INSTITUTE, 288 Livingston St., Brooklyn.

THE Keeley Cure

**Alcohol,
Opium,
Tobacco
Using**

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes.

The United States Government

has adopted the Keeley treatment in the Soldiers' Homes and in an institution for exclusive use of the Regular Army. Seven States have legislated for the application of this treatment to worthy indigent inebriates.

It is a fact, known generally by well-informed persons, that inebriety, morphine and other drug addictions are diseases, not simply habits, and to be cured they must receive medical treatment.

The method of treatment originated by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, and administered only at institutes authorized by him, cures these diseases. This statement is easily substantiated by facts. Three hundred thousand cured men and women are glad to testify to its truth.

The treatment at these institutes is pleasant. The patient is subject to no restraint. It is like taking a vacation of four weeks. He only knows that he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutes:

ADDRESS
THE KEELEY
INSTITUTE
at either

West Haven, Conn.
Dwight, Ill.
Plainfield, Ind.
Orab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La.
Lexington, Mass.
Detroit, Mich.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Deering, Maine.

Kansas City, Mo.,
1815 Independence Av.
Newark, N. J.
15 Central Avenue.
Buffalo, N. Y.,
358 Niagara Street.

White Plains, N. Y.
Fargo, N. D.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Warren, Ohio.
Harrisburg, Pa.,
Cor. 4th and North Sts.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
812 N. Broad Street.
Pittsburg, Pa.,
4246 Fifth Avenue.
Providence, R. I.,
306-308 Washington St.
Waukesha, Wis.

Address the institute nearest you.

SULPHUME

is sulphur reduced to a liquid, by a new chemical process. One bottle makes 12 strong sulphur baths.

SULPHUME when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease man kind is heir to. As a remedy for *blood disorders, rheumatism, sore throat and kidney troubles* it is without a peer. Price per bottle, \$1.00.

What SARAH BERNHARDT says:

New York, May 23rd, 1896.
SULPHUME COMPANY, Chicago,

Dear Sirs: I desire to express my best compliments and congratulations for your discovery.

I have been using your delightful preparations and soap in my household, extensively. They certainly afford a very great luxury.

I find that your baths have a wonderful power of whitening the skin. They are the only of the kind, which give the marvelous effects of the natural springs.

I will recommend them to all my friends.

Yours truly, SARAH BERNHARDT.

Sulphume Soap

is the only genuine *Sulphur Soap* because it is the only soap made with *liquid sulphur*. Its effect upon the skin is marvelous. Price per box (6) 75 cts.

A valuable book treating on Sulphume, sent free upon request.

Where not on sale, Sulphume preparations are delivered carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

We will send by mail one cake of soap, as a sample upon receipt of 25 cents.

SULPHUME COMPANY, 123 Marlee Building, CHICAGO.

If You Wish

A soap that will cleanse and beautify your skin; a soap that is absolutely pure and therefore safe; a soap that is the best for daily use, you should use

Woodbury's Facial Soap



For ten cents we will mail, post-paid, a sample cake and a 132-page Illustrated Beauty Book, containing many valuable toilet hints.

**John H. Woodbury
Dermatological Institute**

11 Winter Street, Boston

Branches for the Eradication of Disfigurements and Skin Diseases, and the Cure of Nervous Diseases.

NEW YORK, 127 West 42d Street
PHILADELPHIA, 1218 Walnut Street
CHICAGO, 188 State Street

Fat is Fatal

to beauty and to health.

Do you need reduction?

How it can be done safely, easily, and permanently is told in a brochure of 40 pages on **Obesity**, by RICHARD HUDNUT, Chemist, 925 Broadway (only), New York City. Sent free, sealed.

The Glen Springs, Watkins, N.Y.

A BANATORIUM FOR THOSE SEEKING HEALTH AND REST.
Under the medical management of experienced physicians.

Neptune Brine Baths, for Rheumatism, Gout, and Nervous Diseases. Carbonated Neptune Brine Baths (*the Nauheim Treatment*), for chronic diseases of the Heart. All approved forms of Hydrotherapy and Electricity, Massage, Swedish Movements, Turkish and Russian Baths. Valuable Mineral Springs. Especially efficacious in disorders of Digestion, Gouty conditions, Diabetes, Anemia, Nervous diseases and Chronic affections of the Kidney. Climate mild, dry, and equable. No Malaria, no Hay Fever. Location overlooks thirty miles of Seneca Lake. Sixty acres of private Park, Golf Links, Tennis Courts, Bowling Alleys, etc.

All the Appointments of a First-class Hotel.

No inane or other objectionable cases received.
Send for Illustrated Book.

WM. E. LEFFINWELL, Manager, Watkins, N. Y.

THE CURES effected by ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS conclusively prove their superior excellence.



Pale and Thin

people get vi
and increase in
from

Soma

**A Perfect Food,
Tonic and Restorative.**

It is a powder made from the most nourishing elements of meat, prepared for the nutriment and stimulus of weak systems. May be taken dry, or in milk, water, etc.

At druggists, in 2 oz., ¼, ½ and 1 lb. tins.

Also the following combinations, Somatose-Biscuit, Somatose-Cocoa, Somatose-Chocolate—each containing 10 per cent. Somatose. Very convenient and palatable preparations.

Pamphlets mailed by Schieffelin & Co., New York, agents for Farbwerke vorm. Friedr. Bayer & Co., Elberfeld.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

BY FAR THE BEST

dentifrice; antiseptic—harmless—effective. No soapy taste. A trial will make you its lasting friend. Substitutes are not "as good." All druggists or by mail, 25c. G. H. Strong & Co., Chicago.

See Johnson Electric Service Co. ad. on page 52 in November issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

For Artistic Original Designs in **ORNAMENTAL IRON** write to THE WINSLOW BROS. CO., CHICAGO.

WEDDING INVITATIONS—Free Samples, latest styles. Delivered Prices. Write P. P. & S. Co., Peoria, Ill.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER



For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athletes or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 inches of floor room, new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. C. F. JORDAN, Chicago Agent, Marshall Field Building, Chicago. D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, N. Y.

Prof. I. HUBERT'S MALVINA CREAM

For Beautifying the Complexion. Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles, and other imperfections. Not covering but removes all blemishes, and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP Prof. I. Hubert TOLEDO, O. 25 Cents a Cake.

CASTORIA

R

IS

FREE

FREE

The above Pattern, 6896, Girl's Dress (any size from six to fourteen years), will be sent **FREE** to any address, including 3 months' trial subscription to our 36-page Illustrated Fashion Magazine (*Fashion and Fixings*)—the only condition being that you send 20 cents in stamps or silver for mailing and postage.

This magazine contains the latest Fashion Plates, hints for the household, **SHORT STORIES** by well-known authors, and popular **MUSIC**, together with other high-class and interesting matter. These features combine to make this Magazine one of the most popular, interesting, and up-to-date magazines published. Don't delay. Send to-day for both pattern and magazine. Address **DUNCAN, KELLER & CO., Publishers, FASHION AND FIXINGS, 186 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

(Take notice to-day. This ad. will not appear again.)

\$150 FREE! FREE! TO GOLD Women

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in **INDUSTRIOUS**? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Plurals, pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: In, into, industrious, no, not, nut, nuts, dust, dusts, us, sit, sits, etc. Use these words in your list. The publisher of **WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNETH MILLER MONTHLY** will pay \$20.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word **INDUSTRIOUS**; \$12.00 for the second largest; \$10.00 for the third; \$8.00 for the fourth; \$5.00 for the ten next largest, and \$2.00 each for the twenty-five next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome woman's magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors, price, \$1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a 200-page book, "Doris' Fortune," by Florence Warden, a love story of intense interest. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than Jan. 20th. The names and addresses of successful contestants will be printed in February issue, published in January. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Make your list now. Address **J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building, Dept. 52, New York City.**

ALL THE YEAR

we have been urging Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers to begin the constitutional treatment that brings not only relief, but a Cure that Stays. Hundreds have done so, and here's a letter from one of them:

DEAR DOCTOR HAYES,

I am satisfied your treatment has been very helpful and beyond my expectations. The catarrhal symptoms have been much lighter and not of as long duration, and as for Asthma, the effect of the medicine is marvelous. To go to bed and sleep all night is for me, at this season of the year, something I have not been able to do for 30 years. Now I sleep all night and in the morning I am free from the cough that is so weakening and depressing. When I compare myself with others about here who have Hay Fever and are not taking your treatment, I am away ahead of them. Perhaps I am too enthusiastic, but when one has had this terrible disease for over thirty years as I have, and had given up all hope of a cure, how can one help being enthused. I have one regret—having known of your treatment so long that I should be so incredulous as not to be willing to try it till this year.

Yours truly,

BREWSTER, N. Y., September 14, 1904.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

write at once for particulars and escape your winter of distress. Hay Fever sufferers make a note of this and write in the spring or NOW. Two thousand other references if you ask for them.

Address

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

added to the classified service. Information about Postals, Customs, Internal Revenue, Railway Mail, Departmental, and other positions, salaries, dates, and places of examination, etc., FREE if you mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Write at once.

Nat'l Correspondence Institute,
WASHINGTON, D. C.



Star Lathes Foot power
Screw cutting
Automatic
Cross feed
9 and 11-inch Swing.
—New and Original Features.—
Send for Catalogue B.
SENECA FALLS MFG. COMPANY,
675 Water St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

TO WORKINGMEN PROFESSIONAL MEN YOUNG MEN

and others who cannot afford to lose time from work. Send for Free Circular and References, Stating the Subject you wish to Study, to

The International Correspondence Schools
Box 228, Scranton, Pa.

Send to **HEBBY GAY FURNITURE COMPANY** for Catalogue.

FIRST-CLASS LIFE INSURANCE at Lowest Rates. For particulars, address **GAY STATE BENEFICIARY ASSOCIATION**, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS 100, all dif., and fine Stamp Albums, only 10c.; 200, all dif., Hayti, Hawaii, etc., and fine Albums, only 30c. Agents wanted at 50 per cent com. List Free! C. A. Stegmann, 5941 Cole Brilliant Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY RECORDER IS THE LARGEST AND BEST FAMILY PAPER.

NEXT TIME GET A DUPLEX SADDLE.

HIBBARD, SPENCER, GLOBE LIGHT—try it.
BARTLETT make the

RIDE THE ORIENT BICYCLE.

WE PAY POST-AGE All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the **PENN MUTUAL LIFE**, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

▲ RIDE ▲ A ▲ FOWLER ▲

"Send for catalogue of **Hygienic Cushion Frame Bicycle**, to **Richmond Bicycle Co.**, Richmond, Ind."

Barber's Ideal Oil Heater is a Store-you can depend on. 106 Lake St., Chicago.

BOOKLET "How to increase size of your home (with paint)" free. **JAS. E. PATTON CO.**, Milwaukee, Wis.

All kinds of news, paper clippings and quotations names. **WE BUY** \$50 a thousand. Particulars for stamp. **NEWS CLIPPING CO.**, Dept. D. C., 304 W. 109th St., N. Y.

Try ARMOUR'S SOUPS—They are the Best.

OREGON BICYCLES. The best value for your money. Send for Catalogue. **WESTERN WHEEL WORKS**, Chicago, Ill., New York.

When going to or coming from California travel via the **GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.**

Ride the Windsor Bicycle. Made by the **Slag & Walpole Mfg. Co.**, Chicago, Ill.

IMPERIAL WHEELS—The go-lightly kind.

SEND Six Cents for "Wonderland" to **Chas. S. Fox**, O. P. A., Northern Pacific R.R., St. Paul, Minn.

AUTOMATIC **WHEEL SEAT** is the BEST NAME See May Scribner's Magazine.

Send for New Catalogue—free to regular customers—to cts. to others for postage. **ELI WANGER & BARRY**, Rochester, N. Y.



END VIEW.



SIDE VIEW.

"THE BENEDICT"

Only perfect Collar and Cuff Button made.

Is oblong, goes in like a wedge, and flies around across the buttonhole—no wear or tear—strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. In gold, silver, and rolled gold—can be put on any sleeve button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers, Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Manufactured for the trade by **ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.**, 23 Flakden Lane, N. Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



END VIEW.



SIDE VIEW.

A Scrap Book

Without Paste

Scrapes kept in this Book are not Blurred by Pasting, Defaced by Exposure, or Mutilated by Removal. The Modern Filing Device. No Pasting, no Annoyance, no Loss of Time, no Dirt..... Stands upon an ordinary book shelf. Flexible in Capacity. Will hold ten thousand clippings as conveniently as ten. All Scrapes Classified or Indexed. Bound in half American Russia, Cloth Sides. Size, 6x9 inches. Price, THREE DOLLARS, postpaid.

Address **The Bowen-Merrill Company**

PEARL PLACE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

